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THE CENTURY

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gentleness, and refinement! Of those personages Mr. Goodchild had long owned, in a mildewed steel-engraving, the likenesses so far as mortal hand could be expected to depict them. Clad in elegant drapery,—of which certain less reverent artists have deprived them,—performing in unison some celestial sort of calisthenics, they looked fixedly over their smooth shoulders at Aurelius Goodchild all the while he was dressing and undressing. For a time he failed to read that threefold gaze; but finally—his youngest was already eight months old—he understood. He renamed his daughters after the three Graces.

Aglaia, nowadays, was close to thirty. A pale blonde, she wore tresses of the faintest copperish color. Slender, dainty, serene, she showed thin lips, and eyes like emeralds that smoldered under blanched lashes often lowered. From the scanty dressmaking materials at her disposal she devised costumes for herself suggestive of the pictures in French fashion journals. Aglaia it was who met bill-collectors at the door.

Euphrosyne was twenty-five. Beneath hair that resembled her father's in its vivid red she displayed what is often called, in young women of somewhat heavy features, a strong face. Already her figure foreshadowed a matronly solidity. Attire that was soft-hued and prim confessed her tastes. Of mornings, with a wicker basket on her arm, Frossie went to market.

Thalia had just turned twenty. Her skin was of that brilliancy and fineness which accords with the richest shade of auburn curls. She had lips that were ripe and scarlet, large sky-blue eyes, and round her milk-white throat a double crease, Nature's own precious necklace. Her shape was at the same time plump and lissome. Not infrequently her dress fell open at the neck, her hair threatened to escape its pins, her bodice lacked some buttons down the back. Thallie was the one who decorated Mr. Goodchild's coat-lapel with flowers. At such moments how she reminded him of her mother!

It was now more than three decades since he had won his wife, she the pretty daughter of a village squire, he the son of an intemperate hedge-row physician. Poor, bookish, dreamy, a threadbare *Romeo* spouting poetry and metaphysics by moonlight beneath the window of a sentimental girl, he had furnished that note of mystery on which young romance thrives best. After braving her own family, taking to her bed to pine away, recovering to devise clandestine meetings, she had ended by eloping with him. Old Outwall never forgave his daughter for that misalliance.

But those two, for the most part living on kisses and ideals, undismayed to find themselves presently responsible to children, ever watching a radiant mirage that young Goodchild's talents were some day going to make real, kept love prisoner in their cottage till the end. Twenty years had passed since her death, but there were few days on which he did not think of her. At the inception of his every project for renown and wealth, Aurelius reflected, "If only she might share in its fruition!" For its fruition never seemed in doubt, so confidently did he still smile toward the mirage.

Often changing occupations, he had found himself, at each return to disillusion, equipped for the shabby-genteel practice of a new industry. A youthful belief that he was destined to revolutionize the art of the camera made it possible for him, in middle age, to fall back, at a pinch, upon photography. From another flight there remained to him the knack of rubbing up carbon-portraits, of scratching off pen-and-ink drawings suitable for advertisements, of painting the likenesses of neighbors' brats in oils. And, to pass over his inventions,—all patented, so all as safe from imitation as from use,—he had not turned his back on literature without first learning how to compose a charming letter to a creditor, or drawn off from the field of music before understanding how to tune pianofortes.

As for the sciences, he knew enough about medicine to work apparent miracles,

in one way or the other, on ailing live stock; in the province of chemistry could contrive amazing odors and explosions; concerning botany was not to be confused about the classic history of any vegetable, just as, when physics was the topic, he had two reasons, one modern and one mythological, for nearly every natural phenomenon.

In short, there seemed to be no end to the smatterings Mr. Goodchild had acquired from books no one else would think worth looking at, perused in a broken arm-chair or a raveled hammock between spasms of exertion.

Such a father was bound to be, at least in the nursery, a successful man, adept at the invention of enchanting games, weird tales, mysterious feats in sleight of hand, nonsensical ballads without end.

To educate the girls was easier than to dress and feed them. Sometimes the whole family was galvanized by affluence: there was money in the house! Without delay, new shoes creaked on small feet; white stockings appeared every afternoon in Maple Lane; Mr. Goodchild strode homeward with some brand-new books, while from the open windows was wafted, at the same time with a thin clatter of Tschaikovsky waltzes, an aroma of fried chicken. Dinner over, the father, expanding on the door-step, gazed toward the farthest tree-tops with the look of a veteran conqueror about to subjugate fresh lands. He recalled the time when his house had lain in an independent village, not in a suburb of that black leviathan the sooty exhalations of which every year filled wider skies. Some day he would wake to find his garden in the heart of town: his property would bring a pretty penny! It needed one thing only, the inevitable expansion of the town. With that understood, the ground he stood on was as good as worth a fabulous sum. One could call it the same thing as being a rich man!

Or, else, the cash on hand had all been spent. Then presently one saw again in use old costumes that had been flung aside. Then one smelled another sort of cookery. Then one perceived at night, on an illuminated window-pane, a long silhouette, an aquiline profile, which passed and repassed till dawn.

So Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia grew up in a region of fine dreams and crestfallen wakings, of feasts and famines, or, as they themselves put it, of chickens one day and feathers the next.

For in girlhood, emerging finally from the period of blind confidence and fond beliefs, they began to appreciate the actual world. And just as the old house, while they grew larger, seemed ever smaller, and turned the shabbier the daintier they became, so, when their hearts expanded with a thousand natural instincts, each found herself constricted by the ramshackle home, like a captive bird in spring, all at once made intensely aware of the limitations of its cage. Thenceforth affection for their father did not prevent the secret thought that release would come to them only through their own efforts.

Marriage was the first idea of each. From that neighborhood, however, most marriageable young men, as soon as capable of serious intentions, set out for the great cities. The girls, their childhood love-affairs all ended in lame partings, fell back upon the arts. Aglaia, recalling Patti's triumphs, dreamed of the opera. Euphrosyne, with George Eliot in mind, took up the pen. The career of Rosa Bonheur urged Thalia to the easel.

But the scores of "Faust" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" fell to pieces, the writing-table showed across its edge two patches bare of varnish, even the easel was taking on a battered look, and still their lives were bounded by the broken picket-fence.

The small rooms were pervaded by an old-fashioned, semi-rural atmosphere. This was partly due to the countless odds and ends which meanly reconstructed there a period of naïve and tawdry household furniture. Then, too, when doors and windows had been kept shut awhile, all the faded carpets, tidies, sofas, lambrequins exhaled the odors of a dead age. It was one of those little old houses, thread-

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bare and unesthetic, the shortcomings of which are finally appreciated, and yet, because of poverty, not remedied.

Nevertheless, there was a different savor and appearance to a low, haphazard-looking extension, its walls nearly plumb, its windows almost rectilinear, that extended from the kitchen porch to the rear fence. This structure, the product of Mr. Goodchild's own architectural skill, was called the studio.

Immediately on passing from the kitchen porch into a narrow corridor, one smelled chemicals, oil-paints, fresh flowers. Ahead there opened out a large, bright room, the board walls plastered with sketches and mechanical diagrams. Between windows full of potted plants stood home-made book-shelves and cabinets for curiosities. To the left, a door opened into a closet, by turns the "dark room" and the "laboratory." To the right, there huddled a photographer's camera, a few backgrounds painted with elegiac landscapes, a chair with an iron head-rest, some mats of artificial grass, a flower-stand for brides to pose by. In the far wall, a north light, composed of several small window-panes, expanded above an easel, a writing-table, an old pianoforte. Here it was that Aglaia ran her scales, that Euphrosyne thumbed the dictionary, that Thalia laid out her palette, that Mr. Goodchild carried forward his innumerable projects.

The studio was the heart of the house. Through the long days of summer the three girls worked there peacefully. Soft airs, which had gathered fragrance from many blossoms, entered, to be perfumed afresh, above the window plants. The stillness of that suburb ringed the sisters round: at times some sound—a calling voice, the barking of a dog, a cracking whip—penetrated their consciousness, but very gently. The sunshine, creeping across the floor, at last turned red: the window geraniums were nearly matched in hue by the still clouds beyond them. Languor pervaded nature, foliage stood motionless, the earth's heart-beat was imperceptible. Thallie laid down her brush to dream. Aggie, putting aside her scores, sat balancing assets against liabilities. Frossie, having refilled and cleaned her fountain-pen, turned her thoughts kitchenward. The tardy shadows found them gone.

But the studio was coziest in winter. Then, to be sure, the flower-pots looked forlorn. Against the panes hung icicles. Through the north light one saw, beneath clouds of violent contour, the bare limbs of trees, their forks wedged with snow, all swaying to the blast. In such weather, though, the fat cast-iron stove wore round its middle a red-hot zone, and the early dusk, if shortening the day, extended the period which charmed that household most, the lamplight hour. Snug in their little corner, listening, though well warmed, with a shivery delight to wind and sleet, they felt their more subtle aspirations, if not benumbed by cold, at least stupefied by that hot confinement. The present, more than the future, then engrossed the sisters.

Spring, on the other hand, made the studio, and all the world, seem different. When the sky, on a day unexpectedly serene, revealed unusual tenderness, when one discovered that the mesh of twigs had here and there caught fast a scrap of green, when suddenly the first song-bird warbled, straightway prosaic thoughts were beautifully transformed, while all fantastic dreams turned reasonable once more.

Again the sisters glimpsed that future which the sum of all their tasks ought finally to earn for them. To one appeared a proscenium that framed a multitude of applauding strangers; to another, a salon maintained by intellectual celebrities; to the third, great galleries wherein the throng stood longest before her pictures. Then their father entered softly, in his shiny house-jacket and blue carpet slippers, to inform them, with a sprightly air, that he had brought home four fine pork chops for supper.

Over the supper-table hung a porcelain lamp, its milky shade and bowl embellished with hand-painted daisies. In the

center of the pink-fringed cloth a cruet-castor displayed its thick glass vessels and its old, conventional lions' heads bereft of silver-plating. Round this object clustered many dishes of jam, pickles, and spiced fruit. Before the father, on a platter of imitation delf, smoked the viands of the day. The vegetable-bowls were passed from hand to hand.

At these repasts the girls turned talkative and gay: all chattered at once, all burst together into peals of laughter. Mr. Goodchild, plying his fork excitedly, chewing hard, so as to clear his mouth for speech, was a worthy master of the symposium, in which anything was apt to be discussed, from archaic Apollos to woolen undergarments, from medieval ladies' fashions to the habits of bees. His beard, in the lamplight, was like a tangle of gold and silver threads; his eyes shone in their hollow sockets; his full, white brow, almost transparent at the temples, seemed encircled by a shadowy garland. It was a prefiguration from the hand-painted daisies on the lamp.

Sometimes, while admiring his daughters in that mellow radiance, he determined to whisk them off, on making his fortune, to scenes worthier of them. Then once more Aurelius would hurl defiance at the future. And the sisters, the gaiety fading from their faces, would listen with fixed smiles, with feelings of compassion and self-pity.

Once Aglaia, her emerald-green eyes staring into space, remarked:

"How much do you really suppose old Jabez Outwall 's worth these days?"

Aurelius repressed a look of pain. Thalia's pout expressed ennui. Euphrosyne, with a mirthless laugh, inquired:

"Chasing that will-o'-the-wisp again?"

Jabez Outwall was an uncle of their mother, a retired lumber merchant of Detroit, now eighty-odd years old. Reputed to be wealthy, he had for a long time furnished the sisters with a secret hope. But, as the years went by without a sign from him, two had concluded that the Outwalls' animosity against Aurelius still smoldered on in Jabez. Only Aglaia, reflecting that the near approach of death may change the hardest hearts, clung to the dream of a fine legacy.

Said Mr. Goodchild in low tones:

"I 'm glad that I never expected anything of Uncle Jabez. If I had, on one of those specially dark days I might have wished for a human being's death. When our Lord, in His Sermon on the Mount, described one sin that may be committed no less in thought than in act, He suggested another dictum, 'Every one who contemplates a man to wish for his death hath committed murder already in his own heart.' "

They were silent till Aurelius, rising with a gentle smile, concluded:

"So, children, we must always be careful not to love wealth enough to want it at any one's expense. As Epictetus has it, 'None who is a lover of money is likewise a lover of mankind, but only he—and she—who is a lover of virtue.' "

And Aurelius, the delf platter in one hand and the tea-pot in the other, politely stood aside while his daughters, laden with the supper-dishes, filed into the kitchen.

The dishes washed, they returned to the studio. A sewing-basket appeared, for the relief of ragged shirts, stockings full of holes, and still other garments. Frossie read aloud a chapter of Alexandre Dumas, Aggie played rag-time on the piano. Thallie imitated the German butcher blowing up his errand-boy, or Mr. Goodchild, who found it hard to remember they were full-grown now, with the sudden boisterousness of elders bent on frolic in the nursery, proposed a catch. In an instant the Goodchild family were chanting "Three Blind Mice" or "London 's Burning." But in the midst of that shindy a knocking shook the door.

"Come in!" called every one in accents to make obedience a pleasure. And some neighbors, who had circled the house for this seat of light and noise, presented smiling faces.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Inchkin rarely missed a Saturday night.

He was a little stiff-backed fellow

forty-six years old, a hardware merchant. Sharp in the shop, niggardly at home, prosaic, he had one dream—of a day when his wife would make them wealthy by a stage career.

A thin, languid woman, showing traces of a doll-like prettiness, at forty she still enjoyed complete self-satisfaction. Since girlhood the heroine of countless amateur theatricals, she had not yet abandoned *Juliet* and *Ophelia* to the next generation. Her ash-blonde hair, indeed, recommended her as the ideal ingénue. She pleased no less in velvets than in rags so long as an unhappy destiny was attached to them. Her voice, though inaudible from the town-hall gallery, was the very organ to express best—one judged from the applause—a suffering innocence. She had at home a scrap-book full of clippings from the "Zenasville Recorder" about her triumphs: the first were as yellow as saffron from old age, while all would have been in tatters if poring over them could have worn them out.

Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia, with a flaring lamp, explored the cellar for refreshments. Those cobwebby jugs, that leaped into the light all unexpectedly, were full of raspberry-shrub and cider. Those crocks, left stranded on a trestle when the darkness ebbed from round them, held apple-butter and pickled walnuts. All at once, on a shelf a phalanx of jelly-glasses sprang forth glittering. And here, when one lifted away some inverted dish-pans, weighed down with flat-irons, the lamp illuminated mince-pies, brown, flaky, oozing rich syrups.

At their return to the studio, a cry of pleasure sounded. Mr. Goodchild darted forward to relieve his daughters of their burdens. Mr. Inchkin, without relinquishing the rocking-chair that he had occupied at their departure, rubbed his hands together. And Dr. Numble, if he was of the party, usually ventured, with a cackle that ended in a fit of coughing:

"I hope you girls have picked out something soft enough to suit store-teeth."

Dr. Numble, though only seventy-nine, might have sat for a picture of Methuselah. Tall, but much bent by rheumatism, he was merely skin and bone, with the slightest fringe around his bulging skull, with even his long, frayed beard and mandarin-like mustaches beginning to come out. His large, watery eyes, always dilated, gave him a wildish look, which was not abated by his smile, resembling a grimace of pain, so little, apparently, had he found cause to use his laughing muscles in the past.

At one time or another he had studied medicine and law, taught a rural school, edited a backwoods journal, preached theosophy. Now at last, after many false starts in life, he had found his true vocation. He was writing a book, "destined to thunder down the corridors of time," entitled, "A Proof of the Soul's Transmigration, by One Who Remembers His Previous Existences."

A glance at the chapter-headings informed one that Dr. Numble had been, in the thirteenth century, St. Louis of France; in the Roman Empire, Antoninus Pius; in the Homeric Age, Prince Nestor; and, in those days when Atlantis still stood above the waves, a monarch of inexpressible magnificence and wisdom, called Yama the Great. Yet it was difficult to get much rhyme or reason from Dr. Numble's maunderings about his previous existences; one might be hearing of the seventh crusade, and take no more than forty winks, and wake up at the siege of Troy!

Nevertheless, his visits pleased Mr. Goodchild. Names, fragments of fables, classic episodes, that became dry and dusty at the doctor's touch, Aurelius, by aid of his imagination, made splendidly alive again. Perhaps he was transported into that nebulous epoch when every tree contained its supernatural inmate and every stream its murmuring voice, when the sight of brazen shields first sent the goat-legged people a-scamper into hiding, when mortals were likely to meet, in the deep woods, personages of majestic stature and unearthly beauty—maybe a pale huntress with an insupportable gaze, or a tall

warrior moving like a shaft of sunlight through the green, or a proud lady brushing the moss with golden robes, or another still, slow-smiling, dewy-eyed, with a loose girdle and doves fluttering round her hair. After the pedagogue had croaked good night and shuffled homeward on his cane, Aurelius, pausing in the darkened studio, would often think: "Poor old fellow! How little of those things he really sees! How I could write of them!"

Who knew but that he would some day when he found time?

Besides photography, piano-tuning, portrait-making, and inventing, a hundred petty tasks continually put off his leisure. When pictures had to be rehung, rugs beaten, wardrobes moved, or carpets swept, Aurelius came running at his daughters' call. Moreover, he had a famous eye for driving nails, could outdo a carpenter in a slap-dash job, and no burst water-pipe could squirt so far as to dismay him. There was little household damage short of that resulting from a fire or an earthquake that the father could not repair "for the time being."

The long struggle against shabbiness had taught that family many stratagems. What solemn consultations had they not held about the disguise of an old dress! With what cunning had they not ripped apart, turned, dyed, assembled in new combinations, materials of which all their friends must have been weary! The hoary furs that had started as white fox and found their final shade as lynx! Those hats, their pliant foundations weathering all kinds of winds from clover-scented to sleet-laden! And the inherited gewgaws,—brooches, bracelets, necklaces, —cut-jet, gold-washed, inlaid with scraps of nacre, worn on gala-days for lack of better trinkets, and with the hope that some one might appreciate them "as antiques"!

Echoes from the great world of luxury and fashion thrilled the sisters to the heart. They examined in metropolitan journals the likenesses of women who bore aristocratic names, who seemed at first glance grotesque in ultra-fashionable hats and gowns, who had been photographed on the terraces of race-tracks or the lawns of country clubs, among a crowd of men fastidiously dressed. In the same way they became familiar with the estates of persons socially in prominence, with steam-yachts that bore some to far-off pleasures.

Then cities beyond the sea appeared in the zenith of their dreams, like those battlements that massed clouds form at sunset. Paris was there, all roseate, and a sombrous London; St. Petersburg showed snowy roofs and crosses, Seville warm cathedral towers rising out of orange-groves; Athens seemed an apex of pale, broken pillars, and Rome a mammoth tomb of golden brown.

These visions all faded presently in a pall of coal-smoke, and the sky-line was filled again with soot-stained factory chimneys.

At times, toward sundown, the girls, moved by the need at least of momentary change, penetrated into the country. The harsh air was scented with an indefinite new fragrance. The fields, though still bare of verdure, had a softer look than usual. Under dun-colored thickets arbutus was in bud.

All at once each felt an unaccountable expectancy of joy.

"Spring will soon be here now!"

"That 's right; spring will soon be here now!"

They spoke of the coming of the birds, the nest-building, the tiny eggs so delicately tinted and bespeckled, the little fledglings; but meanwhile their eyes grew wistful. They envied those feathered passengers who sought all skies at will, and found their mates so simply. So they fell to talking about love and lovers, for them a discussion as nearly theoretical as if concerning riches and the wealthy.

Euphrosyne, her features set, declared:

"I love children. I know I 'd make a good mother. Yet here I am with not a chance in sight at twenty-five. I don't think it 's the way the world was meant to be."

Thallie, her sky-blue eyes fixed on the horizon, quoted with a grimace:

"'Sister Anne, Sister Anne, what do you see?' 'I see a cloud of dust'—it is the grocer's wagon! The days of chivalry promised something better on a walk like this. 'As the three fair sisters wended their way across the moor, they descried in the distance a glitter of armor, a commotion of pennants. Three gentle knights, Sir Gawain, Sir Uwain, and Sir Lancelot du Lac—'"

Aglaia, lifting her pale-fringed eyelids, sent at the others a swift glance of envy as she retorted:

"Twenty and twenty-five! Do you realize that I 'm almost thirty years old? Sometimes, when I really stop to think, it seems as if I can't stand it another hour. Ibsen's *Nora* spoke the truth when she said we all have a right to live our lives. One of these days it 'll be too much for me to bear, and I 'll just up and go, as many a woman has, and found everything she wanted, because she was n't afraid to strike out for it like a man."

The others did not reply. Their troubled faces confessed that they, too, had dreamed at times of some such rebellion against fate.

They returned in silence through the twilight. Familiar landmarks loomed round them; lights twinkled ahead in well-known constellations. Maple Lane appeared, its sparse illumination diluted by the evening mist, above which the homely gables seemed to hover like simulacra of real dwellings, all ready to dissolve as do the edifices that the mind builds up in sleep. But at close approach once more they proved all too real—the same old surroundings, the symbols of captivity! At the gateway the sisters heard their father chopping wood.

Mr. Goodchild, dropping his ax upon the kitchen porch, hurried forward through the house to feast his eyes on their freshened cheeks.

"Home again! And a fine, bracing walk, I 'll warrant!"

They regained their smiles.

One evening toward the end of April, just after the street-lamp had been lighted in the lane, a postman blew his whistle at their door.

A registered letter!

The father spread out in bewilderment some sheets of paper; the daughters clustered round. All read the type-written sentences together. At first none could grasp their meaning.

Jabez Outwall was dead. Though silent for thirty years, he had finally outlived his rancor. He had willed Aurelius a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars.

Suddenly the room seemed full of light. When the girls gazed at one another, they saw the familiar faces changed by rapture. They were rich! They were free! The wide world lay before them!

CHAPTER II

A SHIP OF DREAMS SETS FORTH INTO UNKNOWN SEAS

"GOOD-BY, old home!"

It was Aurelius, standing hat in hand one sunny afternoon in April at the studio door, while from afar, from the roadway before the house, came faintly the voices of his daughters imploring him to hurry.

"Hurry!" So it had been ever since Aglaia had thought of obtaining at the Bank of Zenasville a loan on their legacy, which the law would not deliver to them for a year. "Hurry!" Each day in Zenasville had seemed to steal from the three Graces some of the freedom, the happiness, the fame they saw at last within their reach. Amid the scramble of packing, the excited planning, the last rounds of duties suddenly grown irksome, that urgence had echoed through the house almost as if life itself depended on the family's quick exodus.

The trunks were gone; the girls were climbing into the surrey from the livery-stable. Youth, with the portals of the future thrown wide open, does not pause to look back, pensive, on the past, as did Aurelius in this last moment at the studio door.

Standing there, he remembered with

tenderness all his peaceful days of labor, all his moments of exalted hope, even all his hours of disillusion. Through many years this homely life had seemed to him merely the preparation for another, finer, and more ample; yet now he wondered if the new delights would equal those of the ramshackle studio.

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

They greeted his appearance on the door-step with excited beckonings, sure they would miss the train, and finding the thought of one more night in Zenasville unbearable. But Aurelius, knowing there was time to spare, very slowly shut into that little hallway the odors of the old sofas, lambrequins, and carpets, which embalmed for him a remembrance reaching back beyond the recollection of his children.

At last he seated himself in the surrey, beside the driver. The wheels turned, and then, indeed, the girls looked back and waved their gloved hands at the shuttered windows, but gaily, exultantly.

"Good-by! Good-by!"

And the yellowish house-front, the roof with its loosened shingles, the broken picket-fence, were lost behind the gradual alinement of the maple-trees.

They reached the suburban station, where the express-train for New York was scheduled to stop. On the platform Ira and Selina Inchkin were waiting to bid them still another farewell. The small hardware merchant, stiff-backed and solemn, presented self-consciously a box of candy from the chemist's shop, tied with a tinsel cord. His wife had brought a bunch of jonquils, which she apportioned nervously among the girls.

She wore the gray silk dress, indestructible, apparently, that she always donned for ceremonial occasions, that lent to her thin figure the peculiarity of a past decade. Her hat—a home-made confection, also frankly out of style—did not shade the fact that *Juliet* by her would never recreate suggestions of a girlish love. But Ira Inchkin, tiptoe in his baggy business suit, was whispering earnestly in Mr. Goodchild's ear:

"Don't forget, if you meet any of those big theatrical managers in New York, if you spot a proper opening for Selina—And if you need her clippings from the 'Zenasville Recorder'—"

"But in our week's stay in New York I shall hardly make many intimate friends."

"Well, then, in Europe." And with an accent of envy, "If Bernhardt and those foreign actresses can come to the United States!"

A sound of coughing made them turn their heads. Along the station platform Dr. Numble was approaching, shuffling on his cane, his brow covered with distended veins, his wild smile distorted by his exertions.

"You walked all this way to see us off!"

"Heu! heu! heu! That 's nothing. I 'd forgotten to tell you—" He pulled Aurelius forward by the coat-lapel, nodded portentously, dilated his watery eyes, and wheezed, "I wanted to say, you must particularly look in, while on your travels, at the site of Troy. Schuchardt's book will direct you. I 'd bestow it on you as a parting gift, but, it seems, I sold it recently. However, think of me when you view the Scamander still flowing, and the hot and cold springs, and the hollows by the shore where we made our camp. And where we took the soldan's standard. But, no; that was when I was St. Louis of France." And staring before him vacantly, he muttered in despondent tones, "If I, like you, could see those places in this incarnation! Perhaps my *magnum opus* would be the fuller for it. Perhaps I could remember better."

"And maybe," Selina Inchkin was murmuring, "we see you now for the last time? You 'll find so many more interesting spots off there." She made the gesture of *Cordelia* expressing a pathetic resignation. "Anyway, Frossie must send me every book she writes, and Thallie the notices of each picture she shows in the Salon, and Aglaia the clippings about all her débuts in grand opera."

"Of course we 'll write you many,

many letters!" Thallie protested, her eyes moist, filled with pity for these poor friends who had to end their lives in Zenasville.

"Of course," Euphrosyne assented quietly.

Aglaia, though smiling sympathetically, promised nothing. She reached out her slender hand to fasten three buttons on the back of Thallie's waist. One came loose in her fingers; she put it in her purse.

A stir ran along the platform; a faint quivering disturbed the air; one saw the New York express, the engine rapidly expanding beneath a ball of thick, white smoke that mushroomed like the vapors of a volcano. The train rushed past, roaring, as if it were not going to stop at all! But at last the long cars rumbled to a standstill; brakemen descended from the vestibules; ahead, the familiar, battered trunks, the heirlooms, which had not been used for thirty years, disappeared into the baggage-car.

And now the fumbling handclasps, the kisses falling amiss, the haphazard, incoherent farewell of persons bewildered by a strange activity. The four adventurers crowded the vestibule of their car, which glided faster, faster, faster. They saw their old friends dwindling, Mr. Inchkin waving his conservative farewell, Selina wildly fluttering a handkerchief, Dr. Numble leaning forward on his cane, his grimace no longer even vaguely suggestive of a smile. Some sheds whirled past, then cottages, then fields, and Zenasville was gone.

In the sleeping-car, surrounded by plush upholstery and glistening woods that seemed to prefigure the luxurious future, the Goodchild family gazed at one another with startled eyes.

"So we 're off!"

"To think we 're really off at last!"

Amid their incredulity there lurked a sort of apprehension, as if this good fortune were beyond their just deserts, and could not last.

Dinner-time came round. They went in to a meal of several courses, served, beneath flowerlike electric lamps, by a suave mulatto in a white-duck coat. They ate little; they talked in monosyllables; they were awed by this passage from one world into another. But at the end of their repast the same thought suddenly occurred to all—how amazed their neighbors would be if each of them, from force of habit, caught up some plates and started for the kitchen. So, after all, they ended their evening meal, as usual, with a good laugh.

Again in their seats, staring out through the black window-panes, the sisters wondered what fate was preparing for them far off in the darkness, beyond the untraveled leagues of land and sea. In what form, after what adventures, would renown and love appear to them? But fate allowed their souls no clearer vision than the night allowed their eyes: the future still benevolently veiled both their impending griefs and joys. That night one and all lay long awake, the tremor of the speeding train matched by the persistent agitation of their nerves.

Next morning Euphrosyne promptly raised the window-shade beside her pillow. The early sunshine revealed a city's suburbs, to her imagination almost foreign-looking.

"Girls!"

In the upper berth Aglaia stirred; beside Frossie, Thalia woke with a low gasp.

"Are we wrecked?"

"Smashed into splinters, Goosey! Look!"

Cheek by cheek, their faces flushed by sleep, their thick braids hanging down about their necks, the two sisters peered out the window at the passing streets.

"If it should be New York already!"

"Then where are the sky-scrapers?"

"There."

"Bah! Only eight stories high?"

"Oh, the dear little marble door-steps all in a row!"

"It 's Philadelphia," announced Euphrosyne.

But two hours later they were in New York. A taxicab bore them recklessly

through a prodigious clatter, amid traffic that seemed in constant danger of collision, between buildings that leaned halfway across the sky. There stole through them a feeling of defenselessness, of insignificance. Before the hotel which they had chosen—carved portico, glimpses of marble pillars and palm-trees within, servants rigged out in gaudy livery—Aurelius completely lost his courage. Waving back the porters, he called to the chauffeur to drive on; and after careering through the streets for half an hour, they found a family hotel like a dingy obelisk, sufficiently unfashionable to abate the most of their reluctance. The clerk offered to board and lodge them all for fifteen dollars a day.

"Fifteen!" Thallie's mouth fell open, Euphrosyne turned slightly pale, Mr. Goodchild's hunted look gave place to consternation; but Aglaia, her emerald-green eyes already calm again, moved forward, touched her father's arm, and murmured:

"This is New York. Let 's make the best of it."

They made the best of it.

From their high rooms they looked out at a New York beyond their expectations—a city of bright towers rising far into the limpid air. Each unique in detail, though all shaped slenderly for the same defiance of the heavens, those structures seemed to float above the humbler roofs like the vision of a more audacious civilization than to-day's. And far off to the south, where the haze of distance thickened, other edifices appeared, only vaguely showing all their upward flight, their domes sending forth soft golden glimmerings from the midst of space.

But down below, in the streets that resembled the bottoms of crevasses, humanity was rendered trivial by its own works. Those tiny creatures rippling along the pavements were not persons, but the seething system of one physical body, each atom linked to the rest by invisible ganglia which drove all to an equal agitation. And the thought came to Aurelius that here he saw humanity revealed somewhat as it might look to God—a whole made up of countless parts, all moving in many ways toward the same ends, none more important than the rest, none capable of injury without some subtle alteration of the whole.

Yet when he descended into the streets, he regained the feeling that his fellows were vastly different from one another.

But when they found Fifth Avenue, New York at last fulfilled the girls' anticipations. Here rolled the motor-cars with crested panels, full of flowers and furs. Here alighted the young girls who had stepped out of the fashion-books, impressively bizarre in their costumes of the latest hour. But the show-windows suggested even more extravagance than one saw in motion on this thoroughfare. Passing the classic restaurants, the famous hotels, the mansions like foreign palaces, the three Graces wondered if their happiness would ever equal that of women who were born to such surroundings. For the moment the prospect before them—the voyage and strange lands, the long study and slow climb to triumph in their chosen arts—seemed less inspiring than formerly.

All at once they drew Aurelius toward the shops. In spacious rooms, lined with mirrors, salesgirls advanced upon them, willowy in black satin frocks of the most recent cut, with the bearing of Oriental handmaids raised, through some pasha's caprice, to feminine authority. A suave patronage underlay their words and gestures as their glances ran over these garments that had come from Zenasville, as they exhibited the gowns of lace, of cloth of silver, of painted gauze, and glittering embroidery. Mr. Goodchild, seated in a corner, nervously smoothing his thick, tangled beard, blinked at this finery, such as he had never seen before. Euphrosyne and Thalia, afflicted by sensations of humbleness, fell mute. Aglaia, however, after calmly pricing and examining everything, at last ended her sisters' torments with the nonchalant remark, "I think before we finally decide we 'll look a little farther." But for her, their retreat would have been a flight.

Thallie, blushing in the sunshine, cried:

"What must they think of us, buying nothing after putting them to so much trouble!"

"Who cares what they think? All the same, they gave me some ideas. And now we 'll go to the department stores, and get off cheaper."

But it was not till three days later that the sisters managed to reform their dress completely.

At first they hardly knew one another in those draperies looped and puffed like costumes in a Franco-Persian comic opera, in the hats tilted at extraordinary angles, in the fur scarfs worn, as it seemed, back foremost, in the little slippers revealing the sheen of ankles through a mesh of silk. Thus arrayed, two at least found themselves abashed—till they remembered they were, after all, no more than fashionably arrayed. And even Thallie was moved to favor her new outfit with an unprecedented care, herself replacing every hook and button lost, and mending each hole at once in the heels of her silk stockings.

In that transformation each, to be sure, had made concessions to her nature. Frossie's colors were the quietest, her whole attire, as befitted her "strong" features, pince-nez, bright-red hair, the most conservative. Thallie had chosen clear hues and indecisive contours, according with her vivid, though still uncompleted, loveliness. But Aglaia's was, perhaps, the greatest triumph. Though garbed with the sophisticated daintiness of a young matron breathing the very air of style, she managed to look younger than Euphrosyne.

The swift change in them surprised the other patrons of the family hotel—the elderly ladies who prowled the parlors in Egyptian shawls, the bluff old gentlemen who "put on no frills" with Mr. Goodchild in the lobby, the wives of traveling salesmen who, every morning, eased baby-carriages down the front steps. These honest folk, humdrum even in New York, had not realized that the dingy obelisk was serving the three Graces only as a sort of chrysalis.

Aurelius, when they came to preen themselves before him, found his daughters almost too grand to kiss; he thought, with sinking heart, "I shall surely lose them very soon."

Indeed, everywhere they now went the eyes of young men brightened at the sight of them. But the sisters, when they ventured forth alone, found that masculine homage in New York was bolder than in Zenasville. For self-protection, they were forced to end their clear, frank gazing, to repress the friendly interest natural to their faces, to assume the mask discreet young girls must wear in the great cities.

"Why, these New York men are terrible!" protested Thallie, though dimpling, despite herself, beneath her frown.

"It 's clear," murmured Frossie, "that with the slightest encouragement—"

"I suppose men are men wherever one finds them," said Aglaia, with a shrug, "though I understand that in Europe they 're even more frankly so."

The three fell silent, wondering about the men of Europe, and, after all, not displeased by the idea that they might prove "more so."

New York, however, still sufficiently amazed them.

They visited the museums and the parks, inspected the monuments, peeped into Chinatown and Wall Street. From the tops of sky-scrapers they saw at last, beyond roofs and masts and shredding clouds of smoke, the sea, a-shimmer clear to the horizon. Every night they went to the theater to watch the hysterics of the problem-plays or the sensuous confusion of the musical comedies. It was Thallie who decided that the drama in New York was immoral.

"The drama, maybe," Euphrosyne assented; "but the musical shows are less immoral than amoral."

"Most of them are imported from Europe," Aglaia at last volunteered. "Even pruned a bit, they say, before we see them!"

And the sisters pictured for themselves

those lands whose amusements so shamelessly confessed their cynicism.

But at concerts they could approve of everything they heard. One afternoon they attended a song-recital by Mme. Bertha Linkow, a famous soprano whose season at the Metropolitan had just ended.

They sat far back in a sea of millinery that spread through the concert-hall clear under the wide sweep of the boxes. On the stage appeared a tall, robust woman, majestic even in an azure gown of the most fashionable eccentricity. Her voice, stealing out above the throng, was like warm, flawless gold. She sang "Nymphs and Shepherds," *"Wie mir 's Weh tut,"* Carey's *"Pastorale,"* and other numbers also. When the first group of her selections was done, the sisters sat silent, their hands half open on their laps, their hearts deeply moved by all those exquisite sounds. But at last Aglaia, with an accent maybe due to envy, murmured:

"I 'm sure she scooped three times in Grieg's *'Lauf der Welt.'*"

The recital ending, the women of the audience swarmed toward the stage; the girls dragged Aurelius forward, too. Now they saw the prima donna at close quarters. Bowing and beaming, her arms full of roses, she glowed with the wholesome blonde beauty of a magnificent peasant. She was nearer forty than thirty, yet that night they all dreamed of her.

Aurelius, when he stretched out his tired limbs between the sheets, mused for a while on all the marvels of the city. Each reminiscence ended with the thought, "If *she* could have shared that with her husband and her children!" Sadness crept round him, as tenuous and penetrating as the autumn mists of thirty years ago, when he and she, returning arm in arm through Maple Lane, had ended their evening walk, among the garden-plats, with a long kiss, and the words "Some day! Some day!" At last, on the border-land of sleep, it seemed to him that the expectations of that time were realized. With the ease of those who make pilgrimages in their dreams, he returned through the streets, the museums, the theaters, the countless show-places of New York, his wife upon his arm. She wore a full skirted dress of poplin covered with a fringed polonaise; a tiny tip-tilted hat was set upon her chignon; long cameo ear-rings dangled against her milk-white throat, adorned with a double crease. The years had not aged her: youth was exhaled from her person like the perfume of a flower. But when they passed before a mirror, he saw, beside his gray hairs and stooping shoulders, the countenance of Thallie! In the morning, however, he had forgotten that disappointment.

But their week in New York was passing. The steamship tickets, good clear to Paris, were already in the hotel safe. The antique trunks, their curved lids plastered inside with gay-colored paper blossoms, yawned open, as if begging to be packed in time. Yet the Goodchild family continued to run hither and thither through the city, the girls ever thrilling anew, readjusting their perceptions, and only late at night, when back again in the topsyturvy bedrooms, pausing to think, "Four days, three days, and we shall be in America no longer!"

Already their young, eager brains had profited by a thousand fleeting observations; but how much more did they not feel they had to learn! Hardly an hour passed that they were not humiliated by their inexperience, that they did not flush because they had not acted like "New-Yorkers." All their real cultivation seemed insignificant to them, compared with the *savoir-faire* of the metropolis. Their acquaintance with ancient and European literature, the histories of music and of painting, the political development of nations, did not, in New York, excuse their ignorance of how to pass triumphantly the velvet cord at the threshold of smart restaurants, how to order tea, how to tip the waiter neither lavishly nor parsimoniously. At last, forgetting even the art treasures they had so long desired to study here, they succumbed completely to Fifth Avenue, to the great hotels where, if only they had known

they learned lessons in deportment chiefly from aliens like themselves.

"She gave him fifty cents."

"Two teas complete are eighty, and her extra tartlet makes one dollar. The Baedeker for France says only one tenth of the bill."

"But this is New York."

"That fat one does n't take her escort's arm; he holds her by the elbow."

"In Europe a gentleman never touches a lady except when dancing or kissing her hand."

"And will they kiss our hands, those foreigners?"

"One could hardly object, if it 's the custom."

"Who said anything about objecting!"

"Now the one in yellow 's smoking another cigarette."

"If a girl ever smoked like that in Zenasville!"

"But this is New York."

"Maybe she 's not quite respectable."

"Then which of them is?"

"Perhaps they wonder if we are?"

"Oh, Frossie!"

Thallie giggled outright at the idea of any one imagining that sedate Euphrosyne might not be respectable. The latter retorted:

"I don't think it 's a subject to laugh at, anyway."

"But," said Aglaia, her shadowy smile appearing, "this is New York."

When they had paid their tea-bill, glancing furtively at the waiter to see how he received the tip, the three Graces went out to the sunny avenue. They strolled past the shops, as much to gaze on their reflected images as to view the window-displays. A photographer's showcase engrossed them; they contemplated the print of a bride in her wedding-dress. And they wondered if the fashions in wedding-dresses would change before their own marriages. The sky was fading between the white marble towers when they turned back to the family hotel, where their father was beginning to *worry about them.*

For Aurelius, remembering that youth makes some of its happiest discoveries when undisturbed by age, sent them off nearly every afternoon to "play by themselves." If they asked him, on their return, what he had been doing, he answered with a smile:

"I 've been in much-reviled Nineveh. But the heathen, who respect the foolish, sent me back safe and sound."

On their last night in New York, after the play, the girls inveigled him into a Broadway restaurant for supper.

They entered a room embellished with marble, gilt, and mirrors, full of flowering-shrubs and white-spread tables. Between the lustrous pillars, knee-deep, as it seemed, in the rich bloom of azalea-plants, the supper-parties moved to their places. The women, against a background of white and black, assumed a regal mien, aware, no doubt, of their elaborate headgear, of the scanty corsages which they had eked out with jewels, of the artful folds that pretended to conceal their forms. When they gathered together by their chairs, there appeared for an instant a dazzlement of pale satin, powdered flesh, and diamonds. When they took their seats, it was as if a dewy garland had been flung around the table.

The sisters neglected their suppers to watch those others, so gay, so much at ease, so well surrounded by dapper cavaliers. They wondered what it must be like to live such lives, which they pictured as one round of social triumph and romance.

But this scene depressed their father for a different reason. The strange, unnecessary foods, the many bottles of champagne, the air thick with tobacco-smoke, heavy with perfumes, throbbing with erotic music, seemed to Aurelius degrading stimulants to pleasure. He thought: "Could they not find recreation in some simpler, healthier way? All these influences must finally react upon the soul. So the ancients began to feast before their downfall."

Into an open space emerged a man with an orange scarf wrapped around his evening waistcoat, and a woman in a pea-

green wig. The band struck up a Spanish tune; the pair, after bawling out some verses of a slangy song, fell into each other's arms and began to undulate languorously among the tables. Slowly the pallor of Mr. Goodchild's brow disappeared beneath a wave of red. Looking away, he met the eyes of a gentleman who sat near by alone.

This stranger was a tall, rather thickset man of forty, whose calm, smooth-shaven face revealed at the same time sophistication and a hint of gentleness. He wore a dinner-jacket; two fine black pearls adorned his shirt-front; on his left hand shone a gold ring set with a graved carnelian. The plate before him contained some remnants of a light repast, his tall glass was still half-full of well-diluted whisky, and he was just letting the waiter lay match to his cigar when he caught Mr. Goodchild's gaze. By way of response, he produced a slight grimace of sympathy, an almost imperceptible shrug, an effect of having remarked: "Everything you suggest is quite true. But then, my poor fellow-sufferer, this is New York." And after his glance had passed over the Goodchild family in one swift flash, he stared into space as before, smoking at ease, his thoughts apparently traveling far away.

Euphrosyne fancied she had seen his picture somewhere. Aglaia summoned the waiter.

"Can you tell me who—"

"Aggie! He 'll hear you!"

"Who that gentleman is over there?"

"That gentleman? That is Mr. Holland, Miss."

"Oh, Mr. Holland."

And fear of appearing still more ignorant kept them from asking who "Mr. Holland" might be.

They decided that while he could never have been handsome, he was quite distinguished-looking.

Now the head waiter himself came bowing to his table!

"Mr. Holland has found everything all right this evening?"

"Quite all right, Humbert."

"If Mr. Holland is maybe going to look in at the Villa di Tasso this summer, I shall be there to welcome him."

"I may get down to Italy later on. I sail next week."

"A good voyage to Mr. Holland!"

"Thank you, Humbert. The same to you."

"He 's going to Europe next week," reflected Thallie. "I bet we run into him there."

"You might think Europe was no bigger than Zenasville!"

"All the same, I bet we do see him again somewhere."

"Is our little Thallie smitten?"

"I? With a middle-aged man like that?"

"Do hush, girls!"

But "Mr. Holland" was tipping the waiter, not lavishly, yet receiving that tyrant's humble thanks. And he departed like a man who walks out of his own dining-room.

"If only we knew some one like that," Aglaia exclaimed, "to show us the ropes over there!"

"As if anybody like that would bother with us!"

"Who knows who will and who won't before we 're through?"

Then, realizing that the ship sailed next morning, that it was one o'clock, that nothing had been packed, they went home as fast as they could.

The next morning was all hazy from excitement. As they sped for the last time through the city's streets, wild apprehensions darted into their minds. They remembered tales of storms and fires at sea; they pictured panics round life-boats on the sloping decks; they saw themselves clinging to a raft between two mountainous waves. But as they entered the pier, and viewed, through tall doorways, black bulwarks rising clear out of sight, like the walls of an immovable building, there came to them a feeling of immense relief. That whole structure was so vast, so strong, so still, one could not imagine it even rocking in the highest storms.

When they had climbed the gangway,

for a moment they wondered if this could really be a ship. The main companion-way, with its office, its wide staircase backed by large oil-paintings, and its elevator, suggested the lobby of a fine hotel. On the deck above, a succession of drawing-rooms, music-rooms, and card-rooms completed the explorers' bewilderment. But when they descended to their own cabins, they perceived that if all above was sumptuous and ample, here was enough constriction to make up for it.

Yet they were pleased by the novelty of their close quarters. Mr. Goodchild contemplated his one-berth cubbyhole with the remark, "At any rate, if I fall out of bed, I 'll soon fetch up against something." The girls, in their own compartment, vowed the discomfort of the place was going to be a lark. But the steward abased them by complaining that there was no room, in these cabins, for such trunks as theirs. Good heavens! they had never realized what "steamer-trunks" were actually for.

They went up to cool their cheeks in the fresh air.

The promenade-deck was crowded with the seagoers and their friends. On all sides appeared elaborate hats, costly furs, large bunches of flowers. Straightway the girls felt the lack of flowers of their own, of friends or lovers who might have sent such parting tokens. Timid among these chattering and laughing favorites, distressed by the sight of so much gay attendance all for others, they retreated into a writing-room. And there they set about composing letters full of tenderness to those whom they had left behind in Zenasville, and till this moment of loneliness had neglected.

Without the slightest warning, right overhead a whistle gave a monstrous roar, and shook the Goodchild family to the marrow.

"We 're starting!"

Clutching their letters, they rushed out on deck.

The ship began to creep forth into the river. On the wharf innumerable faces were upturned to them, and the agitation of handkerchiefs was like a sudden flurry of snow. Thallie, tears rising into her eyes, waved a response.

"But you don't know any of them!"

"Leave me alone! I 'm saying good-by to my dear old America."

Then they saw that Mr. Goodchild, his face twitching, was also waving to the crowd.

"Good-by! Good-by!"

And he was moved to quote in a deep voice:

"Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie!"

Slowly they floated down-stream, past the tugs all tooting their salutes; past the ferry-boats, with their watching passengers; past the busy docks, the clambering signs, and, behind all the rest, rising against a turquoise sky, the towers, like great vertical shafts of sunlight. A vibration spread gradually throughout the vessel. Now they moved faster. Looking back, one saw, across scintillating waves, the sky-scrapers converging, turning misty, fading.

Aurelius removed his black felt hat. The salt breeze lifted his long locks and stirred his tangled beard of ruddy gold and silver. His lean face was illumined with a look of reverence as he repeated:

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State,
Sail on, O Union strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

Their own ship, gently quivering all over, headed for the open sea.

CHAPTER III

HENCEFORTH THALIA WILL LIVE ONLY FOR HER ART

FOR two days the stewardess admitted there was a bit of a sea.

"A bit of a sea!" Every time their berths sank beneath them,—the curtains swaying far over from the rods, the woodwork creaking, the port-holes darkened by

"She felt sure this careless speech masked a sentimentalism intensely congenial to her own"

Drawing by F. R. Gruger

wave-crests,—the Goodchild family believed the ship was going down. But on the third day, determined not to drown "like rats in a trap," somehow the girls got their dresses on, staggered up the companionway, plunged into the open air. At last, prostrate in their steamer-chairs, they saw, to their amazement, that the promenade-deck was alive with people apparently in the best of health and spirits.

Some, curled up among cushions and rugs, were gossiping and reading. Others, untroubled by the pitch of the ship, marched round and round. Forward, young girls and youths were merrily playing shuffle-board. The sun shone on the long, olive-colored swells, spread with intricate traceries of foam, that extended to the see-sawing sky-line.

The sisters felt their disgrace. They recalled the fact that all the sea-going heroines of fiction were "splendid sailors." For that matter, could one imagine Cleopatra suffering qualms at Actium, or Helen's fair cheek turning yellow on the voyage to Troy? Yet when a steward presented under Thallie's nose a tray set with cups of fat bouillon, the poor child could not repress a moan of loathing. As she averted her face, the woman in the next chair replaced a full cup on the tray, and brusquely commanded, with a German accent:

"Take it away, all this stuff, from these young ladies!"

Where had Thalia seen her neighbor before? Could it be Mme. Bertha Linkow, the prima donna?

Yes, it was really she, her abundant blonde tresses pressed down by a modish turban, her wind-whipped cheeks more vivid than on the stage, her physical wholesomeness going out from her like a beneficent aura. And this wonderful personage was talking to Thallie as kindly as if the young girl, too, were a celebrity!

"I know. I also have prayed the ship to sink. One night when a number-ten storm was brewing, three of us, Mme. Morelli, Mme. Lodbrok, and I, had gone up to the captain's cabin for coffee after dinner. All at once, *platsch!* and that number-ten storm was present! And we three? Ha, there was little talk of escaping then to our proper rooms! We lay where we found ourselves, and rolled and rolled, and now and then groaned, 'Art thou still alive, Luisa?' 'Art thou still alive, Regne?' The captain, of course, was on the bridge, defying the storm. But you may believe he did not get back his cabin till that business was over. So now I always try to engage the captain's room for myself. It is more considerate, *nicht wahr?*"

"But that," ventured Thallie, timidly, "was a bigger storm than this one."

Mme. Linkow's eyes started to twinkle, but she saved her solemnity.

"Well, perhaps a little bigger, my dear."

Now Aglaia and Frossie were staring, their misery half forgotten. The prima donna embraced the three, so to speak, with a maternal smile.

"See how you are, from this fine air, already better becoming! And the—the storm is calming down every minute. So! Presently I shall prescribe a walk on the deck."

That afternoon, indeed, the sisters did manage to walk the deck with Mme. Linkow.

They could hardly convince themselves that this rare distinction was theirs. They could not help looking askance at those they passed, to see if others appreciated the company they were in. And every moment they were amazed afresh to find that the great Mme. Linkow was not unlike other mortals. Presently she declared:

"As for me, I like what I like. You, as it happened, I liked no sooner I saw you the day we sailed. 'Those three beautiful shades of red hair,' I said to myself, 'and those three young faces, all alike, yet all so different!' Therefore I had the chairs of an awful family removed from alongside of mine, and your chairs put in their places." She uttered a clear peal of laughter in recalling that trick. "You see, anything that interests

me I must do, no matter what happens. But where is your papa, with his face of a saint in some well-known painting or other?"

Mr. Goodchild was still below, flat on his back.

"*Ach,* this will never do! Here, steward! Go down to Mr.—yes, Mr. Goodchild—and tell him his daughters are quite well again, and expect him to be the same."

So Aurelius, with an agonizing effort, tumbled into his clothes and tottered up on deck. He found the girls seated in a row beside a strange lady, and all three sipping champagne.

The prima donna met his look of dismay with the words:

"Please note that these young ones are not wine-drinking for pleasure, but only to cure their collywobbles. One glass for each, that 's all; and here is another for you."

Aurelius, despite swimming head and weak limbs, achieved a courteous bow.

"Ma'am," he quavered, "I beg you to accept my thanks and excuses. I am not used any more than my daughters—"

"Oh, I knew you would not take any before I said it. Thank God! your children have already swallowed theirs down, and now it will do them good. But you must not think, for all this, that I want to give them bad habits."

"On that point, ma'am," Aurelius stammered, while mopping his pallid brow, "I am doubly at ease."

"Very well. For the rest, I am Mme. Linkow, and a great chum of your daughters. I like them, and I like you, and I tell you, as friend to friend, it is useless to stand on all this ceremony with me. There is your chair. Lie down. You, Frossie, wrap him up in this rug. To-night I am going to have some light foods sent up to you here. To-morrow you shall eat small, but well: I shall see what that ought to be. Also, if your stewardess is as clumsy as mine, you had better borrow my maid—"

So it was that Mme. Linkow took the Goodchild family under her wing.

The sea grew calmer, or else seemed calmer to them. The keen air revived their bodies; the mirror showed their color restored, their eyes brightened, their charms regained. They began to enjoy the strangeness of sounds and odors, the moods of the ocean, the sight of a distant steamship or porpoises or a whale. Now fellow-passengers smiled and bowed to them, and a dozen times a day the prima donna, holding court in her chair, included them in the talk.

The girls had confessed their ambitions to Mme. Linkow.

"So! A painter of pictures, this little Thallie! And Frossie a writer of books? How nice that will be! And Aglaia?"

"A singer."

The prima donna's glance, running rapidly over Aglaia's face and form, lost a shade of its brightness.

"What sort of singer, my dear? The opera, I suppose? Of course; that is what we all desire. You shall sing for me one of these days. See, there comes a sailing-vessel! *Wunderschön!* How her sails are gold in the sun! Like a ship of dreams, *nicht wahr?*"

Meanwhile Mr. Goodchild had made friends in the smoking-room. There he endured the fumes of tobacco and liquor for hours at a time to listen to tales of voyages weathered and lands skimmed through. The man who had crossed most often drowned out the rest: he spoke the jargon of sailors and tourist-agents, became an oracle from whom might be learned everything about foreign travel. But soon, prompted by envy, some parvenu of a dozen trips would shout:

"Steward! A fresh pack of cards, and take the orders!"

One day there entered the smoking-room two young men whom Aurelius had not seen on deck.

He thought there was something foreign about the cut of their clothes, which produced an effect of elegant negligence. Smoking cigarettes, they lounged into an alcove as far as possible away from the rest. Obsequiously a steward ran forward. Every one stared. Aurelius

learned they were Mr. Hector Ghillamoor and Mr. Reginald Dux, who, with Mr. Ghillamoor's wife and child, occupied the "royal suite."

"And may one ask," he mildly inquired, "what are these young gentlemen's vocations?"

The card-players looked at him in amazement till one exploded:

"Ha, ha! That 's a good one! A neat little knock, eh, boys?"

Hector Ghillamoor was a herculean, swarthy young man with the low, sloping forehead, short nose, and heavy jaw of a gladiator. His small eyes, sunken behind his high cheek-bones, habitually looked forth with a calm disdain. When he smiled there was something contemptuous about his large mouth. But he had, all the same, a name for the utmost good-nature in his own circle, where he lived a life of strenuous pleasure-seeking and sport. He was said to be very well off —even wealthier than Reginald Dux.

The latter, younger than Hector Ghillamoor, was about twenty-five years old. Not so tall, more nearly slight, he showed a fair skin. In his agreeable face the hauteur due to his aquiline nose and drooping eyelids was counteracted by the easy-going curve of his lips. Now, when he noticed the interest he had excited, those lips of his began to twitch with an irrepressible smile, not so much of amusement as from the stirring of vanity.

The truth is, his father had not become a millionaire till the boy was in his teens, so to-day the latter could hardly help being flattered when he imagined any one saying, "That is the socially prominent, the rich, young Reginald Dux." These sensations, however, were not entirely owing to snobbishness. At heart he was still so sensitive to public opinion that any approbative attention sent through him a warm glow. In fact, since childhood had tried to leave him, also, a legacy of emotionalism, he might, with another father, have been an actor.

Mr. Goodchild wondered if he had not seen those two come aboard at New York with a willowy young woman, a pretty child, and three or four servants. But where had they kept themselves all this time?

"Ah," drawled one of the poker-players, viciously dealing the cards, "you forget, sir, that if those kinds of folks were to mingle with us, we might give 'em the pip or something."

"I pass," said another. "As for them, I guess there is n't a soul on board that they 've spoken to outside the stewards."

"Kindly try to dole me three queens this time. Nor what 's more, that they will speak to while this here galumping caravel sails the sea."

But the following night—the last night out of sight of land—it came about that Reginald Dux spoke to Thallie.

Alone she had climbed to the boat-deck to say good night to the ocean. She found a secluded spot well forward, beside a life-boat. Leaning over the rail, she looked out at the horizon, where sky was distinguished from sea by the clear blue twinkle of stars. On the morrow the mystery of that level union of air and water would be dispelled: the strange shores would loom forth; the long-sought future, with all its promises, would begin to merge into the present. Perhaps, at the same time, all the anticipations of girlhood would change to experience.

She was startled by a creaking sound that issued from the life-boat above her. A young man in a dinner-jacket, legs swinging over the gunwale, face vague in the starlight, stared down at her in surprise.

"I beg your pardon!"

His voice was rather high and throaty; he clipped short his words even while pronouncing them precisely; his utterance was easy, amiable, and somehow unusual.

"I must have fallen asleep," he confessed. "These boat-covers make such jolly hammocks."

Had he dropped from the sky? With a nervous laugh, she risked the pleasantry:

"Are you a stowaway?"

"Give you my word, I should n't have been if I 'd known about you."

Sliding down to the deck, leaning

gracefully against a davit, he smiled at her, half cavalier, half mischievous boy.

"Why did n't you wander up here the first part of the trip?"

"The first part of the trip," Thallie stammered, "I was ill." And at once she felt herself blushing.

"Ouch! So was I. And that 's one more overrated pastime, is n't it? But when a fellow tries to murder his constitution the last night ashore, he can't complain if he has to pay toll to Mr. Wave." Lighting a cigarette, he stared at her across the flaming match. "By George, what bully hair! Am I still asleep? Mind pinching me?"

"Good night," gasped Thallie, and turned to flee.

"Oh, I say, if you go down now, you 'll break up the whole party! Let 's stay awake another hour and ruin our health. Let 's pace the quarter-deck with knitted brows. 'Damn the torpedoes!' and all that sort of thing, what? Cigarette?"

"No, thanks."

"Tango?"

"N-no."

"Why so cruel? We might have a quiet cavort up here and take turns at whistling the tune. I do need the exercise."

"I never met any one like you in my life!"

" 'Affability, that 's wot it is. No 'arm, just affability.' Come on; let 's romp about while we 're still young."

With a reluctance at least half-genuine, with a vague trepidation, a feeling almost like guilt, she began to stroll with him round the boat-deck.

He soon made her laugh again. He patronized the stars, pretended to find constellations with ridiculous names, asked her if she would like him to fit the ship's propellers to a pontoon and take her aëroplaning round Venus. Demanding where she was going to stay in Paris, he threatened to bring the band from Maxime's to play every night under her window. He, for his part, was going to remain in Europe till he got bored.

His jests, his informality, through which now and then flirtatiousness threatened to show, his good looks, and attire, and debonair carriage that neatly escaped a swagger, all ended by fascinating Thallie. She was even pleased when he began to reveal a certain good-natured condescension of manner. A companion so winning, in such romantic surroundings! Half closing her eyes, she found it quite natural to picture a honeymoon voyage illumined by stars like these, with a lover as fine as this young man by her side, whose name she did not know.

Leaning against the rail, they stared out over the waves.

"Good old Nature!" he said. "She sets the stage rather well to-night, what?"

She felt sure this careless speech masked a sentimentalism intensely congenial to her own.

"The sea is so wonderful!" she sighed.

"Right!"

"When I think of all the marvelous things that are waiting for us off there!"

"Paris, eh? Rue de la Paix, and all that?"

"Think of the Louvre!"

"Oh, so you 're keen on art?"

"I 'm going to be a painter myself."

"Really? Paint my portrait?"

"Some day, perhaps."

"Don't forget."

"I won't." A silence. "And now I must go."

"We 'll have the moon in a minute."

He put his hand over hers, which lay on the rail, and suddenly his face grew serious, nearly solemn. His teasing, trifling impulses shredded away. The worldly difference between them, which he had long since divined, which even Thallie was beginning to realize, ceased all at once to exist, as the furniture of a splendid room disappears with the modest hat on the table when the light is blown out. For that instant they were simply maiden and youth contemplating each other in the starlit solitude with the delicate, swift, half-shy avidity of spring.

"Good night," she said breathlessly, and ran down the ladder. But on the promenade-deck, repenting of that quick

flight, she wondered if she had offended him.

In the sisters' small cabin Thallie went silently to bed. A long while she lay awake in her narrow upper berth, unsoothed by the gentle lift of the ship or the soft, steady breathing of Aglaia and Frossie. Her wide-open eyes again visualized his face; his careless, warm-toned speech sounded still in her ears. Every trivial remark she recalled and considered; and in his countenance, his voice, his words, she could find not the slightest flaw. Who was he? Why had she met him only to-night? Would she see him to-morrow, in Paris, elsewhere, too? She believed she would see him again many times. She fell asleep at last with a smile on her lips.

Next morning sea-gulls were thick astern; the sky-line was threaded with tiny sails; above the horizon dark smoke formed diagonal, intersecting lines. The ship's isolation was ended.

At last they drew in to Plymouth—white cliffs, budding green, a climbing town of quaint aspect; then off again, up the channel, toward France.

Cherbourg! The tender, piled high with trunks, lay alongside the ship. From across the waves breakwaters reached out, as if to embrace and draw in the voyagers toward the low-lying city between them. The Goodchild family, staring and pointing, inhaled with delight the air of this new land, that seemed to them like the air of another world. But amid the bustling passengers Thallie had not discerned the young man of the boat-deck.

Mme. Linkow appeared, more majestic than ever in her shore-going costume, a-rustle with silk, a-jingle with golden trinkets, her maid and a queue of heavily-laden stewards trailing behind. When she saw Aurelius and the three Graces her eyes grew soft, as who should think: "Poor innocents! It is I who must see them safe in some nest at Paris to-night!" She approached them with her dazzling, maternal smile.

"So, you were waiting for me? How nice of you!"

They descended the ladder together.

The tender bore them off toward the shore. They gazed back with a vague affection at the great ship that had brought them safe over the sea, that they saw now for the first time in perspective. They drew in to the quay, and just as the hawsers curled through the air, Thalia perceived, at the other end of the tender, her boat-deck friend.

He was with a big, sulky-looking young man, a pretty little girl, and a smart-looking lady. The sunshine seemed less bright as Thallie observed that slender woman of twenty-eight, on whose face petulance was gradually eclipsed by a smile. It was he who was making her laugh! Worse still, he was so intent on keeping her laughing that never once did he turn his head!

In the scramble off the boat, through the custom-house, into the train, she lost him again. And even in the station at Paris he failed to pass by with the crowd.

"But he knows where we 're going to stay."

They were going to stay at an old hotel near the Gare St. Lazare. Mme. Linkow, before setting out to visit friends in Versailles, herself arranged their accommodations.

"And so, if we need each other no more for a little, *auf wiedersehen!*" She gave each of the girls a resounding kiss on the cheek, clasped Mr. Goodchild's hand, sailed out to her taxicab, and was gone.

"How good she is! What would we have done without her!"

"Well, anyway, here we are."

"Here we are in Paris!"

They went down to dinner a-flutter, still feeling at every step the motion of the ship.

That hotel maintained rather mustily the atmosphere of the Third Empire. In its public parlors, still furnished with black walnut and plush, even the chandeliers recalled a period of tasteless flamboyance. And the courtesy of grave, elderly servants completed the suggestion of an old palace, once given up to crinoline balls, now going to seed.

The table d'hôte room was occupied by commercial travelers from Belgium and Germany, bourgeois families, provincial bridal couples. Nearly all wore napkins under their chins, and chased the rich sauces round their plates with a crust. Rising, at last, with congested, cheerful faces, they marched out, picking their teeth.

Finally, replete themselves, the Goodchilds donned hats and wraps, to brave the strange thoroughfares.

Through the shadows of Rue Auber loomed the opera-house: Aglaia dreamed of success. As the Louvre raised its long rows of window-panes beside the Seine, Thallie thought of the masterpieces hidden there, which she was to emulate. And when, from a bridge, they peered across misty water at the dim bulk of Notre Dame, Euphrosyne saw herself writing romances in which the heroics of *Esmeralda* were far surpassed.

Aurelius, on the other hand, kept wondering if he was awake. "It 's a fact: this is Paris! That shadow is the Isle of the City, where Lutetia was born! Behind me is the very Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine cut off the head of Louis XVI!" And, after a while, inevitably, "But why must all this come too late for *her* to share it?" And then, "But who knows that she does not share it—that she is not here to-night close by our side?" A breath of air stirred his locks, and the mist, exhaled from the Seine, seemed to curl along the parapet like the flowing robes of an immaterial presence.

Back in their rooms, attired for bed, yet sure that sleep was not to be won for hours, the three Graces looked down from their windows upon the street. Before the café across the way the terrace was alive with people. The taxicabs continued to bear jolly parties here and there to unknown pleasures.

"Where is he to-night?" wondered Thallie.

But gradually the vibrations from a myriad minds, the concerted supreme impulses of that city, the influence of Paris, stole in through the windows with the May breeze, penetrated the sisters' hearts, and filled all three with an indefinable exuberance.

To-morrow! To-morrow!

A week went by, in which they blundered all over Paris. But the young man of the boat-deck failed to appear.

Why had he never called? Perhaps he was off on some excursion, or ill? Before long they might take up their own travels again without having seen him at all!

One morning when they had been in Paris a fortnight their breakfast talk developed that very topic.

Their repast—they were not inured to coffee and rolls alone—had reached the marmalade-stage. The French phrase-book lay open beside the beefsteak platter; Frossie was starting the daily round of sentences:

"Good-day, Monsieur. Is it that one can buy here of gloves, of silk, of lingerie, of shoes American?"

"If madame will give herself the pain to step by there."

"Mademoiselle, this madame desires of gloves, of silk, of lingerie, of shoes American—"

"And what good," Aglaia demanded suddenly, "will all this do us in Italy?"

A look of uneasiness crossed Mr. Goodchild's face. New habits to fathom, new tongues to struggle with, new railroads, custom-houses, hotel tariffs, and touts! Thallie faltered:

"But we have n't finished here."

"Do you expect," Aglaia asked, "to check off every cobblestone?"

"I don't care; I 've always had a kind of foreboding about the Italians. Folks say they 're so dangerous."

"Plenty of others go to Italy and live through it. Besides, everybody seems to agree the best music-teachers are there."

"Oh, of course, if your music 's the only thing in this family!"

"Children, children!"

"What do you say, Frossie?" Aglaia inquired.

"I 'd just as soon. I 've got enough atmosphere out of Paris to do my novel about King Henry of Navarre."

Thallie's lower lip quivered.

"It makes no difference to either of you that Paris is the center of painting for the whole world!"

"Then why do so many artists go to Florence, for instance?"

"Florence! I know I shall hate it."

"You 'll be much better able to judge about that at first-hand," Aglaia replied, her emerald eyes unnaturally serene.

Thallie hid her face against Mr. Goodchild's shiny house-jacket. Quickly his arm went round her shoulder, his heart turned over: for in that instant it seemed to him that another, long since lost, had laid her well-remembered cheek on his breast.

"Aggie, if the poor child enjoys Paris so—"

From Thallie, in muffled tones:

"I don't enjoy it. I have n't enjoyed one minute of it yet. Nothing happens the way I want it to! And just because I 'm the youngest—"

"My dears," said Mr. Goodchild, "I think we may very easily stay here a little while longer."

Thallie gave him a hug of gratitude. There fell a silence pervaded by surprise. It had not occurred to the sisters that the last word might lie with their father.

So they stayed on in Paris.

Thallie made a pretense, at first, of going every day to the Louvre. Drifting into that cool, white, echoing place, she passed the marbles and bronzes, climbed the grand staircase, at last reached the picture-gallery. She let her eyes rest on Perugino's "Madonna," on Leonardo's "Belle Ferronnière," on Titian's "Entombment." She tried to analyze the elements of those hues while making with her hand little gestures in imitation of brush-strokes. But all the rest of the paintings seemed to crowd nearer, to press their details on her sight with an insupportable weight. She went off, listless, to learn how Velasquez had spread his thin pigments. But, walking close to the windows, she saw young men in spring suits sauntering through the gardens.

In the evening they went to the Théâtre Français. Mounet-Sully played in "Œdipus," but not, according to Mr. Goodchild, in the true classic manner. Greek drama, the father maintained, was conceived in a spirit of lofty impersonality. The cothurni and the mask effaced the actor, and what Athenian audience would have stood the spectacle of an *Œdipus* with bleeding eye-sockets! Then Aurelius dived head-foremost into Greek literature. He spoke of metres,—elegiac, lyric, iambic,—the Dorian and the Æolian schools, the religious origins of Hellenic verse. But his daughters, formerly quick to respond to such words, were no longer listening. Their attention was riveted on the boxes, where ladies of title, in full toilet and wearing perukes of ultra-marine and mauve, lowered their eyes at the compliments of dashing young attachés of the embassies.

Still Thallie's gaze, preoccupied, troubled, went roaming for a young man whose name she did not know. Sometimes she felt a swift, hot thrill beneath her heart; her eyes flashed through the crowds with the terrified, blissful conviction, "At last!" Then, seeing more clearly, she realized it was only another who by some trick of gesture or dress had suggested him. All her fancies of how they would meet again, what he would say, what she would say in reply, were scattered like thistle-down before a chill blast. She followed her sisters with a lassitude that presently extended to them.

They recalled Ohio, where lilac was flowering now. They remembered the studio, the theatricals of Saturday night. They stepped into a shop, and sent off some picture post-cards to the Inchkins and Dr. Numble.

And still Mme. Linkow, whom they had been so proud to call their friend, ignored them.

"After all," said Aglaia, with a bitter smile, "why should that surprise us? She has the artistic temperament. We amused her till we ceased to be a novelty. But, anyway, she might have heard me sing and given me some advice."

Yet in the bottom of her heart Aglaia felt an inexplicable relief that Mme. Linkow had not heard her sing.

She, too, had grown distrait. Every day she was more impatient to get on to Italy. An old English lady in their hotel, who claimed to know all the prima donnas except Mme. Linkow, had told her that there lived in Florence a singing-teacher named Valentino Mughetto who was "the last master of the true *bel canto*." One night when the Goodchilds were sitting in a gay music-hall Aglaia's exasperation reached its climax.

It was their first experience with the Parisian *revue*. On the stage, set to represent a statue-scattered grove, the chorus kept reappearing in ever scantier costumes. Throughout the first act the principals expressed by pantomime enough of their purpose to make Mr. Goodchild doubt his sight. But when the curtain fell, the last tableau illustrating "A Frolic in the Parc-aux-Cerfs," Aurelius rose, his head high, his eyes a-flash.

"Come, children!"

Frossie, her cheeks suffused, gained her feet, but hardly before Aglaia. The latter, for Thallie's benefit, exclaimed:

"Fine reasons for hanging on in Paris, to see such shows as this!"

As they marched up the aisle, Thallie felt that all the shame of this adventure had been unloaded upon her shoulders. She wondered if she could pass the last rows of chairs before bursting into tears.

But behind the orchestra-rail, the foyer, too, was crowded. Here, on all sides, the *demi-mondaines* were engaged in their evening promenade.

Aurelius and his daughters stared at this flaunting femininity of many types, so insidiously bedizened, so similar to the frank flagrance of the stage. All the brilliants, all the aigrettes arranged like Apache war-bonnets, all the painted eyes, swam together into a mist of sensuality, in which these simple souls from Zenasville found themselves swallowed up. Suddenly, in the core of that glitter, Thallie caught sight of him.

He was with his big, sulky-looking friend whom she had noticed on the tender at Cherbourg. In evening dress, their glossy hats well back on their heads, gardenias in their buttonholes, cigars between their white-gloved fingers, they teasing a yellow-haired girl who leaned back against a pillar with a peculiar smile. And Thallie perceived that he was treating this creature to the same patronizing, flirtatious airs with which, on the starlit boat-deck, he had paid court to her!

Late that night, when all was still, she threw back her coverlet and turned on the bedside lamp.

Frossie did not awake. From her face, framed by ruddy braids, half-buried in the pillow, slumber and shadows smoothed away whatever had been too "strong." Her half-open mouth showed an eager, nearly infantile curve. One would have said that her soul was contemplating distant regions which some day might afford, in her waking hours, an equal beauty.

Thallie approached the window. The café across the way was dark; the street was almost deserted. A taxicab passed, bearing home two belated revelers: a woman who resembled those of the music-hall supported against her shoulder the profile of a slumbering man. Thallie watched that couple until they disappeared. Her thoughts pursued them still further—indefinite thoughts, here and there illumined by intuition with crimson flashes. Then all her conjectures recoiled across the secret roofs of Paris. With a shiver, she turned from the window and entered Aglaia's room.

On nearing the bed, she saw her eldest sister's eyes fixed steadily on hers. Aglaia, as if she had been all the while awake, demanded:

"Well, what is it now?"

Lying motionless, the bedclothes clinging about her form, she appeared in the faint light like a fragile image chiseled out of pale gold. Around her hung a faint odor of roses from the cold cream with which of late she covered her face at night.

"What is it?" Aglaia repeated none too warmly. "Perhaps you 've thought of

some other nice little thing that you 'd like to see in Paris!"

Sinking down on the edge of the bed, Thallie lowered her face.

"O Aggie, don't be mean to me now! I 'm ready to go to-morrow,—to-day, that is,—if you want."

Aglaia studied her sister without any sign of satisfaction.

"Why did you work it to stay on here, anyhow? You have n't been near your precious Louvre in three days."

Thallie's head sank lower.

"All the while that you 've been so pettish and needed so much babying, what were you up to?"

Thallie began to weep.

"I wish I 'd never left Zenasville! I wish I 'd never set foot on that old ship!"

Little by little, half incoherently, between loud sobs, she confessed the tête-à-tête on the boat-deck, the long, long waiting, her glimpse of him to-night in the music-hall.

Aglaia's surprise gave place to a half-contemptuous pity. While patting Thallie's hand, she reflected: "Love at twenty! A moment of talk in the starlight, and all these tears!" Aloud, with unusual gentleness:

"Come, Babykins, don't spoil your bright eyes any more. Whatever your young man may be, he 's not worth that."

"I know he is n't. He 's not worth a good girl's second thought."

But Thallie wept all the harder.

"Hush, now, or dad 'll wake up and come in. We 'll go right away from here. Before you know it you 'll have forgotten him."

"Yes," Thallie uttered in a strangled wail, "I 'll wipe him right out of my mind." But she felt that a lifetime would not suffice to heal the wound in her heart. "Oh! oh! oh!"

"Here, you climb into bed with me."

Gratefully Thallie crept into that warm nest, snuggled close, and shed her tears, in a soft, rose-scented luxury, on Aglaia's breast. Between gulps and hiccoughs she moaned:

"It 's not what you think. It 's just my pride that 's hurt."

"So sensitive, Babykins! What 's life going to do to you, if you go on so—" Aglaia ended without the words—"over such trifles!"

"Not any more! Not ever, ever again! They 'll see after this, men shall! I 'll show them! Oh, how I hate them all! And right before every one, with that brazen French thing, and nothing at all on her skinny back, and her big, ugly feet like gunboats! O Aggie, I 've got your ruffles all sopping! Forgive me for all those spats! I 've learned my lesson now. From this night I 'll live for nothing but my art. And some day when I 'm world-famous, if only I should ever meet him then—"

The future reappeared before her like one of the bizarre hallucinations of childhood. A wonderful staircase, the summit of which was lost in a silvery glory, seemed thronged with all the great artists of ancient and modern times. Among them she recognized Michelangelo, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Correggio, Degas, Raphael, Manet, Reynolds, even Apelles. They smiled at her tenderly; they held out their hands to her, and the tableau of her reception into those ranks recalled to her Titian's "Presentation in the Temple." Then, as she turned, to look down triumphantly on the past, she saw far below, gaping up at her in despair, the young man of the boat-deck, the blonde girl cringing beside him.

Her head in the hollow of Aglaia's arm, Thallie fell asleep. But Aglaia, though even her shoulder grew numb, did not stir. To forget her discomfort, she planned their next movements—through Switzerland as fast as possible, down into Italy. Italy, the birthplace of modern melody and of opera! Florence, where dwelt the Maestro Valentino Mughetto, last teacher of the true *bel canto!*

(To be continued)

The Writing on the Wall

The Truth about Preparedness

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

ERIC FISHER WOOD was an attaché at the American embassy in Paris shortly after the outbreak of the war, where his executive and linguistic abilities became of extraordinary value in the critical days when most of the embassies had fled from the capital of France and their affairs had been turned over to the capable hands of our American representatives. Because of Mr. Wood's unusual opportunities for observation, his intimate connection with military and diplomatic affairs, his present views on military preparedness should have special weight with our readers. A peace-man in the truest sense, he yet believes that we shall have to fight for peace. His recently published volume, "The Note-book of an Attaché," which has been characterized by Professor Phelps of Yale as the best book on the war yet published, develops clearly and dramatically the mental processes by which he has arrived at the unavoidable conclusions set forth in the following pages.—THE EDITOR.

NO Americans are alive to-day who saw Washington burned and sacked in 1814, and few still live who dwelt in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864. This generation of Americans have passed their lives in quiet pastures and beside the still waters. It is difficult for them to picture what war and invasion really involve. They do not clearly distinguish between the war of history and romance and that other war which is hell. They fail, for instance, to comprehend that it is *not* the soldier-boy who suffers most in war-time, but the women of an unprepared country who in the day of reckoning have no trained and organized bodies of men to defend them from the poverty and degradation which invariably exist in a conquered land. The real agony of war is endured by the civil population of the defeated and invaded nation; beside that the suffering of the boy who dies in battle is as nothing. The suffering of the civil population stretches out beyond its own generation to future generations, robbed of their very birthright; it stretches out for twenty-five, fifty, even a hundred years, and is the penalty which a nation pays for being over-confident and unwilling to face facts.

With the exception of a few persons like myself whom chance has thrust amidst scenes of war in foreign countries, no Americans have beheld the horrible reality with their own eyes; few have seen, and therefore few have understood. We who have worked in the ruined countries know what invasion means. We have seen the proud cities of yesterday to-day smoldering in ashes. We have seen nations of happy artisans and farmers reduced in a twinkling to a starving mob of dumb creatures whom Fate has robbed of

all the fruits of a life of faithful toil. We have seen dear old white-haired men and women wandering cold, hungry, and penniless across a desolated land. We have seen refined women, the élite of a nation, insane with fear, pain, and sorrow. We have seen the counterpart of every American woman we know, alone, unprotected, and hopeless, with the look of a hunted animal in her eyes. Verily the supreme agony of war is not to be found on the march, in camp, or upon the field of battle.

We who have beheld the present gigantic struggle with our own eyes feel and understand how far-reaching it is, and how much more far-reaching it may well become. When we return from Europe and find our countrymen apparently asleep to all this, we are utterly amazed at their apathy. We become possessed by an almost irrepressible impulse to shake them until they are thoroughly awake; we long to open their sleepy eyes to the full significance of the fact that the casualties of the first year of this war are probably greater than the casualties of all the other wars in the last thousand years. We wish to impress upon them the fact that in 1815, at the close of the last world war, the combined total of all the armies of the allies and of Napoleon numbered only 250,000 men, while the armies now embattled number more than one hundred times that many. That last world conflict eventually reached across the broad Atlantic to bring America the War of 1812 and the Louisiana Purchase. How soon will the present struggle spread across the now narrowed ocean, and what fate will *it* bring to America? At present her citizens do not consider that there is any possibility that it may ever touch them except slightly to increase or decrease their business.

We who have beheld the very letters of the writing on the wall and have copied them down to bring to our fellow-countrymen are met with reserve. We are called jingoes, the one thing which men who have looked upon the actual face of war can never be. Having now seen the suddenness with which glowering war may burst in upon a tranquil nation, we are surprised to find Americans lacking in any stronger sentiments than a conventional disapproval of the violation of Belgium and an equally conventional pity for the sufferings of the soldier on the fighting-line. We know full well that modern wars are such complicated affairs that even latent power is valueless if it has not been organized in advance. We know that it is equally useless if it has been wrongly or inefficiently developed. The volunteer system by which armies are organized only after the beginning of hostilities is doomed to certain failure. It is curious to find that America's great men have ever opposed it even since the very birth of the nation. Washington inveighed against it; so did Hamilton and Monroe. In 1790, Washington said, "In time of peace prepare for war." Later, in the first year of his Presidency, when addressing a joint session of Congress, he cried, "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

Four years later, in his annual address, he said:

> The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms with which the history of every other nation abounds. There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld if not absolutely lost by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war.

In 1787, Alexander Hamilton stated that "The rights of neutrality will only be respected when they are defended by an adequate power."

In 1822, James Monroe said, "The history of the late wars in Europe furnishes a complete demonstration that no system of conduct, however correct in principle, can protect neutral powers from injury

from any party; that a defenseless position and distinguished love of peace are the surest invitations to war; and that there is no way to avoid it, otherwise than by being always prepared and willing, for just cause, to meet it."

Reasonable military preparedness does not necessarily imply the possession of an increased standing army, but only of an efficient military system for defense. It does not even entail for America a larger expenditure than is now devoted to the maintenance of our army. It does, however, require that what is spent shall be efficiently spent; it implies that our military budget must be laid out by the nation's competent military experts, and not by party politicians. The citizens of other great countries do not permit their politicians to juggle and traffic with the national safety. Among the nations of the earth we are almost the only one which still allows laymen almost entirely to manage the expenditures of the budget for national defense. In consequence, our ineffective standing army now costs us $100,000,000 a year, but can put into the field to protect our land fewer than 50,000 men. The efficient Swiss system of military preparedness, which is run by trained military experts, costs only $8,000,000 a year in peace-time, and yet can promptly put into the field a compact army of nearly 400,000 trained soldiers. This comparison shows that it costs the United States one hundred times more per year for each man available to repel invasion than it does Switzerland.

There are very strong arguments against our possessing a large standing army, but there is no valid argument against reasonable military preparedness. In this country those who do not demand better preparation for national defense have either not had sufficient opportunity to study the matter, or they suffer from a mental blind spot—a blind spot like that which renders the habitual criminal incapable of seeing that crime does not pay.

My various observations and experiences in the war-zone have led me to a conclusion that is concurred in by each and every American who has had opportunity to study the appalling conditions now prevailing in Europe, which is that the only rational insurance against unprovoked attack is reasonable military preparedness. Among the most ardent of its advocates whom I have interviewed since the war's beginning are Americans who had journeyed to Switzerland as delegates to an international peace conference, and were there caught by the sudden outbreak of hostilities. They could not fail to perceive that reasonable military preparedness, and that alone, had saved Switzerland from war. They still demand peace, but they now demand it at the price of preparedness.

The nations of the earth have entered upon a political era of cold-blooded aggression wherein burglary and violation are ordinary proceedings and wherein the individual nations are acting with brutal selfishness. Each works solely for its own interest, and without the least consideration for the interests of the others. Germany's violation of Belgium is, alas! only typical of this era. It has become notorious in the eyes of America because Germany happens to be the nation which gave the first and most spectacular demonstration of the modern political immorality. In the more recent months of the war neither Great Britain nor Russia has shown any respect for Persian neutrality. They violated it just as Germany violated that of Belgium. In the operations against Constantinople Great Britain has violated Greek neutrality by seizing an island for a naval base. It has thus been shown that any great nation will unhesitatingly violate the neutrality of a country which is unprepared vigorously to defend herself. Even the United States did not arbitrate with Colombia over Panama; nor did our forefathers arbitrate with the American Indians, driven step by step from the land they loved and in which they had lived for a thousand years; nor did the Southern States arbitrate with the unprepared Union. No world power of to-day would arbitrate any vital matter

The vulnerable heart of the United States

with America if she thought she could take from us by force anything she needed, a thing which she could do as easily as an efficient thug lifts a watch and wallet from a fat millionaire, unworthy heir of virile grandsires. Never will Great Britain, Russia, Germany, or Japan arbitrate a vital dispute with America if they have power to dispense with arbitration and to smash us to our knees with a sudden blow. Arbitration without preparedness for self-defense is ridiculous; it is indeed a contradiction in terms. A sacred agreement resulting from solemn arbitration is certainly of far greater value than any mere prospect of such arbitration, for it is in fact the realization of the most sanguine hopes of the arbitrators. Yet within this very year the futility of depending solely upon such agreements has been proved upon the naked bodies of unprepared Belgium, Persia, and China. Last year, when the war broke out, brave and thrifty Switzerland was fully prepared to defend her freedom and her honor, despite the fact that both were already supposed to be protected by the most solemn international treaties that can be produced by successful and fair-minded arbitrators. Belgium, preoccupied with business affairs and with the making of money, trusted almost entirely [1] to sacred treaties, also the product of calm arbitration. For America the fate of Belgium is as a writing on the wall which plainly proclaims that the only valid insurance against unprovoked attack is reasonable military preparedness. Had Belgium been reasonably prepared to resist military aggression, then, and then only, would Germany have respected arbitration and its sacred treaties, and have invaded France across the Franco-German border. For treaties between nations are like contracts between persons: an unscrupulous person will refrain from breaking a contract only when the penalty attached thereto is greater than the gain. This is so generally recognized that men invariably attach penalty clauses to contracts which they make with one another. The only penalty attached to Belgium's contract was the insufficient one of British intervention. From Germany's point of view this intervention did not offset the manifold advantages to be gained by a surprise attack upon France, which would result in confining the horrors of war to the enemy's territory. Had Belgium been prepared to defend her borders, this fact, *added* to the probability of British intervention, would have constituted a prohibitive penalty; for it should be remembered that even a small country may successfully defend herself from invasion, as has been amply demonstrated by Serbia. This is due to the deadliness of modern weapons which makes it possible to defend a frontier with fewer than 2000 men per mile, if these men have been properly trained and organized. It is a well-known fact, for instance, that Germany has for more than eight months held the western battle-line of nearly six hundred miles with fewer than 900,000 men, although opposed by the entire armies of France and Great Britain; and a German staff officer boasted to me that on the defensive they could hold it against the world. A small country may defend herself against a big assailant, because her frontiers are short in proportion to her correspondingly small number of men of military age.

Belgium's case and its applicability to the United States may be aptly illustrated by the following example: burglars are unscrupulous persons who consider that the prospective gain incidental to robbing a house is greater than the penalty attached to the breaking of their implied contract with society, the penalty being the danger of arrest and prosecution by the police. My own family residence is situated in a New York City block which has of late years been a favorite raiding-ground for summer burglars, who have made a practice of breaking into and pil-

[1] Despite sentimental exaggerations in the Allied press, the Belgian army was so small and ill prepared that it succeeded in retarding the main German advance into France only about four days. Theoretically, the Belgian first line of fewer than 80,000 men could be reinforced by as many more reserves, just as our line is theoretically backed by many thousand militia. Actually, Belgium's reserves were so inefficiently organized that few of them ever got into action, and those that did were nearly useless.

laging houses left unoccupied during the hot months. My father, concluding from this circumstance that the New York police did not provide a sufficient penalty, prudently decided to be prepared, and so every summer has had the house wired by a protective association. The association's sign in the front window furnished a threat which, taken *in conjunction with* the danger of arrest by the regular police force, protected the house from attack for several summers, during which many neighboring unprepared houses were looted. In the summer of 1915 the electricians who wired the house neglected to place their warning sign in the window, thus removing the visibility of the threat. A few nights later, a burglar mounted the front stoop, "jimmied" the outer door, and, entering the vestibule, began the destruction of the lock of the inner door. The instant, however, that he had attacked the outer door, an alarm had been rung at the central office of the protective association, and two private detectives had departed on the run. On their rapid way to the house they found time to summon the corner policeman. The three together outnumbered the thug, whom they overpowered on the very threshold and frontier of the house, which he had not yet succeeded in crossing. As he was led away to prison he protested vehemently that it was unfair to wire a house without posting it with warning notices.

To apply this illustration to Belgium, the British army may be represented by the corner policeman and the two detectives may represent the reasonable military preparedness for lack of which her house was broken into. It is inconceivable that Germany could ever have been ignorant of the exact state of Belgium's preparedness; but could such have been the case, Germany, repelled from the Belgian frontier, would doubtless have been as indignant as the burglar who was being led to prison.

It is probable that within the next thousand years there will be evolved some system of international police capable of furnishing a sufficient penalty to insure the observance of treaties. I no more think of gainsaying this than of denying that within the same time the New York police may perhaps constitute a penalty clause capable of deterring robbers. In the meantime both our country and our houses are in need of reasonable military preparedness. Yet America still persistently refuses to read the writing on the wall, which plainly proclaims that the only valid insurance against unwarranted aggression is reasonable military preparedness. To the countries engaged in the great European struggle, America seems wilfully to have closed her eyes to the extent and dangers of the present crisis.

To-day the United States is the single peaceful-minded great nation of the earth, but she stands unprotected amid a gang of calculating international robbers. Although no such thing as a police force of nations exists, she nevertheless refuses to arm herself, because, as she naïvely declares, she has no desire to attack any of the burglars. She lives, as it were, in a time of pestilence, when all her neighbors have already been smitten with disease, and yet she fatuously claims that it will be time enough to begin to train physicians when the black death grips her own vitals. She stands in the midst of the greatest conflagration of history, which surrounds and already scorches her, and instead of organizing fire departments, she idiotically sings, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier."

Her people know little and care less about the complications of international diplomacy, and remain serenely confident that the question of war or no war will ever rest in their own hands. Within the last two decades every important nation in the world has been involved at least once in a war "to the finish," and Russia, Turkey, Japan, and Great Britain have participated not merely in one such war, but in two. Despite this, America's leading politicians still stick their pudgy hands into the breasts of their frock-coats and loudly orate that for America war is obsolete. The Government has allowed

more than a year of world war to pass without taking any essential step toward better military preparedness.

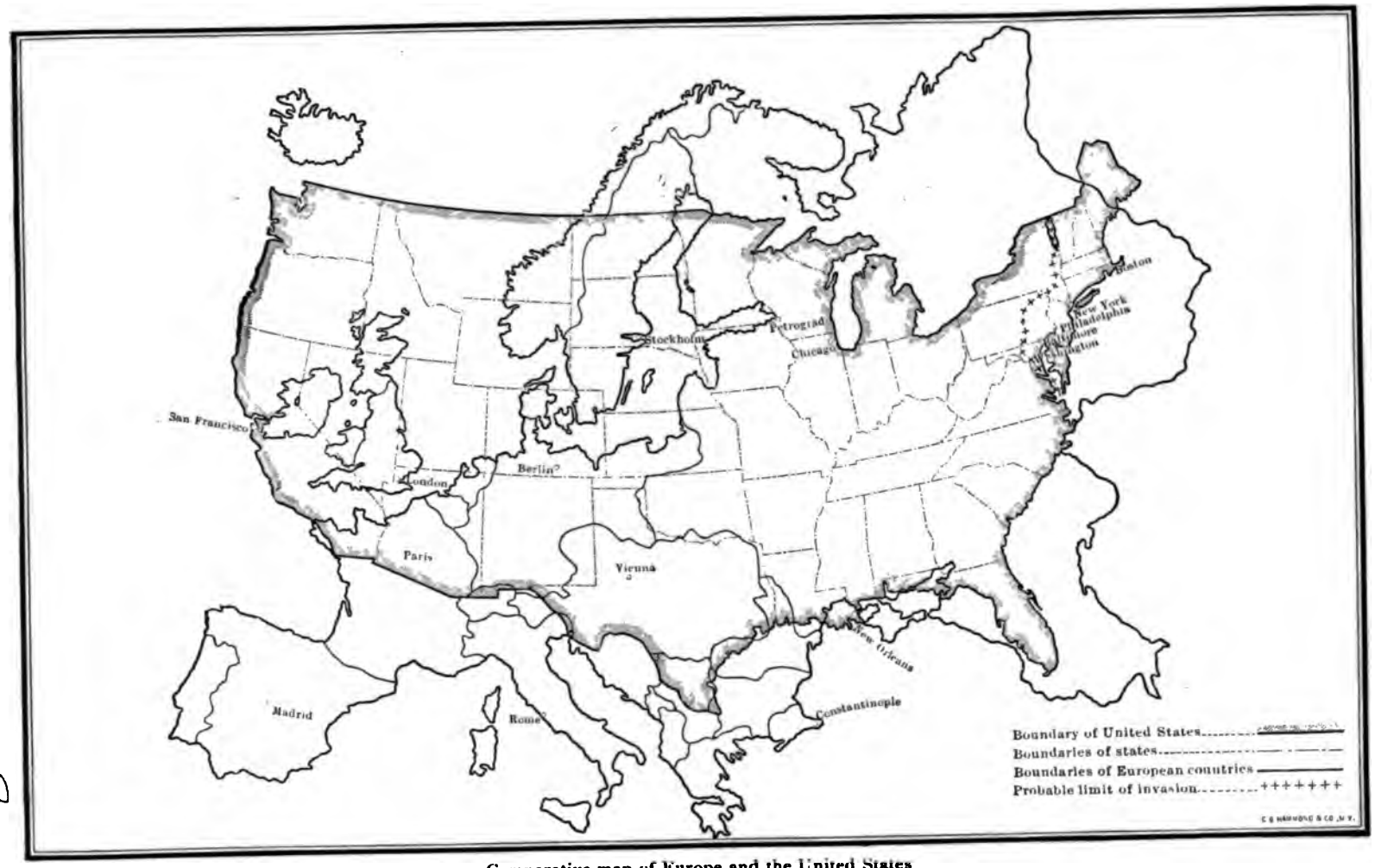
There *is* no valid argument against reasonable military preparedness. The anti-preparationists try hopelessly to defend their theories, but though eternally routed from position after position, they ever refuse to surrender to reason. As a rule they begin their argument by maintaining that arbitration is the never-failing panacea. When driven from that untenable ground, they retreat, crying that our "mighty" navy could easily prevent any hostile army from landing on our shores. When a score of facts are pointed out to them, such as that we are constructing torpedoes at a rate that would allow each tube in our navy to fire only one torpedo every six months, and that Great Britain can reproduce the duplicate of our entire fleet once every year, they promptly retreat to their next position: they maintain that our country is too big to be conquered, neglecting the patent fact that our very immensity makes us the more vulnerable to attacks and raids. It is probable that few of us realize how large our country really is. How many know that California is more than three times as big as England, or that Wyoming and Colorado are together as large as the German Empire? How many realize that the United States is nearly as large as the entire continent of Europe, as the accompanying map will show? Consider what Germany might have accomplished with her unexpected offensive of 1914, if instead of the narrow boundaries of France, Belgium, and Switzerland to choose from, she had had the entire contour of Europe or of America from which to select a point of attack.

Let us, however, meet the anti-preparationists upon their own ground. They point with pride to the immensity of the United States, and remark cheerfully that mere size would prevent its subjection. I used to argue in that way myself until February, 1915. I then tried it in discussion with a responsible staff officer of one of the great European powers. After a moment's hesitation, he said in his slow, accented English:

"It is true that your country is very large; but its heart is very small and very vulnerable, and you must remember, my friend, that in nations, as in individuals, the body falls if the heart is struck. Let us get a map; I will show you," he then added.

An atlas was brought, and he pointed out to me the vulnerable breast of my country. He, a foreigner, who had never seen America, instructed me in the political geography of my own native land. He drew a line from the north of Chesapeake Bay up the Potomac to its upper reaches and from there along the foot of the Alleghanies, through Gettysburg, to Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna, and along that river to a point near Scranton. From there he skirted the foot of the Catskills through Sullivan County to Kingston, and thence passed rapidly along that river and Lake George and Lake Champlain to Canada.

This marks out the first great continuous natural line of defense which exists in the eastern part of our country. It is six hundred miles in length, being about as long as the battle-line now drawn across France from the North Sea to the Alps. But the present battle-front in western Europe lies entirely across featureless country except for the short stretch along the "river" Aisne, a stream which any self-respecting American farmer would call a "crick." It has been necessary to construct trenches that amount almost to siege fortifications along every foot of its length. By contrast the dead-line across the Northeastern States comprises only 215 miles of land, while the remaining 385 miles follow such effective natural barriers as the Potomac, Susquehanna, and Hudson rivers, and Lake George and Lake Champlain, none of which can well be classified as creeks. Such a line, once occupied, could easily be held by 400,000 German, British, or French troops against any army in the world. If an enemy landed at various points along the coast, he could defeat the



Comparative map of Europe and the United States

feeble forces which America could immediately oppose to him, and, having defeated them, immediately advance to this dead-line. Once established there, can it be doubted that he could hold it against that mythical one million men who Mr. Bryan declares would spring to arms between sunrise and sunset? The best result that unprepared America could hope to achieve would be a guerilla warfare in the fastnesses of the Alleghanies, the Catskills, and the Adirondacks, which might bring disaster to the enemy's daring cavalry raids against Buffalo, Pittsburgh, and intermediate points.

The territory of the United States lying to the east of the dead-line is about one half of the area which Germany now holds in Russia. It comprises only about 100,000 square miles, or less than half the total area of France. It is only three per cent. of the whole United States. It is not nearly as large as the single State of Montana. With the enemy holding the dead-line, the country east of it would become a second Belgium, wherein the slightest resistance or insubordination on the part of individual men would result in the visitation of dire reprisals upon entire communities.

Although this eastern region is in area only three per cent. of the United States, it is verily the heart of our country, for it contains nearly all the factories which might be converted into munition-producers, the principal navy-yards, and the war colleges; the headquarters of our general staffs; the capitals of the States of Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania; the executive centers of all our great industries; New York City, the richest in the world; Washington, the capital of our country, containing all the machinery of national government; half the wealth of the country; and twenty-five million people.

If this heart of America should be seized by an invader, the plight of the nation as a whole would be desperate. The paralyzation of its industries and its government would be beyond the wildest imaginings of the most sensational alarmist. Within a week the country would revert to the conditions of its pioneer days, when every man was fully and completely occupied in the struggle to provide life-sustaining food for his family and himself. The fugitive President would be the only remaining vestige of government; from his refuge in St. Louis or thereabouts he would be forced to make peace on any terms and at any price, just as the Government of France, when in 1871 it replaced the deposed and dishonored Napoleon III, was compelled to buy peace on the enemy's own terms in order to free Paris and northern France from the German armies that had caught her off-guard and unprepared. Our country could be forced to pay an indemnity large enough to refill the greatest war-chest or to finance two or three European wars. In addition, it would be plundered of Alaska's lumber and gold, of Mexico's minerals, and of Panama, Hawaii, and Cuba, the political and commercial keys of the Western Hemisphere. Verily the grinning thug would have made a rich and rapid haul from the fat, defenseless heir of virile fighting grandparents. His victim would have had no time for argument. A speedy peace would be necessary not merely to redeem a hundred cities and twenty-two billion dollars' worth of property, but in order to liberate 25,000,000 hostages, cut off by the invading army from their accustomed food-supply. The inhabitants of the second Belgium would have had no time to escape in the terrible disorder and congestion which always accompany invasion, a confusion which would be increased through the destruction of crucial bridges and tunnels by the enemy's spies and raiders. When in the autumn of 1914 the Teutons approached Paris, all the common carriers running out of the city became so disorganized that although France as a country was splendidly prepared for war, the only means of escape left to the masses was to travel on foot.

Driven from their contention that America is too big to be conquered, the

anti-preparationists, disregarding the fact that preparedness is not a temporary issue, maintain that when the present war is over, the nations of Europe will be exhausted and therefore of necessity harmless. But this is *not* true. The precedents of history prove the exact reverse to be true. Nations are never so strong morally and politically, and their armies are never so effective, as immediately following a long conflict. "Practice makes perfect." Greece was never stronger than after Platæa and Salamis, nor Rome than after the Second Carthaginian War. The Netherlands were politically most powerful at the termination of forty years of combat with Spain, during which they were on the receiving end of nearly every blow. In 1862, France dared to disregard the Monroe Doctrine and invade Mexico to protect her citizens from persecution by the irresponsible savages who inhabit that territory. In 1865 she meekly agreed to abandon Mexico and Maximilian, for even Napoleon III had no wish to try conclusions with the veteran army that marched down Pennsylvania Avenue in May, 1865. A nation may begin a war with five million men, and a year later may have lost one million of them, but any two million of the survivors could probably defeat the entire unseasoned five millions of the year previous. At the end of a long war a nation's credit is poor, but this is not vital. It means only what it says. It means that big prices must be paid for loans. It does not necessarily mean that no loans whatever can be obtained.

Driven from this last position, the few remaining anti-preparationists announce that they would not defend even their ideals and their conception of right by force of arms. They advocate immediate and complete surrender in case of attack, a well-intentioned perversion of the turn-the-other-cheek principle. This willingness to be a part of a nation's martyrdom, while it may suggest a kind of passive courage, is largely born of a lack of imagination, an utter inability to picture the fruits of such a policy, and is woefully inconsistent with the laws of our domestic life and of the workings of our National Government. It is a position which is swept by cross-fires from nearly every side. The Germans hesitated to shoot down the Russians they had surrounded in the quagmires of the Mazurian Lakes. Even so one hesitates to train one's mental artillery upon people whose illusions have already rendered them helpless.

(In the December number of THE CENTURY, Mr. Wood will explain the requirements of the United States in the matter of preparedness exactly as these have been stated to him by America's qualified military experts.)

To a Goldfish

By OLIVER HERFORD

THROUGH the glass darkly, with lack-luster gaze
And mute, mysterious mouthings, goblin-wise,
You stare at me with cold, cadaverous eyes
And mystic wavings in the crystal haze.
What means this mask of goggle-eyed amaze?
Think you my fearful soul to mesmerize?
Or is it the dissembler's fond disguise,
To cloak the consciousness of evil ways?
Know then, O goldfish, the futility
Of all this mummery and make-believe,
Your lying scales have no false weight with me.
Your tinsel tail would not a child deceive.
Come, own your gilt! Confess the wealth untold
Of golden silence is your only gold!

His Evening Out[1]

By JEROME K. JEROME

Author of "Three Men in a Boat," "Passing of the Third Floor Back," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

THE evidence of the park-keeper, David Bristow of Gilder Street, Camden Town, is as follows:

I was on duty in St. James's Park on Thursday evening, my sphere extending from the Mall to the northern shore of the ornamental water east of the suspension-bridge. At five and twenty to seven I took up a position between the peninsula and the bridge to await my colleague. He ought to have relieved me at half-past six, but did not arrive until a few minutes before seven, owing, so he explained, to the breaking down of his motor-bus; which may have been true or may not, as the saying is.

I had just come to a halt when my attention was arrested by a lady. I am unable to explain why the presence of a lady in St. James's Park should have seemed in any way worthy of notice except that for certain reasons she reminded me of my first wife. I observed that she hesitated between one of the public seats and two vacant chairs standing by themselves a little farther to the east. Eventually she selected one of the chairs and, having cleaned it with an evening paper, the birds in this portion of the park being extremely prolific, sat down upon it. There was plenty of room upon the public seat close to it, except for some children who were playing touch; and in consequence of this I judged her to be a person of means. I walked to a point from where I could command the southern approaches to the bridge, my colleague arriving sometimes by way of Birdcage Walk and sometimes by way of the Horse Guards' Parade.

Not seeing any signs of him in the direction of the bridge, I turned back. A little way past the chair where the lady was sitting I met Mr. Parable. I know Mr. Parable well by sight. He was wearing the usual dark suit and soft felt hat with which the pictures in the newspapers have made us all familiar. I judged that Mr. Parable had come from the Houses of Parliament, and the next morning my suspicions were confirmed by reading that he had been present at a tea-party given on the terrace by Mr. Keir Hardie. Mr. Parable conveyed to me the suggestion of a man absorbed in thought, and not quite aware of what he was doing; but in this, of course, I may have been mistaken. He paused for a moment to look over the railings at the pelican. Mr. Parable said something to the pelican which I was not near enough to overhear; and then, still apparently in a state of abstraction, crossed the path and seated himself on the chair next to that occupied by the young lady. From the tree against which I was standing I was able to watch the subsequent proceedings unobserved. The lady looked at Mr. Parable, and then turned away and smiled to herself. It was a peculiar smile, and again in some way I am unable to explain reminded me of my first wife. It was not till the pelican put down his other leg and walked away that Mr. Parable, turning his gaze westward, became aware of the lady's presence.

From information that has subsequently come to my knowledge I am prepared to believe that Mr. Parable, from the beginning, really thought the lady was a friend of his. What the lady

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thought is a matter for conjecture: I can only speak to the facts. Mr. Parable looked at the lady once or twice. Indeed, one might say with truth that he kept on doing it. The lady, it must be admitted, behaved for a while with extreme propriety: but after a time, as I felt must happen, their eyes met, and then it was I heard her say:

"Good evening, Mr. Parable."

She accompanied the words with the same peculiar smile to which I have already referred. The exact words of Mr. Parable's reply I cannot remember, though it was to the effect that he had thought from the first that he had known her, but had not been quite sure.

It was at this point that, thinking I saw my colleague approaching, I went to meet him. I found I was mistaken, and slowly retraced my steps. I passed Mr. Parable and the lady. They were talking together with what I should describe as animation. I went as far as the southern extremity of the suspension-bridge, and must have waited there quite ten minutes before returning eastward. It was while I was passing behind them on the grass, partly screened by the rhododendrons, that I heard Mr. Parable say to the lady:

"Why should n't we have it together?"

To which the lady replied:

"But what about Miss Clebb?"

I could not overhear what followed, owing to their sinking their voices. It seemed to be an argument. It ended with the young lady laughing and then rising. Mr. Parable also rose, and they walked off together. As they passed me I heard the lady say:

"I wonder if there 's any place in London where you 're not likely to be recognized."

Mr. Parable, who gave me the idea of being in a state of growing excitement, replied loudly:

"Oh, let 'em!"

I was following behind them when the lady suddenly stopped.

"I know!" she said. "The Popular Café."

The park-keeper said he was convinced he would know the lady again, having taken particular notice of her. She had brown eyes, and was wearing a black hat supplemented with poppies.

ARTHUR HORTON, waiter at the Popular Café, states as follows:

I know Mr. John Parable by sight. Have often heard him speak at public meetings. Am a bit of a socialist myself. Remember his dining at the Popular Café on the evening of Thursday. Did n't recognize him immediately on his entrance for two reasons: one was his hat, and the other was his girl. I took it from him and hung it up. I mean, of course, the hat. It was a brand new bowler, a trifle ikey about the brim. Have always associated him with a soft gray felt, but never with girls. Females, yes, to any extent; but this was the real article. You know what I mean—the sort of girl that you turn round to look after. It was she who selected the table in the corner behind the door. Been there before, I should say.

In the ordinary course of business I should have addressed Mr. Parable by name, such being our instructions in the case of customers known to us. But putting the hat and the girl together, I decided not to. Mr. Parable was all for our three and sixpenny table d'hôte, he evidently not wanting to think; but the lady would n't hear of it.

"Remember Miss Clebb," she said.

Of course, at the time, I did not know what was meant. She ordered thin soup, a grilled sole, and cutlets au gratin. It certainly could n't have been the dinner. With regard to the champagne, he would have his own way. I picked him out a dry '94 that you might have weaned a baby on. I suppose it was the whole thing combined.

It was after the sole that I heard Mr. Parable laugh. I could hardly credit my ears, but half-way through the cutlets he did it again.

There are two kinds of women: there is the woman who, the more she eats and drinks, the stodgier she gets; and the woman who lights up after it. I suggested a peach melba between them, and when I

"I could not overhear what followed, owing to their sinking their voices"

returned with it, Mr. Parable was sitting with his elbows on the table, gazing across at her with an expression that I can only describe as quite human. It was when I brought the coffee that he turned to me and asked me what was doing.

"Nothing stuffy," he added. "Is there an exhibition anywhere—something in the open air?"

"You are forgetting Miss Clebb," the lady reminded him.

"For two pins," said Mr. Parable, "I would get up at the meeting and tell Miss Clebb what I really think about her."

I suggested the Earl's Court Exhibition, little thinking at the time what it was going to lead to; but the lady at first would n't hear of it; and the party at the next table calling for their bill (they had asked for it once or twice before, when I came to think of it), I had to go to them.

When I got back, the argument had just concluded, and the lady was holding up her finger.

"On condition that we leave at half-past nine, and that you go straight to Caxton Hall," she said.

"We 'll see about it," said Mr. Parable, and offered me half a crown.

Tips being against the rules, I could n't take it. Besides, one of the jumpers had his eye on me. I explained to him, jocosely, that I was doing it for a bet. He was surprised when I handed him his hat, but, the lady whispering to him, he remembered himself in time.

As they went out together, I heard Mr. Parable say to the lady:

"It 's funny what a shocking memory I have for names."

To which the lady replied:

"You 'll think it funnier still to-morrow." And then she laughed.

Mr. Horton thought he would know the lady again. He puts down her age as about twenty-six, describing her, to use his own piquant expression, as "a bit of all right." She had brown eyes and a taking way with her.

Miss Ida Jenks, in charge of the Eastern Cigarette Kiosk at the Earl's Court Exhibition, gives the following particulars:

From where I generally stand I can easily command a view of the interior of the Victoria Hall; that is, of course, to say, when the doors are open, as on a warm night is usually the case.

On the evening of Thursday, the twenty-seventh, it was fairly well occupied, but not to any great extent. One couple attracted my attention by reason of the gentleman's erratic steering. Had he been my partner, I should have suggested a polka, the tango not being the sort of dance that can be picked up in an evening. What I mean to say is that he struck me as being more willing than experienced. Some of the bumps she got would have made me cross; but we all have our fancies, and so far as I could judge, they both appeared to be enjoying themselves. It was after the "Hitchy-coo" that they came outside.

The seat to the left of the door is popular by reason of its being partly screened by bushes, but by leaning forward a little, it is quite possible for me to see what goes on there. They were the first couple out, having had a bad collision near the bandstand, so easily secured it. The gentleman was laughing.

There was something about him from the first that made me think I knew him, and when he took off his hat to wipe his head it came to me all of a sudden, he being the exact image of his effigy at Madame Tussaud's, which by a curious coincidence I happened to have visited with a friend that very afternoon. The lady was what some people would call good-looking, and others might n't.

I was watching them, naturally a little interested. Mr. Parable, in helping the lady to adjust her cloak, drew her—it may have been by accident—toward him; and then it was that a florid gentleman, with a short pipe in his mouth, stepped forward and addressed the lady. He raised his hat, and, remarking "Good evening," added that he hoped she was "having a pleasant time." His tone I should explain was sarcastic.

The young woman, whatever else may be said of her, struck me as behaving quite correctly. Replying to his salutation with a cold and distant bow, she rose, and, turning to Mr. Parable, observed that she thought it was perhaps time for them to be going.

The gentleman, who had taken his pipe from his mouth, said, again in a sarcastic tone, that he thought so, too, and offered the lady his arm.

"I don't think we need trouble you," said Mr. Parable, and stepped between them.

To describe what followed, I, being a lady, am hampered for words. I remember seeing Mr. Parable's hat go up into the air; and then the next moment the florid gentleman's head was lying on my counter smothered in cigarettes. I naturally screamed for the police, but the crowd was dead against me; and it was only after what I believed in technical language would be termed "the fourth round" that they appeared upon the scene.

The last I saw of Mr. Parable he was shaking a young constable, who had lost his helmet, while three other policemen had hold of him from behind. The florid gentleman's hat I found on the floor of my kiosk, and returned to him; but after a useless attempt to get it on his head, he disappeared with it in his hand. The lady was nowhere to be seen.

Miss Jenks thinks she would know her again. She was wearing a hat trimmed with black chiffon and a spray of poppies, and was slightly freckled.

SUPERINTENDENT S. WADE, in answer to questions put to him by our representative, vouchsafed the following replies:

Yes, I was in charge at the Vine Street Police Court on the night of Thursday, the twenty-seventh.

No, I have no recollection of a charge of any description being preferred against any gentleman of the name of Parable.

Yes, a gentleman was brought in about ten o'clock, charged with brawling at the Earl's Court Exhibition and assaulting a constable in the discharge of his duty.

The gentleman gave the name of Mr. Archibald Quincey, Harcourt Buildings, Temple.

No, the gentleman made no application respecting bail, electing to pass the night in the cells. A certain amount of discretion is permitted to us, and we made him as comfortable as possible.

Yes, a lady.

No, about a gentleman who had got himself into trouble at the Earl's Court Exhibition. She mentioned no name.

I showed her the charge-sheet. She thanked me, and went away.

That I cannot say. I can only tell you that at nine fifteen on Friday morning bail was tendered, and, after inquiries, accepted in the person of Julius Addison Tupp, of the Sunnybrook Steam Laundry, Twickenham.

That is no business of ours.

The accused, who, I had seen to it, had had a cup of tea and a little toast at seven thirty, left in company with Mr. Tupp soon after ten.

Superintendent Wade admitted he had known cases where accused parties, to avoid unpleasantness, had stated their names to be other than their own, but declined to discuss the matter further.

Superintendent Wade, while expressing his regret that he had no further time to bestow upon our representative, thought it highly probable that he would know the lady again if he saw her.

Without professing to be a judge of such matters, Superintendent Wade thinks she might be described as a highly intelligent young woman and of exceptionally prepossessing appearance.

FROM Mr. Julius Tupp, of the Sunnybrook Steam Laundry, Twickenham, upon whom our representative next called, we have been unable to obtain much assistance, Mr. Tupp replying to all questions put to him by the one formula, "Not talking."

Fortunately, our representative on his way out through the drying-ground was able to obtain a brief interview with Mrs. Tupp.

Mrs. Tupp remembers admitting a young lady to the house on the morning of Friday, the twenty-eighth, when she opened the door to take in the milk. The lady, Mrs. Tupp remembers, spoke in a husky voice, the result, as the young lady explained with a pleasant laugh, of having passed the night wandering about Ham Common, she having been misdirected the previous evening by a fool of a railway porter, and not wishing to disturb the neighborhood by waking people up at two o'clock in the morning, which, in Mrs. Tupp's opinion, was sensible of her. Mrs. Tupp describes the young lady as of agreeable manners, but looking, naturally, a bit washed out. The lady asked for Mr. Tupp, explaining that a friend of his was in trouble, which did not in the least surprise Mrs. Tupp, she herself not holding with socialists and such like. Mr. Tupp, on being informed, dressed hastily and went down-stairs, and he and the young lady left the house together. Mr. Tupp, on being questioned as to the name of his friend, had called up that it was no one Mrs. Tupp would know—a Mr. Quince. It may have been Quincey.

Mrs. Tupp is aware that Mr. Parable is also a socialist, and is acquainted with the saying about thieves hanging together, but has worked for Mr. Parable for years and has always found him a most satisfactory client. Mr. Tupp appearing at this point, our representative thanked Mrs. Tupp for her information, and took his departure.

Mr. Horatius Condor, Jr., who consented to partake of luncheon in company with our representative at the Holborn Restaurant, was at first disinclined to be of much assistance, but eventually supplied our representative with the following information:

My relationship to Mr. Archibald Quincey, Harcourt Buildings, Temple, is perhaps a little difficult to define.

How he himself regards me I am never quite sure. There will be days together when we will be quite friendly like, and at other times he will be that off-handed and peremptory you might think I was his blooming office boy.

On Friday morning, the twenty-eighth, I did n't get to Harcourt Buildings at the usual time, knowing that Mr. Quincey would not be there himself, he having arranged to interview Mr. Parable for a morning paper at ten o'clock. I allowed him half an hour, to be quite safe, and he came in at quarter-past eleven.

He took no notice of me. For about ten minutes—it may have been less—he walked up and down the room cursing and swearing, and kicking the furniture about. He landed an occasional walnut table in the middle of my shins, upon which I took the opportunity of wishing him "good morning," and he sort of woke up, as you might say.

"How did the interview go off?" I says. "Got anything interesting?"

"Yes," he says, "quite interesting. Oh, yes, decidedly interesting."

He was holding himself in, if you understand, speaking with horrible slowness and deliberation.

"D' you know where he was last night?" he asks me.

"Yes," I says; "Caxton Hall, was n't it—meeting to demand the release of Miss Clebb?"

He leans across the table till his face was within a few inches of mine.

"Guess again," he says.

I was n't doing any guessing. He had hurt me with the walnut table, and I was feeling a bit short-tempered.

"Oh, don't make a game of it," I says. "It 's too early in the morning."

"At the Earl's Court Exhibition," he says, "dancing the tango with a lady that he picked up in St. James's Park."

"Well," I says, "why not? He don't often get much fun." I thought it best to treat it lightly.

He takes no notice of my observation.

"A rival comes upon the scene," he continues, "a fat-headed ass, according to my information, and they have a stand-up fight. He gets run in, and spends the night in a Vine Street police cell."

"It was she who selected the table in the corner behind the door"

I suppose I was grinning without knowing it.

"Funny, ain't it?" he says.

"Well," I says, "it has its humorous side, has n't it? What 'll he get?"

"I am not worrying about what *he* is going to get," he answers back; "I am worrying about what *I* am going to get."

I thought he had gone dotty.

"What 's it got to do with you?" I says.

"If old Wotherspoon is in a good humor," he continues, "and the constable's head has gone down a bit between now and Wednesday, I may get off with forty shillings and a public reprimand.

"On the other hand," he goes on,—he was working himself into a sort of fit,—"if the constable's head goes on swelling, and old Wotherspoon's liver gets worse, I 've got to be prepared for a month without the option. That is, if I am fool enough—"

He had left both the doors open, which in the daytime we generally do, our chambers being at the top. Miss Dorton—that 's Mr. Parable's secretary—barges into the room. She did n't seem to notice me. She staggers to a chair, and bursts into tears.

"He 's gone," she says; "he 's taken cook with him and gone."

"Gone?" says the guv'nor. "Where 's he gone?"

"To Fingest," she says through her sobs; "to the cottage. Miss Bulstrode came

in just after you had left," she says. "He wants to get away from every one and have a few days' quiet. And then he is coming back, and he is going to do it himself."

"Do what?" says the guv'nor, irritable like.

"Fourteen days," she wails. "It 'll kill him."

"But the case does n't come on till Wednesday," says the guv'nor. "How do you know it 's going to be fourteen days?"

"Miss Bulstrode," she says, "she 's seen the magistrate. He says he always gives fourteen days in cases of unprovoked assault."

"But it was n't unprovoked," says the guv'nor. "The other man began it by knocking off his hat. It was self-defense."

"She put that to him," she says, "and he agreed that that would alter his view of the case. But, you see," she continues, "we can't find the other man. He is n't likely to come forward of his own accord."

"The girl must know," says the guv'nor—"this girl he picks up in St. James's Park and goes dancing with. The man must have been some friend of hers."

"But we can't find her, either," she says. "He does n't even know her name; he can't remember it. You will do it, won't you?" she says.

"Do what?" says the guv'nor again.

"The fourteen days," she says.

"But I thought you said he was going to do it himself," he says.

"But he must n't," she says. "Miss Bulstrode is coming round to see you. Think of it! Think of the head-lines in the papers!" she says. "Think of the Fabian Society! Think of the suffrage cause! We must n't let him."

"What about me?" says the guv'nor. "Does n't anybody care for me?"

"You don't matter," she says. "Besides," she says, "with your influence, you 'll be able to keep it out of the papers. If it comes out that it was Mr. Parable, nothing on earth will be able to."

The guv'nor was almost as much excited by this time as she was.

"I 'll see the Fabian Society, and the women's vote, and the Home for Lost Cats at Battersea, and all the rest of the blessed bag of tricks—"

I 'd been thinking to myself, and had just worked it out.

"What 's he want to take his cook down with him for?" I says.

"To cook for him," says the guv'nor. "What d' you generally want a cook for?"

"Rats!" I says. "Does he usually take his cook with him?"

"No," answered Miss Dorton. "Now I come to think of it, he has always hitherto put up with Mrs. Meadows."

"You will find the lady down at Fingest," I says, "sitting opposite to him and enjoying a recherché dinner for two."

The guv'nor slaps me on the back, and lifts Miss Dorton out of her chair.

"You get on back," he says, "and telephone to Miss Bulstrode. I 'll be round at half-past twelve."

Miss Dorton went out in a dazed sort of condition, and the guv'nor gives me a sovereign, and tells me I can have the rest of the day to myself.

Mr. Condor, Jr., considers that what happened subsequently goes to prove that he was right more than it proves that he was wrong.

Mr. Condor, Jr., also promised to send us a photograph of himself for reproduction, but, unfortunately, up to the time of going to press it had not arrived.

FROM Mrs. Meadows, widow of the late Corporal John Meadows, V.C., Turberville, Bucks, the following further particulars were obtained by our local representative:

I have done for Mr. Parable now for some years past, my cottage being only a mile off, which makes it easy for me to look after him.

Mr. Parable likes the place to be always ready so that he can drop in when he chooses, he sometimes giving me warning and sometimes not. It was about the end of last month—on a Friday, if I remember—that he suddenly turned up.

As a rule he walks from Henley Station, but on this occasion he arrived in a fly, he having a young woman with him, and she having a bag—his cook, as he explained to me. As a rule, I do everything for Mr. Parable, sleeping in the cottage when he is there; but to tell the truth, I was glad to see her. I never was much of a cook myself, as my poor dead husband has remarked on more than one occasion, and I don't pretend to be. Mr. Parable added, apologetic like, that he had been suffering lately from indigestion.

"I am only too pleased to see her," I says. "There are the two beds in my room, and we sha'n't quarrel." She was quite a sensible young woman, as I had judged from the first look at her, though suffering at the time from a cold. She hires a bicycle from Emma Tidd, who uses it only on a Sunday, and, taking a market-basket, off she starts for Henley, Mr. Parable saying he would go with her to show her the way.

They were gone a goodish time, which, seeing it 's eight miles, did n't so much surprise me; and when they got back we all three had dinner together, Mr. Parable arguing that it made for what he called "labor-saving." Afterward I cleared away, leaving them talking together; and later on they had a walk round the garden, it being a moonlight night, but a bit too cold for my fancy.

In the morning I had a chat with her before he was down. She seemed a bit worried.

"I hope people won't get talking," she says. "He would insist on my coming."

"Well," I says, "surely a gent can bring his cook along with him to cook for him. And as for people talking, what I always say is, one may just as well give them something to talk about and save them the trouble of making it up."

"If only I was a plain middle-aged woman," she says, "it would be all right."

"Perhaps you will be all in good time," I says, but of course I could see what she was driving at. A nice clean, pleasant-faced young woman she was, and not of the ordinary class. "Meanwhile," I says, "if you don't mind taking a bit of motherly advice, you might remember that your place is the kitchen, and his the parlor. He 's a dear good man, I know, but human nature is human nature, and it 's no good pretending it is n't."

She and I had our breakfast together before he was up, so that when he came down, he had to have his alone, but afterward she comes into the kitchen and closes the door.

"He wants to show me the way to High Wycombe," she says. "He will have it there are better shops at Wycombe. What ought I to do?"

My experience is that advising folks to do what they don't want to do is n't the way to do it.

"What d' you think yourself?" I asked her.

"I feel like going with him," she says, "and making the most of every mile." And then she began to cry. "What 's the harm?" she says. "I have heard him from a dozen platforms ridiculing class distinctions. Besides," she says, "my people have been farmers for generations. What was Miss Bulstrode's father but a grocer? He ran a hundred shops instead of one. What difference does that make?"

"When did it all begin?" I says. "When did he first take notice of you?"

"The day before yesterday," she answers. "He had never seen me before," she says. "I was just cook—something in a cap and apron that he passed occasionally on the stairs. On Thursday he saw me in my best clothes, and fell in love with me. He does n't know it himself, poor dear, not yet; but that 's what he 's done."

Well, I could n't contradict her, not after the way I had seen him looking at her across the table.

"What are your feelings toward him," I says, "to be quite honest? He 's rather a good catch for a young person in your position."

"That 's my trouble," she says; "I can't help thinking of that. And then to be 'Mrs. John Parable'! That 's enough to turn a woman's head."

"He 'd be a bit difficult to live with," I says.

"Geniuses always are," she says; "it 's easy enough if you just think of them as children. He 'd be a bit fractious at times, that 's all. Underneath, he 's just the kindest, dearest—"

"Oh, you take your basket and go to High Wycombe," I says. "He might do worse."

I was n't expecting them back soon, and they did n't come back soon. In the afternoon a motor stops at the gate, and out of it steps Miss Bulstrode, Miss Dorton,—that 's the young lady that writes for him,—and Mr. Quincey. I told them I could n't say when he 'd be back, and they said it did n't matter; they just happening to be passing.

"Did anybody call on him yesterday?" asks Miss Bulstrode, careless like—"a lady?"

"No," I says, "you are the first as yet."

"He 's brought his cook down with him, has n't he?" says Mr. Quincey.

"Yes," I says, "and a very good cook, too," which was the truth.

"I 'd like just to speak a few words with her," says Miss Bulstrode.

"Sorry, ma'am," I says, "but she 's out at present. She 's gone to Wycombe."

"Gone to Wycombe!" they all says together.

"To market," I says. "It 's a little farther, but, of course, it stands to reason the shops there are better."

They looked at one another.

"That settles it," says Mr. Quincey. "Delicacies worthy to be set before her not available nearer than Wycombe, but must be had. There 's going to be a pleasant little dinner here to-night."

"The hussy!" says Miss Bulstrode under her breath.

They whispered together for a moment, then they turns to me.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Meadows," says Mr. Quincey. "You need n't say we called. He wanted to be alone, and it might vex him."

I said I would n't, and I did n't. They climbed back into the motor and went off.

Before dinner I had call to go into the woodshed. I heard a scuttling as I opened the door. If I am not mistaken, Miss Dorton was hiding in the corner where we keep the coke. I did n't see any good in making a fuss, so I left her there. When I got back to the kitchen, cook asked me if we 'd got any parsley.

"You 'll find a bit in the front," I says, "to the left of the gate," and she went out. She came back looking scared.

"Anybody keep goats round here?" she asked me.

"Not that I know of—nearer than Ibstone Common," I says.

"I could have sworn I saw a goat's face looking at me out of the gooseberry-bushes while I was picking the parsley," she says. "It had a beard."

"It 's the half-light," I says. "One can imagine anything."

"I do hope I 'm not getting nervy," she says.

I thought I 'd have another look round, and made the excuse that I wanted a pail of water. I was stooping over the well, which is just under the mulberry-tree, when something fell close to me and lodged upon the bricks. It was a hair-pin. I fixed the cover carefully upon the well in case of accident, and when I got in, I went round myself, and was careful to see that all the curtains were drawn.

Just before we three sat down to dinner again, I took cook aside.

"I should n't go for any stroll in the garden to-night," I says. "People from the village may be about, and we don't want them gossiping." And she thanked me.

Next night they were there again. I thought I would n't spoil the dinner, but mention it afterward. I saw to it again that the curtains were drawn, and slipped the catch of both the doors; and just as well that I did.

I had always heard that Mr. Parable was an amusing speaker, but on previous visits had not myself noticed it. But this time he seemed ten years younger than I had ever known him before; and during dinner, while we were talking and laugh-

"To describe what followed, I, being a lady, am hampered for words"

ing quite merry like, I had the feeling more than once that people were meandering about outside. I had just finished clearing away, and cook was making the coffee, when there came a knock at the door.

"Who 's that?" says Mr. Parable, "I am not at home to any one."

"I 'll see," I says. And on my way I slipped into the kitchen.

"Coffee for one, cook," I says, and she understood. Her cap and apron were hanging behind the door. I flung them across to her, and she caught them; and then I opened the front door.

They pushed past me without speaking, and went straight into the parlor. And they did n't waste many words on him, either.

"Where is she?" asked Miss Bulstrode.

"Where 's who?" says Mr. Parable.

"Don't lie about it," said Miss Bulstrode, making no effort to control herself. "The hussy you 've been dining with?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Meadows?" says Mr. Parable.

I thought she was going to shake him. "Where have you hidden her?" she says.

It was at that moment cook entered with the coffee.

If they had taken the trouble to look at her they might have had an idea. The tray was trembling in her hands, and in her haste and excitement she had put on her cap the wrong way round. But she kept control of her voice, and asked if she should bring some more coffee.

"Ah, yes, you 'd all like some coffee, would n't you?" says Mr. Parable. Miss Bulstrode did not reply, but Mr. Quincey said he was cold and would like it. It was a nasty night, with a thin rain.

"Thank you, sir," says cook, and we went out together.

Cottages are only cottages, and if people in the parlor persist in talking loudly, people in the kitchen can't very well help overhearing.

There was a good deal of talk about "fourteen days," which Mr. Parable said he was going to do himself, and which Miss Dorton said he must n't because, if he did, it would be a victory for the enemies of humanity. Mr. Parable said something about "humanity" which I did n't rightly hear; but, whatever it was, it started Miss Dorton crying, and Miss Bulstrode called Mr. Parable a "blind Samson" who had had his hair cut by a designing minx who had been hired to do it.

It was all French to me, but cook was drinking in every word, and when she returned from taking them in their coffee, she made no bones about it, but took up her place at the door, with her ear to the keyhole.

It was Mr. Quincey that got them all quiet, and then he began to explain things. It seemed that if they could only find a certain gentleman and persuade him to come forward and acknowledge that he began a row, that then all would be well. Mr. Quincey would be fined forty shillings, and Mr. Parable's name would never appear. Failing that, Mr. Parable, according to Mr. Quincey, could do his fourteen days himself.

"I 've told you once," says Mr. Parable, "and I tell you again, that I don't know the man's name and can't give it you."

"We are not asking you to," says Mr. Quincey. "You give us the name of your tango partner, and we 'll do the rest."

I could see cook's face; I had got a bit interested myself, and we were both close to the door. She hardly seemed to be breathing.

"I am sorry," says Mr. Parable, speaking very deliberate-like, "but I am not going to have her name dragged into this business."

"It would n't be," says Mr. Quincey. "All we want to get out of her is the name and address of the gentleman who was so anxious to see her home."

"Who was he?" says Miss Bulstrode. "Her husband?"

"No," says Mr. Parable, "he was n't."

"Then who was he?" says Miss Bulstrode. "He must have been something to her. Fiancé?"

"I am going to do the fourteen days myself," says Mr. Parable. "I shall come out all the fresher after a fortnight's complete rest and change."

Cook leaves the door with a smile on her face that made her look quite beautiful, and, taking some paper from the dresser drawer, began to write a letter.

They went on talking in the other room for another ten minutes, and then Mr. Parable lets them out himself, and goes a little way with them. When he came back, we could hear him walking up and down the other room.

She had written and stamped the envelop; it was lying on the table.

"'Joseph Onions, Esq.?'" I says, reading the address. "'Auctioneer and House Agent, Broadway, Hammersmith.' Is that the young man?"

"That is the young man," she says, folding her letter, and putting it in the envelop.

"And was he your fiancé?" I asked.

"No," she says. "But he will be, if he does what I 'm telling him to do."

"And what about Mr. Parable?"

"A little joke that will amuse him later on," she says, slipping a cloak on her shoulders. "How once he nearly married his cook."

"I sha'n't be a minute," she says; and with her letter in her hand, she slips out.

Mrs. Meadows, we understand, has expressed indignation at our publication of this interview, she being under the impression that she was simply having a friendly gossip with a neighbor. Our representative, however, is sure he explained to Mrs. Meadows that his visit was official; and in any case our duty to the public must be held to exonerate us from all blame in the matter.

Mr. Joseph Onions, Broadway, Hammersmith, auctioneer and house agent, expressed himself to our representative as most surprised at the turn that events had subsequently taken. The letter that Mr. Onions received from Miss Comfort Price was explicit and definite. It was to the effect that if he would call upon a certain Mr. Quincey of Harcourt Buildings, Temple, and acknowledge that it was he who began the row at the Earl's Court Exhibition on the evening of the twenty-seventh, that then the engagement between himself and Miss Price, hitherto unacknowledged by the lady, might be regarded as a fact.

Mr. Onions, who describes himself as essentially a business man, decided before complying with Miss Price's request to take a few preliminary steps. As the result of judiciously conducted inquiries, first at the Vine Street Police Court and secondly at Twickenham, Mr. Onions arrived later in the day at Mr. Quincey's chambers with, to use his own expression, all the cards in his hand. It was Mr. Quincey who, professing himself unable to comply with Mr. Onions' suggestion, arranged the interview with Miss Bulstrode. And it was Miss Bulstrode herself who, on condition that Mr. Onions added to the undertaking the further condition that he would marry Miss Price before the end of the month, offered to make it two hundred. It was in their joint interest—Mr. Onions regarding himself and Miss Price as now one—that Mr. Onions suggested her making it three; using such arguments as, in the circumstances, naturally occurred to him; as, for example, the damage caused to the lady's reputation by the whole proceedings, culminating in a night spent by the lady, according to her own account, on Ham Common. That the price demanded was reasonable Mr. Onions considers as proved by Miss Bulstrode's eventual acceptance of his terms. That, having got out of him all that he wanted, Mr. Quincey should have "considered it his duty" to communicate the entire details of the transaction to Miss Price, through the medium of Mr. Andrews, thinking it "as well she should know the character of the man she proposed to marry," Mr. Onions considers a gross breach of etiquette as between gentlemen; and having regard to Miss Price's after behavior Mr. Onions can only say that she is not the girl he took her for.

MR. AARON ANDREWS, on whom our representative called, was desirous at first of not being drawn into the matter; but on our representative explaining to him that our only desire was to contradict false rumors likely to be harmful to Mr. Parable's reputation, Mr. Andrews saw the necessity of putting our representative in possession of the truth.

She came back on Tuesday afternoon, explained Mr. Andrews, and he had a talk with her.

"It is all right, Mr. Andrews," she told me, "they 've been in communication with my young man, and Miss Bulstrode has seen the magistrate privately. The case will be dismissed with a fine of forty shillings, and Mr. Quincey has arranged to keep it out of the papers."

"Well, all 's well that ends well," I answered, "but it might have been better, my girl, if you had mentioned that young man of yours a bit earlier."

"I did not know it was of any importance," she explained. "Mr. Parable told me nothing. If it had n't been for chance, I should never have known what was happening."

I had always liked the young woman. Mr. Quincey had suggested my waiting till after Wednesday. But there seemed to me no particular object in delay.

"Are you fond of him?" I asked her.

"Yes," she answered, "I am fonder than—" and then she stopped herself suddenly, and flared scarlet. "Who are you talking about?" she demanded.

"This young man of yours," I said,—"Mr.—what 's his name—Onions."

"Oh, that!" she answered. "Oh, yes, he 's all right."

"And if he was n't?" I said, and she looked at me hard.

"I told him," she said, "that if he would do what I asked him to do, I 'd marry him. And he seems to have done it."

"There are ways of doing everything," I said; and seeing it was n't going to break her heart, I told her just the plain facts. She listened without a word, and when I had finished, she put her arms round my neck and kissed me. I am old enough to be her grandfather, but twenty years ago it might have upset me.

"I think I shall be able to save Miss Bulstrode that three hundred pounds," she laughed; and ran up-stairs and changed her things. When later I looked into the kitchen she was humming.

Mr. John came up by the car, and I could see he was in one of his moods.

"Pack me some things for a walking-tour," he said. "Don't forget the knapsack. I am going to Scotland by the eight thirty."

"Will you be away long?" I asked him.

"It depends upon how long it takes me," he answered. "When I come back I am going to be married."

"Who is the lady?" I asked, though of course I knew.

"Miss Bulstrode," he said.

"Well," I said, "she—"

"That will do," he said, "I have had all that from the three of them for the last two days. She is a socialist and a suffragist, and all the rest of it, and my ideal helpmate. She is well off, and that will enable me to devote all my time to putting the world to rights without bothering about anything else. Our home will be the nursery of advanced ideas. We shall share together the joys and delights of the public platform. What more can any man want?"

"You will want your dinner early," I said, "if you are going by the eight thirty. I had better tell cook—"

He interrupted me again. "You can tell cook to go to the devil," he said.

I naturally stared at him.

"She is going to marry a beastly little rotter of a rent-collector that she does n't care a damn for," he went on.

I could not understand why he seemed so mad about it. "I don't see in any case what it 's got to do with you," I said; "but as a matter of fact, she is n't."

"Is n't what?" he said, stopping short and turning on me.

"Is n't going to marry him," I answered.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Better ask her," I suggested.

I did n't know at the time that it was a silly thing to say, and I am not sure that I should not have said it, if I had. When he is in one of his moods, I always seem to get into one of mine. I have looked after Mr. John ever since he was a baby, so that we do not either of us treat the other quite as perhaps we ought to.

"Tell cook I want her," he said.

"She is just in the middle—" I began.

"I don't care where she is," he said. He seemed determined never to let me finish a sentence. "Send her up here."

She was in the kitchen by herself. "He wants to see you at once," I said.

"Who does?" she asked.

"Mr. John," I said.

"What 's he want to see me for?" she asked.

"How do I know?" I answered.

"But you do," she said. She always had an obstinate twist in her, and feeling it would save time, I told her what had happened.

"Well," I said, "are n't you going?"

She was standing stock-still, staring at the pastry she was making. She turned to me, and there was a curious smile about her lips.

"Do you know what you ought to be wearing?" she said. "Wings, and a little bow and arrow."

She did n't even think to wipe her hands, but went straight up-stairs. It was about half an hour later when the bell rang. Mr. John was standing by the window.

"Is that bag ready?" he said.

"It will be," I said. I went out into the hall and returned with the clothes-brush.

"What are you going to do?" he said.

"Perhaps you don't know it," I said, "but you are all over flour."

"Cook 's going with me to Scotland," he said.

I have looked after Mr. John ever since he was a boy. He was forty-two last birthday, but when I shook hands with him through the cab window, I could have sworn he was twenty-five again.

In the Deep Midnight

By CALE YOUNG RICE

CLANGING, ever clanging!
Clanging in the deep midnight, train-bells clanging!
Over the city sleeping;
Over the silent huddle of roofs and shadows;
Over the hearts of thousands, lying enchambered, breathing evenly,
Or breathing and tossing to and fro on torn seas of insomnia;
Clanging over the streets, restless clanging
Over hushed streets, with blue electric lights lonesomely burning;
Over the steepled churches,
The shrines dark and empty save for the voiceless souls of Bibles;
Over the wan hospital, the wards where the sick lie waking a little,
And where they moan a little, not knowing why;
Over the jail, where the guilty, too, wake and stir in their ward,
And where they start, with waging blood, and moan and beat at their bars,
Because for them there is neither home nor highway;
Over that other prison, where the dead lie,
But wake not at all, nor struggle, nor beat at their bars
Ever, ever clanging!

II

O voiceful restlessness!
Vibrant soul of the world's coming and going,
Resonant want of it, restive vent of it, and of desire,—desire,
Desire to wander back to the peace of the known,
Or out and away to the anywhere of deliverance,—
How many, a-dream, are caught in the net of your ringing!
How many turn in their sleep and are caught away to the sea's roaring—
Are caught away over corn tossing and woods waving and rivers,
Past the red-lit or the green-lit stations, clanging,
Away to the dark of the east or the dark of the west!
How many remember, far from mother or wife,
And wonder if there is waking, if there is waiting,
If there are tears falling, for them in the darkness!
How many, under your quaver, under your clamor and evocation,
See sudden again the far-aways of childhood,
Brought forth from the shadowy bourns of years and grief and blind forgetting,
To merge again in the mists of sleep's immuning!
How many, under your riot, under your plangence, under your passion,
Ride again over cattle wilds, again over buttes and mesas,
Unlassoed still by life, lords of its spaces, of its pastures!
How many, mated with sin, disease, and stagnance,
In dens, moonless and loveless, where the free, sweet winds would sicken,
Feel, as they hear, the nails of their souls' coffin,
Driven, driven, driven, driven, in!

It passes, as all passes; there is silence.
The huddled roofs dream again in the shadows,
With the blue electric lights lonesomely burning, the streets unbroken;
Night's immemorial opiate rules all.
And the stars come closer, beaten off no more by the sound's urgence,
Intimate now and ready with revelations, with reachings;
For the sky has become the confessional of God,
And, Priest of the Universe, He hears its need, and shrives it,
Till all the crying that was now is comfort,
All want that was is peace, all clanging rest.

A company of mitrailleurs reconnoitering, with their gun-carriages drawn up under cover in the rear

The Swiss Military System

By F. FEYLER

COLONEL F. FEYLER, author of "La Suisse sous les armes," is generally accepted as the leading authority on Swiss military affairs.—THE EDITOR.

I DO not know whether the militia law of the Swiss Republic could be advantageously utilized elsewhere, but it is certain that it is perfectly adapted to the social, political, and geographical condition of this little country, compact in population, united in patriotism, speaking three languages, and belonging to two different religions. Its value lies in the compact and regulated orderliness, where everything contributes to assure the maximum defensive force of the state not only in point of number, but above all in the diverse aptitudes of the men and the material resources of the people.

The fundamental principle of the law is that every one under the jurisdiction of the state owes it military service. But this principle is not exclusively political and judicial; it has not its sole reason in a law of the state that imposes a duty upon every man. It is as much a moral principle and a recognition of individual sovereignty: every citizen has the right to serve his country, and the duty that is here imposed upon him is not only the corollary, but the recognition of this right. He claims the duty on the ground that it is the manifestation of his quality as a free man in a republic that he desires to keep free. The obligation to which he yields himself does not, in effect, nullify this liberty. He has established it in his own eyes by making the law an act of his own will. He has voted for it not only indirectly through the intermediary of his representatives in the legislative chambers, but personally, by depositing his ballot in the ballot-box. "Do you accept the law that makes you a soldier, which subjects you to the rigors of discipline, and which punishes you if you do not submit?" On the ballot which puts these questions to him he has written, "Yes."

Thus military service is his right, the expression of his sovereignty. From that time only the physically incapable, and those whom penal servitude or bankruptcy

have deprived of the right to be soldiers, can be excluded from the army. Upon such, moreover, except in the case of hopeless poverty, a special military tax is imposed.

Thus the law is founded on custom and ruling convictions. That explains the rarity of cases of refusal to serve, and, above all, the fact that citizens voluntarily accept the military burden not on a basis of legal right, but on that of the possibility of their social position placing upon them more or less important sacrifices from time to time. For if the obligations of the common soldier are not very considerable, and certainly less than those of standing armies, they increase rapidly through the grades.

These explanations are necessary in order to understand a law that in effect transforms the country into a kind of virtual barracks, and makes no separation between the citizen and the soldier. One may say that the history and tradition of Switzerland have made of the militiaman a soldier in citizen's dress in ordinary times and a citizen in uniform during the periods when he has been called to the colors. In short, the Swiss people is an armed nation in every acceptance of the word.

RECRUITING THE ARMY

THE law that actually regulates the recruiting of the army became an act in 1907. It fixed the period of military service from the age of twenty to forty-eight, but to fifty-two for officers. During this period of twenty-eight years the militiaman passes successively through three classes. The *élite* retains the militiamen from the age of twenty to thirty-two. This class is properly the army in the field, and can be utilized for all the duties that war might entail. Its enlistment forms six divisions.

At the age of thirty-three a man passes into the *landwehr*, where he remains until he is forty. Although composed of men who no longer have the entire activity of youth, this class of soldiers, nevertheless, can be added to the army in the field for duties that demand tenacity and resisting power rather than activity and dash, such as defensive operations, the occupation of trenches, as seen in the present war, and the garrisoning of strongholds. In a general way, the men of the *landwehr* are reserved for all duties that will permit the saving of the youngest soldiers for the most active movements of the army. The superior unit of the *landwehr* is the brigade of infantry, with its company of cyclists, a park of artillery, sappers, and ambulance corps.

From the age of forty-one to forty-eight a man serves in the *landsturm*. The *landsturm* makes up the territorial army, and is charged with the task of guarding the lines of communication, policing the interior of the country, and, if such should be necessary, undertaking the many lesser operations of local or partizan warfare. As a part of the *landsturm*, with the title of volunteers, may be added all citizens over forty-eight, or those of any age who have not been accepted as recruits, on condition that they prove their skill in marksmanship.

Having organized the army in this manner, it is kept intact with the least possible loss. Only those who have become useless will be excused from serving. Those whose usefulness has only been lessened, but still permits a reduced use, are turned over to a special body called the *bataillons des étages*, whose duty it is to provide for the revictualing of the stations at the front. Thus the weakening of the strongest factors in a fighting army is escaped. Into these battalions are also recruited the young men who do not possess the necessary physical strength for active service, but sufficient for these lesser tasks. They receive the same instruction that other recruits of the infantry receive.

On this basis, the recruiting calls to the flags from sixty-eight to seventy per cent. of the young men of the nation, which brings out a drilling army of from 250,000 to 260,000 troops of the first line, and from 80,000 to 90,000 territorials. If one considers that the population of Switzerland is in the neighborhood of

A division of guides in the field

3,500,000, the proportion is about ten per cent. of the whole, without taking into account those under twenty.

Even those not recruited are not completely ignored. They are enrolled in the *services complémentaires*, or by professions or trades are formed into special companies that in time of war furnish aids for the execution of certain tasks, like digging trenches, serving as couriers, drivers of wagons, and stable-boys, as well as clerks in offices, etc.

INSTRUCTION IN THE ARMY

Of all the problems raised in the organization of the Swiss militia, that of instruction is the most delicate. It would not be wise to give to a militia like that of the Swiss Republic, which at a moment might have to contend with the best troops in Europe, the benefit of half-instruction—instruction of the national guard given on a Sunday morning before going to church. On the field of battle an adversary would have no particular solicitude for the militiaman because his technical education was incomplete; he would be only too happy if he would step more quickly out of his way. It is necessary that the militiaman be not inferior to the soldier of the standing army. The solution has been sought in the union of the following means:

First, to seek through the school and through rivalry in our national sports to prepare the boy for a military education of such a nature that when he shall arrive at the school for recruits he shall possess the rudiments of military instruction and the foundations of its discipline; secondly, to compensate for the shortness of the time spent in barracks by an intensity in the methods of instruction. To this end, to seek the greatest simplicity possible in the program, and to demand that it be given on a specially prepared card of instruction; thirdly, in the years that follow the school of recruits, to divide the periods of exercise and manœuvers in such a fashion that the company shall not only maintain the knowledge already acquired, but that it shall be extended and perfected; and fourthly, to encourage and at the same time impose upon the militiaman the prac-

A field battery in position

A bridge erected by the corps of sappers

tice of certain technical exercises throughout the whole period of his military obligations.

PREPARATORY INSTRUCTION

THE point of departure is the obligatory instruction in gymnastics in all primary and secondary schools. The uniformity of the principles of this instruction—what one might call its doctrine—is obtained through a "Manual of Gymnastics for Preparatory Military Instruction" and through its application in central courses designed for teachers of schools and instructors in gymnastics. Naturally, the military board is not alone at the head of this instruction, but also the higher committee of the Federation of Gymnastic Societies. Thus is obtained a uniform method that is used in the schools, in the civil gymnastic societies (the members of which are all military), and in the army.

Together with the instruction in gymnastics, certain secondary schools have a corps of cadets, to whom certain rudiments of military knowledge are taught, among the rest, practice with the rifle. This instruction is not obligatory, and is by no means general, only thirteen of the twenty-two cantons of the republic teaching it.

More general, but yet optional, is the instruction given in the division of military preparation. This instruction is given to youths between seventeen and nineteen, and is in charge of certain officers and instructors in gymnastics.

There is special need for familiarity with the rifle, its preparation for firing and the firing itself. The army furnishes the equipment, the arms, and the ammunition. In the school for recruits the young men who have taken part in these earlier exercises are carefully superintended; they are encouraged in their efforts, and in consequence a notable part of the body of non-commissioned officers come from their ranks. In the absence of instruction in this branch of military preparation, at home the future recruits may take up certain courses in gymnastics or sharp-shooting under qualified direction and in conformity with certain military prescriptions.

THE SCHOOL FOR RECRUITS

WHEN at twenty years of age the young recruit is called to the colors, small is the number that the gymnasium has not partly prepared for duty, and a relatively large number is familiar with the rifle and target-practice. More recent prescriptions have still further stimulated the young men to acquire this elementary knowledge of the soldier. An examination in gymnastics has been introduced at the time of

enrollment, and for a long time the recruits have been subjected to an examination in primary instruction. This examination bears on the subjects of reading, composition-writing, arithmetic, an acquaintance with civil government, the geography of Switzerland, national history, and the political constitution, of which a young citizen ought not to be ignorant. For each of these branches the recruit receives a record, which is officially inscribed on his certificate of service; that is to say, on the note-book on which is recorded an account of his service during the whole time of his military duties. If good, these notes facilitate him in his civil career, for by them his employer is able to ascertain his degree of instruction.

In effect, thanks in part to this institution, there are in Switzerland no illiterates except those imbeciles from whom all intelligence is absent.

Inasmuch as this examination deals with the domain of intellectual knowledge, an examination in gymnastics is required in order to obtain physical development. It permits a triple trial: a trial of speed over a course eighty meters in length, a jump for distance without a spring-board, and the lifting of dumb-bells seventeen kilogrammes in weight. These results are also recorded on the certificate of service, and are a useful guide for the military instructors on the arrival of the recruits in barracks.

Above all, they are useful as a stimulant to encourage the cantons of the republic to perfect the instruction in gymnastics, each one of them desiring that its young men hold a good rank in the general statistics. This course has been in use only a few years, but already good results have been shown.

The duration of service varies according to the branch of the army. It is for sixty-seven days in the infantry and for the engineers; ninety-two days in the cavalry; seventy-seven days in the artillery and in garrisons of fortresses, and sixty-two days in the sanitary corps, the quartermaster's department, and the department of transportation.

The aim of the schools for recruits is essentially the making of soldiers. There is made an effort to draw out the individuality of a man, isolated in the ranks, by

Infantry on the march

Artillery on the march

instructing him in the necessity of discipline, submission to order, propriety, and punctuality. In the infantry the effort is made to teach the young recruit to be a marksman, to be ready to be quick to extricate himself from any difficulty in which combat, the march, or a fixed post may place him; a clever digger of works of defense; and finally a soldier always ready to obey without hesitation the orders of his superiors and to second with heartiness the efforts of his comrades.

In other branches of the army, as the cavalry, the artillery, etc., the instruction is carried out on the same principle, keeping in mind the peculiarities of the branch of the service in question, as the duties of a horseman, the serving of cannon, care of horses and arms, and at the same time always insisting on the education and disciplinary action of the military service.

The school for recruits has a second aim, that of forming non-commissioned officers and subalterns as well as captains, and at the same time developing the commanders in their rôles as instructors of soldiers and units of bodies of troops. It is for the latter the first course in practical instruction before receiving the command that they may have to exercise at the head of the units of united forces.

For this purpose, there is naturally a need of guides and instructors who can counsel and direct them in their capacity as instructors and educators. These guides and instructors have already taught them in the theoretical schools through which they have had to pass to acquire their rank. These now meet them again for their first practical application of their theories with troops the companies of recruits.

Their instructors, properly so called, constitute, with the commanders of divisions and corps of the army, the only permanent officers in the republic. This body is not a large one. In all, it does not number two hundred officers. But they receive a highly developed theoretical education, and above all are placed in a position for acquiring a very complete experience in their profession and a training in

instruction which develops them as representative authorities in the better methods of intensive instructors of recruits.

THE REPEATED COURSES

AT the close of the school for recruits, the young militiaman is turned over to his branch of the army,—regiment, squadron, or battery,—and the instruction of the class that he has already received in the temporary units of the school he will now complete in his definite branch of the service. The instruction that he there receives is called the repeated courses; that is to say, the periods of exercises and manœuvers. These periods are designed for the purpose of keeping the soldiers in form and of preparing the army and its commanders for the exigencies of service in the field.

The course of repetition takes place every year and continues for two weeks. The soldiers and corporals are called to it up to the age of twenty-seven in the *élite,* and once again in the *landwehr;* non-commissioned officers and subalterns are called every year up to the age of thirty-two in the *élite,* and in the *landwehr* every four years up to the age of forty-five. The superior officers in the *élite* are called every year until the expiration of their time of service.

In the succession of annual meetings the instruction for subaltern units is made to alternate with that of the great body of mixed troops. After a year in which the exercises have taken place in regiments, squadrons of cavalry and artillery companies, or in which the different branches of the army have worked alone, there will be manœuvers of brigades or divisions for instruction in the movement of armies. One year is given to detail, another to the movement of large bodies of troops. Every one is short of breath and periodically finds occasion for perfecting his practice and his knowledge. In this manner, with the exception of some of the older soldiers, all the troops of the Swiss army are every year mobilized and held under the colors for two weeks.

Naturally, during these manœuvers the troops work over different ground, quartering at home. Only the instruction of

A company of mitrailleurs crossing a stream

Relieving the guard and saluting the colors

recruits is given in barracks and on the parade-grounds. The units of the armies are sent, except on rare occasions, near home, in all the conditions of service in the field, and are exercised not only in the tactics of combating forces, but in the service of sustenance, under conditions that approach as nearly as possible to those of actual war.

THE INSTRUCTION OF OFFICERS

JUST so far as the officers are worthy, so far will the troops be worthy, it is said. It goes without saying that the shorter the periods of instruction, so much the more ought officers to be prepared for their duties. We have spoken of the practical instruction given in the schools for recruits by permanent officers. This alone would be insufficient. One must pay for his officer's stripes, says a Swiss adage. That signifies that every promotion is preceded by a term of probation in which no promotion is accorded without good work. The first selection is made as early as the school for recruits. There those soldiers who appear to possess the qualifications for non-commissioned officers and superior officers are noted; their social position is inquired into, in order that no sacrifice out of proportion to their resources may be imposed upon them, for no one has the right to refuse an advance in grade. In like manner their conduct in civil life is inquired into, and if the information thus obtained confirms the good opinion that the authorities have formed of them in barracks, they are called to a school for non-commissioned officers, from which they depart with the grade of corporal.

This rank leads to a second selection. The corporals selected for the staff of non-commissioned officers in the army become instructors in the school for recruits, and those considered fitted for the grade of officers are sent to a school for officers, where for nearly three months they are prepared for the grade of lieutenant. In practice, the future lieutenant, before being selected for instruction in a school for officers, has usually acted as a non-commissioned officer in the school for recruits. The young men who desire the grade of lieutenant are so numerous that there is never any difficulty in obtaining men who hesitate to give up the two or three months necessary for this additional training. If they successfully pass the examination in this school, it is necessary for them to attend the repeated course as chiefs of divisions, though now with the

rank of lieutenant. Only then can they feel that they have paid for their officers' stripes.

If now we account for the number of days of service that young men between the ages of twenty and twenty-one give to the army, following which they remain simple soldiers or become non-commissioned officers or lieutenants, we find in the infantry, the most numerous body, the following differences:

THE SIMPLE SOLDIER:

School of recruits	67 days
First repeated course	13 days
Total	80 days

CORPORAL:

School of non-commissioned officers	22 days
School of recruits	67 days
Total	169 days

LIEUTENANT:

School of officers	82 days
School of recruits	67 days
Total	318 days

The principle is the same for all subsequent promotions. If a lieutenant desires to gain the grade of captain, he must pass through at least eight repeated courses, a school for firing, the central school,—that is to say, a school which brings together the future captains in all branches of the army,—and must act as chief of a company, of a squadron, or a battery in a school for recruits. The total of his days of service will reach 541, and if he has been considered qualified for the rank, he will still be called to take part in two courses in tactics, and must continue the annual courses of repetition until he has reached the age of thirty-five rather than thirty-two.

If one takes into account the fact that the pay of a lieutenant is six francs for every day of actual service, that of a captain ten francs, and that of a major eighteen francs, and remembers that for every man who in civil life is bound down by an exacting profession these frequent calls to the colors constitute a serious interruption in his professional gains, one may well understand that the military system rests on traditions of patriotism and self-denial.

Company IV of the 19th Battalion displaying their numerals in a moment of relaxation

INSTRUCTION OUTSIDE THE SERVICE

ALL these periods of exercise and instruction succeed one another with periodical regularity. The danger is that between two periods a soldier may lose his intellectual and technical training. The law has therefore provided a program of courses of studies, carried on by numerous associations, which offer to their members supplementary military training. The society of officers and non-commissioned officers is charged, with others, with preparatory military instruction. The society of artillerymen, of bridge-makers, of hospital nurses, even of drummers, of gymnasts, and of sharp-shooting, have similar courses.

A study of this program would carry one too far, but it is not possible to pass over in silence the societies of sharp-shooting, which are semi-official in character, the direction of which is under the joint charge of the Société Fédérale des Carabiniers and the military bureaus. The groundwork of the plan is a legal obligation imposed on every soldier who carries a gun to fire every year a certain number of bullets at a target. This holds good through the entire period of his military life. The program for the practice is arranged by the republic, and the work is supervised by certain delegated officers. If you travel by rail through Switzerland, along the way you will constantly see target-butts, more or less large, arranged in different ways; and if you walk through the country on a Sunday in spring, you will hear on all sides the reports of rifles of sharp-shooters at practice.

For every rifleman who fulfils the conditions of the program,—that is to say, who fires the required number of bullets and obtains the required result in precision,—the republic returns to the society a subsidy slightly exceeding the price of the cartridges. The militiaman who has not met the requirements of the target-practice is called, at his own expense, to the parade-ground, for a special course at target-practice, which lasts for three days.

A post of observation

Thus in Switzerland thirty million cartridges are shot every year, which represents an average of little less than a hundred cartridges for every inhabitant. This total shows not only the extent of the regular exercises for militiamen, but is also an indication of the numerous opportunities for every one to exercise himself in the really national sport of rifle-shooting. Target-firing is a certain feature of every popular feast in even the smallest villages, and not unfrequently militiamen who have passed the age of military duties still fire two or three hundred service cartridges a year.

MOBILIZATION OF THE ARMY

So far I have sketched the organization and instruction of the militia. It remains to show how the army passes from a peace to a war footing. In reality it is never on a peace footing. Every one of the periods of exercise and manœuver consti-

tutes a veritable mobilization of all the units called out—a mobilization equal to that of war.

Every militiaman keeps in his own home, and at his own responsibility, not only his uniform, but his arms and equipment. Every year, on a certain day, he is called out for an inspection of his clothing and his whole equipment; certain special inspectors, aides of subaltern officers, make note of their condition. Whatever has not been well cared for must be replaced by the militiaman at his own expense.

As a consequence, at the first call the militiaman can present himself with arms and baggage at the place of assembly of his company, where he has only to receive certain effects kept in the magazines of the regiment, like sappers' tools, etc. The cavalryman comes with his own horse, which he always cares for at home.

The troops are thus assembled and equipped in a minimum of time. The more so, indeed, because they find equally ready in the magazine of their regiments the greater part of the material that constitutes the equipment of the corps—ammunition-cartridges, kitchens on wheels, baggage-wagons, etc. Artillery companies find ready their cannon; the companies of sappers, their tool-wagons. The only carriages requisitioned are those used for the transportation of the men themselves; then come the teams for such carriages.

These requisitions are regulated in times of peace. Every community knows that on the first day of mobilization it will be necessary to send to the place of assembly so many horses and so many carriages. Here the owners of these horses and carriages find assembled the commissioners charged with the task of fixing the prices for conveyances. These commissioners do their work while the regiment completes its organization, and in forty-eight hours the regiment is ready to proceed to the region of concentration of its division.

Everything, therefore, is done expeditiously, and the experience of 1914 has established the fact that in general the measures that have been adopted have all been well taken. The whole army—*élite, landwehr,* and *landsturm*—was mobilized simultaneously, and the completed task was done within the limits of the time planned.

Nevertheless, it is necessary to confess that in one essential matter there was failure. If the operations were rapid, there was still slowness in getting into line on the part of certain troops that did not wait for their reservists and marched with only the effective forces in times of peace.

The measures taken by Switzerland are full, provided her neighbors observe the rights of the people. But suppose that Germany had dealt to Switzerland the blow she dealt to Belgium? She would have found, in forty-eight hours, at the frontier only some companies of the *landwehr,* a force wholly insufficient to oppose the advance of a single corps of cavalry charged with the task of destroying the railroads.

There is therefore one reform to be studied closely. It would not be necessary if Switzerland were in the condition of a great country like the United States, for example, where the absence of neighbors on one side, and the extent of the country on the other, present barriers to a surprise.

But for the most part the system has commended itself, and appears to demand only a certain number of improvements in detail that in nowise alter the principle.

Dear Enemy[1]

By JEAN WEBSTER

Author of "Daddy-Long-Legs," etc., etc.

With sketches by the author and an illustration by Herman Pfeifer

Part IV

John Grier Home, November 15.

Dear Judy:

Betsy and I are just back from a *giro* in our new motor-car. It undoubtedly does add to the pleasure of institution life. The car of its own accord turned up Long Ridge Road, and stopped before the gates of Shadywell. The chains were up, and the shutters battened down, and the place looked closed and gloomy and rain-soaked. It wore a sort of Fall of the House of Usher air, and did n't in the least resemble the cheerful house that used to greet me hospitably in the summer afternoons.

I hate to have our nice summer ended. It seems as though a section of my life was shut away behind me, and the unknown future was pressing awfully close. Positively, I 'd like to postpone that wedding another six months, but I 'm afraid poor Gordon would make too dreadful a fuss. Don't think I 'm getting wobbly, for I 'm not. It 's just that somehow I need more time to think about it, and March is getting nearer every day. I know absolutely that I 'm doing the most sensible thing. Everybody, man or woman, is the better for being nicely and appropriately and cheerfully married; but oh dear! oh dear! I do hate upheavals, and this is going to be such a world-without-end upheaval! Sometimes when the day's work is over, and I 'm tired, I have n't the spirit to rise and meet it.

And now especially since you 've bought Shadywell, and are going to be here every summer, I resent having to leave. Next year, when I 'm far away, I 'll be consumed with homesickness, thinking of all the busy, happy times at the John Grier, with you and Betsy and Percy and our grumbly Scotchman working away cheerfully without me. How can anything ever make up to a mother for the loss of 107 children?

I trust that Judy, Junior, stood the journey into town without upsetting her usual poise. I am sending her a bit giftie, made partly by myself and chiefly by Jane. But two rows, I must inform you, were done by the doctor. One only gradually plumbs the depths of Sandy's nature. After a ten-months' acquaintance with the man, I discover that he knows how to knit, an accomplishment he picked up in his boyhood from an old shepherd on the Scotch moors.

He dropped in three days ago and stayed for tea, really in almost his old friendly mood. But he has since stiffened up again to the same man of granite we knew all summer. I 've given up trying to make him out. I suppose, however, that any one might be expected to be a bit down with a wife in an insane asylum.

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I wish he 'd talk about it once. It 's awful having such a shadow hovering in the background of your thoughts and never coming out into plain sight.

I know that this letter does n't contain a word of the kind of news that you like to hear. But it 's that beastly twilight hour of a damp November day, and I 'm in a beastly uncheerful mood. I 'm awfully afraid that I am developing into a temperamental person, and Heaven knows Gordon can supply all the temperament that one family needs! I don't know where we 'll land if I don't preserve my sensibly stolid, cheerful nature.

Have you really decided to go South with Jervis? I appreciate your feeling (to a slight extent) about not wanting to be separated from a husband; but it does seem sort of hazardous to me to move so young a daughter to the tropics.

The children are playing blindman's-buff in the lower corridor. I think I 'll have a romp with them, and try to be in a more affable mood before resuming my pen.

A bientôt!

SALLIE.

P.S. These November nights are pretty cold, and we are getting ready to move the camps indoors. Our Indians are very pampered young savages at present, with a double supply of blankets and hot-water bottles. I shall hate to see the camps go; they have done a lot for us. Our lads will be as tough as Canadian trappers when they come in.

November 20.

Dear Judy:

Your motherly solicitude is sweet, but I did n't mean what I said. Of course it 's perfectly safe to convey Judy, Junior, to the temperately tropical lands that are washed by the Caribbean. She 'll thrive as long as you don't set her absolutely on top of the equator. And your bungalow, shaded by palms and fanned by sea-breezes, with an ice-machine in the back yard and an English doctor across the bay, sounds made for the rearing of babies.

My objections were all due to the selfish fact that I and the John Grier are going to be lonely without you this winter. I really think it 's entrancing to have a husband who engages in such picturesque pursuits as financing tropical railroads and developing asphalt lakes and rubber groves and mahogany forests. I wish that Gordon would take to life in those picturesque countries; I 'd be more thrilled by the romantic possibilities of the future. Washington seems awfully commonplace compared with Honduras and Nicaragua and the islands of the Caribbean.

I 'll be down to wave good-by.

Addio!

SALLIE.

November 24.

Dear Gordon:

Judy has gone back to town, and is sailing next week for Jamaica, where she is to make her headquarters while Jervis cruises about adjacent waters on these entertaining new ventures of his. Could n't you engage in traffic in the South Seas? I think I 'd feel pleasanter about leaving my asylum if you had something romantic and adventurous to offer instead. And think how beautiful you 'd be in those white linen clothes! I really believe I might be able to stay in love with a man quite permanently if he always dressed in white.

You can't imagine how I miss Judy. Her absence leaves a dreadful hole in my afternoons. Can't you run up for a week-end soon? I think the sight of you would be very cheering, and I 'm feeling awfully down of late. You know, my dear Gordon, I like you much better when you 're right here before my eyes than when I merely think about you from a distance. I believe you must have a sort of hypnotic influence. Occasionally, after you 've been away a long time, your spell wears a little thin; but when I see you, it all comes back. You 've been away now a long, long time; so, please come fast and bewitch me over again!

S.

December 2.

Dear Judy:

Do you remember in college, when you and I used to plan our favorite futures, how we were forever turning our faces southward? And now to think it has really come true, and you are there, coasting around those tropical isles! Did you ever have such a thrill in the whole of your life, barring one or two connected with Jervis, as when you came up on deck in the early dawn and found yourself riding at anchor in the harbor of Kingston, with the water so blue and the palms so green and the beach so white?

I remember when I first woke in that harbor; I felt like a heroine of grand opera surrounded by untruly beautiful painted scenery. Nothing in my four trips to Europe ever thrilled me like the queer sights and tastes and smells of those three warm weeks seven years ago. And ever since, I 've panted to get back. When I stop to think about it, I can hardly bring myself to swallow our unexciting meals; I wish to be dining on curries and tamales and mangos. Is n't it funny? You 'd think I must have a dash of creole or Spanish or some warm blood in me somewhere, but I 'm nothing on earth but a chilly mixture of English and Irish and Scotch. Perhaps that is why I hear the South calling. "The palm dreams of the pine, and the pine of the palm."

After seeing you off, I turned back to New York with an awful wander-thirst gnawing at my vitals. I, too, wanted to be starting off on my travels in a new blue hat and a new blue suit with a big bunch of violets in my hand. For five minutes I would cheerfully have said good-by forever to poor dear Gordon in return for the wide world to wander in. I suppose you are thinking they are not entirely incompatible—Gordon and the wide world; but I don't seem able to get your point of view about husbands. I see marriage as a man must, a good, sensible workaday institution, but awfully curbing to one's liberty. Somehow, after you 're married forever, life has lost its feeling of adventure. There are n't any romantic possibilities waiting to surprise you around each corner.

The disgraceful truth is that one man does n't seem quite enough for me. I like the variety of sensation that you get only from a variety of men. I 'm afraid I 've spent too flirtatious a youth, and it is n't easy for me to settle.

I seem to have a very wandering pen. To return: I saw you off, and took the ferry back to New York with a horribly empty feeling. After our intimate, gossipy three months together, it seems a terrible task to tell you my troubles in tones that will reach to the bottom of the continent. My ferry slid right under the nose of your steamer, and I could see you and Jervis plainly leaning on the rail. I waved frantically, but you never blinked an eyelash. Your gaze was fixed in homesick contemplation upon the top of the Woolworth Building.

Back in New York, I took myself to a department store to accomplish a few trifles in the way of shopping. As I was entering through their revolving-doors, who should be revolving in the other direction but Helen Brooks! We had a terrible time meeting, as I tried to go back out, and she tried to come back in; I thought we should revolve eternally. But we finally got together and shook hands, and she obligingly helped me choose fifteen dozen pairs of stockings and fifty caps and sweaters and two hundred union suits, and then we gossiped all the way up to Fifty-second Street, where we had luncheon at the Women's University Club.

I always liked Helen. She 's not spectacular, but steady and dependable. Will you ever forget the way she took hold of that senior pageant committee and whipped it into shape after Mildred had made such a mess of it? How would she do here as a successor to me? I am filled with jealousy at the thought of a successor, but I suppose I must face it.

"When did you last see Judy Abbott?" was Helen's first question.

"Fifteen minutes ago," said I. "She

has just set sail for the Spanish main with a husband and daughter and nurse and maid and valet and dog."

"Has she a nice husband?"

"None better."

"And does she still like him?"

"Never saw a happier marriage."

It struck me that Helen looked a trifle bleak, and I suddenly remembered all that gossip that Marty Keene told us last summer; so I hastily changed the conversation to a perfectly safe subject like orphans.

But later she told me the whole story herself in as detached and impersonal a way as though she were discussing the characters in a book. She has been living alone in the city, hardly seeing any one, and she seemed low in spirits and glad to talk. Poor Helen appears to have made an awful mess of her life. I don't know any one who has covered so much ground in such a short space of time. Since her graduation she has been married, has had a baby and lost him, divorced her husband, quarreled with her family, and come to the city to earn her own living. She is reading manuscript for a publishing house.

There seems to have been no reason for her divorce from the ordinary point of view; the marriage just simply did n't work. They were n't friends. If he had been a woman, she would n't have wasted half an hour talking with him. If she had been a man, he would have said: "Glad to see you. How are you?" and gone on. And yet they *married*. Is n't it dreadful how blind this sex business can make people?

She was brought up on the theory that a woman's only legitimate profession is home-making. When she finished college, she was naturally eager to start on her career, and Henry presented himself. Her family scanned him closely, and found him perfect in every respect—good family, good morals, good financial position, good-looking. Helen was in love with him. She had a big wedding and lots of new clothes and dozens of embroidered towels. Everything looked propitious.

But as they began to get acquainted, they did n't like the same books or jokes or people or amusements. He was expansive and social and hilarious, and she was n't. First they bored, and then they irritated, each other. Her orderliness made him impatient, and his disorderliness drove her wild. She would spend a day getting closets and bureau drawers in order, and in five minutes he would stir them into chaos. He would leave his clothes about for her to pick up, and his towels in a messy heap on the bath-room floor, and he never scrubbed out the tub. And she, on her side, was awfully unresponsive and irritating,—she realized it fully,—she got to the point where she would n't laugh at his jokes.

I suppose most old-fashioned, orthodox people would think it awful to break up a marriage on such innocent grounds. It seemed so to me at first; but as she went on piling up detail on detail, each trivial in itself, but making a mountainous total, I agreed with Helen that it was awful to keep it going. It was n't really a marriage; it was a mistake.

So one morning at breakfast, when the subject of what they should do for the summer came up, she said quite casually that she thought she would go West and get a residence in some State where you could get a divorce for a respectable cause; and for the first time in months he agreed with her.

You can imagine the outraged feelings of her Victorian family. In all the seven generations of their sojourn in America they have never had anything like this to record in the family Bible. It all comes from sending her to college and letting her read such dreadful modern people as Ellen Key and Bernard Shaw.

"If he had only got drunk and dragged me about by the hair," Helen wailed, "it would have been legitimate; but because we did n't actually throw things at each other, no one could see any reason for a divorce."

The pathetic part of the whole business is that both she and Henry were admirably fitted to make some one else happy.

They just simply did n't match each other; and when two people don't match, all the ceremonies in the world can't marry them.

Saturday morning.

I meant to get this letter off two days ago; and here I am with volumes written, but nothing mailed.

We 've just had one of those miserable deceiving nights—cold and frosty when you go to bed, and warm and lifeless when you wake in the dark, smothered under a mountain of blankets. By the time I had removed my own extra covers and plumped up my pillow and settled comfortably, I thought of those fourteen bundled-up babies in the fresh-air nursery. Their so-called night nurse sleeps like a top the whole night through. (Her name is next on the list to be expunged.) So I roused myself again, and made a little blanket-removing tour, and by the time I had finished I was forever awake. It is not often that I pass a *nuit blanche;* but when I do, I settle world problems. Is n't it funny how much keener your mind is when you are lying awake in the dark?

I began thinking about Helen Brooks, and I planned her whole life over again. I don't know why her miserable story has taken such a hold over me; it 's a disheartening subject for an engaged girl to contemplate. I keep saying to myself, What if Gordon and I, when we really get acquainted, should change our minds about liking each other? The fear grips my heart and wrings it dry. But I am marrying him for no reason in the world except affection. I 'm not particularly ambitious. Neither his position nor his money ever tempted me in the least; and certainly I am not doing it to find my life-work, for in order to marry, I am having to give up the work that I love. I really do love this work; I go about planning and planning their baby futures, feeling that I 'm constructing the nation. Whatever becomes of me in after life, I am sure I 'll be the more capable for having had this tremendous experience. And it *is* a tremendous experience, the nearness to humanity that an asylum brings. I am learning so many new things every day that when each Saturday night comes I look back on the Sallie of last Saturday night, amazed at her ignorance.

You know I am developing a funny old characteristic; I am getting to hate change. I don't like the prospect of having my life disrupted. I used to love the excitement of volcanoes, but now a high level plateau is my choice in landscape. I am very comfortable where I am; my desk and closet and bureau drawers are organized to suit me: and, oh, I dread unspeakably the thought of the upheaval that is going to happen to me next year! Please don't imagine that I don't care for Gordon quite as much as any man has a right to be cared for. It is n't that I like him any the less, but I am getting to like orphans the more.

I just met our medical adviser a few minutes ago as he was emerging from the nursery—Allegra is the only person in the institution who is favored by his austere social attentions. He paused in passing to make a polite comment upon the sudden change in the weather, and to express the hope that I would remember him to Mrs. Pendleton when I wrote.

This is a miserable letter to send off on its travels, with scarcely a word of the kind of news that you like to hear. But our bare little orphan-asylum up in the hills must seem awfully far away from the palms and orange-groves and lizards and tarantulas that you are enjoying.

Have a good time, and don't forget the John Grier Home

and

SALLIE.

December 11.

Dear Judy:

Your Jamaica letter is here, and I 'm glad to learn that Judy, Junior, enjoys traveling. Write me every detail about your house, and send some photographs, so I can see you in it. What fun it must be to have a boat of your own that chugs about those entertaining seas! Have you worn all of your eighteen white dresses

yet? And are n't you glad now that I made you wait about buying a Panama hat till you reached Kingston?

We are running along here very much as usual without anything exciting to chronicle. You remember little Maybelle Fuller, don't you—the chorus girl's daughter whom our doctor does n't like? We have placed her out. I tried to make the woman take Hattie Heaphy instead, —the quiet little one who stole the communion-cup,—but no, indeed! Maybelle's eyelashes won the day. After all, as poor Marie says, the chief thing is to be pretty. All else in life depends on that.

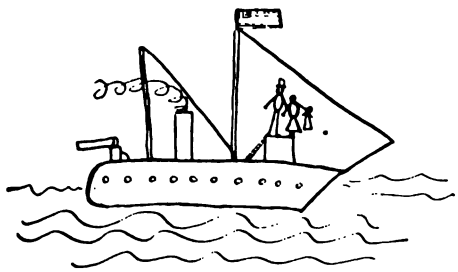
When I got home last week, after my dash to New York, I made a brief speech to the children. I told them that I had just been seeing Aunt Judy off on a big ship, and I am embarrassed to have to report that the interest—at least on the part of the boys—immediately abandoned Aunt Judy and centered upon the ship. How many tons of coal did she burn a day? Was she long enough to reach from the carriage-house to the Indian camp? Were there any guns aboard, and if a privateer should attack her, could she hold her own? In case of a mutiny, could the captain shoot down anybody he chose, and would n't he be hanged when he got to shore? I had ignominiously to call upon Sandy to finish my speech. I realize that the best-equipped feminine mind in the world can't cope with the peculiar class of questions that originate in a thirteen-year boy's brain.

As a result of their seafaring interest, the doctor conceived the idea of inviting seven of the oldest and most alert lads to spend the day with him in New York and see with their own eyes an ocean-liner. They rose at five yesterday morning, caught the 7:30 train, and had the most wonderful adventure that has happened in all their seven lives. They visited one of the big liners (Sandy knows the Scotch engineer), and were conducted from the bottom of the hold to the top of the crow's-nest, and then had luncheon on board. And after luncheon they visited the aquarium and the top of the Singer Building, and took the subway up-town to spend an hour with the birds of America in their habitats. Sandy with great difficulty pried them away from the Natural History Museum in time to catch the 6:15 train. Dinner in the dining-car. They inquired with great particularity how much it was costing, and when they heard that it was the same, no matter how much you ate, they drew deep breaths and settled quietly and steadily to the task of not allowing their host to be cheated. The railroad made nothing on that party, and all the tables around stopped eating to stare. One traveler asked the doctor if it was a boarding-school he had in charge; so you can see how the manners and bearing of our lads have picked up. I don't wish to boast, but no one would ever have asked such a question concerning seven of Mrs. Lippett's youngsters. "Are they bound for a reformatory?" would have been the natural question after observing the table manners of her offspring.

My little band tumbled in toward ten o'clock, excitedly babbling a mess of statistics about reciprocating compound engines and water-tight bulkheads, devil-fish and sky-scrapers and birds of paradise. I thought I should never get them to bed. And, oh, but they had had a glorious day! I do wish I could manage breaks in the routine oftener. It gives them a new outlook on life and makes them more like normal children. Was n't it really nice of Sandy? But you should have seen that man's behavior when I tried to thank him. He waved me aside in the middle of a sentence, and growlingly asked Miss Snaith if she could n't economize a little on carbolic acid. The house smelt like a hospital.

I must tell you that Punch is back with us again, entirely renovated as to manners. I am looking for a family to adopt him. I had hoped those two intelligent spinsters would see their way to keeping him forever, but they want to travel, and they feel he 's too consuming of their liberty. I inclose a sketch in colored chalk of your steamer, which he has just completed. There is some doubt as to the

direction in which it is going; it looks as though it might progress backward and end in Brooklyn. Owing to the loss of my blue pencil, our flag has had to adopt the Italian colors.



The three figures on the bridge are you and Jervis and the baby. I am pained to note that you carry your daughter by the back of her neck, as if she were a kitten. That is not the way we handle babies in the J. G. H. nursery. Please also note that the artist has given Jervis his full due in the matter of legs. When I asked Punch what had become of the captain, he said that the captain was inside, putting coal on the fire. Punch was terribly impressed, as well he might be, when he heard that your steamer burned three hundred wagon-loads a day, and he naturally supposed that all hands had been piped to the stoke-hole.

BOW! WOW!

That 's a bark from Sing. I told him I was writing to you, and he responded instantly.

We both send love.

Yours,

SALLIE.

John Grier Home, Saturday.

Dear Enemy:

You were so terribly gruff last night when I tried to thank you for giving my boys such a wonderful day that I did n't have a chance to express half of the appreciation I felt.

What on earth is the matter with you, Sandy? You used to be a tolerably nice man—in spots, but these last three or four months you have only been nice to other people, never to me.

We have had from the first a long series of misunderstandings and foolish contretemps, but after each one we seemed to reach a solider basis of understanding, until I had thought our friendship was on a pretty firm foundation, capable of withstanding any reasonable shock.

And then came that unfortunate evening last June when you overheard some foolish impolitenesses, which I did not in the slightest degree mean; and from then on you faded into the distance. Really, I have felt terribly bad about it, and have wanted to apologize, but your manner has not been inviting of confidence. It is n't that I have any excuse or explanation to offer; I have n't. You know how foolish and silly I am on occasions, but you will just have to realize that though I 'm flippant and foolish and trivial on top, I am pretty solid inside; and you 've got to forgive the silly part. The Pendletons knew that long ago, or they would n't have sent me up here. I have tried hard to pull off an honest job, partly because I wanted to justify their judgment, partly because I was really interested in giving the poor little kiddies their share of happiness, but mostly, I actually believe, because I wanted to show you that your first derogatory opinion of me was ill founded. Won't you please expunge that unfortunate fifteen minutes at the porte-cochère last June, and remember instead the fifteen hours I spent reading the Kallikak Family?

I would like to feel that we 're friends again.

SALLIE MCBRIDE.

John Grier Home, Sunday.

Dear Dr. MacRae:

I am in receipt of your calling-cards, with an eleven-word answer to my letter on the back. I did n't mean to annoy you by my attentions. What you think and how you behave are really matters of extreme indifference to me. Be just as impolite as you choose.

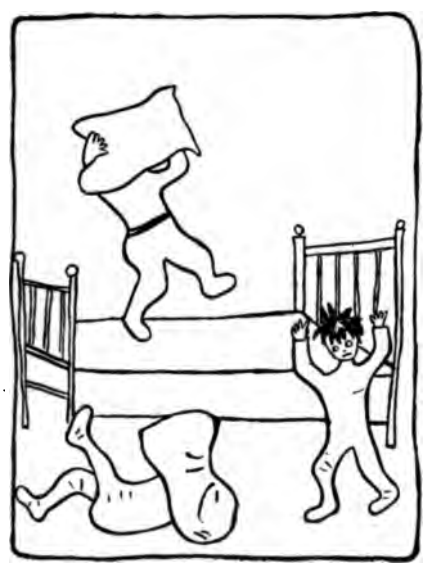
S. McB.

December 14.

Dear Judy:

Please pepper your letters with stamps, inside and out. I have thirty collectors in the family. Since you have taken to travel, every day about post-time an eager group gathers at the gate, waiting to snatch any letters of foreign design, and by the time the letters reach me they are almost in shreds through the tenacity of rival snatchers. Tell Jervis to send us some more of those purple pine-trees from Honduras; likewise some green parrots from Guatemala. I could use a pint of them!

Is n't it wonderful to have got these apathetic little things so enthusiastic? My children are getting to be almost like real children. B dormitory started a pillow-fight last night of its own accord; and though it was very wearing to our scant supply of linen, I stood by and beamed, and even tossed a pillow myself.



Last Saturday those two desirable friends of Percy's spent the whole afternoon playing with my boys. They brought up three rifles, and each man took the lead of a camp of Indians, and passed the afternoon in a bottle-shooting contest, with a prize for the winning camp. They brought the prize with them—an atrocious head of an Indian painted on leather. Dreadful taste; but the men thought it lovely, so I admired it with all the ardor I could assume.

When they had finished, I warmed them up with cookies and hot chocolate, and I really think the men enjoyed it as much as the boys; they undoubtedly enjoyed it more than I did. I could n't help being in a feminine twitter all the time the firing was going on for fear somebody would shoot somebody else. But I know that I can't keep twenty-four Indians tied to my apron-strings, and I never could find in the whole wide world three nicer men to take an interest in them.

Just think of all that healthy, exuberant volunteer service going to waste under the asylum's nose! I suppose the neighborhood is full of plenty more of it, and I am going to make it my business to dig it out.

What I want most are about eight nice, pretty, sensible young women to come up here one night a week, and sit before the fire and tell stories while the chicks pop corn. I do so want to contrive a little individual petting for my babies. You see, Judy, I am remembering your own childhood, and am trying hard to fill in the gaps.

The trustees' meeting last week went beautifully. The new women are most helpful, and only the nice men came. I am happy to announce that the Hon. Cy Wykoff is visiting his married daughter in Scranton. I wish she would invite father to live with her permanently.

Wednesday.

I am in the most childish temper with the doctor, and for no very definite reason. He keeps along his even, unemotional way without paying the slightest attention to anything or anybody. I have swallowed more slights during these last few months than in the whole of my life before, and I 'm developing the most shockingly revengeful nature. I spend all my spare time planning situations in which he will be terribly hurt and in need of my help, and in which I, with the utmost callousness, will shrug my shoulders and

turn away. I am growing into a person entirely foreign to the sweet, sunny young thing you used to know.

Evening.

Do you realize that I am an authority on the care of dependent children? Tomorrow I and other authorities visit officially the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society's Orphan Asylum at Pleasantville. (All that 's its name!) It 's a terribly difficult and roundabout journey from this point, involving a daybreak start and two trains and an automobile; but if I 'm to be an authority, I must live up to the title. I 'm keen about looking over other institutions and gleaning as many ideas as possible against our own alterations next year. And this Pleasantville asylum is an architectural model.

I acknowledge now, upon sober reflection, that we were wise to postpone extensive building operations until next summer. Of course I was disappointed, because it meant that I won't be the center of the ripping-up, and I do so love to be the center of ripping-ups! But, anyway, you 'll take my advice, even though I 'm no longer an official head? The two building details we did accomplish are very promising. Our new laundry grows better and better; it has removed from us that steamy smell so dear to asylums. The farmer's cottage will finally be ready for occupancy next week. All it now lacks is a coat of paint and some door-knobs.

But, oh dear! oh dear! another bubble has burst! Mrs. Turnfelt, for all her comfortable figure and sunny smile, hates to have children messing about. They make her nervous. And as for Turnfelt himself, though industrious and methodical and an excellent gardener, still, his mental processes are not quite what I had hoped for. When he first came, I made him free of the library. He began at the case nearest the door, which contains thirty-seven volumes of Pansy's works. Finally, after he had spent four months on Pansy, I suggested a change, and sent him home with "Huckleberry Finn." But he brought it back in a few days, and shook his head. He says that after reading Pansy, anything else seems tame. I am afraid I shall have to look about for some one a little more up-and-coming. But at least, compared with Sterry, Turnfelt is a scholard!

And speaking of Sterry, he paid us a social call a few days ago, in quite a chastened frame of mind. It seems that the "rich city feller" whose estate he has been managing no longer needs his services; and Sterry has graciously consented to return to us and let the children have gardens if they wish. I kindly, but convincingly, declined his offer.

Friday.

I came back from Pleasantville last night with a heart full of envy. Please, Mr. President, I want some gray stucco cottages, with Luca della Robbia figures baked into the front. They have nearly 700 children there, and all sizable youngsters. Of course that makes a very different problem from my hundred and seven, ranging from babyhood up. But I borrowed from their superintendent several very fancy ideas. I 'm dividing my chicks into big and little sisters and brothers, each big one to have a little one to love and help and fight for. Big sister Sadie Kate has to see that little sister Gladiola always has her hair neatly combed and her stockings pulled up and knows her lessons and gets a touch of petting and her share of candy—very pleasant for Gladiola, but especially developing for Sadie Kate.

Also I am going to start among our older children a limited form of self-government such as we had in college. That will help fit them to go out into the world and govern themselves when they get there. This shoving children into the world at the age of sixteen seems terribly merciless. Five of my children are ready to be shoved, but I can't bring myself to do it. I keep remembering my own irresponsible silly young self, and wondering what would have happened to me had I been turned out to work at the age of sixteen!

I must leave you now to write an interesting letter to my politician in Washington, and it 's hard work. What have I to say that will interest a politician? I can't do anything any more but babble about babies, and he would n't care if every baby was swept from the face of the earth. Oh, yes, he would, too! I 'm afraid I 'm slandering him. Babies—at least boy babies—grow into voters.

Good-by.

SALLIE.

Dearest Judy:

If you expect a cheerful letter from me the day, don't read this. The life of man is a wintry road. Fog, snow, rain, slush, drizzle, cold—such weather! such weather! And you in dear Jamaica with the sunshine and the orange-blossoms!

We 've got whooping-cough, and you can hear us whoop when you get off the train two miles away. We don't know how we got it—just one of the pleasures of institution life. Cook has left,—in the night,—what the Scotch call a "moonlicht flitting." I don't know how she got her trunk away, but it 's gone. The kitchen fire went with her. The pipes are frozen. The plumbers are here, and the kitchen floor is all ripped up. One of our horses has the spavin. And, to crown all, our cheery, resourceful Percy is down, down, down in the depths of despair. We have not been quite certain for three days past whether we could keep him from suicide. The girl in Detroit,—I knew she was a heartless little minx,—without so much as going through the formality of sending back his ring, has gone and married herself to a man and a couple of automobiles and a yacht. It is the best thing that could ever have happened to Percy, but it will be a long, long time before he realizes it.

We have our twenty-four Indians back in the house with us. I was sorry to have to bring them in, but the shacks were scarcely planned for winter quarters. I have stowed them away very comfortably, however, thanks to the spacious iron verandas surrounding our new fire-escape. It was a happy idea of Jervis's having them glassed in for sleeping-porches. The babies' sun-parlor is a wonderful addition to our nursery. We can fairly see the little tots bloom under the influence of that extra air and sunshine.

With the return of the Indians to civilized life, Percy's occupation was ended, and he was supposed to remove himself to the hotel. But he did n't want to remove himself. He has got used to orphans, he says, and he would miss not seeing them about. I think the truth is that he is feeling so miserable over his wrecked engagement that he is afraid to be alone; he needs something to occupy every waking moment out of banking hours. And goodness knows we 're glad enough to keep him! He has been wonderful with those youngsters, and they need a man's influence. But what on earth to do with the man? As you discovered last summer, this spacious château does not contain a superabundance of guest-rooms. He has finally fitted himself into the doctor's laboratory, and the medicines have moved themselves to a closet down the hall. He and the doctor fixed it up between them, and if they are willing to be mutually inconvenienced, I have no fault to find.

Mercy! I 've just looked at the calendar, and it 's the eighteenth, with Christmas only a week away. However shall we finish all our plans in a week? The chicks are making presents for one another, and something like a thousand secrets have been whispered in my ear.

Snow last night. The boys have spent the morning in the woods, gathering evergreens and drawing them home on sleds; and twenty girls are spending the afternoon in the laundry, winding wreaths for the windows. I don't know how we are going to do our washing this week. We were planning to keep the Christmas-tree a secret, but fully fifty children have been boosted up to the carriage-house window to take a peep at it, and I am afraid the news has spread among the remaining fifty-seven.

At your insistence, we have sedulously fostered the Santa Claus myth, but it does

n't meet with much credence. "Why did n't he ever come before?" was Sadie Kate's skeptical question. But Santa Claus is undoubtedly coming this time. I asked the doctor, out of politeness, to play the chief rôle at our Christmas-tree; and being certain ahead of time that he was going to refuse, I had already engaged Percy as an understudy. But there is no counting on a Scotchman. Sandy accepted with unprecedented graciousness, and I had privately to unengage Percy!

Tuesday.

Is n't it funny, the way some inconsequential people have of pouring out whatever happens to be churning about in their minds at the moment? They seem to have no residue of small talk, and are never able to dismiss a crisis in order to discuss the weather.

This is apropos of a call I received today. A woman had come to deliver her sister's child—sister in a sanatorium for tuberculosis; we to keep the child until the mother is cured, though I fear, from what I hear, that will never be. But, anyway, all the arrangements had been made, and the woman had merely to hand in the little girl and retire. But having a couple of hours between trains, she intimated a desire to look about, so I showed her the kindergarten-rooms and the little crib that Lily will occupy, and our yellow dining-room, with its frieze of bunnies, in order that she might report as many cheerful details as possible to the poor mother. After this, as she seemed tired, I socially asked her to walk into my parlor and have a cup of tea. Doctor MacRae, being at hand and in a hungry mood (a rare state for him; he now condescends to a cup of tea with the officers of this institution about twice a month), came, too, and we had a little party.

The woman seemed to feel that the burden of entertainment rested upon her, and by way of making conversation, she told us that her husband had fallen in love with the girl who sold tickets at a moving-picture show (a painted, yellow-haired thing who chewed gum like a cow, was her description of the enchantress), and he spent all of his money on the girl, and never came home except when he was drunk. Then he smashed the furniture something awful. An easel, with her mother's picture on it, that she had had since before she was married, he had thrown down just for the pleasure of hearing it crash. And finally she had just got too tired to live, so she drank a bottle of swamp-root because somebody had told her it was poison if you took it all at once. But it did n't kill her; it only made her sick. And he came back, and said he would choke her if she ever tried that on him again; so she guessed he must still care something for her. All this quite casually while she stirred her tea.

I tried to think of something to say, but it was a social exigency that left me dumb. But Sandy rose to the occasion like a gentleman. He talked to her beautifully and sanely, and sent her away actually uplifted. Our Sandy, when he tries, can be exceptionally nice, particularly to people who have no claim upon him. I suppose it is a matter of professional etiquette—part of a doctor's business to heal the spirit as well as the body. Most spirits appear to need it in this world. My caller has left me needing it. I have been wondering ever since what I should do if I married a man who deserted me for a chewing-gum girl, and who came home and smashed the bric-à-brac. I suppose, judging from the theaters this winter, that it is a thing that might happen to any one, particularly in the best society.

You ought to be thankful you 've got Jervis. There is something awfully certain about a man like him. The longer I live, the surer I am that character is the only thing that counts. But how on earth can you ever tell? Men are so good at talking!

Good-by, and a merry Christmas to Jervis and both Judies.

S. McB.

P.S. It would be a pleasant attention if you would answer my letters a little more promptly.

John Grier Home, December 29.

Dear Judy:

Sadie Kate has spent the week composing a Christmas letter to you, and it leaves nothing for me to tell. Oh, we 've had a wonderful time! Besides all the presents and games and fancy things to eat, we have had hay-rides and skating-parties and candy-pulls. I don't know whether these pampered little orphans will ever settle down again into normal children.

Many thanks for my six gifts. I like them all, particularly the picture of Judy, Junior; the tooth adds a pleasant touch to her smile.

You 'll be glad to hear that I 've placed out Hattie Heaphy in a minister's family, and a dear family they are; they never blinked an eyelash when I told them about the communion-cup. They 've given her to themselves for a Christmas present, and she went off so happily, clinging to her new father's hand!

I won't write more now, because fifty children are writing thank-you letters, and poor Aunt Judy will be buried beneath her mail when this week's steamer gets in.

My love to the Pendletons.

S. McB.

P.S. Singapore sends his love to Togo, and is sorry he bit him on the ear.

John Grier Home, December 30.

Oh dear, Gordon, I have been reading the most upsetting book!

I tried to talk some French the other day, and not making out very well, decided that I had better take my French in hand if I did n't want to lose it entirely. That Scotch doctor of ours has mercifully abandoned my scientific education, so I have a little time at my own disposal. By some unlucky chance I began with "Numa Roumestan," by Daudet. It is a terribly disturbing book for a girl to read who is engaged to a politician. Read it, Gordon dear, and assiduously train your character away from *Numa's*. It 's the story of a politician who is disquietingly fascinating (like you). Who is adored by all who know him (like you). Who has a most persuasive way of talking and makes wonderful speeches (again like you). He is worshiped by everybody, and they all say to his wife, "What a happy life you must lead, knowing so intimately that wonderful man!"

But he was n't very wonderful when he came home to her—only when he had an audience and applause. He would drink with every casual acquaintance, and be gay and bubbling and expansive; and then return morose and sullen and down. *"Joie de rue, douleur de maison,"* is the burden of the book.

I read it till twelve last night, and honestly I did n't sleep for being scared. I know you 'll be angry, but really and truly, Gordon dear, there 's just a touch too much truth in it for my entire amusement. I did n't mean even to refer again to that unhappy matter of August 20,—we talked it all out at the time,—but you know perfectly that you need a bit of watching. And I don't like the idea. I want to have a feeling of absolute confidence and stability about the man I marry. I never could live in a state of anxious waiting for him to come home.

Read "Numa" for yourself, and you 'll see the woman's point of view. I 'm not patient or meek or long-suffering in any way, and I 'm a little afraid of what I 'm capable of doing if I have the provocation. My heart has to be in a thing in order to make it work, and, oh, I do so want our marriage to work!

Please forgive me for writing all this. I don't mean that I really think you 'll be a "joy of the street, and sorrow of the home." It 's just that I did n't sleep last night, and I feel sort of hollow behind the eyes.

May the year that 's coming bring good counsel and happiness and tranquillity to both of us!

As ever, S.

January 1.

Dear Judy:

Something terribly sort of queer has happened, and positively I don't know whether it did happen or whether I dreamed it. I 'll tell you from the beginning, and I think it might be as well if you burned this letter; it 's not quite proper for Jervis's eyes.

You remember my telling you the case of Thomas Kehoe, whom we placed out last June? He had an alcoholic heredity on both sides, and as a baby seems to have been fattened on beer instead of milk. He entered the John Grier at the age of nine, and twice, according to his record in the Doomsday Book, he managed to get himself intoxicated, once on beer stolen from some workmen, and once (and thoroughly) on cooking brandy. You can see with what misgivings we placed him out; but we warned the family (hard-working temperate farming-people) and hoped for the best.

Yesterday the family telegraphed that they could keep him no longer. Would I please meet him on the six o'clock train? Turnfelt met the six o'clock train. No boy. I sent a night message telling of his non-arrival and asking for particulars.

I stayed up later than usual last night putting my desk in order and—sort of making up my mind to face the New Year. Toward twelve I suddenly realized that the hour was late and that I was very tired. I had begun getting ready for bed when I was startled by a banging on the front door. I stuck my head out of the window and demanded who was there.

"Tommy Kehoe," said a very shaky voice.

I went down and opened the door, and that lad, sixteen years old, tumbled in, dead drunk. Thank Heaven! Percy Witherspoon was within call, and not away off in the Indian camp! I roused him, and together we conveyed Thomas to our guest-room, the only decently isolated spot in the building. Then I telephoned for the doctor, who, I am afraid, had already had a long day. He came, and we put in a pretty terrible night. It developed afterward that the boy had brought along with his luggage a bottle of liniment belonging to his employer. It was made half of alcohol and half of witch-hazel; and Thomas had refreshed his journey with this!

He was in such shape that positively I did n't think we 'd pull him through—and I hoped we would n't. If I were a physician, I 'd let such cases gently slip away for the good of society; but you should have seen Sandy work! That terrible life-saving instinct of his was aroused, and he fought with every inch of energy he possessed.

I made black coffee, and helped all I could, but the details were pretty messy, and I left the two men to deal with him alone and went back to my room. But I did n't attempt to go to bed; I was afraid they might be wanting me again. Toward four o'clock Sandy came to my library with word that the boy was asleep and that Percy had moved up a cot and would sleep in his room the rest of the night. Poor Sandy looked sort of ashen and haggard and done with life. As I looked at him, I thought about how desperately he worked to save others, and never saved himself, and about that dismal home of his, with never a touch of cheer, and the horrible tragedy in the background of his life. All the rancor I 've been saving up seemed to vanish, and a wave of sympathy swept over me. I stretched my hand out to him; he stretched his out to me. And suddenly—I don't know—something electric happened. In another moment we were in each other's arms. He loosened my hands, and put me down in the big arm-chair. "My God! Sallie, do you think I 'm made of iron?" he said and walked out. I went to sleep in the chair, and when I woke the sun was shining in my eyes and Jane was standing over me in amazed consternation.

This morning at eleven he came back, looked me coldly in the eye without so much as the flicker of an eyelash, and told me that Thomas was to have hot milk

every two hours and that the spots in Maggie Peters's throat must be watched.

Here we are back on our old standing, and positively I don't know but what I dreamed that one minute in the night!

But it would be a piquant situation, would n't it, if Sandy and I should discover that we were falling in love with each other, he with a perfectly good wife in the insane asylum and I with an outraged fiancé in Washington? I don't know but what the wisest thing for me to do is to resign at once and take myself home, where I can placidly settle down to a few months of embroidering "S. McB." on table-cloths, like any other respectable engaged girl.

I repeat very firmly that this letter is n't for Jervis's consumption. Tear it into little pieces and scatter them in the Caribbean.

S.

January 3.

Dear Gordon:

You are right to be annoyed. I know I 'm not a satisfactory love-letter writer. I have only to glance at the published correspondence of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning to realize that the warmth of my style is not up to standard. But you know already—you have known a long time—that I am not a very emotional person. I suppose I might write a lot of such things as: "Every waking moment you are in my thoughts." "My dear boy, I only live when you are near." But it would n't be absolutely true. You don't fill all my thoughts; 107 orphans do that. And I really am quite comfortably alive whether you are here or not. I have to be natural. You surely don't want me to pretend more desolation than I feel. But I do love to see you,—you know that perfectly,—and I am disappointed when you can't come. I fully appreciate all your charming qualities, but, my dear boy, I *can't* be sentimental on paper. I am always thinking about the hotel chambermaid who reads the letters you casually leave on your bureau. You need n't expostulate that you carry them next your heart, for I know perfectly well that you don't.

Forgive me for that last letter if it hurt your feelings. Since I came to this asylum I am extremely touchy on the subject of drink; you would be, too, if you had seen what I have seen. Several of my chicks are the sad result of alcoholic parents, and they are never going to have a fair chance all their lives. You can't look about a place like this without "aye keeping up a terrible thinking."

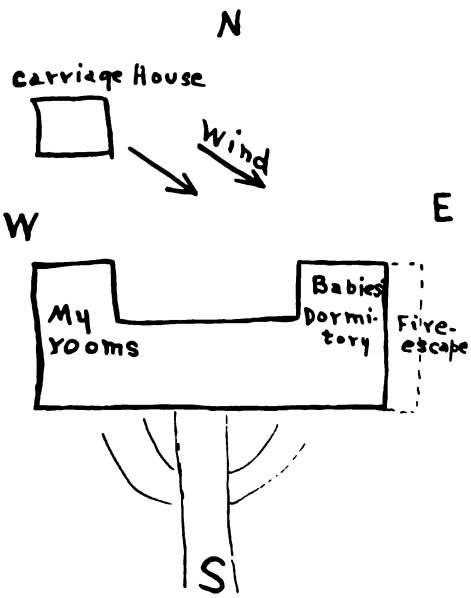
You are right, I am afraid, about it 's being a woman's trick to make a great show of forgiving a man, and then never letting him hear the end of it. Well, Gordon, I positively don't know what the word "forgiving" means. It can't include "forgetting," for that is a physiological process, and does not result from an act of the will. We all have a collection of memories that we would happily lose, but somehow those are just the ones that insist upon sticking. If "forgiving" means promising never to speak of a thing again, I can doubtless manage that. But it is n't always the wisest way to shut an unpleasant memory inside you. It grows and grows, and runs all through you like a poison.

Oh dear! I really did n't mean to be saying all this. I try to be the cheerful, care-free (and somewhat light-headed) Sallie you like best; but I 've come in touch with a great deal of *realness* during this last year, and I 'm afraid I 've grown into a very different person from the girl you fell in love with. I 'm no longer a gay young thing playing with life. I know it pretty thoroughly now, and that means that I can't be always laughing.

I know this is another beastly uncheerful letter,—as bad as the last, and maybe worse,—but if you knew what we 've just been through! A boy—sixteen—of unspeakable heredity has nearly poisoned himself with a disgusting mixture of alcohol and witch-hazel. We have been working three days over him, and are just sure now that he is going to recuperate sufficiently to do it again! "It 's a gude warld, but they 're ill that 's in 't."

Please excuse that Scotch! It slipped out. Please excuse everything!

SALLIE.



January 10.

Dear Judy:

I hope my two cablegrams did n't give you too dreadful a shock. I would have waited to let the first news come by letter, with a chance for details, but I was so afraid you might hear it in some indirect way. The whole thing is dreadful enough, but no lives were lost, and only one serious accident. We can't help shuddering at the thought of how much worse it might have been, with over a hundred sleeping children in this fire-trap of a building. That new fire-escape was absolutely useless. The wind was blowing toward it, and the flames simply enveloped it. We saved them all by the center stairs—but I 'll begin at the beginning, and tell the whole story.

It had rained all day Friday, thanks to a merciful Providence, and the roofs were thoroughly soaked. Toward night it began to freeze, and the rain turned to sleet. By ten o'clock, when I went to bed, the wind was blowing a terrible gale from the northwest, and everything loose about the building was banging and rattling. About two o'clock I suddenly started wide awake, with a bright light in my eyes. I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. The carriage-house was a mass of flames, and a shower of sparks was sweeping over our eastern wing. I ran to the bath-room and leaned out of the window. I could see that the roof over the nursery was already blazing in half a dozen places.

Well, my dear, my heart just simply did n't beat for as much as a minute. I thought of those seventeen babies up under that roof, and I could n't swallow. I finally managed to get my shaking knees to work again, and I dashed back to the hall, grabbing my automobile coat as I ran.

I drummed on Betsy's and Miss Matthew's and Miss Snaith's doors, just as Mr. Witherspoon, who had also been wakened by the light, came tumbling upstairs three steps at a time, struggling into an overcoat as he ran.

"Get all the children down to the dining-room, babies first," I gasped. "I 'll turn in the alarm."

He dashed on up to the third floor while I ran to the telephone—and oh, I thought I 'd never get Central! She was sound asleep.

"The John Grier Home is burning! Turn in the fire-alarm and rouse the village. Give me 505," I said.

In one second I had the doctor. Maybe I was n't glad to hear his cool, unexcited voice!

"We 're on fire!" I cried. "Come quick, and bring all the men you can!"

"I 'll be there in fifteen minutes. Fill the bath-tubs with water and put in blankets." And he hung up.

I dashed back to the hall. Betsy was ringing our fire-bell, and Percy had already routed out his Indian tribes in dormitories B and C.

Our first thought was not to stop the fire, but to get the children to a place of safety. We began in G, and went from crib to crib, snatching a baby and a blanket, and rushing them to the door, and handing them out to the Indians, who lugged them down-stairs. Both G and

F were full of smoke, and the children so dead asleep that we could n't rouse them to a walking state.

Many times during the next hour did I thank Providence—and Percy Witherspoon—for those vociferous fire-drills we have suffered weekly. The twenty-four oldest boys, under his direction, never lost their heads for a second. They divided into four tribes, and sprang to their posts like little soldiers. Two tribes helped in the work of clearing the dormitories and keeping the terrified children in order. One tribe worked the hose from the cupola tank until the firemen came, and the rest devoted themselves to salvage. They spread sheets on the floor, dumped the contents of lockers and bureau drawers into them, and bundled them down the stairs. All of the extra clothes were saved except those the children had actually been wearing the day before, and most of the staff's things. But clothes, bedding—everything belonging to G and F went. The rooms were too full of smoke to make it safe to enter after we had got out the last child.

By the time the doctor arrived with Luellen and two neighbors he had picked up, we were marching the last dormitory down to the kitchen, the most remote corner from the fire. The poor chicks were mainly barefooted and wrapped in blankets; we told them to bring their clothes when we wakened them, but in their fright they thought only of getting out.

By this time the halls were so full of smoke we could scarcely breathe. It looked as though the whole building would go, though the wind was blowing away from my west wing.

Another automobile full of retainers from Knowltop came up almost immediately, and they all fell to fighting the fire. The regular fire department did n't come for ten minutes after that. You see, they have only horses, and we are three miles out, and the roads pretty bad. It was a dreadful night, cold and sleety, and such a wind blowing that you could scarcely stand up. The men climbed out on the roof, and worked in their stocking-feet to keep from slipping off. They beat out the sparks with wet blankets, and chopped, and squirted that tankful of water, and behaved like heroes.

The doctor meanwhile took charge of the children. Our first thought was to get them away to a place of safety, for if the whole building should go, we could n't march them out of doors into that awful wind, with only their night-clothes and blankets for protection. By this time several more automobiles full of men had come, and we requisitioned the cars.

Knowltop had providentially been opened for the week-end in order to entertain a house-party in honor of the old gentleman's sixty-seventh birthday. He was one of the first to arrive, and he put his entire place at our disposal. It was the nearest refuge, and we accepted it instantaneously. We bundled our twenty littlest tots into cars, and ran them down to the house. The guests, who were excitedly dressing in order to come to the fire, received the chicks and tucked them away into their own beds. This pretty well filled up all the available house room, but Mr. Reimer (Mr. Knowltop's family name) has just built a big new stucco barn, with a garage hitched to it, all nicely heated, and ready for us.

After the babies were disposed of in the house, those helpful guests got to work and fixed the barn to receive the next older kiddies. They covered the floor with hay, and spread blankets and carriage robes over it, and bedded down thirty of the children in rows like little calves. Miss Matthews and a nurse went with them, administered hot milk all around, and within half an hour the tots were sleeping as peacefully as in their little cribs.

But meanwhile we at the house were having sensations. The doctor's first question upon arrival had been:

"You 've counted the children? You know they 're all here?"

"We 've made certain that every dormitory was empty before we left it," I replied.

You see, they could n't be counted in

"'Do you think I 'm made of iron?' he said and walked out"

Drawing by Herman Pfeifer

that confusion; twenty or so of the boys were still in the dormitories, working under Percy Witherspoon to save clothing and furniture, and the older girls were sorting over bushels of shoes and trying to fit them to the little ones, who were running about underfoot and wailing dismally.

Well, after we had loaded and despatched about seven car-loads of children, the doctor suddenly called out:

"Where 's Allegra?"

There was a horrified silence. No one had seen her. And then Miss Snaith stood up and *shrieked*. Betsy took her by the shoulders, and shook her into coherence.

It seems that she had thought Allegra was coming down with a cough, and in order to get her out of the cold, had moved her crib from the fresh-air nursery into the store-room—and then forgotten it.

Well, my dear, you know where the store-room is! We simply stared at one another with white faces. By this time the whole east wing was gutted and the third-floor stairs in flames. There did n't seem a chance that the child was still alive. The doctor was the first to move. He snatched up a wet blanket that was lying in a soppy pile on the floor of the hall and sprang for the stairs. We yelled to him to come back. It simply looked like suicide; but he kept on, and disappeared into the smoke. I dashed outside and shouted to the firemen on the roof. The store-room window was too little for a man to go through, and they had n't opened it for fear of creating a draft.

I can't describe what happened in the next agonizing ten minutes. The third-floor stairs fell in with a crash and a burst of flame about five seconds after the doctor passed over them. We had given him up for lost when a shout went up from the crowd on the lawn, and he appeared for an instant at one of those dormer-windows in the attic, and called for the firemen to put up a ladder. Then he disappeared, and it seemed to us that they 'd never get that ladder in place; but they finally did, and two men went up. The opening of the window had created a draft, and they were almost overpowered by the volume of smoke that burst out at the top. After an eternity the doctor appeared again with a white bundle in his arms. He passed it out to the men, and then he staggered back and dropped out of sight!

I don't know what happened for the next few minutes; I turned away and shut my eyes. Somehow or other they got him out and half-way down the ladder, and then they let him slip. You see, he was unconscious from all the smoke he 'd swallowed, and the ladder was slippery with ice and terribly wobbly. Anyway, when I looked again he was lying in a heap on the ground, with the crowd all running, and somebody yelling to give him air. They thought at first he was dead. But Dr. Metcalf from the village examined him, and said his leg was broken, and two ribs, and that aside from that he seemed whole. He was still unconscious when they put him on two of the baby mattresses that had been thrown out of the windows and laid him in the wagon that brought the ladders and started him home.

And the rest of us, left behind, kept right on with the work as though nothing had happened. The queer thing about a calamity like this is that there is so much to be done on every side that you don't have a moment to think, and you don't get any of your values straightened out until afterward. The doctor, without a moment's hesitation, had risked his life to save Allegra. It was the bravest thing I ever saw, and yet the whole business occupied only fifteen minutes out of that dreadful night. At the time it was just an incident.

And he saved Allegra. She came out of that blanket with rumpled hair and a look of pleased surprise at the new game of peek-a-boo. She was smiling! The child's escape was little short of a miracle. The fire had started within three feet of her wall, but owing to the direction of the wind, it had worked away from her.

If Miss Snaith had believed a little more in fresh air and had left the window open, the fire would have eaten back; but fortunately Miss Snaith does not believe in fresh air, and no such thing happened. If Allegra had gone, I never should have forgiven myself for not letting the Bretlands take her, and I know that Sandy would n't.

Despite all the loss, I can't be anything but happy when I think of the two horrible tragedies that have been averted; for seven minutes, while the doctor was penned in that blazing third floor, I lived through the agony of believing them both gone, and I start awake in the night trembling with horror.

But I 'll try to tell you the rest. The firemen and the volunteers—particularly the chauffeur and stablemen from "Knowltop"—worked all night in an absolute frenzy. Our newest negro cook, who is a heroine in her own right, went out and started the laundry fire and made up a boilerful of coffee. It was her own idea. The non-combatants served it to the firemen when they relieved one another for a short rest, and it helped.

We got the remainder of the children off to various hospitable houses, except the older boys, who worked all night as well as any one. It was absolutely inspiring to see the way this entire township turned out and helped. People who have n't appeared to know that the asylum existed came in the middle of the night and put their whole houses at our disposal. They took the children in, gave them hot baths and hot soup, and tucked them into bed. And so far as I can make out, not one of my one hundred and seven chicks is any the worse for hopping about on drenched floors in their bare feet, not even the whooping-cough cases.

It was broad daylight before the fire was sufficiently under control to let us know just what we had saved. I will report that my wing is entirely intact, though a little smoky, and the main corridor is pretty nearly all right up to the center staircase; after that everything is charred and drenched. The east wing is a blackened, roofless shell. Your hated Ward F, dear Judy, is gone forever. I wish that you could obliterate it from your mind as absolutely as it is obliterated from the earth. Both in substance and in spirit the old John Grier is done for.

I must tell you something funny; I never saw so many funny things in my life as happened through that night. When everybody there was in extreme negligée, most of the men in pajamas and ulsters, and all of them without collars, the Hon. Cyrus Wykoff put in a tardy appearance, arrayed as for an afternoon tea. He wore a pearl scarf-pin and white spats! But he really was extremely helpful. He put his entire house at our disposal, and I turned over to him Miss Snaith in a state of hysterics, and her nerves so fully occupied him that he did n't get in our way the whole night through.

I can't write any more details now; I 've never been so rushed in the whole of my life. I 'll just assure you that there 's no slightest reason for you to cut your trip short. Five trustees were on the spot early Saturday morning, and we are all working like mad to get affairs into some semblance of order. Our asylum at the present moment is scattered over the entire township; but don't be unduly anxious. We know where all the children are. None of them is permanently mislaid. I did n't know that perfect strangers could be so kind. My opinion of the human race has gone up.

I have n't seen the doctor. They telegraphed to New York for a surgeon, who set his leg. The break was pretty bad, and will take time; they don't think there are any internal injuries, though he is awfully battered up. As soon as we are allowed to see him I will send more detailed particulars. I really must stop if I am to catch to-morrow's steamer.

Good-by. Don't worry. There are a dozen silver linings to this cloud that I 'll write about to-morrow.

SALLIE.

P.S. Good heavens! here comes an automobile with J. F. Bretland in it!

John Grier Home, January 14.

Dear Judy:

Listen to this! J. F. Bretland read about our fire in a New York paper (I will say that the metropolitan press made the most of details), and he posted up here in a twitter of anxiety. His first question as he tumbled across our blackened threshold was, "Is Allegra safe?"

"Yes," said I.

"Thank God!" he cried, and dropped into a chair. "This is no place for children," he said severely, "and I have come to take her home. I want the boys, too," he added hastily before I had a chance to speak. "My wife and I have talked it over, and we have decided that since we are going to the trouble of starting a nursery, we might as well run it for three as for one."

I led him up to my library, where our little family has been domiciled since the fire, and ten minutes later, when I was called down to confer with the trustees, I left J. F. Bretland with his new daughter on his knee and a son leaning against each arm, the proudest father in the United States.

So, you see, our fire has accomplished one thing: those three children are settled for life. It is almost worth the loss.

But I don't believe I told you how the fire started. There are so many things I have n't told you that my arm aches at the thought of writing them all. Sterry, we have since discovered, was spending the week-end as our guest. After a bibulous evening passed at "Jack's Place," he returned to our carriage-house, climbed in through a window, lighted a candle, made himself comfortable, and dropped asleep. He must have forgotten to put out the candle; anyway, the fire happened, and Sterry just escaped with his life. He is now in the town hospital, bathed in sweet-oil, and painfully regretting his share in our troubles.

I am pleased to learn that our insurance was pretty adequate, so the money loss won't be so tremendous, after all. As for other kinds of loss, there are n't any. Actually, nothing but gain so far as I can make out, barring, of course, our poor smashed-up doctor. Everybody has been wonderful; I did n't know that so much charity and kindness existed in the human race. Did I ever say anything against trustees? I take it back. Four of them posted up from New York the morning after the fire, and all of the local people have been wonderful. Even the Hon. Cy has been so occupied in remaking the morals of the five orphans quartered upon him that he has n't caused any trouble at all.

The fire occurred early Saturday morning, and Sunday the ministers in all the churches called for volunteers to accept in their houses one or two children as guests for three weeks, until the asylum could get its plant into working order again.

It was inspiring to see the response. Every child was disposed of within half an hour. And consider what that means for the future: every one of those families is going to take a personal interest in this asylum from now on. Also, consider what it means for the children. They are finding out how a real family lives, and this is the first time that dozens of them have ever crossed the threshold of a private house.

As for more permanent plans to take us through the winter, listen to all this. The country club has a caddies' club-house which they don't use in winter and which they have politely put at our disposal. It joins our land on the back, and we are fitting it up for fourteen children, with Miss Matthews in charge. Our dining-room and kitchen still being intact, they will come here for meals and school, returning home at night all the better for half a mile walk. "The Pavilion on the Links" we are calling it.

Then that nice motherly Mrs. Wilson, next door to the doctor's,—she who has been so efficient with our little Loretta,—has agreed to take in five more at four dollars a week each. I am leaving with her some of the most promising older girls who have shown housekeeping instincts, and would like to learn cooking on a decently small scale. Mrs. Wilson and

her husband are such a wonderful couple, thrifty and industrious and simple and loving, I think it would do the girls good to observe them. A training class in wifehood!

I told you about the Knowltop people on the east of us, who took in forty-seven youngsters the night of the fire, and how their entire house-party turned themselves into emergency nurse-maids? We relieved them of thirty-six the next day, but they still have eleven. Did I ever call Mr. Knowltop a crusty old curmudgeon? I take it back. I beg his pardon. He 's a sweet lamb. Now, in the time of our need, what do you think that blessed man has done? He has fitted up an empty tenant house on the estate for our babies, has himself engaged an English trained baby-nurse to take charge, and furnishes them with the superior milk from his own model dairy. He says he has been wondering for years what to do with that milk. He can't afford to sell it, because he loses four cents on every quart!

The twelve older girls from dormitory A I am putting into the farmer's new cottage; the poor Turnfelts, who had occupied it just two days, are being shoved on into the village. But they would n't be any good in looking after the children, and I need their room. Three or four of these girls have been returned from foster-homes as intractable, and they require pretty efficient supervision. So what do you think I 've done? Telegraphed to Helen Brooks to chuck the publishers and take charge of my girls instead. You know she will be wonderful with them. She accepted provisionally. Poor Helen has had enough of this irrevocable contract business; she wants everything in life to be on trial!

For the older boys something particularly nice has happened; we have received a gift of gratitude from J. F. Bretland. He went down to thank the doctor for Allegra; they had a long talk about the needs of the institution, and J. F. B. came back and gave me a check for $3000 to build the Indian camps on a substantial scale. He and Percy and the village architect have drawn up plans, and in two weeks, we hope, the tribes will move into winter quarters.

What does it matter if my one hundred and seven children have been burned out, since they live in such a kind-hearted world as this?

Friday.

I suppose you are wondering why I don't vouchsafe some details about the doctor's condition. I can't give any first-hand information, since he won't see me. However, he has seen everybody except me—Betsy, Allegra, Mrs. Livermore, Mr. Bretland, Percy, various trustees; they all report that he is progressing as comfortably as could be expected with two broken ribs and a fractured fibula. That, I believe, is the professional name of the particular leg bone he broke. He does n't like to have a fuss made over him, and he won't pose gracefully as a hero. I myself, as grateful head of this institution, called on several different occasions to present my official thanks, but I was invariably met at the door with word that he was sleeping and did not wish to be disturbed. The first two times I believed Mrs. McGurk; after that—well, I know our doctor! So when it came time to send our little maid to prattle her unconscious good-bys to the man who had saved her life, I despatched her in charge of Betsy.

I have n't an idea what is the matter with the man. He was friendly enough last week, but now, if I want an opinion from him, I have to send Percy to extract it. I do think that he might see me as the superintendent of the asylum, even if he does n't wish our acquaintance to be on a personal basis. There is no doubt about it, our Sandy is Scotch!

LATER.

It is going to require a fortune in stamps to get this letter to Jamaica, but I do want you to know all the news, and we have never had so many exhilarating things happen since 1876, when we were

founded. This fire has given us such a shock that we are going to be more alive for years to come. I believe that every institution ought to be burned to the ground every twenty-five years in order to get rid of old-fashioned equipment and obsolete ideas. I am superlatively glad now that we did n't spend Jervis's money last summer; it would have been intensively tragic to have had that burn. I don't mind so much about John Grier's, since he made it in a patent medicine which, I hear, contained opium.

As to the remnant of us that the fire left behind, it is already boarded up and covered with tar-paper, and we are living along quite comfortably in our portion of a house. It affords sufficient room for the staff and the children's dining-room and kitchen, and more permanent plans can be made later.

Do you perceive what has happened to us? The good Lord has heard my prayer, and the John Grier Home is a cottage institution!

I am,

The busiest person north of the equator,

S. McBride.

John Grier Home, January 16.

Dear Gordon:

Please, please behave yourself, and don't make things harder than they are. It 's absolutely out of the question for me to give up the asylum this instant. You ought to realize that I can't abandon my chicks just when they are so terribly in need of me. Neither am I ready to drop this blasted philanthropy. (You can see how your language looks in my handwriting!)

You have no cause to worry. I am not overworking. I am enjoying it; never was so busy and happy in my life. The papers made the fire out much more lurid than it really was. That picture of me leaping from the roof with a baby under each arm was overdrawn. One or two of the children have sore throats, and our poor doctor is in a plaster cast; but we 're all alive, thank Heaven! and are going to pull through without permanent scars.

I can't write details now; I 'm simply rushed to death. And don't come—please! Later, when things have settled just a little, you and I must have a talk about you and me, but I want time to think about it first.

S.

January 21.

Dear Judy:

Helen Brooks is taking hold of those fourteen fractious girls in a most masterly fashion. The job is quite the toughest I had to offer, and she likes it. I think she is going to be a valuable addition to our staff.

And I forgot to tell you about Punch. When the fire occurred, those two nice women who kept him all summer were on the point of catching a train for California, and they simply tucked him under their arms, along with their luggage, and carried him off. So Punch spends the winter in Pasadena, and I rather fancy he is theirs for good. Do you wonder that I am in an exalted mood over all these happenings?

Later.

Poor bereaved Percy has just been spending the evening with me, because I am supposed to understand his troubles. Why must I be supposed to understand everybody's troubles? It 's awfully wearing to be pouring out sympathy from an empty heart. The poor boy at present is pretty low, but I rather suspect—with Betsy's aid—that he will pull through. He is just on the edge of falling in love with Betsy, but he does n't know it. He 's in the stage now where he 's sort of enjoying his troubles; he feels himself a tragic hero, a man who has suffered deeply. But I notice that when Betsy is about, he offers cheerful assistance in whatever work is toward.

Gordon telegraphed to-day that he is coming to-morrow. I am dreading the interview, for I know we are going to have an altercation. He wrote the day after the fire and begged me to "chuck the

asylum" and get married immediately, and now he 's coming to argue it out. I can't make him understand that a job involving the happiness of one hundred or so children can't be chucked with such charming insouciance. I tried my best to keep him away, but, like the rest of his sex, he 's stubborn. Oh dear, I don't know what 's ahead of us! I wish I could glance into next year for a moment.

The doctor is still in his plaster cast, but I hear is doing well after a grumbly fashion. He is able to sit up a little every day and to receive a carefully selected list of visitors. Mrs. McGurk sorts them out at the door, and repudiates the ones she does n't like.

Good-by. I 'd write some more, but I 'm so sleepy that my eyes are shutting on me. (The idiom is Sadie Kate's.) I must go to bed and get some sleep against the one hundred and seven troubles of tomorrow.

With love to the Pendletons,

S. McB.

January 22.

Dear Judy:

This letter has nothing to do with the John Grier Home. It 's merely from Sallie McBride.

Do you remember when we read Huxley's letters our senior year? That book contained a phrase which has stuck in my memory ever since. "There is always a Cape Horn in one's life that one either weathers or wrecks oneself on." It 's terribly true; and the trouble is that you can't always recognize your Cape Horn when you see it. The sailing is sometimes pretty foggy, and you 're wrecked before you know it.

I 've been realizing of late that I have reached the Cape Horn of my own life. I entered upon my engagement to Gordon honestly and hopefully, but little by little I 've grown doubtful of the outcome. The girl he loves is not the *me* I want to be. It 's the *me* I 've been trying to grow away from all this last year. I 'm not sure she ever really existed. Gordon just imagined she did. Anyway, she does n't exist any more, and the only fair course both to him and to myself was to end it.

We no longer have any interests in common; we are not friends. He does n't comprehend it; he thinks that I am making it up, that all I have to do is to take an interest in his life, and everything will turn out happily. Of course I do take an interest when he 's with me. I talk about the things he wants to talk about, and he does n't know that there 's a whole part of me—the biggest part of me—that simply does n't meet him at any point. I pretend when I am with him. I am not myself, and if we were to live together in constant daily intercourse, I 'd have to keep on pretending all my life. He wants me to watch his face and smile when he smiles and frown when he frowns. He can't realize that I 'm an individual being just as much as he is.

I have social accomplishments. I dress well, I 'm spectacular, I would be an ideal hostess in a politician's household—and that 's why he likes me.

Anyway, I suddenly saw with awful distinctness that if I kept on I 'd be in a few years where Helen Brooks is. She 's a far better model of married life for me to contemplate just this moment than you, dear Judy. I think that such a spectacle as you and Jervis are a menace to society. You look so happy and peaceful and companionable that you induce a defenseless on-looker to rush off and snap up the first man she meets—and he 's always the wrong man.

Anyway, Gordon and I have quarreled definitely and finally. I should rather have ended without a quarrel, but considering his temperament,—and mine, too, I must confess,—we had to go off in a big smoky explosion. He came yesterday afternoon, after I 'd written him not to come, and we went walking over Knowltop. For three and a half hours we paced back and forth over that windy moor and discussed ourselves to the bottommost recesses of our beings. No one can ever say the break came through misunderstanding each other!

It ended by Gordon's going, never to return. As I stood there at the end and watched him drop out of sight over the brow of the hill, and realized that I was free and alone and my own master, well, Judy, such a sense of joyous relief, of freedom, swept over me! I can't tell you; I don't believe any happily married person could ever realize how wonderfully, beautifully *alone* I felt. I wanted to throw my arms out and embrace the whole waiting world that belonged suddenly to me. Oh, it is such a relief to have it settled! I faced the truth the night of the fire when I saw the old John Grier go, and realized that a new John Grier would be built in its place and that I would n't be here to do it. A horrible jealousy clutched at my heart. I could n't give it up, and during those agonizing moments while I thought we had lost our doctor, I realized what his life meant, and how much more significant than Gordon's. And I knew then that I could n't desert him; I had to go on and carry out all of the plans we made together.

I don't seem to be telling you anything but a mess of words, I am so full of such a mess of crowding emotions; I want to talk and talk and talk myself into coherence. But, anyway, I stood alone in the winter twilight, and I took a deep breath of clear cold air, and I felt beautifully, wonderfully, electrically free; and then I ran and leaped and skipped down the hill and across the pastures toward our iron confines, and I sang to myself. Oh, it was a scandalous proceeding, when, according to all precedent, I should have gone trailing home with a broken wing. I never gave one thought to poor Gordon, who was carrying a broken, bruised, betrayed heart to the railroad station.

As I entered the house I was greeted by the joyous clatter of the children trooping to their supper. They were suddenly *mine*, and lately, as my doom became more and more imminent, they had seemed fading away into little strangers. I seized the three nearest and hugged them hard. I have suddenly found such new life and exuberance, I feel as though I had been released from prison and were free. I feel,—oh, I 'll stop,—I just want you to know the truth. Don't show Jervis this letter, but tell him what 's in it in a decently subdued and mournful fashion.

It 's midnight now, and I 'm going to try to go to sleep. It 's wonderful not to be going to marry some one you don't want to marry. I 'm glad of all these children's needs, I 'm glad of Helen Brooks, and, yes, of the fire, and everything that has made me see clearly. There 's never been a divorce in my family, and they would have hated it.

I know I 'm horribly egotistical and selfish; I ought to be thinking of poor Gordon's broken heart. But really it would just be a pose if I pretended to be very sorrowful. He 'll find some one else with just as conspicuous hair as mine, who will make just as effective a hostess, and who won't be bothered by any of these damned modern ideas about public service and woman's mission and all the rest of the tomfoolery the modern generation of women is addicted to. (I paraphrase, and soften our young man's heartbroken utterances.)

Good-by, dear people. How I wish I could stand with you on your beach and look across the blue, blue sea! I salute the Spanish main.

Addio!

SALLIE.

January 27.

Dear Dr. MacRae:

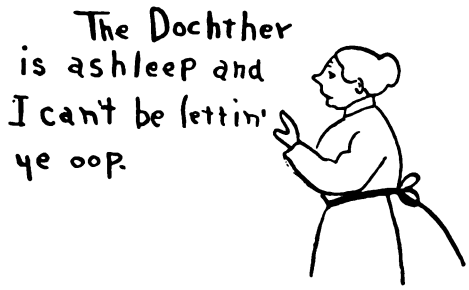
I wonder if this note will be so fortunate as to find you awake? Perhaps you are not aware that I have called four times to offer thanks and consolation in my best bedside manner? I am touched by the news that Mrs. McGurk's time is entirely occupied in taking in flowers and jelly and chicken broth, given by the adoring ladies of the parish to the ungracious hero in a plaster cast. I know that you find a cap of homespun more comfortable than a halo, but I really do think that you might have regarded me in a different light from the hysterical ladies

in question. You and I used to be friends (intermittently), and though there are one or two details in our past intercourse that might better be expunged, still I don't see why we should let them upset our entire relationship. Can't we be sensible and expunge them?

The fire has brought out such a lot of unexpected kindliness and charity, I wish it might bring out a little from you. You see, Sandy, I know you well. You may pose to the world as being gruff and curt and ungracious and scientific and inhuman and S C O T C H , but you can't fool me. My newly trained psychological eye has been upon you for ten months, and I have applied the Binet test. You are really kind and sympathetic and wise and forgiving and big, so please be at home the next time I come to see you, and we will perform a surgical operation upon Time and amputate five months.

Do you remember the Sunday afternoon we ran away, and what a nice time we had? It is now the day after that.

SALLIE MCBRIDE.



P.S. If I condescend to call upon you again, please condescend to see me, for I assure you I won't try more than once! Also, I assure you that I won't drip tears on your counterpane or try to kiss your hand, as I hear one admiring lady did.

John Grier Home, Thursday.

Dear Enemy:

You see, I 'm feeling very friendly toward you this moment. When I call you "MacRae" I don't like you, and when I call you "Enemy" I do.

Sadie Kate delivered your note (as an afterthought). And it 's a very creditable production for a left-handed man; I thought at first glance it was from Punch.

You may expect me to-morrow at four, and mind you 're awake! I 'm glad that you think we 're friends. Really, I feel that I 've got back something quite precious which I had carelessly mislaid.

S. McB.

P.S. Java caught cold the night of the fire and he has the toothache. He sits and holds his cheek like a poor little kiddie.

Thursday, January 29.

Dear Judy:

Those must have been ten terribly incoherent pages I dashed off to you last week. Did you respect my command to destroy that letter? I should not care to have it appear in my collected correspondence. I know that my state of mind is disgraceful, shocking, scandalous, but one really can't help the way one feels. It is usually considered a pleasant sensation to be engaged, but, oh, it is nothing compared with the wonderful untrammeled, joyous, free sensation of being un-engaged! I have had a terribly unstable feeling these last few months, and now at last I am settled. No one ever looked forward to spinsterhood more thankfully than I.

Our fire, I have come to believe, was providential. It was sent from heaven to clear the way for a new John Grier. We are already deep in plans for cottages. I favor gray stucco, Betsy leans to brick, and Percy, half-timber. I don't know what our poor doctor would prefer; olive green with a mansard roof appears to be his taste.

With ten different kitchens to practise in, won't our children learn how to cook! I am already looking about for ten loving house mothers to put in charge. I think, in fact, I 'll search for eleven, in order to have one for Sandy. He 's as pathetically in need of a little mothering as any of the chicks. It must be pretty dispiriting to come home every night to the ministrations of Mrs. McGur-rk.

How I do not like that woman! She has with complacent firmness told me four different times that the dochther was ashleep and not wantin' to be dishturbed. I have n't set eyes on him yet, and I have just about finished being polite. However, I will waive judgment until to-morrow at four, when I am to pay a short, unexciting call of half an hour. He made the appointment himself, and if she tells me again that he is ashleep, I shall give her a gentle push and tip her over (she 's very fat and unstable) and, planting a foot firmly on her stomach, pursue my way tranquilly in and up. Luellen, formerly chauffeur, chambermaid, and gardener, is now also trained nurse. I am eager to see how he looks in a white cap and apron.

The mail has just come, with a letter from Mrs. Bretland, telling how happy they are to have the children. She inclosed their first photograph—all packed in a governess cart, with Clifford proudly holding the reins, and a groom at the pony's head. How is that for three late inmates of the John Grier Home? It 's all very inspiring when I think of their futures, but a trifle sad when I remember their poor father, and how he worked himself to death for those three chicks who are going to forget him. The Bretlands will do their best to accomplish that. They are jealous of any outside influence and want to make the babies wholly theirs. After all, I think the natural way is best—for each family to produce its own children, and keep them.

Friday.

I saw the doctor to-day. He 's a pathetic sight, consisting mostly of bandages. Somehow or other we got our misunderstandings all made up. Is n't it dreadful the way two human beings, both endowed with fair powers of speech, can manage to convey nothing of their psychological processes to each other? I have n't understood his mental attitude from the first, and he even yet does n't understand mine. This grim reticence that we Northern people struggle so hard to maintain! I don't know after all but that the excitable Southern safety-valve method is the best.

But, Judy, such a dreadful thing—do you remember last year when he visited that psychopathic institution, and stayed ten days, and I made such a silly fuss about it? Oh, my dear, the impossible things I do! He went to attend his wife's funeral. She died there in the institution. Mrs. McGurk knew it all the time, and might have added it to the rest of her news, but she did n't.

He told me all about her, very sweetly. The poor man for years and years has undergone a terrible strain, and I fancy her death is a blessed relief. He confesses that he knew at the time of his marriage that he ought not to marry her, he knew all about her nervous instability; but he thought, being a doctor, that he could overcome it, and she was beautiful! He gave up his city practice and came to the country on her account. And then after the little girl's birth she went all to pieces, and he had to "put her away," to use Mrs. McGurk's phrase. The child is six now, a sweet, lovely little thing to look at, but, I judge from what he said, quite abnormal. He has a trained nurse with her always. Just think of all that tragedy looming over our poor patient good doctor, for he is patient, despite being the most impatient man that ever lived!

Thank Jervis for his letter. He 's a dear man, and I 'm glad to see him getting his deserts. What fun we are going to have when you get back to Shadywell, and we lay our plans for a new John Grier! I feel as though I had spent this past year learning, and am now just ready to begin. We 'll turn this into the nicest orphan-asylum that ever lived. I 'm so absurdly happy at the prospect that I start in the morning with a spring, and go about my various businesses singing inside.

The John Grier Home sends its blessing to the two best friends it ever had!

Addio!

SALLIE.

John Grier Home, Saturday at
half-past six in the morning!

My dearest Enemy:

"Some day soon something nice is going to happen."

Were n't you surprised when you woke up this morning and remembered the truth? I was! I could n't think for about two minutes what made me so happy.

It 's not light yet, but I 'm wide awake and excited and having to write to you. I shall despatch this note by the first to-be-trusted little orphan who appears, and it will go up on your breakfast tray along with your oatmeal.

I shall follow *very promptly* at four o'clock this afternoon. Do you think Mrs. McGurk will ever countenance the scandal if I stay two hours, and no orphan for a chaperon?

It was in all good faith, Sandy, that I promised not to kiss your hand or drip tears on the counterpane, but I 'm afraid I did both—or worse! Positively, I did n't suspect how much I cared for you till I crossed the threshold and saw you propped up against the pillows, all covered with bandages, and your hair singed off. You are a sight! If I love you now, when fully one third of you is in plaster of Paris and surgical dressing, you can imagine how I 'm going to love you when it 's all you!

But my dear, dear Robin, what a foolish man you are! How should I ever have dreamed all these months that you were caring for me when you acted so abominably SCOTCH? With most men, behavior like yours would not be considered a mark of affection. I wish you had just given me a glimmering of an idea of the truth, and maybe you would have saved us both a few heartaches.

But we must n't be looking back; we must look forward and be grateful. The two happiest things in life are going to be ours, a *friendly* marriage and work that we love.

Yesterday, after leaving you, I walked back to the asylum sort of dazed. I wanted to get by myself and *think,* but instead of being by myself, I had to have Betsy and Percy and Mrs. Livermore for dinner (already invited) and then go down and talk to the children. Friday night—social evening. They had a lot of new records for the phonograph, given by Mrs. Livermore, and I had to sit politely and listen to them. And, my dear—you 'll think this funny—the last thing they played was "John Anderson, my jo, John,' and suddenly I found myself crying! I had to snatch up the nearest orphan and hug her hard, with my head buried in her shoulder, to keep them all from seeing.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
  We 've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter doun, John,
  But hand in hand we 'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
  John Anderson, my jo.

I wonder, when we are old and bent and tottery, can you and I look back, with no regrets, on mony a canty day we 've had wi' ane anither? It 's nice to look forward to, is n't it—a life of work and play and little daily adventures side by side with somebody you love? I 'm not afraid of the future any more. I don't mind growing old with you, Sandy. "Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in."

The reason I 've grown to love these orphans is because they need me so, and

that 's the reason—at least one of the reasons—I 've grown to love you. You 're a pathetic figure of a man, my dear, and since you won't make yourself comfortable, you must be *made* comfortable.

We 'll build a house on the hillside just beyond the asylum—how does a yellow Italian villa strike you, or preferably a pink one? Anyway, it won't be green. And it won't have a mansard roof. And we 'll have a big cheerful living-room, all fireplace and windows and view, and no McGURK. Poor old thing! won't she be in a temper and cook you a dreadful dinner when she hears the news! But we won't tell her for a long, long time—or anybody else. It 's too scandalous a proceeding right on top of my own broken engagement. I wrote to Judy last night, and with unprecedented self-control I never let fall so much as a hint. I 'm growing Scotch mysel'!

Perhaps I did n't tell you the exact truth, Sandy, when I said I had n't known how much I cared. I think it came to me the night the John Grier burned. When you were up under that blazing roof, and for the half hour that followed, when we did n't know whether or not you would live, I can't tell you what agonies I went through. It seemed to me, if you did go, that I would never get over it all my life; that somehow to have let the best friend I ever had pass away with a dreadful chasm of misunderstanding between us—well—I could n't wait for the moment when I should be allowed to see you and talk out all that I have been shutting inside me for five months. And then—you know that you gave strict orders to keep me out; and it hurt me dreadfully. How should I suspect that you really wanted to see me more than any of the others, and that it was just that terrible Scotch moral sense that was holding you back? You are a very good actor, Sandy. But, my dear, if ever in our lives again we have the tiniest little cloud of a misunderstanding, let 's promise not to shut it up inside ourselves, but to *talk*.

Last night, after they all got off,—early, I am pleased to say, since the chicks no longer live at home,—I came up-stairs and finished my letter to Judy, and then I looked at the telephone and struggled with temptation. I wanted to call up 505 and say good night to you. But I did n't dare. I 'm still quite respectably bashful! So, as the next best thing to talking with you, I got out Burns and read him for an hour. I dropped asleep with all those Scotch love-songs running in my head, and here I am at daybreak writing them to you.

Good-by, Robin lad, I lo'e you weel.

SALLIE.

THE END

Open-air Schools for Normal Children

By HAZEL H. ADLER

Lead your child out into Nature. Tutor him on the hilltop and in the valley. There will he listen better, and the sense of freedom will give him more strength to overcome difficulties.—PESTALOZZI.

THE responsibility for education has gradually been shifting from the shoulders of the individual child to those of the physician and the educator. The dunce-cap has been relegated to the scrap-heap. Backwardness is no longer considered a disgrace or misdemeanor, but the result of specific physical causes. We have learned to deal scientifically and sympathetically with the defective and the delinquent, to act with chivalry toward the weak and the unfit; but the rights of the great majority of average children, which have clamored less dramatically for our comprehension, have been left groping on the way.

Fresh air and freedom are theoretically recognized as the heritage of childhood. But the fact remains that, proportionately as the preventive and curative properties of the open air have been more and more widely demonstrated in medicine, it has come to be excluded in a greater and greater degree from the ventilation of our school-rooms, to be replaced by an increasingly complex mechanical system, until to open a window in winter is to discredit the entire system. At the same time we have been forcing our children to sit for long hours at their desks in a closed school-room, with a growing burden of extra work to keep them confined at home, so that all that is left them of their heritage must be crowded into one or two hours at the fag-end of day.

The open-air school movement for sickly and anemic children, which has taken deep root in Germany, England, and America, with its emphasis on the physical basis of mentality and its simplification and vitalization of the school curriculum, has done more to open the eyes of interested people to some of the misconceptions of our common education than ten or twenty years of gradual evolution. Designed to meet the requirements of special classes, open-air schools have come to bear in themselves a formidable challenge to the old and established order, and to point the way definitely to the accomplishment of certain ideals in education that have long been trembling on the brink of perception.

The original experiment was undertaken eleven years ago in a vast wood on the outskirts of the town of Charlottenburg, Germany. The children were chosen from among those in the public schools whose mental retardation seemed due to physical debility, and the object was primarily to build up their bodies while affording them an opportunity to learn at the same time, if possible.

The buildings consisted of rude sheds open to the air on one, two, and three sides. The children came at eight o'clock in the morning, and were kept well fed and clean. Instruction was reduced to the most practical and necessary subjects, and was given in half-hour periods, with five-minute intervals for exercise between. The actual study covered only a stretch of two consecutive hours, the rest of the day being given over to teaching the children how to observe and use their powers of reasoning and adaptation.

Excursions were made in connection with geography, history, and nature

study. There was a great deal of rough handwork which exercised the coarser muscles, and some pottery, weaving, and drawing to gain control of the finer ones. Their arithmetic was related to the laying out of gardens and practical problems in measuring and building; they were taught the care of their bodies and of animals; and were themselves made to participate in the actual running of the school through the performance of duties that usually fell to servants and teachers.

An improvement in weight, vitality, reliability, and good temper was rapidly apparent, and some cases were entirely cured of incipient disease. These results, however, were not a matter of great surprise; but what was surprising was the fact that these children, while devoting to schoolwork somewhat less than half as much time as their companions in the regular schools, did not fall back in their studies, but were easily able to rejoin the classes they had left.

Of course the application of this educational idea to public-school methods of instruction involves changes so deep-seated and revolutionary that it can be approached only gradually and after many readjustments; but meanwhile the volume of fresh air in the world remains unlimited and readily accessible to those who can appreciate its value.

School practice, in its attempt to adjust itself to the tremendous strides in popular education, has been hampered by many conventions, the consequences of which have come to be regarded as more or less axiomatical, and received with a surprising amount of philosophic acceptance.

The stuffy school-room is proverbial. A person who is not accustomed to remaining in one for any length of time invariably experiences a feeling of relief in getting out into the air again, even when the room has been ventilated after the most approved methods. If it affects adults apathetically, what must its effect be on children, who are subjected to it as a matter of course?

In city schools the absence of color is pronounced in the children. Colds and contagious diseases are prevalent in winter, and there is so much fatigue at the end of the day that studies demanding mental acumen must be placed at the beginning of the program. All school-children are usually in poorer condition at the end of the term, and the mental and physical breakdowns and a susceptibility to disease at the adolescent period seem to be alarmingly increasing. Teachers suffer likewise. They are worn out at the end of the day from the high nervous tension and the wracking problems of discipline, and in poor health at the end of the year.

"Studies of air conditions in the classrooms for normal children," says Dr. Woodruff, Medical Inspector of the New York Public Schools, "revealed the fact that in most of them, as measured by present ventilating standards, they were very good. Yet the fact remained that teachers and children seemed to become 'run down' during the winter, while children already subnormal physically improved in the fresh-air classes for anemic children, and that the teachers in these classes reported themselves in much better condition at the end of the school year than prior to taking the classes."

Physicians are almost unanimously advocating the policy, which has proved effective in the treatment of the anemic classes, of throwing open the school-room windows winter and summer; of turning off the artificial ventilation and all but a little of the heat; of allowing the children to wear their outer garments if they desire, creating their own animal heat through physical exercise.

The first experiment of this kind was undertaken six years ago by Mr. Watt, principal of the Graham School, Chicago, with excellent results. Subsequently the idea was utilized in the reconstruction of the buildings of a large and modern high school in a suburb of Chicago, and it was discovered that the standard of scholarship among the students increased thirty per cent., while the expenses for fuel and current were decreased three thousand dollars. It has been found particularly advantageous in kindergartens throughout

the Middle West, and in some towns in Michigan has been adopted throughout the entire public-school system.

New York City, however; has put out the most concentrated effort in this direction. In the last three years the idea of these classes has been steadily increasing in favor, until now there are a hundred of them distributed over the schools of Manhattan and Brooklyn, with unanimity of impression enough to be highly suggestive.

One New York teacher reports:

Children much brighter, more active, and more responsive. Self very much stronger, appetite improved. Never feel so tired and exhausted at the end of day as I did formerly. Would not wish to give up open-window class under any circumstance while possible to keep it.

Another states:

For the last few years I have been troubled with tonsilitis. This year, not at all. The effect on some of the children has been very marked. A few of my children were out a great deal last year on account of coughs and colds. Very rarely have the children had colds this year in the same class.

Beside the physical improvement, the gain in mental ability is fairly well established. Mr. Watt found that the Graham School children learned much faster and better, and in several cases classes were ready for promotion in a little more than half a year. In New York the temptation has been prevalent to turn them into rapid-advancement classes, which, of course, has been discouraged.

Discipline also seems to have been rendered easier, on account, no doubt, of the necessity of allowing greater freedom in moving about the classroom, and because some of the physical causes of restlessness and irritation were removed.

Of course any movement which breaks in upon long-established precedence has to run the gantlet of opposition from all sides, some objections reasonable and some only superficially so, and there is always a danger that in the hands of well-meaning, but injudicious, people the measure may be made to defeat its own end. Also, certain combinations of circumstances have tended to bring about better results than others. Upholding it, however, we have several years' experience, the medical profession, and some of the foremost educators of the day; but the contribution of the open-air school to education has not been solely one of hygiene.

Francisco Ferrer, the educational martyr of the century, wrote a few years before his death:

Almost everywhere children still study text-books on grammar, arithmetic, and history by heart. That is to say, that a child's memory is exclusively advanced, instead of his intelligence being solicited. Hardly ever, even when it is easy to do so, is the living reality approached. A few yards away from the threshold of the school-house grass is springing, flowers are blooming, insects hum against the classroom window-pane, but the children are studying natural-history text-books!

The education of the passing generation has been breathless in its endeavor to keep up with the ever-widening field of possibility. It has seemed necessary for one to know everything, so that no branch which might prove useful should be omitted. But the phantom we have been chasing has proved elusive; just as we are about to grasp it, it bursts out in a hundred new directions, and keeps us, foot-sore and weary, ever stumbling on.

There have been some pioneers, however, who have realized these efforts to be futile, discouraging, and misdirected. Since one can never hope to master all the branches of knowledge, they have perceived the necessity of restoring to educational processes that wholeness which enables one to meet and conquer the emergencies of life, and which comes only when all the physical and mental phases of the growing child are sympathetically included in the range of instruction.

Quietly and perseveringly, some private schools have been for several years testing both from its physical and psychological point of view the value of outdoor education for normal children.

Schools have so long been associated in our minds with large buildings, and education with formal classes, curriculum, and routine, that they have come to be confused with the process of learning itself. The open-air school movement has been directed away from formal and textbook knowledge, toward the cultivation of the *power* of the mind, of independence and of intellectual poise, so that the child, well equipped, can set out by himself to discover the road to the world's glorious possibilities. Borrowing from Pestalozzi and all the great educators from Erasmus to Ellen Key, they have sent the child out into nature, and utilized his sense of freedom to give him the desire and strength to overcome the impediments which the giant Knowledge puts in the way of tiny, groping feet.

In the city, the favorite locations of private open-air schools are on roofs, in public parks, and in back-yard gardens.

Seven stories above the city street, with a view of the breadth of Manhattan Island and a good stretch of its length, the little open-air pupils of the Horace Mann School are being initiated into a process of live education. There the children study the wind and weather changes at first hand; there they watch the sun and the rain, and keep close tabs on the weather prophet. In little garden-boxes they plant their nature-study seeds, and care for the tiny shoots day by day. In the sand-box they make their geography maps and primitive villages. They wear woolly little bags and hoods at their desks, but they much prefer warming up by exercise in the adjoining play-yard, because it 's such fun to use your wits jumping puddles and clearing away the snow.

The parks of Boston, Chicago, and New York are dotted here and there in the morning hours with groups of teachers and children learning and playing together.

The founder of "The New York Outdoor School" believed that children turned as naturally to the out-of-doors as a flower turns to the sun. Restlessness and inattention seemed to her due to the child's thoughts wandering out of the window to the place where he wanted to be. With his mind at ease and his body freed from restraint, gaining his interest and concentration no longer became a problem.

The school has access to a large room in which it meets in inclement weather, but every fair day the children are seen pulling their loaded express-wagon across the street to the Natural History Museum Park, where they do their sums on the sidewalk, hold their reading-class on some logs in a shady corner, play games to cultivate their sense of sound and feeling, or carry out the directions of their drawing-lesson on their movable chart. Nestled at the foot of one of the city's most classic fountains, the story class affords many a passer-by a pleasurable moment.

In a bright sunlit garden, with rabbits and all manner of growing things, the Child Garden of the School of Mothercraft flourishes. Here children and mothers come to school together, or else the little school goes traveling to the zoo, the aquarium, the park, or the museum.

In suburbs of large cities there is a particularly good field for the open-air school. Plots of ground are usually available there for various out-of-door activities, and there are always sufficient children in the neighborhood to form the nucleus of a school. The Misses Mills School at Mount Airy, Pennsylvania, represents a modernly equipped and well-developed example of this type.

Every class is carried on in a pavilion with sliding-doors and transom windows, kept open winter and summer. Between every recitation period there is time for a short run in the open. Physical manual work is emphasized, and the children make in their shop a great many of the things that are used in the school. They also bind their own books, make the armor and costumes used in their festivals, care for

their gardens, and recently the kindergarten has hatched a whole brood of chickens, with which they are delightfully sharing quarters.

Ultimately, however, the country, with its limitless possibilities for human activity and experience, must be recognized as the particular province of childhood.

California has always made the most of her climate and verdure for bungalow schools filled with outdoor life, and the movement has been sweeping east, finding idyllic tarrying-places in Maryland and Virginia, to the New England coast.

In a broad expanse on the edge of the Connecticut valley, an experiment in *man* and *woman making* has been going on for the last five years. It is known by the name of "The Little School in the Woods" and has as its patron that beloved friend of children, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton.

The school work is carried on under the broad expanse of heaven on ground which is rich in the fundamental elements of nature. "Ancient trees, glacier rocks, many, many kinds of wild flowers, water running in a stream, little wild wood animals,—and some domestic ones,—birds, and a broad sweep of sky"—all enter into the daily lessons of these fortunate children, and from these they study the various branches of natural science, learning the things of heaven and earth at first hand.

These studies are linked with regular graded lessons, but always, when it is possible, the deed is supplied for the written word. History is acted out over and over again in this peaceful valley: Washington crosses the Delaware with a fleet of canoes, and Paul Revere comes riding down the road at regular intervals to notify the Concord farmers to protect their homes.

When a boy or girl enters the school he learns that it is a place not alone of work, but a place to be happy; and in order to be happy one must always bear his share of the responsibility for the happiness of others.

The purpose of the school is to educate by living *with* the children, is the thought of the kindly interpreter, "by enjoying what they enjoy, by showing them how to enjoy what we like, by teaching them how to cultivate their happiness, their intelligence, their skill, by accepting with them and with their enthusiasm the common life and its wonderful procession of creative events from day to day."

And does a child really *learn* in these circumstances? is the query of those who are seeking an early fulfilment of college requirements for their children.

In this regard, the results of the private open-air schools only confirm those of the Charlottenburg experiment, and demonstrate strikingly the economic value of more play and better work.

The Outdoor School

Story class nestled at the foot of one of the city's most classic fountains

The Horace Mann open-air school

Washington crossing the Delaware with a fleet of canoes

A walk between classes at the Mount Airy School

Planting bulbs in autumn at The Little School in the Woods

The outdoor school. A lesson on trees in a city park

"The school is carried on under the broad expanse of heaven"

"After a steep ascent they found themselves on a rocky table"

Drawn
By
Everett Shinn

The Highest Power

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Illustration by Everett Shinn

IT was a matter of chance that I, a much older man, knew Vivian Nevers so well, and I want to tell her story; for it leads not only to certain interesting speculations concerning the heart of woman, but others as well—whether, for instance, the cherishing of any ideal day in and day out, even if the ideal in itself seems one which we have pigeonholed as "unworthy," does not form some impregnable fastness in the soul.

When Vivian was eighteen I got a glimpse of the inner heart of her, which burned with such a cold and yet impassioned fire, when a group of young people in a house party were telling what they asked of life. The girls, Vivian among them, were débutantes, the men, quite young; I, the only older one, was there because I was an old friend of Vivian's mother. They all babbled forth what they wanted like clamorous, greedy, spoiled children writing letters to Santa Claus.

Vivian was the only one who did n't talk. When they appealed to her she smiled vaguely at them and said she did n't know yet what she did want.

The group broke up, and she and I were left alone. She was absorbed in her own thoughts; very intense she looked as she let her gaze travel far out into the night. As I looked at her, the purposefulness of her pose and the intentness of her expression made me realize that I had really never seen her before, that in some subtle way she had always been on her guard. I reflected, too, that she was so very beautiful that her beauty would forever serve her as a complete disguise if she chose; for there is no greater disguise for a woman's true nature than beauty, and almost no greater barrier between her and the comprehension of man. Let her beauty be only great enough, and her lovers will not seek to know who she is, but each one will imagine her the woman of his dreams, and she herself may remain unknown and unloved all her days.

"Why did n't you tell them what you want, Vivian?" I asked her at last. "You know well enough, don't you?" She turned slowly toward me and looked at me with somber eyes, very speculating eyes, as though she were searching me through and through.

"Yes, I know what I want," she said at last. I waited for her to go on, but she did n't speak. She was stronger than I, for I spoke first:

"What is it?" I asked her.

"Power," she answered. She seemed then very earnest and very young.

"Power?" I echoed with middle-aged stupidity. "The high places of the earth?"

She nodded very gravely and looked straight at me, and suddenly the youthfulness of her was lost in the passion I read in her eyes. I saw that she had in her, eating at her heart, an unquenchable desire. I had no further temptation to smile at her youthfulness; I had never had, even when I was young, so impassioned an ambition toward anything as that I felt in her.

"How do you mean to get what you want?" I asked her next.

"There 's only one way for me, and that 's through marriage."

"You may find the price high," I suggested. "What if it goes against your heart?"

"At least I shall get a *man* this way," she flamed at me, "while the other way I sha'n't be able to tell. I don't see any

of them able to tell—the ones who marry for what they call love."

We talked a long time that night. I can't tell you how completely she convinced me that she had in her the peculiar talent from which her ambition sprang. She wanted to be near the heart of life and see the great people of the world and shape her own place in the world of affairs. She wanted power and responsibility. She had no young cynicism about love, but in her own case she counted on her ambition outweighing any upflashing of instinct. It is hard to conceive of a conversation like this with a miss of eighteen not having its element of the ridiculous, but I never had a conversation that more completely escaped it. She did n't say she would achieve what she wanted; she only said she intended to try for it with all her intensity. That she looked the part of a great lady so well, I saw, made it possible.

It was six years before I saw her again except for unimportant moments. We never referred to our conversation, but we always met as close friends. The Neverses did n't need to do that distasteful and devious thing known as "climbing." She went everywhere; was presented at court in England. I heard of her as much courted in Italy. Meantime I noticed that it was Mrs. Nevers and not Vivian of whom people spoke as ambitious. I even heard Vivian referred to as a "sweet girl." During that house party I had seen that the girl already had in her mother an unconscious tool. The latter was immensely proud of her daughter and seemed, if you can put it that way, vaguely appalled by her. She had even then sensed a purpose and a hardness of fiber in the girl that she did n't in the least understand.

I heard two things of her that made me believe that she had remained true to her purpose. One was the affair of David VanVoorhis. His family did n't call Vivian sweet. They said she had played with David and broken his heart. I wondered when I met him if she had n't broken her own as well, to such an extent had he the quality of charm. I did n't see how any girl he seriously cared for could keep from falling in love with him, he had so much simplicity and fineness. I think he would have made any one else but Vivian happy. He had almost everything any woman could ask of a man, including money and position, as position goes in this country, but Vivian had plucked him out of her heart.

The next thing was her affair with a prince of royal blood. The affair rang through Europe. It seemed for a moment as though this prize was hers. It seemed for a moment as if his desire combined with her grace and beauty would triumph over the inevitable obstacles to such a marriage. He was too near the throne for their marriage to be made without all sorts of compromises. With all Europe wondering whether tradition or this romantic and beautiful young couple would win, Vivian withdrew from the scene. She withdrew while there still seemed to be possibilities left on her side. She must have calculated every chance and seen that the sort of victory she wanted could n't possibly be hers. So she quietly and with the utmost dignity departed. And she would never see him again.

This made her an international figure. Every one in America knew who Vivian Nevers was, so did every one in Europe. Her attitude in the whole affair left her with public opinion tremendously on her side, but a worldly old woman said to me:

"I call Marion Mrs. Now-or-Never, for this next year is the time for her to make any sort of a match she wants for Vivian—except a royal one."

With a proper sense of proportion the Neverses were seen about very little for some time, and then it was in America. They had been traveling and visiting very quietly abroad, and it was there they met Haldane.

I met the Neverses again on their return and I met Haldane at the same time. When I saw him I remembered Vivian's words of six years ago, "At least he will be a man."

Haldane was all of that. He could give his wife everything there was to be given in England provided she could take it. He was so placed that this side of a misalliance his wife could hurt him but little, while the right kind of woman could help him as can the wives of public men in Europe. I don't think he considered that side of it at all, for he seemed to me in a deep, still sort of way to be very much in love.

It was at that moment McAndrew appeared on the scene.

"I 've come up here to meet Vivian Nevers," he told me. "I heard she was here, and since I was so near I came." Chance and purpose had always walked hand in hand with McAndrew. "The cool way she managed that affair of hers always interested me," he explained.

I looked at him, and it struck me, as it always had with him, that his air of power was too obvious to be pleasant. It gave him the effect of being some force of nature. It emphasized itself in his heavy neck, in the quick intensity of his glance, in his expression, slightly lowering and heavy despite its look of easy humor. It showed itself in the carriage of his head, bent forward a little as though he were about to charge, and in the snapping-turtle quality of his mouth.

The second day after he came, he said:

"I 'm going to marry Vivian Nevers."

"Has she said so?" I inquired.

"Not yet, but I think she must know she 's going to."

"She 's as good as engaged to Haldane," I remonstrated.

"I 'm the better man," he announced—"the better man for her purpose, I mean; there will be further horizons with me," he added.

Indeed, beside the power McAndrew might hope to have,—the almost limitless power of money,—Haldane's position seemed as circumscribed as an ornamental garden.

"The wives of the great business men have had very little to do in the great games their husbands are playing. I don't think Vivian 's interested in money."

"By God, no!" said McAndrew, "she 's interested in the game, just as I am."

Then I saw that Vivian's beauty had not deceived McAndrew. He admired it, desired it, if you like, but for him as for her it was a means to an end. What had arrested his attention was the inner quality of her spirit. He knew her to be as unconquerable as he was himself, and as ruthless. Indeed, in the phrase of the day, they had each other's number from the first hour of their acquaintance. Their spirits had arisen and said to each other, "Brother, I salute you!" There was something almost sinister in the way in which they had penetrated the desire of each other's hearts.

Mrs. Nevers came to me one evening nervous and disquieted; she had aged in the last six years. There was something pathetic about the way she blindly played a game the meaning of which she only half realized, and she had played it now to the limit of endurance. What she wanted was peace, which to her meant Vivian married.

"I thought everything was all settled," she told me, "and now Haldane has declared himself, and Vivian has asked for time to think it over."

"Well," I said, "that 's not unreasonable."

"Not unreasonable!" her mother echoed. "It would be the height of unreason if Vivian ever did anything that had n't a reason behind it. Why won't she tell Haldane at once that she 'll marry him? You see, Vivian 's placed in rather a peculiar position; there are n't many people she—she *can* marry after what 's happened." Thus her mother indicated that having almost been the wife of a royal prince there were not many proper alliances that such a woman could make. I would n't allow her this vagueness. Remember that I was a very old friend of Marion Nevers and that she irritated me as profoundly as she held my affection for her. So I said brutally:

"You mean there are n't many marriages that Vivian can make without an anticlimax."

"Put it any way you like," she answered wearily. "Why has n't she accepted Haldane?"

It was rather a dark question that Mrs. Nevers put to me, and her tone was fraught with distrust. It was as though I was given a glimpse into the depths of Vivian's unscrupulous heart seen through the medium of her mother's troubled vision. I had my answer to the riddle, and the answer pointed to a rather murky transaction. Haldane had proposed marriage, and Vivian had asked for time, and the time she wanted was not to make up her mind concerning him, as he trustingly thought, but concerning McAndrew. She had her one bird well in the hand while she quietly stalked the other in the bush.

"She 'll never marry if she goes on this way," Mrs. Nevers said irritably. "Every one, literally *every one*, said she might have married the prince if she had only had patience. But no! From one day to another she insisted on leaving in spite of everything I could say or do."

Well, after this I could only take off my hat to Vivian, now that I realized that she had had to play her game worse than single-handed. The only comforting thing I had to offer was:

"You can only trust that Vivian knows what she 's doing."

Mrs. Nevers shook her head disconsolately; plainly she indicated that since "the affair of the prince" she did n't think so any more.

That evening I had a little talk with Vivian. She talked about McAndrew tranquilly and speculatively enough, but there was an undercurrent of excitement in her mood.

"He understands me," she said, with a smile that said, "As well as you do."

"Everything?" I asked her.

"*Everything*—everything I 'm doing."

She was evidently not fooling herself now any more than she ever had. She regarded herself with no tenderness, she had as little indulgence for herself as she had for others; but on the whole she respected herself. But since she had thrown overboard neck and crop a whole pack of virtues and ideals she found no need of excusing herself to herself.

McAndrew joined us, and as I stood there I wondered if in the hinterland of Vivian's mind there lurked the thought that they were more like two conspirators than like potential lovers. There was already something fixed and stable in their relations. Two splendid and predatory creatures were what they were, who, if they formed an alliance, would join it for the despoiling of mankind. As I stood with them and perceived the perfect understanding of the situation that lay beneath their conventional talk, I realized that there was going on between them a voiceless battle, Vivian taking the attitude that she was a free and dispassionate agent, while McAndrew assumed calmly that the victory was his. I had never seen her as she was with him. This understanding of her was a new and poignant experience. She had never asked any one to understand her, and had had a cynical enjoyment of her mask. As she was as considerate in small things as she was ruthless in large, not even women penetrated her disguise. Now for the first time, before me and before McAndrew, the two men who knew her best, she was spiritually at her ease, as though dressed in well-worn clothes. He would stop at nothing, just as she would stop at nothing. There was no way in which she could shock him. He accepted her absolutely as she was, even in this cold-blooded balancing of him and Haldane in the scales. He did more than accept; he had a sardonic approval of her thirst for power.

Talking with them, I saw indeed he knew "everything." I had a moment of deep discomfort. Their understanding, unspoken as it was, was unseemly. There simply were no decent pretenses between them.

Vivian calmly defied McAndrew to move the hour of her decision one instant, and McAndrew let her know that he had already decided. Outside the battle was Haldane, unsuspecting, awaiting Vivian's word. I looked at her to see if there was a hint of this hardness and cynicism in

her beauty, and there was n't, not an atom, not a hint. She was extraordinarily lovely, a nature as fine and flexible as a tempered sword, and there was even a hint of austerity in her expression. Very perfect she was, and I understood better Mrs. Nevers's statement that there were n't many possible marriages for a girl like Vivian. Ordinary men don't want goddesses as wives.

For half an hour I stood with them, held by a gesture of Vivian, while McAndrew conveyed to her in voice and manner that her freedom of choice was an illusion, and Vivian understood this assumption with a certainty even more arrogant. I would have been willing to stake my money on either of their certainties. This was how matters stood that evening. They had sat through the dance absorbed in their skirmishing. The music stopped, and the dancers sought their places. It was really Haldane's cue, I considered, as I followed Vivian's glance across the ball-room; but instead of at Haldane, I found myself looking at a boy standing alone in the middle of the ball-room floor.

Though there was no outward thing in his dress that distinguished him from the other men, there was something arresting about him, as if he had worn a tunic and sandals. There was nothing immature in his face, and yet he breathed forth an atmosphere of youth and complete innocence. He carried himself with the unconscious strength of youth; there was something untouched about him, as though he had never known evil; something unhurt about him, as though his youth and beauty had disarmed even life; something at once so gentle and so wild that one had a moment of instinctive pity for him. Vivian felt this too, for, as if thinking aloud, she said:

"Poor boy!"

"Why 'poor boy'?" McAndrew asked. "He looks very fortunate, I think."

"He can't keep that look long; no one 's strong enough to keep the look that he has long, and it must hurt to lose it."

"I don't know," McAndrew answered, "for I 've never had such innocence to lose." Then he smiled at Vivian, and his smile said, "And neither have you."

The boy was searching for some one among the dancers with absorbed earnestness, as though his seeking was of weightiest importance. Then his eyes fell on Vivian, and he advanced toward her quietly. He moved with a silent, springy stride, as though he was used to walking in wide, open spaces. He advanced upon her, and with the perfect manners of extreme simplicity he said to her:

"I 'm Sydney Grayson. Gainsborough was going to bring me to you, and now I 've lost him. May I have your next dance?"

He was both shy and wistful. He seemed unaware that he was doing something unusual; he had come to her with the directness of a child.

"Let 's go outside; I want to talk to you," he said next.

His voice was soft and insistent, and there was a note of appeal in it. The talk seemed so important to him that Vivian's curiosity was aroused, and she left McAndrew and me together. Much later I came on McAndrew again. We smoked outside in silence for a while. Then McAndrew said reflectively:

"I 've placed young Grayson. A visionary young scientist, very talented if only he were practical, but he 's forever fussing with some windy theory or other about a new kind of ray." Thus McAndrew, whose wide-flung imaginative vision had made him what he was.

Mrs. Nevers bustled up to us.

"Have you seen Vivian?" she asked nervously.

"She 's in the garden, I think," McAndrew replied.

"Could you find her for me, please?" Her glance included us both.

As we came upon them in the far stretch of the rose-garden they looked like a white moth and a gray one; they were not speaking. It was as though the boy had taken her at once past the outposts of friendship to the place where people know each other so well that words are not needed.

Vivian's voice came to us:

"It 's time to go back."

It was as though she were trying in vain to break through the lyrical beauty of the night and of Grayson's mood, it was as though it hung about her like some heavy enchantment. He held her there, it seemed, without entreaty. It may be my imagination, but I felt as if for the first time some force outside herself determined her acts. I heard Grayson's voice in answer. He only said to her, "It 's sweet here," as if that were a supreme argument.

We loomed dark in the path before them, and McAndrew said apologetically:

"Your mother sent us for you." Vivian turned to Grayson.

"Good night," she said.

"You 'll walk with me to-morrow at two?" he asked her in a tone as though they always walked at two. It was as though he bathed in a contentment that was as vast as the sea.

"Yes," Vivian answered; then said, "Good night."

She did not speak to us, but walked along lost in a sea of thought. At last McAndrew said:

"Haldane 's been looking for you all the evening."

"Yes?" Vivian replied indifferently.

"I did n't tell him where you were."

Vivian did not answer; she seemed removed from us as by some vast interstellar space.

McAndrew looked at her with grave scrutiny. There was a note in her voice of unsuspected softness. And since he knew that the personalities of people are strange and shifting things, he studied Vivian with a sudden gravity.

The weight of his look and his gravity made their impression on her. McAndrew's whole manner showed a realization on his part that this boy had spoken to some depth of Vivian's nature of which they were both ignorant, and that it held its element of danger for all of them. There was a mute warning in his glance, even a certain judgment of her that to allow a third element to enter into the already complicated situation would make her seem almost trivial in his eyes. She had been as open with him, he knew, as she had been disingenuous with Haldane.

She met the questioning interrogation of his eyes unflinchingly, and, ignoring my presence, said:

"I 'm going to decide everything to-morrow."

"I think it would be wise," McAndrew agreed; and then, "still, I don't quite understand the walk," he told her gravely.

"I don't myself," Vivian answered; "it just happened."

They parted, each one engulfed in his own thoughts; each of them knew that in life few things "just happened" with Vivian.

I SAW them go chugging off the next afternoon in Grayson's absurd little car. They were going to drive to the mountain and walk there afterward. When very late that afternoon Grayson returned alone, McAndrew and I were both on the terrace, and his glance met mine questioningly.

It seemed that Vivian had preferred to stay at a cousin's for the night; but it was n't that that had made McAndrew flash me the unspoken question: it was the look of still exaltation on Grayson's face. Again Mrs. Nevers fluttered up to me.

"Vivian 's just telephoned me. She wants to know if you can make it convenient to go over there—she 's at Cousin Leonora's—after dinner. Do go; I can't stand it much longer. She 's inexplicable! There 's something amiss, and I have n't the slightest idea what it can be."

If Mrs. Nevers was upset, Vivian, when I found her at "Cousin Leonora's," was composed enough. She greeted me as though nothing whatever was the matter, then on the piazza she let a long silence fall between us. The purposefulness of her pose, her whole absorbed expression, reminded me of the night when I had first come to know her; again she seemed to me like the priestess of some

radiant and austere religion, as though she cherished in her heart a sacred flame.

"I want to tell it to you just as it happened," she said at last, "step by step, so you can understand and so I can."

She told it at length with careful detail and many deeply reflective pauses.

It seems that from the first things had n't gone as she had planned them. She had met Sydney Grayson with a hard matter-of-factness that discouragingly denied the evening before. She was, her manner had implied, a young lady whom he scarcely knew punctiliously and in rather a bored way keeping an engagement she regretted having made. But there was a contagion in his happiness that could not be checked or denied.

"It was then it first came to me that I was leaving my other self behind and that I was going on a great adventure into a new life and a new land," was her comment. She strove against it, she told me, but the feeling of glamourous enchantment rose ever higher about her, an unescapable golden tide.

They found a farm-house where they left the car, and in silence, as if they had planned it all out before, they started off over the mountain.

After a steep ascent they found themselves on a rocky table. Far over at the other side of the valley the Connecticut wove its shining, dilatory path through the meadows. Just below them was the bare space of shaly rock up which they had scrambled. They looked down on the tops of trees that had tried to climb to the top of the mountain and had been stopped by the spur of rock.

Then suddenly Vivian's attention was arrested by a great mass of flowering white far down the slope of the mountain. It stood out a little apart from the rest of the forest, a great mass of bloom. They could n't guess from where they were what sort of tree it could be. It seemed to stand a bit apart from the other trees, and threw out its branches, covered with white bloom, like some giant bouquet.

Moved by a common impulse, they started down the mountain-side to find it. Hand in hand they plunged down the sheer side of the mountain, knee-deep in soft, rotting leaves that had lain there from one season to another.

No sooner were they in the woods than they lost the tree. The smell of the earth rose to them. Little wandering airs brought them the smell of the fresh Northern woods in spring.

They went down the mountain to a little valley, with a golden-brown thread of brook running at the bottom of it. Down at the other side, through an opening, they saw their tree waving a white hand at them.

Suddenly the breeze brought them, distinct and definite, the smell of apple-blossoms. They turned, and followed the wind; then through a little clearing in the trees they saw smiling at them an apple-tree in full bloom. It stood apart from the other trees in a soft bit of clearing. It was an old tree, wide-branched, hospitable.

"I wanted to ask it," she told me, " 'What are you doing here so far from any house? How did you stray away like this?' " It seemed it was the kind of tree that one associates with a wide farm-house, a tree that children would have delighted to climb, and of which they would have made a playmate. She explained that, standing there, with the young forest growing up all about it, it looked as though it had started out for the day to take a walk, perhaps to follow the children who had played among its branches and had moved away, and in its search had got lost in the woods and taken root there.

I make a great deal of this incident because she did. She told it as though it explained something.

"I had the absurd feeling that I had been here with him before; that I had come home at last after having lived an exile in strange and uncomfortable countries," was how she put it.

It was the most unlikely place in the world to tell him what she had promised herself she would tell him. She put it

off from moment to moment. They talked as they had done the night before of unimportant things that carried with them a deep and inner significance; they made up stories, as though they were children, about the people who had lived in the house that one time must have been here. They identified themselves with their lives —the lives of these people—until the present was shut away as though by a long distance of years.

"Then we did n't talk any more. I tried to break the silence and I could n't. He was stronger than I. I—I suppose I was swept away. I never have been, really, you know, and I loved it."

I stared at Vivian. It seemed so unlikely that, granted this swift enchantment, she would so yield to it, and the curious part of it is that there was that in her manner that showed me she had yielded nothing; that whatever she had done, somehow or other she had made no compromise with her own soul, even though the voice in which she told me all this was the hushed, breathless voice of a little girl telling a wonderful fairy-tale too beautiful to be true.

"I began to be angry that I had to spoil everything," she went on. "It was more like killing some beautiful live thing than just spoiling an afternoon. I was struggling to begin when he said:

" 'I wish we need never go back at all. Why should we? Why should one have to go through the little treadmill Life marks out for one? Why should n't we go on from here together?' You know, people have often said foolish things like that to me; only he *meant* it. He was absolutely in earnest about it. He can see no absurdity in any of his dreams."

She paused. Instead of a boyish folly, she had given me a picture of invincible youth.

"He meant it really," she explained, "just as the night before, when he said the thing they always say,—'I feel as if I 'd known you always,'—he meant it. You see, he 's so inexperienced that he did n't even know that this feeling of sudden intimacy between men and women is a commonplace; and the queer thing is that when he said he felt as if he 'd always known me, I, too, felt as if I 'd always known him, only as if I had known him as his mother might—as if I 'd held him in my arms when he was a baby. Now when I saw that he did n't see a shadow of a difficulty in our chugging down the mountain to the nearest parson and so away, I saw the moment had come for the *coup de grâce.*" She paused, then said very softly, "So—I told him about my decision over McAndrew and Haldane."

She paused, looking off across the dark spaces of the night as though dreaming the scene over again.

"And then?" I asked her at last.

"Oh," Vivian went on, "when I looked up at him again, he was *smiling*. I don't know what I 'd expected. The look of youth which has had a dear illusion killed, I suppose, and I said:

" 'You don't believe what I 'm saying?' and he kept smiling while he answered: 'I don't, because it is n't true. It is n't true, because *this* is real—this afternoon and last night. It 's the supreme reality of life to me, and it could n't have been that to me if it had n't been so real to you too.' That was the part I could n't explain. It *had* been real to me. I have never been wantonly unkind or played with people just for the sake of playing, you know. He had held out his hand to me and said, 'Come,' and I had gone to him. As he looked at it, either all the rest was unreality or this was, and as we two sitting under the lost apple-tree knew this was real, the other did n't exist. He could n't think anything else, you see.

"So then I told him everything,—what I told you so long ago,—and how I 'd worked single-mindedly to one end; how I 'd sacrificed to it the wishes of my own heart; how I 'd kept true to the thing in life that seemed to me worth having. Each word should have struck like sleet upon his spirit, but he listened to me as undisturbed as—as McAndrew might have listened. Then, when I 'd got all through, he said:

" 'It seems as if I 'd been listening to

my own heart speaking. Now *I 'll* tell *you* about my life.'

"Then he spread before me his work and his dreams, and there came a passion into his voice as he talked that I 've never heard before in the voice of any one. He forgot even me as he was telling me about it. It was the inner soul of that selfless fanatical ambition that I listened to that pays and pays and pays in terms of itself, and makes it necessary for every one near him to pay—makes his own flesh and blood go hungry and perhaps die so that the work he is doing may go on. And in the white-hot fire of his passion my own little ambitions were burned up."

She stood up suddenly, and with a passionate gesture showed me how completely they had been burned.

"Beside him my ambitions seemed nothing, I tell you! I don't mean the worth of them, but just the *force* of them. Beside him, in spite of his quality of youth, McAndrew seemed soft and yielding. He had cared for one or two girls, and had brushed them aside as I had brushed people aside. Then he had seen me and knew that he had to have me; that was the substance of what he said as he talked. I knew that my confession was, in his eyes, a trivial, childish thing. Then he said something funny, and yet it was the heart of what I loved in him.

" 'Now you understand,' he said, 'why we must n't burn time on any altar of convention. I must be back at work before long!' "

As she paused again I plumbed the inner meaning of the remark that had apparently won him Vivian. The passion that was his consuming desire for his work had released him long enough to find his perfect mate, and even now, insatiable of his devotion, called to him to return.

"I don't know if you understand; I 'm not sure I do. It 's a question between two realities; they can't both be true. He 's made the things that I thought valuable to me cease to exist. They don't exist for me any more than a chrysalis exists for a moth. There 's no value to the other any more, and yet and yet—I 'm afraid. I think I 'm most afraid of McAndrew; he could perhaps call me back. If I go back, I feel as though he would be lying in wait for me. So I 'm going to do what he, the other, wishes—just go with him without wasting time."

"You 're not going to do that," I protested—"just put your hand in Grayson's and go away? You—you *can't!*" I stuttered. It was all too absurd, the unescapable and awful publicity of it, the needless hurt to Haldane, the shock to Vivian's mother. I did n't count McAndrew's hurt,—somehow his discomfiture did n't move me deeply,—but the rest seemed insane to me, especially as the rôle for which I was cast, Vivian explained to me, was to explain things as much as they could be explained to McAndrew and Mrs. Nevers. It still seems insane, but not inexplicable. The simple truth of it was that she did n't dare trust herself to go back with McAndrew there. It was as though she felt that this old self of hers, instead of being a chrysalis, might prove to be a stifling garment which he might conjure her to put on again.

"I want to slam the door on myself," she explained.

At that moment, while it still seemed preposterous to me, I could n't help throwing at her:

"I suppose you 've looked it squarely in the face, the sort of life you 're going to?"

"Every detail of it," she flashed forth.

Then it was I began to see how ultimately faithful she had been to herself. For my explanation of it is that she had met the thing she had worshiped raised to its highest power. Something in Grayson's inner depth had told him that here was a woman who would spend herself in the service of his ambition as he spent himself; who was hard and ardent; who would warm him in the fire of her life, serve him, and guard him.

He did n't know it; he never would know it. He imagined, no doubt, that he only wanted to serve her. But Vivian

went with him knowing that he was going to demand of her relentlessly a supreme devotion.

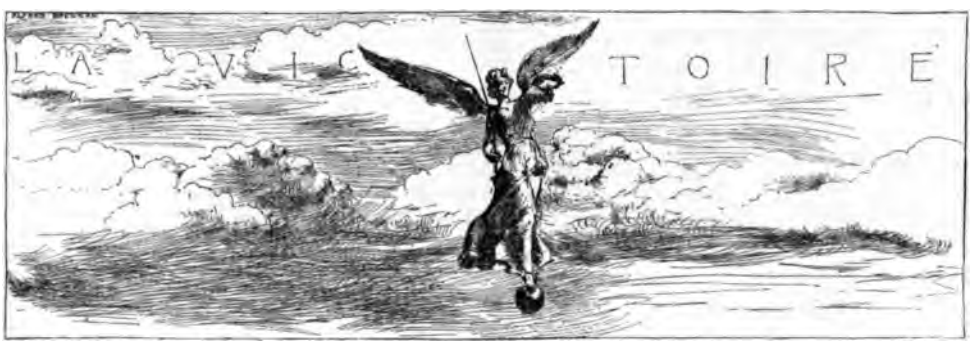
She had wanted power, he was seeking a greater power. She was unscrupulous, but to gain his ends he would have let his children die. She was hard as steel, but Grayson was as relentless as death itself, as relentless as any force of nature. She had loved the most difficult thing, and he challenged her to do the impossible, to let him walk over her heart to gain his purposes in life, and not only to do this, but to be unaware that he even demanded any sacrifice. So, having formed an ideal, she worked toward its fulfilment even though its fulfilment came in a form of which she had not dreamed. That is my explanation.

Mrs. Nevers's is that Vivian fell in love with Grayson's youth, like any schoolgirl, and McAndrew thinks something like the same thing.

"Women can't starve their primitive impulses without paying," is how he put it. "You can't count on them. But that young man will go far. He 'll have to," he added.

The world shared their opinions. It did n't forgive Vivian what it termed her anticlimax, and showed its lack of forgiveness in its deadliest form by losing all interest in her.

Here are the two explanations of the affair. You can take your choice, or Sydney Grayson's, who still naïvely believes that they were intended for each other from all time.



Revelation

By

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

HE had not made the team. The ultimate moment—
Last practice for the big game, his senior year—
Had come and gone again with dizzying swiftness.
It was all over now, and the sudden cheer
That rose and swelled to greet the elect eleven
Sounded his bitter failure on his ear.

He had not made the team. He was graduating:
The last grim chance was gone, and the last hope fled;
The final printed list tacked up in the quarters;
A girl in the bleachers turned away her head.
He knew that she was trying to keep from crying;
Under his tan there burned a painful red.

He had not made the team. The family waiting
His wire, up State; the little old loyal town
That had looked to him year by year to make it famous,
And laureled him each time home with fresh renown;
The men from the house there, tense, breathlessly watching,
And, after all, once more, he 'd thrown them down.

He had not made the team, after years of striving;
After all he had paid to try, and held it cheap,—
The sweat and blood and strain and iron endurance,—
And the harassed nights, too aching-tired to sleep;
The limp that perhaps he might be cured of some day;
The ugly scar that he would always keep.

He had not made the team. He watched from the side lines,
Two days later, a part of a sad patrol,
Battered and bruised in his crouched, blanketed body,
Sick and sore to his depths, and aloof in dole,
Until he saw the enemy's swift advancing
Sweeping his team-mates backward. Then from his soul
Was cleansed the sense of self and the sting of failure,
And he was one of a pulsing, straining whole,
Bracing to stem the tide of the on-flung bodies,
Helping to halt that steady, relentless roll;
Then he was part of a fighting, frenzied unit
Forcing them back and back and back from the goal.
There on the side lines came the thought like a whip-crack
As his team rallied and rose and took control:

He had not made the team, but for four long seasons,
Each of ten grinding weeks, he had given the flower,
The essence, and strength of body, brain, and spirit,
He and his kind—the second team—till the power
To cope with opposition and to surmount it
Into the team was driven against this hour!

What did it matter who held fast to the leather,
He or another? What was a four-years' dream?
Out of his heart the shame and rancor lifted;
There burst from his throat a hoarse, exultant scream.
Not in the fight, but part of it, he was winning!
This was his victory: he had *made* the team!

The American Pharisee

By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Trade of the World," "British Characteristics," etc.

THERE is a spirit of smugness abroad in our fair land of America that bodes ill for our spiritual and mental growth. In the Eastern States there is much talk of war contracts, the profits therefrom, and speculation as to what the price of so-called war stocks will be tomorrow and the next day. When a Wall-Street man asks another, "How long will the war last?" he does not mean how soon will the bloodshed and misery come to an end and people be allowed to live normal lives; he means in most cases how long will the boom in munition industrials continue.

On the Pacific coast and in the Middle West hundreds of lecturers are visiting the towns, villages, and picnic-groves, and these eloquent speakers are addressing the conventions and meetings of all kinds incident to the summer season. By word of mouth and in the printed text we are being told what a great and good people we are, how rich we are, how safe we are from the wars that ravage other countries. We are praised for our charity, our ideals, and our patience. We are told that our example is one for the world to follow—one the world will follow as soon as it sees the light given off by an exclusively American flame.

Never was a great nation in more deadly peril from within than ours at this particular moment. Americans have laughed at German egoism, have scoffed at the superman of Germany, but nothing that has been said by German publicists is as dangerous to the mind of the great German nation as the gross flattery and mental pap that are now being handed out to the millions of American citizens, their wives, and their children who seek to add to their knowledge and enlightenment at our summer gatherings.

Any one reading what is written or listening to what is said would believe it was through the exercise of some great virtue not given to other nations that this country is as prosperous and peaceful as it is. The people who swallow this flattery return to their homes in an exalted state of mind, thank God that the American nation is not as other peoples, and their hearts are full of pity for those foreign communities which cannot be as we are. We prate of the principles underlying the American Government; we quote Washington's Farewell Address to stiffen our argument for an insularity that will deafen our ears to the din in Europe. We see nothing but slaughter in the European cockpit, and fail to thrill with the greatness of the conflict there in progress, of which the killing of men is only an outward sign.

We are indeed a rich and satisfied nation, momentarily annoyed at the check given to our own prosperity by war elsewhere, but thoroughly convinced of our own righteousness, and content with our own condition. We constitute at present the greatest mutual-admiration society the world has ever seen, and, like all such organizations, are blind to our own great shortcomings and our own follies. Even the first flush of our charity is fading away, and our work for the stricken people of Belgium and the sick and wounded of all Europe is in a fair way to cease for lack of funds.

One eminently respectable American citizen, formerly a member of a President's cabinet, proposes that a fund of one hundred billion dollars be raised and used

as a bribe to persuade Germany to leave Belgium, as though such a thing were feasible, logical, or just from any point of view, and as though the war in Europe were a struggle for the possession of such money as was now in circulation throughout the world. Another eminent American, still more recently a member of the cabinet, quotes the Scriptures to his spellbound audience to prove that the only way to prevent a burglar from looting your house is to leave your doors and windows open, and carefully refrain from having any weapons of defense upon the place. Moral force carries to a certain point, but beyond that point it is necessary to employ a police force. The hand of the traffic policeman is backed by the power of the government, or it would be as powerless to regulate as his individual strength would be to stop a motor-car. This is the reason why thousands of thoughtful Americans are in favor of putting our national defenses upon a workable basis.

Three obsessions have apparently taken hold of our people, or a large number of them. One is that the war in Europe is merely a "rough house" in which a number of nationalities are involved, having divested themselves of all pretense to the restraining influences of civilization, and that it is only the superior intelligence and morality of the American people that have kept us from joining the fracas.

Another idea that has apparently taken hold of the minds of the people is the assumption that America is furnishing the munitions of war for the struggle, and that if we put an embargo on these shipments, the war will stop. It is worth while elaborating this particular point, for it is illuminating as to the lack of knowledge, thought, and reasoning power which we bring to the consideration of affairs other than those touched by our daily lives. Careful estimates show that the money expended in the United States for munitions of war is a very small percentage of the total cost of such material to the warring nations, and with the daily expansion of European production, it is probable that in a short time all the countries involved could continue their military operations without embarrassment even if America ceased to export.

Really to affect the situation in Europe, our country would have to put an embargo upon all exports, to prevent food, raw material, and general supplies from reaching the belligerents. Such drastic action as this is not even suggested by those who would stop ammunition export, and these same people would probably be the first to protest against an interference with what they would call legitimate trade. The support given President Wilson in his demand for freedom of the seas for non-contraband and neutral traffic is proof of this, for non-contraband goods are as valuable in a general way to a people at war as are actual munitions of war.

The moral stand taken by those who advocate an embargo is equally unreal, for if it is wrong to send shot and shell to peoples fighting one another, it is equally wrong to send them in times of peace. There is no protest being made against the large amount of supplies now going to Spain, and yet there is no guaranty that Spain will not soon engage in the war. Even if this does not come to pass, these same munitions may be used against those striving to establish a republic in that country. Munitions of war bought in times of peace are for use in case of future wars; indeed, there is no guaranty that they will not be used against the country from which they are purchased. This is true of the present war, for before it began every one of the European countries bought war material from the others.

The only tenable position for the advocates of an embargo is that no munitions of war should be manufactured for sale at any time; that it should be a government monopoly, to be exercised only in arming our own people. Then again comes the question of definition of terms, for barbed wire, cotton, flax, oil, motors, and a thousand other things are as much war material as powder and shot, as is shown by the contraband lists of the warring nations. There are probably twelve million or more people now engaged in Europe in

the manufacture of war material. These figures alone demonstrate the small percentage furnished by America, and if ammunition and guns are considered as our only immoral exports, the percentage becomes inconsiderable. Germany, England, France, Italy, and all the other combatants are now getting supplies of one kind or another from America, the relative amounts being determined by shipping facilities.

It is said that about three million petitions have reached Washington asking for an embargo upon the export of munitions of war. It would be interesting to know just how many of the signers of these petitions have ever given any real thought to the question, or would be able to draft a resolution for Congress to enact which would draw the line between moral and immoral export even from their own point of view as to the object to be accomplished.

The greatest obsession of all, however, one in which lies the greatest spiritual danger to our own people, is the unthinking cry for peace; not a peace which settles anything, that guarantees any rights, that does justice or affords rehabilitation to the oppressed, that prevents other wars in the immediate future, but just peace—peace at any price. We would have all lay down their arms; and if some one else was occupying their old homes, for them to find homes and happiness elsewhere.

If by any chance the United States was engaged in this war, and the enemy, whoever it might be, had invaded our territory, damaged our property, and killed many thousands of our citizens, and at this juncture came a demand from neutral nations elsewhere that we should stop fighting to put an end to bloodshed, there is no question as to the answer the American people would give to such a suggestion. It would be a unanimous and indignant refusal. Those very peace-advocates who are now vigorously shouting forth their amiability would be found either volunteering for war if they were men, or helping in every other way within their great power if they were women.

In the earlier history of the United States, and then again not so long ago, the women of America denied themselves everything that their men might serve their country in arms, and, when needed, they stood behind the barricades and loaded the guns themselves that the triumph of what they believed to be right and just should come the sooner. No great people has ever been too proud to fight for conviction, especially the American nation. Our history would not be what it is had we lacked the manhood and the womanhood to use force when it was needed.

To many of our people, in fact to a majority, this war means merely the mental picture of a horribly mutilated and dying soldier or a burning home. We are aghast with horror, as in the presence of a terrible railway accident. It is the only thing we seem able to visualize. We are angry because there is a war, but at whom we are angry we know only vaguely. It is the anger of a man who is disagreeably interrupted when he is having a good time.

That the German people are engaged heart and soul, with everything at stake, in an effort to extend the power of the German Empire; that the people of Great Britain and her colonies are putting forth the last man and the last dollar to save for themselves their own empire, already great; that the French have enlisted every man, woman, and child to rid French soil of a hated invader; and that one and all of the peoples at war are now fighting to retain possession of what they believe to be their rights and property, do not enter into the philosophy of our American peace-makers.

Our people are being robbed of their power to think, which is at least latent in the mind of every intelligent human being. Our educational system, the public press, with some few exceptions, our moving-picture shows, and our public speakers have so long administered anesthetics to our minds that the possibility of a contentious individualism, a sign of mental independence, becoming a national trait has

almost disappeared. In international affairs especially we growl when we are told to growl, approve at the appointed time and place, and reserve our real applause for ourselves.

The founders of our country prayed in humility of spirit, asking divine guidance for the right path, meanwhile acknowledging their own sin and error. In their left hand they held the Great Book that they might not forget its precepts, and in their right a loaded rifle with which to emphasize their freedom and resist aggression. These men were hard of body and stern of mind, but they laid down a code of national morality which has stood for the protection of the weak and justice to all to this day.

It is not so much the causes that may concern us at the moment,—and they are many,—but the fact itself that this nation is faced on all sides with questions of policy and action the answers to which will affect us for all time. We need at the moment the wisest and strongest government possible, resting secure upon an intelligent public opinion. We may get the government we need,—let us hope we may,—but its action will be sustained or hampered, as the case may be, by waves of emotion rather than by opinion. We are not now capable of turning out a concrete, unmistakably intelligent public belief to serve as a sure foundation for such statesmanship as our leaders must exercise. It is small consolation to feel that some big event, some unexpected and gross violation of American rights, some sudden demand upon the people for action, would sweep everything aside and unite the nation upon a single issue. It is no credit to us that the blowing up of the *Maine* possibly brought about the war with Spain.

Sentimentality is the mainspring of such interest as is taken in foreign affairs in this the most important epoch as yet in the affairs of humanity. It is time we took stock of ourselves, noted the points at which we fail to measure up to our original standards, and with earnestness and humility retrace our footsteps to the cross-roads where we first went astray.

It has been said, and truly, that militarism is a state of mind. It can be said with equal truth that the advocacy of peace at any price is also a state of mind, for like all moods it can be changed on the instant, and this is especially true of our own nation.

"This horrid war must be stopped; it 's just awful," exclaimed a fair delegate to one of the society congresses recently held in the West; and she really meant it—at the moment. Should war come to our own country, this same young woman would as likely as not be found urging her men friends to enlist, and giving her own life to the work of relief for the sick and wounded. This is satisfactory as far as it goes, but it does not go far toward lending stability to our national character, and no vessel that ever sailed the deep and troubled seas stood more in need of ballast than our own good ship of state in these perplexing days. As the ballast of a ship is largely the measure of its seaworthiness, so the mentality and thoughtfulness of a nation as a whole measure its greatness and its real progress.

To be a rich and prosperous people is a most desirable state for a nation, but it has its grave dangers. We are told that through this war the gold of the world may find lodgment in America and thus in time transform us from a debtor to a creditor nation. From the banker's and the investor's point of view this is a most desirable condition, but unless such a nation keeps jealous watch upon its ideals and the practice thereof it soon becomes moribund with wealth and poverty-stricken of soul. America has worked hard to pay off the mortgage held by Europe. There is a national danger that when this is paid we shall become more slothful of spirit, more intent merely upon interest-getting than upon the use of money to keep our own people employed at living wages and our national life at high spiritual tension.

The interior ills from which England is suffering to-day result largely from a rich people growing richer without effort, and the constantly increasing sanctity of the rights of property as compared with

the rights of humanity. The integrity of the English race and the individuality of the English character are all that are saving the day for that old country of long and tremendous history. The American nation of the present time has no such integrity of race, and individualism is not generally apparent in our people. We are led by our mental noses in whichever direction is desired by those who furnish our reading-matter and make speeches to us. A political meeting means a gathering of those who are going to agree with the speaker. Resolutions are adopted at public gatherings with little or no debate. Petitions to Congress for this, that, or the other thing are signed because some one asks us to sign. Thousands of petitions have been received in Washington for and against a proposed measure with many of the signatures appearing on both sides of the question. That is the reason why they are as a rule so ineffective as a referendum: no one in Washington takes them seriously; the politicians know all too well how they have been secured.

The whole trouble with us Americans is that we do not think. We think that we think, but some one else does it for us, and we unconsciously, perhaps, imagine our conclusions to be our own. The knowledge of all the ages is at our disposal. The facts of contemporaneous history are given us every day. No people in the world have freer access to the news of all that is happening on this globe. The average American is of greater intelligence and possesses a livelier curiosity as to the doings of humanity the world over than the average citizen of any other country, and yet with all these advantages and natural talents we are unable to think for ourselves and to reach individual conclusions that we are able to support effectively when attacked by those who reason to the contrary.

Sentimentality is our curse. The Russian people, lacking in education, far removed from the stimulus of modern life, possess a spirituality which puts them far above us in the things that really count. The purity of race, the fineness of spirit which has been refined from the dross in the fires of recent adversity, have gained for the French to-day the admiration of the world, including those who are engaging them in deadly combat. Likewise with the British; but for their individualism, the grave tenacity of purpose inherent in their character, the fiery belief of each and every Englishman, Scotchman, loyal Irishman, and men of such breeds that he is fighting for his own hard-thought-out creed and the rights he believes to be his, the British Empire would have gone to pieces before this in the face of increasing adversity.

Those qualities which stamp a nation as great are not created by war; they merely become apparent at such a time. They are bred in the nation in times of peace. There is no magic wand, not even a grave national peril, which can call forth from a people what is not in them. They must have had the power to think, sufficient strength of character to stamp them as individualistic, and a deeply implanted suspicion of those who would lead them through tricks of oratory or appeals to prejudice. In America we have the best material ever given a country from which to create a thinking people, and we are wasting it—wasting our mental powers in acrobatics under the leadership of men and women who seek personal advantage either consciously or unconsciously or in the furtherance of some idea with which they have become obsessed. We are easily worked by every charlatan who has the public ear. Insincerity, sentimentality, and hysteria pass with us for convictions and even inspirations. Credulous, lacking in sound conviction, we are blown here and there by every passing breeze, be it wafted from heaven or from the mouth of some self-appointed guide to our national salvation.

Civilization has come to mean the use of electricity, street-cars, cheap newspapers, and the thousand and one conveniences or nuisances of modern life. A gathering in an American forum for the discussion of a national or a local policy would be an impossibility; it would be

broken up through organized hooliganism. Our nearest approach to a national council is held at Washington, and its purpose is largely destroyed through the fact that our chosen representatives lack the support of thinking constituencies.

Perhaps we shall yet find ourselves. The evil is great, however, and our nation will perforce pass through ordeals of which this generation has little or no conception before we acquire that supreme strength which comes of a proud humility of spirit and an individual singleness of purpose. Those who founded this great republic had these qualities highly developed. When we get rid of the rubbish and strip our souls to view, we shall find the old and admirable foundations still there, and upon them we can build anew. The clearing away will be a cataclysm, for the task grows more enormous with every day that we fail to think each one for himself, and that God-given faculty inherent in every American mind is fast becoming atrophied.

All this has nothing to do with material wealth or so-called modern progress; those things will take care of themselves.

Portrait of a Poet

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

FIRE he sings of, fierce and poignant flame;
Passion that bids a timid world be bold,
And Love that rides the tempest uncontrolled,
Scorning all customs with a greater claim.
Yet, underneath the ink, his soul is staid;
Calm, even calculating, shrewd, and cold.
His pain lives but in print; his tears are rolled
And packed in small, neat lyrics for the trade.
He hawks his passions of assorted brands:
Romantic toys and tinsel of desire;
Marionettes that plead as he commands;
Rockets that sputter feebly—and expire.
And he is pleased and proud, and warms his hands
At the pale fireworks that he takes for fire.

Are We a World Power?

By ARTHUR BULLARD

Author of "America and the World's Peace," etc

OUR oldest political tradition is in direct opposition to participation in world politics. The advice of our first President about keeping out of "entangling alliances" has been the corner-stone of our foreign policy. And in the early days of our national life Monroe developed in a message to Congress the idea of Washington that has become famous as his "Doctrine."

Very rarely have we departed from these formulæ. In the fifties one of our senators introduced a resolution inviting the nations of the world to establish an international court to do away with the crudities of war. He was promptly voted down. Half a century ago we were unwilling to negotiate even arbitration treaties with Europe.

The Monroe Doctrine is rather like the British Constitution: it has never been reduced to a formal written document. Its interpretation has often changed. The monarchs of the Holy Alliance, having crushed the French Revolution, were planning to reëstablish the authority of the Spanish king over his revolted provinces in America. This was the cause of Monroe's action. But although the original danger passed, the doctrine, changing with circumstances, has shown remarkable vitality.

The people of the United States believe that their interests and security would be seriously threatened if any European power, especially a monarchial power, extended its political organization on this side of the world. We are on record as determined to go to war to preserve the American *status quo* from foreign aggression.

Of course we have no accepted legal precedent on which to base this doctrine, and in international law a proposition like this must be based either on precedent or force. We have been able to maintain the Monroe Doctrine for nearly a century because we have had, or have been thought to have, more than sufficient force to counterbalance any temptation to violate it. The French effort to conquer Mexico at the favorable moment when we were occupied by the Civil War was so disastrous to them that it did not encourage others to try. And whenever the temptation has grown strong in one or another of the European countries to launch an adventurous American policy, it has always happened that other European powers were so jealous that the threat was not translated into action. Our ability to maintain the Monroe Doctrine has never been put to the test.

The justice of our contention is not formally accepted by Europe. Various governments have assured us that they had no territorial ambitions on our side of the world, but the general attitude of European statesmen, and of writers on such subjects, is that the Monroe Doctrine is a bumptious bluff. They deny its legality and smile at our pretense of power. They do not believe that we would or could defend our claim. But few, if any, of them seriously think it worth their while to challenge us. If a man announces that he will fight in defense of something you do not want very much, there is no gain in arguing—or proving—that you could take it if you really wanted to.

But there are two sides to the Monroe Doctrine: the Americas for the Ameri-

cans, and the inevitable corollary, Europe for the Europeans. And while the Europeans are only scornfully tolerant of the first proposition, they are inclined to be scrupulously insistent on the second. It has been a maxim of modern diplomacy that the United States has no interest in Europe. Any intervention on our part is an impertinence. The exceptions—when our intervention has been solicited—are amusing. The people who from time to time have invited us to the council-table of Europe have done so because they thought we would vote on their side, and they have at once become vehement advocates of the Monroe Doctrine if we opposed them.

There has never been a time, for instance, when the British press has had so many kind words to say for the Monroe Doctrine as when at the Hague Conference our delegates showed signs of siding with Germany in regard to the "freedom of the seas." At that time the English would have been willing to recognize our protectorate, even annexation, of all South America if we would only go home and not vote on this "purely European" issue.

But more amusing, and more typical, was our part in the Algeciras Conference of 1906. Our interests in the fate of Morocco were almost invisibly small. Germany wanted to prevent France from annexing the country, and above all to obtain some guaranty that the rest of the world would be given equal commercial chances in Morocco. As we had said so much about "the open door" in the far East, they naturally expected us to vote for them, and so welcomed us to the conference. England and France, having received assurances of our support, were also cordial in their invitations.

But a few years later, when France decided to proclaim a protectorate over Morocco, despite her solemn promises at Algeciras, and Germany was trying to get the other signatories to the treaty to join her in a protest, England and France both took the stand that we were a "purely American" power and had no business mixing in a European and African dispute. The governments of Europe expect us to live up to the Monroe Doctrine except when they think it will help their game to have us depart from it.

Frequently our diplomatic representatives, acting on instructions from Washington, have admitted this obligation not to meddle in European disputes. The most formal recognition of this principle was given by our delegates at the first Hague Conference. They abstained from voting on the disarmament resolution on the ground that it was a "purely European issue," and when they voted for the arbitration arrangement, they read into the records this ponderous qualification:

> Nothing contained in this convention shall be so construed as to require the United States of America to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in the political questions or policy or internal administration of any foreign state; nor shall anything contained in the said convention be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of America of its traditional attitude towards purely American questions.

Again, when Mr. White, our delegate to the Conference of Algeciras, signed that treaty, he made a similar statement. The United States accepted the changes in the status of Morocco agreed upon by the conference, but expressly refused to assume any responsibility for the enforcement of the treaty.

From these and similar official statements it results that our Government has been extremely careful to make it clear that we did not consider the policing of Europe as part of our job. In signing the various Hague conventions in regard to the method of warfare, we virtually said: "If the misfortune of war falls on us, we will live up to these rules." We also solemnly pledged ourselves not to violate the territory of neutral nations.

But I do not find any warrant in the records of the Hague conferences for Mr. Roosevelt's contention that we are in honor bound to make other people live up

to their promises. In fact, the official records and common sense point in the opposite direction. The Monroe Doctrine would be stripped of all justification if we claimed to be a world power. We peremptorily tell the Europeans that they have no police power in the Americas, and it is a poor rule that does not work both ways.

Uninformed public opinion in the nations of the Entente group would like to see us abandon our traditional attitude and protest against the German violation of her treaties, but the British diplomats certainly would not. We should also have to protest against their occupation of the neutral Greek isles. The French Foreign Office certainly remembers that we did not protest when they tore up the Algeciras Treaty, and the governing clique in Russia are not anxious to have us start any judicial inquiry into atrocities. They have ravaged too much of East Prussia and Galicia themselves to be enthusiastic for atrocity protests.

For us to claim rank as a world power is clearly an abandonment of our oldest diplomatic tradition. But there is no virtue in mere age. Conditions have changed, are changing, with the shrinking of the world. Steamships, submarine cables, wireless-plants are all drawing in the ends of the earth. It is an entirely safe prophecy that the time is coming when a purely European policy or an American or Antarctic policy will be provincial, and when local interests will be absorbed in the greater politics of the race. Sooner or later the Monroe Doctrine—American particularism—will lose all meaning. It is necessary for us to decide whether that time has already arrived.

Mr. Roosevelt loudly affirms that it has, and Mr. Roosevelt is a phenomenon of American life which cannot be ignored. Whether one likes or detests him, it is impossible to forget him. And one of the most outstanding features of his long administration was his insistence that the time had come for us to play a rôle on the stage of world politics. More infractions of our traditional policy occurred while he was at the helm than in all the previous history of our country. We, or he, participated in the Hague conferences, we mediated between Russia and Japan, and we were "among those also present" at Algeciras. It is an open question if we accomplished anything by these interventions which could not have been done quite as well by Switzerland, but we did get ourselves, and Europe, accustomed to hearing our name at roll-call.

It is hard to combat the argument that sooner or later we must accept world responsibilities, but I for one find it even harder to see what we stand to gain by hurrying. The more we succeed in putting our own house in order, the more we can hope to have an uplifting influence on benighted Europe. Unfortunately, we have been rather slack in arranging our own affairs.

There is much to be said in favor of withholding advice until it is asked for. In a score or more phases of life the people of Europe do accept us as models. They copy our shoes, our dentistry, our juvenile courts, and our hospital organization; but they do not copy our municipal governments or our administration of justice. They have heard more of our lynchings than of the small parks and playgrounds of our progressive cities. On the whole, they think of us as rather uncivilized; but as fast as we give them something worth copying, they copy it, and much more quickly than we have copied their good points. And if we are able, in our dealings with our neighbors on our side of the world, to develop a new scheme of international relations which is as much superior to their methods as our sanitary plumbing is to the traditional English "tub," they will copy that, too. If in our own bailiwick we practised the "peace of justice" more, and talked about it less, it would be better.

This war has plunged us and all the world into deep water. It is a time to hold fast to old customs rather than to experiment in innovations.

We stand pledged to Europe. In return for their abstention in American af-

fairs, we have promised not to mix in theirs. Of course a bad pledge is better broken than kept, but it is well to be very sure the pledge is bad before we break it.

Is there any preponderating sentiment in our democracy in favor of taking sides on the issues of this European conflict? I think not. There is hardly one of us who has doubts as to which side he wants to see win, but there is a long step from this personal partizanship to the conviction that our Government should identify itself with, and give unqualified support to, either the Triple Alliance or the Entente group. The issues involved are far from clear. They visibly change as the war progresses. All the belligerent countries are divided internally over the vital issues of the war. Is it a war of offense or defense? In England are we to believe the Liberal "Manchester Guardian" or the frankly reactionary "London Morning Post"? Both try to tell us what Britain is fighting for, but their conclusions are worlds apart. And after the war are we to find Russia revolutionized or more deeply retrograde? There are too many unknown quantities—"unweighables," in Bismarck's phrase—for us to form a really united public opinion on the purely European issues of the war.

If we are to fight whole-heartedly, we must be convinced that we have chosen the side of progress. We admire immensely the scientific achievements and social ameliorations of Germany. In the last generation we have borrowed more of value from Germany than from any other European country, but few of us care to risk our lives for the greater glory of Hohenzollernism. We have a century-old tradition of peace with England, but more than once official relations have been sorely strained, and we are often shocked at the callous commercialism of the present ruling class of England. Why should we fight for the landlords of the London East End? In our home politics we are fighting against, not for, such people. We have severe penal laws against the sellers of opium. We would be utterly untrue to our own ideals if we were not keen to help the Russians to their freedom, but it is not our business to help the czar out of a hole.

The issues involved in this war are intricate in the extreme. We would resent any European power taking sides in the Mexican muddle. Our intervention in Europe over the moral issues of this war is equally uncalled for.

But there is nothing in the Monroe Doctrine—in our pledge not to act as a policeman in Europe—which implies that we will never fight a European nation. To change or abandon our theory of "neutral rights" in the midst of the war would be quite as grave a departure from our traditional policy as for us to take sides.

In the accepted custom of international law the procedure of protest is virtually automatic. If a citizen has plausible complaint against some other country, there is little option left to his Foreign Office. The complaint must be registered. It is the duty of his government to see that his evidence is heard, and if his claims are established, to demand compensation. And the general practice is to err on the side of over-protesting. In a synopsis of all the international protests issued in 1910, a relatively peaceful year, it would be found that a majority was received, investigated, and settled without the least hard feeling. Trouble is more likely to arise from the hostile mood of the contending nations than from the gravity of the complaint. Doubtful and important issues, like our recent controversy with England over the Panama Canal tolls, may be settled by common good-will. Insignificant incidents, like the breaking of the cane of a German vice-consul at Casablanca, may lead to the verge of war.

As a general proposition, it can be laid down that no liberal, democratic nation dreams of fighting over a commercial protest which can be arbitrated and settled by an award of damages. Most of our protests addressed to England since the outbreak of this war have been of this nature. If we had been spoiling for a fight, it would have been easy to start one over the bizarre British doctrine that they

can play fast and loose with our generally admitted trading rights in order indirectly to hurt Germany. The idea that, because the English do not approve of the way the Germans fight, they can inflict reprisals on neutral nations is indeed original. At the first opportunity we shall certainly "go to court" about this, and have this brand-new pretension threshed out. But if the English are ready to live up to their arbitration treaty with us, we certainly do not intend to fight about it.

However, August, 1915, finds us tottering on the verge of a very much more serious conflict with Germany, and it is apparently difficult for the Germans to understand our attitude.

The Roman Church made a very convenient classification in distinguishing between mortal and venal sins. There are many peccadillos that, while technically wrong, cannot be taken very seriously; and there are other acts that, even if we cannot cite the chapter and verse where they are forbidden, seem at once shockingly wrong—heinous.

Great Britain and Germany have both violated international law by armed invasion and occupation of neutral territory. Armies have settled down unwelcomed in the little grand duchy of Luxemburg and in the Greek isles near the mouth of the Dardanelles. Necessity knew no law. In both these cases the weaklings submitted sullenly to overwhelming force, and as far as one can discover, in both cases the invaders have recognized all the rights of the invaded except their right not to be invaded.

The American attitude toward both these cases is that they are most regrettable. But the case of Belgium is in another category altogether. It was no more "illegal" for the Germans to enter Belgium than for them to enter Luxemburg, but there has been a general wave of horror over the tragic fate of Belgium.

A British cruiser fires a shot across the bow of an American ship. Officers board her, go through her papers, find every evidence that she is bound for a neutral port on non-contraband business. Nevertheless, they order her to go into a British port, and with exasperating leisureness try to make up their mind whether or not they had any right to stop her.

A German submarine shoots a torpedo into a great merchant ship that is suspected of carrying aid to the enemy. And of the hundreds of passengers aboard, most of whom are strictly non-combatants, a large number are uselessly drowned.

Both acts are utterly illegal, but it is idle to contend that we ought to feel equally outraged over both.

Our real quarrel with Germany is that her statesmen cannot, or will not, see this distinction between venal and mortal lawlessness. This clash is more fundamental than the immediate hard-feeling over specific incidents. The solution of the *Arabic* affair does not really solve anything. The real conflict is in the attitude of mind of the two nations.

If we come to a rupture with Germany, it will not be because she has infringed on our rights,—England, also, has done that,—but because the *way* Germany did it was unbearable.

An autocratic government might possibly follow the dictates of logic and pure reason. It might act on the basis that law is law and that one violation is as bad as another, and so expect the rest of the world to be just as indignant over the illegalities of the British immaterial blockade as at the sinking of the *Lusitania*. But democracies are not ruled by this process of mind, which the Germans call "pure reason." Our newspapers—as good a mirror of our national mind as we possess—are remarkably unanimous. The British have lost heavily in our sympathy by a procedure which seems to us stupid, arrogant, and decidedly unsportsman-like. The German methods have seemed to us inhuman and horrible.

And so, after a year of this European War, there seems little chance of our becoming involved in serious trouble with any of the Entente powers, but there is a depressingly grave possibility of continual conflict with Germany.

But even if the ultimate misfortune befalls us, and our young men set out to war, it does not necessarily imply an abandoning of our traditional policy of non-intervention in purely European issues. We fought Spain without getting involved in any entangling alliances.

Those who believe that because we are bigger than Italy, stronger than Austria, more numerous than France, we also ought to accept the responsibilities of world power will certainly argue, if we become involved in a quarrel with any European nation, that now is the time to accept our true rôle. Either side would welcome our help, and a recognition of our coming of age would follow their victory. If we are to abandon our traditions, this war furnishes a plausible excuse.

But if the worst should come to the worst, and a war be forced on us, it would be quite possible to carry it on against the aggressor without tying ourselves up with either of the European groups. Italy was able to pick her enemies; for several months she fought Austria without joining the Ententes or fighting Austria's allies. We could, if attacked by Germany, carry on effective war without identifying ourselves with the cause of the czar. We could make a clear statement of our reasons for fighting and the specific satisfactions we demanded. We might, for instance, insist on formal apologies and some trophies to set up in one of our parks. There could be complete military coöperation with the other enemies of Germany without tangling up our diplomacy with any pledge to go on fighting after our aims had been obtained,—to pull chestnuts out of the fire for them,—or to stop as soon as they had had enough. There are ample precedents in history for such a dual war in the midst of a general conflict, and it would be much more in accordance with our traditional policy.

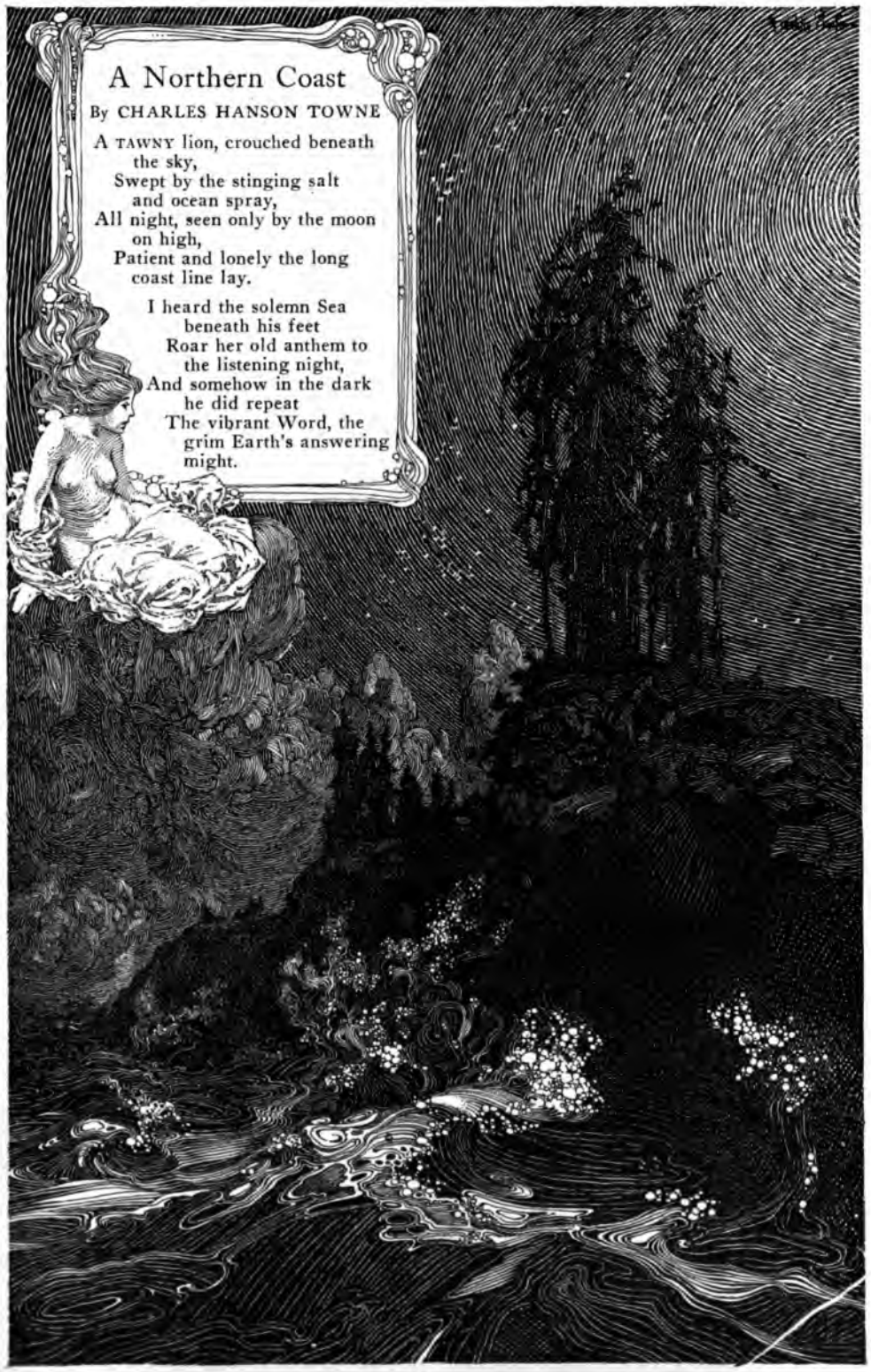
We will not go to war lightly; and if we go at all, our demands will be such that there is small chance of their satisfaction short of a complete victory. But the matter of coördinating military effort during the war would be simple compared to maintaining harmony during the peace proceedings. Especially in this matter it will be well to keep to our traditions. Europe will have to decide whether the town of Temesvar shall be Hungarian, Serb, or Rumanian. The harbor dues of Triest will be a matter of importance to Europe. There will be passionate discussions over the fate of the Dardanelles and the drawing of the new frontiers of Poland. A thousand similar questions will arise. If we are a world power, we ought to have an opinion on such points. It is barely possible that some of our diplomats have the special knowledge to fit them to deal with these matters, but there is no public opinion at home to guide them. Beyond the broad fact that we are a liberal nation and would prefer to see democratic counsels prevail everywhere, we have no interest in these European issues. To find ourselves fighting over this would be to find ourselves in a ridiculously false position.

If we take part in the peace proceedings, or have the misfortune of being drawn in before the peace, we shall have to come to a clear decision. Are we, or are we not, a world power? It is necessary to choose.

We might, for instance, become an ally of France and instruct our diplomats to vote with the French on all questions which do not involve our interests. This is virtually the attitude adopted by Mr. Roosevelt at the Conference of Algeciras. We were remarkably like the tail of a kite.

Or, refusing any alliances, we may keep to our traditional policy and, even if we become involved in the war, reaffirm our Americanism and our disinterestedness in the police problems of Europe. We shall certainly be freer in solving our own problems if we do not become involved in Europe.

It is necessary to choose.


A Northern Coast
By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE
A TAWNY lion, crouched beneath
the sky,
Swept by the stinging salt
and ocean spray,
All night, seen only by the moon
on high,
Patient and lonely the long
coast line lay.
I heard the solemn Sea
beneath his feet
Roar her old anthem to
the listening night,
And somehow in the dark
he did repeat
The vibrant Word, the
grim Earth's answering
might.

Hunger

By ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY

Author of "Toya the Unlike," "Temperament," "The Privateer," etc.

Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball

SHE drew the crape over her face, staggering a little as she turned away from the grave to the carriage. A son-in-law took her by the elbow, exchanging a quick glance with the others.

"Father won't lie alone here long," murmured one of her daughters, with an hysterical sob.

She was glad that the veil was heavy. True, her face was quite sodden with weeping,—she wept easily,—but she feared that it might not wear the proper expression for a woman just widowed after forty years of marriage. She was hungry. She could not help thinking of things to eat. It was from sheer faintness that she had staggered.

"As soon as the children have gone, I shall have Susy broil me a chop—two chops," she thought. "I do hope they won't feel that they ought to stay long."

For three days she had eaten virtually nothing. How could she eat, with the judge lying there dead? Her daughters, taking it for granted that she would not care to leave her room, had themselves brought trays to her, sitting beside her and urging her tenderly to make an effort. She did not like trays; the tea was usually chilled, and the eggs were overdone. Moreover, she saw that they would have been surprised and a trifle shocked if she had eaten. All her life she had been the victim of a fatal facility for doing the thing expected of her.

The night before, while the judge still lay in his half-lit drawing-room, with flowers all about him and one of the sons-in-law dozing on guard, the fancy had come to her to take one last look at this stranger who had been the father of her children. She tiptoed down-stairs without waking her daughters.

It was a long time since she had really looked at her husband. She felt a little apologetic now, more than a little nervous, as if at any moment he might lift those heavy lids with a testy, "Well, well, my dear, what are you staring at?"

But if the judge was aware of her scrutiny, he did not seem to resent it.

"Is *this* the man I married?" she asked herself at last, wondering.

In those chill, handsome features, already wearing the look of faintly yellowed marble; the proud nose, indefinably coarsened; the bushy, gray eyebrows with the irritable line between them not quite erased; the close-shaven mouth, oddly pursed and sunken since the acquisition of false teeth, she found no trace of the knight of her dreams, the fairy prince who had once come riding into her girlhood. Bleak desolation came over her. All done now, those dreams; the knight had ridden by.

For the first time her mourning seemed no mockery. She wore it not for the judge lying there in his coffin, but for the lover she had married and lost forty years ago.

Just beyond the coffin, so near that there was barely room for her to pass between them, stood the closed piano. She looked at it with sudden yearning. In all the crises of her life she had hungered

for music, even her own music, which was not very good. The piano was a thing of mystery to her, of beautiful promise. Consolation, memory, forgetfulness, hope —all of them lay there waiting, hidden in the harmonies her fingers might evoke. True, they often failed her, those stiffening, ill-taught fingers of hers. It required imagination to transmute her patient efforts into music. The judge had lacked imagination. Of late years the thing that he called her "mooning" had touched his nerves upon the raw. Only on the rare occasions when he was out of the house had she dared to grope in search of those locked harmonies.

"But surely it would not disturb him now," she thought, and moved past the coffin.

Then behind her the son-in-law snored. She stopped short, aghast at the narrowness of her escape. What would they all have thought, awakened at midnight to find their bereaved mother seated within a foot of her husband's coffin, playing tunes! To the judge's children all music was, or was not, "a tune." At the picture of their dismay she laughed.

The son-in-law awoke. He led her back to bed, pityingly, and gave her valerian to quiet her nerves, and she wept herself to sleep.

But now, driving home from the funeral, her mind went again eagerly to the piano.

"As soon as they 've all gone," she thought, "I 'll shut the doors and windows, and I 'll play. I don't care what the servants think; I 'm going to play."

A hand-organ passed, grinding out a gay little tune that went dancing merrily through her head. Pleasant thoughts came with it which would not be denied, ashamed as she was of them.

She might eat in the garden sometimes now, like a picnic. The judge had not approved of eating out of doors.

"It is not the place to eat," he had pronounced, with finality.

She might lie down and read when she ought to be doing all sorts of things—read anything that pleased her, poetry, novels, silly love-stories; not the dry articles and essays to which the judge liked to listen while he dozed after dinner, waking whenever her voice paused with a testy, "Well, well, my dear, what 's the matter now?"

A little smile curved her lips. What a house-cleaning she would have! Not the surreptitious, bit-at-a-time affair conceded to the judge's hatred of disturbance, but a perfect orgy of cleanliness. Everything out in the sun at once; empty, scrubbed shelves smelling of new oil-cloth; fresh paint everywhere; fresh papers on the walls; frivolous, light papers instead of the dreary grays and browns the judge had pronounced practical for a soft-coal city. She need never, never be practical any more.

And those dear, noisy babies from next door should come and play menagerie in the garden whenever they liked. Nobody to disturb now. It was *her* house. The girls would not want to live with her. They had homes of their own; besides, they had long ago outgrown the shabby old street, with its trolley-cars and small shops. Her house, and she alone in it!

"Except for poor Solomon," she reminded herself, with a pang of compunction.

Solomon was the judge's one weakness, a morose, elderly canine who at will slept in the judge's chair, ate from his plate, took him out upon forced marches in pursuit of rabbits which did not exist. She had little love for Solomon, but she respected him. He had won the thing she failed of—her husband's tenderness.

"I suppose the dog will miss Henry," she thought. "I 'll have to give him plenty of exercise."

Except for the duty of exercising Solomon, however, life loomed before her free of fetters, one long, glorious holiday—or not long, perhaps, for she was not many years from seventy. But it was freedom —freedom at last, after forty years of living the life of others, subservient to the dominant personalities of the judge and the judge's children.

The carriage stopped. She turned to

"There, queerly out of place in its new surroundings, stood the furniture she had left not an hour ago in the room that had been hers and the judge's"

her house as to an old friend, eager for the first glimpse of its weather-worn brick behind the elms. The servants would be at the door to greet her, respectfully tearful, perhaps, but glad in their secret hearts that the reign of tyranny was over. She must be very good to these faithful servants, who had seen so much that she kept loyally hidden from her daughters.

But the carriage had stopped before the house recently built by the most capable of her daughters, Caroline. Possibly an architect and workmen, and even her husband, may have been of some assistance in the matter, but the house was customarily referred to as having been built by Caroline.

"Welcome home, Mother!" said Caroline, with a little break in her voice.

It was quite a dramatic moment.

Dazed, the widow allowed herself to be led up the steps and into the handsome hall, where her eyes fell upon a new piano, quite the latest thing in self-playing instruments, whose harmonies were by no means locked; were, in fact, at the command of any person with sufficiently muscular legs.

"We got it for you, Mother," murmured somebody.

She found her voice.

"Wh-why are we stopping here?"

Caroline put protective arms around her.

"Why, you poor little mumsey, you did n't think we were going to let you go back to that gloomy old house all by yourself? Of course not. Father arranged it all before he went. Dear father, always taking care of you, even now!" She put a handkerchief to her eyes. "He made sister and me promise that we 'd never leave you alone, not for a single day. Whenever you get tired of us here, you are to go straight to sister's house. *That* will be nice, won't it?" She spoke with the horrid, determined cheerfulness employed by dentists and photographers in dealing with the unreconciled young.

A strange numbness settled upon the widow. She essayed one faint protest.

"But, Carrie, I really must go home. There—there are so many things to be done."

"What things, dear? I believe I 've attended to everything."

"Well, the servants—"

"I 've found them both good homes already. You 're not to worry."

"But—but Solomon!" urged the widow, desperately. "He 'll have to be exercised—"

Caroline opened a door and called:

"Here, Solly! Here, Solly! You see, I had him brought over with the other things while we were gone."

The old dog entered, and sniffed distrustfully at his mistress's new crape. It was evidently not the smell for which his soul yearned. He went to the front door and whined.

"He wants f-father!" said Caroline, and wept.

"He wants to go home," thought the widow, dully; but she did not say so.

In fact, she did not say anything. She knew that she ought to speak, knew that if she did not take a firm stand now, she would never again be able to hold her own with this child of hers who was so appallingly like the judge. But she was not a strong woman. She had never formed the habit of holding her own and taking firm stands.

They led her up-stairs to the room they called hers, and paused at the door to enjoy her surprise. It was indeed a surprise. There, queerly out of place in its new surroundings, stood the furniture she had left not an hour ago in the room that had been hers and the judge's: the black-walnut bureau she had always disliked, the monumental chest of drawers, even the catafalque of a bed in which, very suitably, the judge had been born and had died. It had been one of her secret dreams to exchange this solemn suite of furniture for a little white set she had seen in one of the shops, painted in rosebuds. There was also the judge's own chair, its leather somewhat worn and hairy because of the slumbers of Solomon. She sat down in it rather suddenly.

"I wanted you to feel at home at once," beamed the capable Caroline through tears. "It was quite a job getting it all moved so quickly without letting you know; but I knew how it would please you, dear. Don't you think you might manage to eat a little something now if I bring you a tray myself? Do try—just for my sake!"

She promised that she would try.

Presently the old dog nosed his way to her, and sat staring up at her with a commanding eye. She gently put a hand on his head.

"What are we going to do, Solomon? What are we going to *do?*" she whispered.

He removed his head with dignity. It was not she whom he sought, but the chair she occupied, the judge's chair; in fact, *his* chair.

She yielded it to him.

The tray came, personally conducted by Caroline. There was tea, a trifle chilled, and a very solid egg. There was also a rose laid across the napkin.

Alas! for the two broiled chops of her dreams! But she did not miss them.

IN Caroline's well-ordered household there were no children, nor in her neighborhood. A stately calm prevailed. No trolley-cars ventured near that sacred precinct; the widow often lay awake at night missing the familiar whir and clangor of them. Only limousines slid elegantly by; or if an automobile of the lower order chanced to intrude, it had at least the good taste never to honk. The judge himself could not have been quieter in his new surroundings than the judge's widow.

"Such a wonderfully restful atmosphere for your poor mother!" said Caroline's friends to her. "But what a responsibility, my dear! It seems a little hard on you."

"Hard on me—my own mother?" Caroline murmured in gentle reproof. "Naturally somebody must look after her; somebody always has. One is glad to make a few sacrifices. I only want her last days to be spent in peace and comfort."

Over the house that had been the judge's woodbine clambered thickly, and sparrows made the early morning vocal with their chatter. Of late years the judge had grown a trifle deaf, so that the sparrows were spared to increase and multiply and vociferate, after the vulgar fashion of the lower classes. Unfortunately, his human neighbors, also vulgar in these respects, had voices even more penetrating; and life had been one perpetual warfare between the judge and the neighborhood young to maintain the state which he called "privacy" and his wife called "loneliness."

But there were no longer any drawbacks for the neighborhood young about the judge's garden: no gardener with mistaken ideas of order; no fierce old voice threatening to sick the dog on them; only a little lady in black who began to seem a part of the landscape, and a dog whose attention was not to be distracted from rabbits no longer imaginary. Taller and thicker grew the weeds. The place became a jungle, inhabited, doubtless, by other wild animals than rabbits; tigers, possibly elephants. One sometimes heard them roaring. There were also bumblebees.

The hours passed so quickly there, so drowsily, what with the voices of birds and children and the drone of the passing trolley-cars, that the little lady in black had sometimes almost to run the long blocks back to Caroline's house to be in time for luncheon, the old dog puffing angrily behind her. Caroline shared her father's dislike for tardiness at meals.

Once she asked curiously:

"Where do you spend your mornings, Mother? The servants tell me you are up and off before the rest of us are stirring."

"I take Solomon walking," said her mother.

"For hours at a time, at your age?" Caroline eyed her solicitously. "No wonder you 're getting so thin! Remember, you are not very strong, dear. Hereafter

Solly would better take his walk in the back yard."

But her mother was unexpectedly stubborn.

"I like to go walking," she said. "Besides, I 've nothing else to do."

Life, even as she had dreamed it, was become a long holiday, a very long holiday.

Sometimes she pulled herself together and thought:

"This will not do! I 'm not old; I 'm only sixty-seven. I must learn to adjust myself."

She decided that she would be of some use to her daughter. But how? Caroline was very capable. The household ran as easily as the player-piano. House-cleaning seemed unnecessary: there was an electrical contrivance, with long antennæ which felt about behind things and on top of things, so that no speck of dust escaped. Shelves and drawers never got out of order. No buttons were ever missing, no stockings needed darning. The conviction grew upon her that these matters also were attended to by some electrical contrivance.

She tried solitaire, she tried crocheting, but was not able to rid herself of the feeling that these were merely elaborated forms of idleness. True, she was free to read the things that suited her. Nobody would jeer at her choice, nobody would trouble to inquire what she was reading. But with freedom, the taste for sentimental fiction, even for poetry, seemed to have disappeared, even as the taste for candy cruelly deserts those who have reached the age to which it is no longer forbidden.

Only the hunger for music remained. Often she eyed the player-piano wistfully, wishing that it were as other pianos.

One day she found herself alone with it. Caroline had gone to one of her clubs, and the other daughter, by some felicitous chance, was not able to be on duty. The time had come! With much patient labor, she discovered that the mechanical part of the instrument might be detached. Even then it was not quite as other pianos. Its full, loud, self-confident tones, so different from the deprecating tinkle of her old instrument, were rather alarming. Still, she was alone.

There was the little, half-forgotten tune the hand-organ had played as they drove back from the funeral. It had been a popular ditty of the day when the judge was courting her. He had often whistled it. Strange to think of the judge whistling! But he was not the judge then. Over and over she tried it, almost remembering; stopping always at the same place to begin once more. Her ear was not very good; a change to the minor always puzzled her. Over and over again—

Once or twice a servant peeped in at her, and withdrew, giggling. Dusk fell. Still she played on happily; striking wrong notes, listening, remembering, dreaming. Such a gay little air!

At last a button clicked behind her, and light flooded the hall.

"Oh, Mother dear!" cried a laughing voice. "*Would* you mind playing something else for a while? I don't believe I can stand that silly, old-fashioned tune another minute. Why don't you let me show you how to work the player?"

Caroline had been there for some time.

The son-in-law came home for dinner one night beaming with satisfaction.

"Congratulations, Mother! You 're quite rich now," he said. "We 've sold your house at last for a very good price. I have brought the papers for you to sign."

Sold the house! She clutched at the table-cloth; the room swam around her. But she told herself that she must be sensible. She had known all along that they were going to sell the house. She signed her name where her son-in-law bade her.

"Will the new owners move in soon?" she asked quite calmly.

"Oh, no." He smiled at her question. He was always very kind and patient with her. "It was bought as an investment, probably. People don't move into that neighborhood nowadays, since shops and boarding-houses have overrun it."

Nevertheless, she and Solomon hurried

away the next morning without waiting for their breakfasts. She had a feeling that there was no time to waste.

Nothing had changed. Cobwebs still fastened the closed shutters securely, sparrows still held possession of the woodbine, the "For Sale" sign had not been taken away. The house did not seem to realize that it had been sold.

As the long June mornings passed, still without change, she became almost reconciled to the thought of strangers in her home. After all, it is not good for houses to stand too long vacant. They grow to have an empty, hopeless expression, like faces behind which there is no mind. She wondered a great deal about the new owners. Perhaps they were young people, as she and Henry had been when they bought the house. She hoped so; it was such a good house for children. The long nursery, with elm-branches tapping at the sunny windows, and a gay little frieze of cows jumping endlessly over moons, pursued by a placid Bo Peep and her tailless flock—does one find such nurseries in modern houses?

She began to wish they would move in. It would be pleasant to see smoke coming out of the chimneys again, curtains fluttering at the windows.

One morning as she and Solomon approached, she saw a group of people on the pavement, and men going in and out of the gate. Her heart began to thump. They had come at last! She hurried forward. The twittering of the sparrows was louder than usual; it seemed terrified, frantic. Then she saw what was happening. Men were tearing down the woodbine.

She gasped, and began to run. It was an outrage! Did they not know there were nests in those vines, young fledglings?

There was a sign at the gate: DANGER. KEEP OUT. The men were tearing down not only the vines, but the house.

She stood for a while, staring. A shower of shingles rattled down, and piled themselves in heaps upon the prostrate woodbine. Bricks followed. The rooms in which her life had been spent were about to expose themselves to the gaze of the public, like rooms upon a stage.

Suddenly she cried out aloud, cried to the husband who had always taken care of her:

"Henry, don't let them! Make them stop it, Henry!"

"Why, it 's the judge's widow! She 's fainted, poor soul!" exclaimed a neighbor, running out to her.

But she had not fainted. She was merely unable to stand up any longer.

Every morning Solomon came into her room and stared at her reproachfully with his blurred eyes. There were no rabbits in Caroline's back yard, no live stock of any description, with the exception of a sophisticated and able cat or two; in fact, there was no back yard, properly speaking; only a neat, unfenced stretch of lawn, shared in common with other houses.

"I 'll be out of bed to-morrow, old puppy," she promised him daily. "Then we 'll find somewhere else to take our walks—somewhere else."

People were very kind to her. They came to see her often; not her old neighbors, who stood rather in awe of the judge's daughters, but other people, who spoke in low, sick-room voices, and were most sympathetic. Once she overheard Caroline saying to a visitor:

"Yes, we have been expecting this. We knew it would not be long. She was so dependent on father!"

The widow smiled to herself, a rueful, guilty little smile. How shocked they would all be if they knew the truth! She was rather shocked herself.

"I suppose I really ought to be ill," she thought, "but I 'm not."

Still, since it seemed to be expected of her, she kept to her bed awhile longer.

At length Solomon abandoned all other interests, and formed the habit of lying in the judge's chair all day, fixedly eying the dwindling little figure in the judge's bed, as if he intended to accomplish his purpose

by sheer force of concentration. He had had some experience with the power of suggestion, had Solomon.

Under his gaze the widow fretted a little. More than once it brought back her thoughts from the vaguely pleasant regions where they strayed to a reality that was less pleasant. At such moments duty claimed her again, and she was very tired of duty. With great effort she remembered and repeated her daily promise to him, "To-morrow—"

But Solomon put little faith in promises. Performance was his creed, prompt performance. He continued to insist; and under his reminding, beseeching, exhorting eye the widow could not rest in peace.

Sometimes she murmured to the watchers at her bedside:

"Solomon—exercise—rabbits—the garden—" and they humored her soothingly, believing that her mind wandered. With a mother on her death-bed, naturally one does not think of exercising dogs.

Once her eyes opened, to find a familiar black face bending over hers. She spoke in a stronger voice than she had used for days:

"It 's Susy. Crying? What 's the matter? Have n't you a good place, old friend?"

The negress controlled herself gallantly, according to instructions.

"Yais 'm, Miss Mary. Miss Calline put me with some real nice young mai'ed folks; on'y dey *does* mek me put soda in my beat biscuit, and Gawd He knows I ain't never had to put no soda in my bread befo' in all my bo'n days."

The widow patted her cook's wrinkled hand.

"Young folks, Susy, young ways. We must learn to adjust ourselves, you and I." She closed her eyes. "Susy—is the house all down yet?"

"We-all's house? No, ma'am, hit ain't. De wukmen 's done gone an' struck, or somefin' like dat. But, oh, Miss Mary, dey ain't nary a roof to it now, an' some of its insides shows, an' ef a rain was to come up, Gawd He knows what would happen to de parlor ceilin'!"

The widow's eyes flew open.

"Not down yet, not down yet? Susy!" she clutched the other's hand tighter. "You must pray that there won't be a rain! You hear me? Pray hard!"

When the black woman had gone, she prayed herself, very earnestly, that there would not be a rain, reminding God that the parlor ceiling was frescoed. It was the first time she had found energy to pray for several days.

When the kind and patient son-in-law tiptoed into her room that evening, she was ready for him with an eager question:

"You said I was rich. How rich? How much money have I got in bank?"

He told her.

"And can I do just what I like with all that?"

He assured her that she could.

"Is—is there anything you wish to consult me about, Mother dear? Or—" his voice broke a little; he was a man of fine feeling—"or perhaps the time has come to consult a lawyer?"

She chose the lawyer.

He went out to Caroline, saying sadly:

"Mother knows now. She wants to see a lawyer."

Caroline put a handkerchief to her eyes.

"Do you think she is quite—capable?"

"Perfectly. She seems stronger than she has been for weeks and entirely clear-headed. It is often so toward the last. She even selected the lawyer herself—that fellow who lives next door to your father's old house, the shabby chap with all the children. A queer choice, was n't it? But any lawyer can make a will, and we must humor her."

"Yes, yes, of course. Poor mother was always so interested in the neighbors!" sighed Caroline, in the gently reminiscent tone with which one refers to the little failings of the dead.

During the lawyer's visit she refrained with some delicacy from entering her mother's room, lest it might possibly be thought afterward that she had influenced in any way the old lady's last wishes.

Therefore, it was somewhat of a sur-

"The old pianoforte . . . whose mild, uncertain tinkle may be heard at all hours by the passer-by"

prise to her to learn, a few days later, that instead of writing a will, the lawyer had secured from its new owner a ten-year lease for her mother on the house that had been hers.

"It should never have been allowed!" Caroline protested to sympathetic friends. "I blame the lawyer greatly. Poor, dear mother's mind, you know! It is not as if she could possibly live to go back there, though why she should wish to I cannot imagine. It seems a little, just a little, ungrateful, does n't it? Fancy being hampered with a ten-year lease!"

But for once Caroline found herself in error. The widow seemed to have every intention of living to go back there. In fact, two days after the lease was signed, she rejected her dainty luncheon-tray *in toto,* and demanded two broiled lamb-chops.

THE judge's ghost, if it ever cares to revisit mundane haunts, must be rather startled by the changes that have taken place in its former dwelling. Outwardly, the house behind the elms is much the same. Its new roof does not vary by a shingle from its old roof. Only a few lines of mortar, whiter than the rest, show where bricklayers have repaired certain ravages upon its dignified front, and these the woodbine, growing green again from stout, undaunted roots, is doing its best to cover. Nevertheless, the changes are there, noticeable as much to the ear as to the eye.

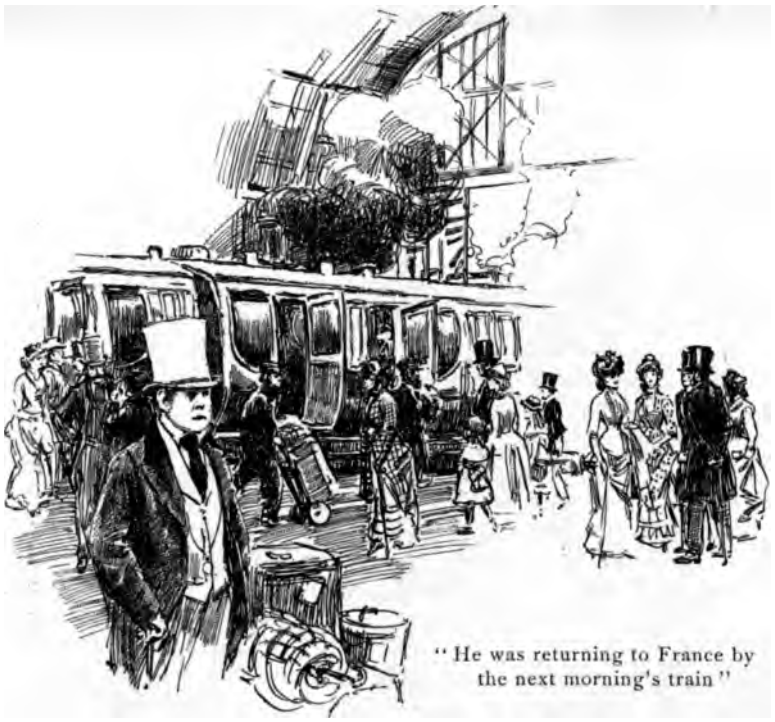
All day long the voices of children echo through the house, coming not only from the garden, but from the nursery up-stairs, where the daughter of the shabby lawyer next door teaches kindergarten, with the aid of Bo Peep and her tailless flock and the jumping cows.

As for the judge's bedroom, his ghost must turn from it in dismay toward a more suitable resting-place. Gone are the walnut monuments, the majestic state-bed of his forefathers, and their places are usurped by slender furniture of cream enamel, painted in rosebuds, which Caroline finds distinctly trivial.

Indeed, the entire effect of the house is somewhat trivial; muslin ruffles at the windows, plants in gay red pots, flowered walls; nothing really handsome and substantial and suitable for a judge's widow, with the exception, possibly, of the old pianoforte, recovered from a second-hand shop, whose mild, uncertain tinkle may be heard at all hours by the passer-by.

Caroline has been forced to the reluctant conclusion that her mother herself is somewhat trivial; not a woman of deep feeling, perhaps, certainly lacking all sense of the fitness of things. Fancy preferring, at sixty-odd, to live alone (except for servants), in a street where there are shops; to wear white muslin instead of decent crape; to eat half one's meals out of doors in view of the entire neighborhood—and such a neighborhood! Noisy children always about, women in gingham aprons calling pleasantries over the back fence, amorous couples of the vicinity conducting their affairs in the garden, quite as if it were a people's park. No reserve, no privacy, none of that gradual fading out of life which is to be expected of bereaved aged ladies. The judge's widow, in fact, is growing plump.

Only Solomon remains to uphold the dignity of the establishment—Solomon, who during his master's lifetime managed to absorb something of the judicial manner, now enhanced by an increasing portliness of person and stiffness of carriage. He receives Caroline on her conscientious daily visits with a certain stately enthusiasm reserved for his equals, tempered somewhat, however, by the natural condescension of the victor.



"He was returning to France by the next morning's train"

"Pleasures and Palaces"

By PRINCESS LAZAROVICH-HREBELIANOVICH

(*Eleanor Calhoun*)

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

Part Four: Racine and Shakspere in French in France

SHAKSPERE was not regularly acted anywhere in London, although now and then one of his plays would be given as a "great production." The first time I saw Sir Henry Irving was in his revival of "Romeo and Juliet." The scenery was gorgeous, and much of the acting was fine; but when we went around on the stage at the end of the play, and Sir Henry, benign and courteous to a young and unimportant beginner, asked me how I liked his performance, I answered energetically:

"Oh, Mr. Irving, I wish I had seen you in something else."

My friends, startled, tried to jump into the breach to explain my speech away, but Sir Henry put them back with a gesture, and said, "She is right; the part does n't suit me at all."

Then he turned to me, with the eagerness and simplicity of a boy, and talked with me about the production. Several times during coming years he asked me to play at the Lyceum in Shaksperian or other poetical plays, but, unfortunately, on account of previous engagements or for other reasons, I could never do so.

Another part in which I did not care for Irving was *Macbeth*. We discussed that thoroughly, too, a few years later, after my return from France. On that occasion, also, with the modesty of the truly great, he admitted he had not projected the part as he would have desired, but that it interested him deeply. As we

sat talking, he began to recite speeches and whole scenes of it, I answering him. When we first began to talk, he did not see *Lady Macbeth* at all as I did, but later, when I did battle for my view, he said: "No one but Siddons could act such a conception of the part. Of course, if you could, you would have a right to your statue," alluding to the statue of Sarah Siddons, the greatest of English tragedians, which stands in Westminster Abbey.

One of the most cherished friends of the Tennants of Whitehall was the greatest of all French actors of comedy, the late Constant Coquelin, the style of whose art was, in its way, as classical as the writing of Molière, whose most perfect exponent Coquelin was. I had never met him, though he had seen me act in London in the part of *Hester Prynne* in my own production of a dramatization of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," in which Mr., now Sir, Johnstone Forbes-Robertson was playing *Dimmesdale,* both performances winning high praise. Some business caused me to make a quick trip to New York. In my absence Mrs. Tennant sent repeatedly to my mother, who was with me in London at the time and who remained there during my journey to America, inquiring the date of my return, and asking to be apprised of it at once. On my return, I found awaiting me an urgent message from Mrs. Tennant, asking my mother and me to dine with her that same night, hinting at an important matter that she desired to make known by word of mouth. At her house that evening I saw M. Coquelin for the first time off the stage. In introducing him to me, Mrs. Tennant said: "Sit there on that sofa, and let M. Coquelin tell you what he has to say. Do not answer until you have thought well of what he says; it is for your great good."

I began to expect some valuable criticism of my work, but he explained to me that he expected to open a theater of his own in Paris, and asked me if I would be willing to play there in French with him. He thought I could soon make my accent good enough for that purpose. He had a simple and straightforward appreciation of his own value, and said that he was sure my acting with him in Paris in that way would be worth my while from every point of view.

Both Mrs. Tennant and her daughter, Lady Stanley, urged the suggestion, and I promised to let M. Coquelin know my decision by letter to Paris, as he was returning to France by the next morning's train, having finished his London engagement.

As soon as my friends in London knew of my decision to go, everything possible was done to hinder me; it was represented to me that I was wrecking a brilliant career. I very nearly gave up the adventure, and perhaps might have done so but that a deep personal sorrow which had struck across my life at that time caused me to desire the distraction of a new and more absorbing occupation.

Many kind friends sent me letters of recommendation to persons in France. Acting upon friendly advice, I decided to make my home with some French family during my studies in Paris, so as to learn French ways of thought to the core, and speak, write, think, and live French during that period. Many were the letters given me by friends to families of distinction, with injunctions to look kindly after me. But chance at the last moment led me blindly, as it were, to persons who were strangers to me, who yet became, throughout all my stay in France, my *"famille de France,"* as they called themselves,—my mother, my sisters, my old grandmother,—and never was there a more devoted and loyal home circle than this exquisite French family of the old régime became to me.

At a house where I was dining on the evening before my departure from London to Paris my hostess asked me casually if I could deliver a message in Paris for her to the Marquise Le Mulier.

Before starting on my rounds to call on the persons, a family of rank and of some literary distinction, with whom certain English friends had hoped I might find a home during my stay in France, I

made it my duty to deliver the message I had brought to the Marquise Le Mulier. I left the ladies who accompanied me in the carriage, and alone went up the five flights of stairs to the marquise's apartment.

The family consisted of the old marquise; her daughter, Mme. Germaine, a lady of fifty or so; two grandsons; and three granddaughters, Marie, Olga, and young Germaine.

They showed me a precious miniature of the old marquise by the famous miniaturist Guérin, showing her at the age of three, holding a doll, standing in the gardens of the Palais Royal, they said. It was a good portrait in essence of the marquise as I saw her before me, small, with very large, wide-opened blue eyes, laughing and bright, and a broad forehead. I admired her at once and was charmed by her. It seemed to me she was something to me. I felt as if there was some tender destiny between me and all that exquisite family.

As the time came to rise and end my short visit, it seemed suddenly sad for me to go. I spoke my thoughts aloud, and said to myself, murmuring the words, as they afterward told me, "This is the place where I should be happy." Then I turned and asked Mme. Le Mulier if she could not take me into her fold, and gave a full explanation of my purpose in coming to Paris. The suggestion caused a moment of silence. I said, "I seem to know you—you would understand me; I should have perfect confidence here."

They looked at one another, then excused themselves, and withdrew for a consultation. Presently they returned and stood around me, and the old marquise told me that I might come. Both she and her daughter afterward called me *"ma fille d'Amérique"*—my daughter from America—and spoke of themselves as my "family of France" and my "sisters of France." During my entire stay in France those expressions were made good in deeds, and have always proved true since that first day of our accidental meeting.

Pursuing the old dictum, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," I put myself into the hands of my French family, and asked them to advise me as if our pleasant fiction were actually true and I were their daughter in very fact. In that way I saw life from the French point of view. During my entire stay in France, I never so much as appeared out of doors unaccompanied by the marquise or by one or more of those ladies. One of them was also present in the drawing-room during any visits I received.

I took up several courses in French with university professors, studied tragedy and comedy with the most distinguished and famous actors of the Théâtre Français, rehearsing with Coquelin Aîné and with Mounet-Sully as well as with several others: with M. Laugier of the Comédie Française; and Paul Berton, who had played the leading parts with Sarah Bernhardt and was the grandson of Samson, the old actor with whom Rachel studied her great classical rôles. M. Berton possessed many letters of Rachel's to his grandfather.

Several persons who had been acquainted with Rachel told me stories of her, and of the impression her acting created on their minds. Among them was Lord Glenesk, whose father had known Rachel well; Leconte de Lisle, who had met her; Victorien Sardou; and Marie Laurent, a handsome, white-haired, black-eyed woman, who as a young girl had played Rachel's *suivante* with her in all of her great rôles. The impression was always the same—that of all-conquering genius. It was clear that those who saw Rachel act did not bring away opinions of her work, but a fiery experience which had lifted all minds to a sublime height of emotion, which they never forgot during the rest of their lives.

Lord Glenesk gave me an account of his first meeting with Rachel. He had gone to Paris for the first time as a youth, and for the first time his father had taken him to the Français to see Rachel act. The entire audience had been stirred to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm and excite-

"During my entire stay in France, I never so much as appeared out of doors unaccompanied by the marquise"

ment. The next morning early he had ridden to the Bois with his father, and on the way his father had said, "We will turn out of the avenue a moment, down this street; I want to show you the house of the marvelous woman we saw act last night." It was barely sunrise, and as they pulled their horses up outside a high wall inclosing a small villa, they were astonished to hear, proceeding from within, what appeared to be the reacting of the very scenes they had witnessed the night before at the theater, but spoken in dead tones, as if by a somnambulist. Dismounting from their horses, they entered the garden. There they found Rachel, clad in loose garments, dull-eyed, with dishevelled hair and wan face, utterly void of all the flaming magnetism that a few hours earlier had filled her frame. To the questions of Lord Glenesk's father, she answered wearily that she had been rehearsing there under the trees since it was scarce day, trying in vain to find means

of expressing certain passages in which she had "failed at the night's performance"—that performance which had so thrilled those who witnessed it, marking an epoch in their lives.

Leconte de Lisle told me much of Rachel's technic in speaking verse, and of her personality. He recalled an occasion at table when she had said half playfully to the person next her, "If I forbid you to lift your glass and drink from it, you will be unable to do so." The gentleman accepted the challenge, and clasped his fingers about his wine-glass; but, in obedience to a gesture from her long, taper finger and her spoken, "I forbid you," he was totally unable to budge it from its place, much to his embarrassment and chagrin. He said that she never shook hands with any one, and explained to him once that she felt her strength leave her whenever she found herself obliged to take the hand of another person.

Sardou also gave me his impressions of Rachel. Like others, he found her sublime in the great tragedies. I asked him if he did not regret not having had her interpret his own works. "Not at all. She could n't have played them any better than Sarah does," he replied. He further told me, as did every other person who had seen her, that Rachel played modern pieces with only moderate success; indeed, that some of her attempts outside of the great classical rôles might be called failures.

Mme. Marie Laurent was cast to play with me in Racine's "Andromaque" the same part she had acted with the great Rachel at the Odéon and the Français many years before, when her magnificent mass of snowy hair had been black, to match her great black eyes, which even in youth could hardly have been more lustrous. The dignified life and character of this lady are well known, her deeds on the battle-field in 1870–71 having won for her the Legion of Honor. She was kind and sympathetic toward me during my rehearsals of *Hermione* in "Andromaque," and continually gave me reminiscences, both personal and artistic, of Rachel.

This takes me back to a little reminiscence which Marie Laurent gave me of Rachel. She said that once when she was rehearsing the *suivante* in "Les Horaces," Rachel was distressed because she could not put sufficient expression into the curse that *Camille* pronounced on her brother after he had slaughtered her lover. While she was laboring in that attempt, "getting dryer every moment," as she herself expressed it, an iron vice that was being turned at rapid pace by a large screw caught a finger of one of the stage mechanics and crushed it till the blood ran down. Every one screamed; Rachel fainted. On recovering consciousness, she said, "Some drops from the mangled finger of a stranger made me faint, yet I could look at a sword covered with the life-blood of my dearest and only rant!" She then hurled forth the famous *imprécation de Camille* in a way that brought every hammer on the stage to a standstill and "struck terror to us all."

I had not progressed very far with my French studies in Paris when I became keenly aware of one or two facts that might dampen the ardor of even a beginner, which I was not exactly, as within a comparatively short period of time I had already won some distinction on the London stage, and understood very well the value of continuity and concentration of effort in the accomplishment of any serious achievement. But it became clear to me that it would be necessary to devote far more time than I had reckoned upon, or than M. Coquelin had supposed to be necessary, to the study of French diction, pronunciation, and intonation, before I could qualify to act on the French stage. The difficulty lay chiefly in the intonations, which in the French tongue are the underlying means of all expression.

M. Coquelin left Paris on a long European and African tour, which changed my outlook somewhat. I took counsel with M. Sardou and others. His advice to me was to test the exact status of my qualifications at the time by rehearsing and acting at one of the theaters some play at a private morning *audition*, where the au-

"One of them was also present in the drawing-room during any visits I received"

dience would consist, in addition to my French family, solely of himself, one or two actors of the national theater, and perhaps one or two other persons of severe critical judgment. I chose his "Dora," and he offered to secure for me the actors and theater, which he did, giving me collaborators from among the finest actors in Paris, none of whom would refuse anything to M. Sardou. The experiment passed off satisfactorily.

For purposes of art connected with my rehearsals of Sardou's "Fédora," I desired to have some exact knowledge concerning the actions of a person dying of prussic acid, and was taken to call on a doctor in the municipal employ, connected with the police service, whose lot it had been to see death from that and other poisons. He was a man who had made important scientific research in criminology. As we ascended several long flights of stairs, we met numbers of very ragged and poor people, going up or coming down. At the top, the ante-room, the corridor and another opening into it, were full of "the maimed, the halt, and the blind."

Not one member of my so-called French family could have been more tenderly devoted to me in every circumstance of my existence during that whole time if we had been related to one another by the closest of blood-ties. They sympathized with me and helped me in all my endeavors, rejoiced at every successful step, encouraged me when I was discouraged or tired or sad. There were times when instead of those last three words my state of mind could have been more exactly described by "despairing." Many friends urged me to give up my attempt. Managers of London theaters came to see me more than once in order to persuade me to renounce my French work and return to England. "If singing were to be your task," they said, "that would be comparatively easy; but never in the world will the French allow you to act here in their own tongue on the speaking stage. Or if by any chance they should, remember the fate of that lovely and talented Russian girl who played at the Français one night and committed suicide the next day."

Once when I did go across to London

to play for five or six weeks, I encountered the same pressure on all sides. One day during that flying trip to London I attended a matinée given there by M. Antoine's players of "La mort du Duc d'Enghien." Henry James, the novelist, came to speak to me and said:

"Do you know who that is in the stall in front of you? Fanny Kemble that was; shall I introduce you to her? But I must warn you she is rather alarming."

The old woman appeared big and strong, and every line of her back and shoulders, her neck, and even the back of her hat expressed anger, in some way suggested suppressed rage. The friend at my right laughed at Mr. James and said:

"I have heard that she gnashes with her false teeth, and under her voluminous skirts has a long, heavy tail like a lion's, with which she pounds and lashes the floor when she sees things she can't endure."

I was in happy humor that day, and felt that I could bear anybody's tantrums, so I acquiesced in Mr. James's suggestion. The old lady was civil, though expressive of acerbity in all her person. She was good enough to offer to drive me home in her brougham. Mr. James conducted her to the carriage. She took me beside her, then pointed to the little seat facing us, and said with sharp command, "Henry, sit there!" He submissively got in. The moment the carriage was moving, she began a perfect hail, or, rather, sleet, of sarcastic questions and comment on my temerity and presumption in thinking I could ever act in French, or be allowed to open my mouth on the French boards.

"Even I," she sneered, "could not do it; for I went to Paris before you were ever born, and studied with the gr-r-r-reat R-R-R-Régnier, and he told me to go back to England—*me!* And you imagine that *you*—" With irony of voice and word, emphasized to the point of caricature, as if measured to get over the footlights of Covent Garden in the "good old days," she pelted me unmercifully, and, as it were, torrentially washed me out of existence. Mr. James was like a good lamb, but the few short sentences she addressed to him were vocal slaps. I never spent such a comic half-hour. When next I saw Mr. James I said, "I am sure you must have some secret sin, and take her as self-imposed penance." He smiled, and answered that she was not really so very terrible at heart.

While speaking of these landmarks of a past age on the stage, I recall the charm and kindness of manner and the impressive dignity of the Shaksperian actress, Lady Martin (Helen Faucit), who entertained me at her house in London. Her distinguished husband, the historian, Sir Theodore Martin, looked upon her, I think, as a kind of poetical goddess, and it was easy to understand how it was that Queen Victoria so much cherished her friendship.

Sometime after Coquelin had returned to Paris, and I had rehearsed with him in Molière's comedies and several other plays of the Théâtre Français repertory, and had made a special study of a French translation of Shakspere's "Taming of the Shrew,"—"Shaming of the True," as I called it,—he asked me to play *Katherine* to his *Petruchio* at Orléans, where he was booked in that play, with the other actors of the Comédie Française. "La mégère apprivoisée," as the French version is called, is a rousing and delightful comedy, and is, I believe, the one exception where a translation of one of Shakspere's works equals, and even surpasses, the original. This play was translated and adapted by a young writer who was gifted with style as well as wit, and whose early death unfortunately blighted the brilliant promise of really high achievement that his work showed.

The English comedy of Italian life, being thus Latinized, gained wonderfully in both its amusing and picturesque qualities. Losing every tinge of artificiality, it was a living page from the Italian Renaissance, with a light touch that was peculiarly Italian, making it fresh and full of fun. Yet when all was over, the psychological and physical traits which it good humoredly satirized remained in no

"I chose his 'Dora,' and he offered to secure for me the actors and theater"

way impaired. Notwithstanding its naïve and rank realism in parts, it still had easy room for true romance, even touches of poetry, as at the end of the play, in the great disciplining act. Here, after leading the poor girl such a race and putting her through such paces that she is thoroughly worn out physically and confused in spirits, and finally falls asleep in the great arm-chair before the big fireplace, Coquelin, as *Petruchio,* touched by her piteous plight and half relenting, tenderly placed her weary feet on a cushion, carefully drew a silken cover over her from her chin to the floor, and then tiptoed softly to a seat opposite her and sat there, while the storm raged without, watching her sleep in the firelight, half smiling, and yet at heart thrilled with admiration of that very spirit and nature in her which was to be educated, not broken. That appearance as *Katherine* to the *Petruchio* of Coquelin and other actors of the Comédie Française was the very first occasion when I set foot in public on the French stage. At Orléans, though not afterward, I played under the name of Mme. de Beauregard, as I thought it possible my effort might prove a complete fiasco. Coquelin himself had said at the last rehearsal, "All we can say now is, *à la grâce de Dieu.*"

The eventful day came to take the train for Orléans. After Mme. Le Mulier and I had settled ourselves in our rooms at the hotel in Orléans, we went for a walk to look at the old town, then drove back and, after a delicious dinner served in my room, I went to sleep for an hour, according to my usual custom on days when I was to act at night. The theater was filled to overflowing by an audience composed of the notabilities of the place, who came to welcome the great Coquelin and the other actors of the national theater. They knew nothing about me whatever, probably hardly noticed that *Katherine* was being played by a "Mme. de Beauregard."

The performance went forward without hitch or falter except for two small contretemps, unnoticed by the audience, but which created something of a flutter on our side of the curtain. The first affected me only. It proceeded from the prompter's-box, a large wooden hood at the front edge of the stage, in the very middle of it. I had not been warned that it would be used, and had no experience

of such a contrivance. The man inside of it had a book of the play before him, and in rasping, fierce whispers spoke every sentence just as the actor was about to pronounce it. If the actor paused before it, he pronounced it twice, and went on repeating it until the actor began to speak it, when he hissed out the next phrase, made sharper and magnified by the wooden hood. To my ears the sounds made a horrible confusion and scuffle. With my first utterance and his, I turned dizzy and felt I should faint. Then I rushed ahead with my words, to show him that I knew them like A B C; but he hurried on ahead of me and got there first, never letting me catch up. The faster I went, the faster he chattered. It was comic beyond words. I nearly laughed right out in the middle of my scene. In fact, I did put in a lot of "ha! ha's!" that had not been planned. The other unrehearsed effect was that in the great act, when *Katherine* sits asleep in the armchair in the firelight, the man at the back of the chimney, who was to have thrown over the scene a red glow from the flames, used by mistake a pale bluish green, a lovely moonlight. My eyes were closed; I knew nothing about the matter. The audience under the spell of the scene was not aware of anything unusual, but cheered the scene enthusiastically. However, when the curtain had finally fallen after the act, M. Coquelin came to me with voice trembling and said, as he offered me his hand, "Mademoiselle, permit me to conduct you to your *loge.*" Mme. Le Mulier was at my side, as he led me quite formally with old-fashioned politeness to the foot of the little staircase leading to my dressing-room. There he said, "Have the kindness to close your door when you enter," and stood motionless until my door was shut. Then he turned like a hurricane toward the stage with such language as a storm might use if it came to the point where it could no longer bear heaven and earth and undertook to rip up the universe. The terms were not such as persons who use the word "choice" would care to record, but he never knew to his dying day that the thin boards of my *loge,* in which there was an open window for ventilation, caused me to hear in full what he, with the delicacy of a gentleman, had undertaken to shield me from.

On my return to Paris I was engaged to act the chief part in a new play at the Odéon Theater. Apart from the fact that the Odéon is the second of the arms of the national theater of France, there is a somber grandeur about this classical old building. In its great pillared porch Rachel had stood, as had also Mme. Ristori, when she acted at the Odéon in Italian. In that porch, too, Napoleon walked at the hour when his destiny turned and mounted toward an empire.

When preliminary rehearsals had already begun, the managers of the Odéon invited me to confer with them on the question of salary. They sealed a contract with me, giving me the highest salary which the state paid at the Odéon.

Every part of my experience at the Odéon was deeply interesting. The other players and I were introduced to one another, and they at once entered into sympathetic comradeship with me. At the beginning of rehearsals a little cabin, roof and all, with the wall next the stage omitted, was erected over the orchestra-stalls bordering the stage. At a table within it sat the author and often the managers, and at different times any other persons whose connection with the production made it useful for them to study from the front the effects to be obtained on the stage.

In all the plays I acted or rehearsed, or saw rehearsed by others, in Paris, including the new ones, the main scheme of presentation was in the hands of the actor or actress, or both, who played the chief parts in the play under consideration.

In this stage-work, as elsewhere in Paris, my observations led me to conclude that, though with the French there is always an atmosphere of compliment and courtesy, doubtless expressive of their sense of elegant form as applied to social intercourse, still, when any art work is

"There is a somber grandeur about this classical old building"

on hand, they become direct and simple, and though retaining politeness of phrase, the element of flattery is entirely absent. The Frenchman is by nature, I should say, almost supersensitive or nervous, but under work he is calm; some critical coolness in him keeps watch over his ardor. Because of this, and of the pleasure they take in finding formulation for their ideas, it is inspiring to work in companionship with the French. With the beginning of rehearsals, I noticed how very much the actor is left in peace. There was an atmosphere of the subjective throughout all the work of preparation. Images and pictures began to come forth of themselves, as it were. When we had been rehearsing for about three weeks, there came to my mind a notion of how the principal act of the play could be brought out in quite a different way from that in which we were rehearsing it. As it would involve an entirely different stage-setting and the loss of what we had already built up, and as I was in Paris as a learner, it never occurred to me to propose the change to the author, M. Léon Hennique. I merely mentioned the idea casually as an impression. The author at once asked me if I would be willing to work the act out on those lines and let him have an idea of it complete. Even then it did not occur to me that my plan would be adopted. But the author and the managers did not hesitate an instant to throw aside all that had been arranged and substitute for it my rendition of the act. Neither did the actors make any protest at the extra work, but showed a keen interest in the new scheme, toward which they made valuable suggestions and were in every way kindness itself. It gives me pleasure to put on record that much in my success was due to them.

The very first performance was, according to time-honored custom at the Odéon and the Français, the "private rehearsal," — *la répétition générale,* — at

which there was no public, but only an audience of critics, authors, painters, sculptors, statesmen, and other officials and grandees of the social world, the most formidable and critical audience that France could muster. It is at the *répétition générale* that the fate of play and players is virtually sealed. On that occasion not only is there an empty gallery, but also no claque, an organized institution on other nights. The claque has been naturally the object of much satire. It is supposed to be the foundation-stone of some artistic reputations, but the fact is that when the audience do not like an act or an actor, they do not lift a hand, and the few claps from that small row of official applauders sounds a dismal knell in the silence. What a shiver the poor actor has next day when he reads in the papers, "The claque applauded enthusiastically"!

Unknown to me at the time, there was bitter opposition in certain quarters to my engagement, as a foreigner, at the national theater. A few moments before I made my first entrance in the first act I was informed that menacing letters had been sent to the managers, and one of the managers came to say to me that if any uproar occurred in the auditorium, I should not be alarmed, but remain quietly wherever I chanced to be on the stage, and that the curtain would be rung down. It can be imagined how my heart beat as my entrance cue drew nearer. I turned to the two actors who were supposed to enter just after me—we were all supposed to be ascending a staircase—and said:

"I am going to tell you a funny story while we are still unseen on the staircase. Answer me anything you like. Let us all talk together at once, and laugh if we can. Let us not see the audience as we come on."

"Count on us," they said, and I began at once to tell them the most comic American story I could think of.

We all came on the stage laughing and talking, I with my back to the audience as I finished what I was saying in the doorway. It was certainly "natural," and helped me control my thumping heart to some extent. It obviated the necessity of receiving applause at the entrance or making painfully apparent the absence of it.

By the best of good luck, my scene came at the end of the first act, and was both brilliant and deeply human, a continual play of contrasts. I believe there was no greeting hand of applause at my entrance, but midway through my scene I had to say something that was as light as gossamer, but curiously tragic in depth; comic on the surface, tragic in the deeps. At rehearsal the author had said, "You strike a true note there; but the instant is so slight, they [meaning the public] may not perceive it." However, as soon as I had uttered the words in question, I felt a flutter of response, followed instantly like a clap of thunder after lightning by a tremendous dash of applause through the entire audience, sharp, clear, and instantly cut short with perfect and exquisite silence, permitting me to go forward without any interruption of the character. I mention this small incident not only because from that moment the managers and all present felt that my ground was won, but because that outright and unstinted response from an audience not well disposed toward me at the start showed the French characteristic of swift, almost involuntary, recognition of artistic value sweeping away any untoward preconception. The important act—the one I had been allowed to plan, and in which I was on the stage from the rise of the curtain to its fall—was fortunate enough to attain a climax of thorough success.

When the curtain was down, the stage, the foyers, and all the corridors at the back of the theater were thronged from the auditorium, which the entire audience appeared to have emptied, pressing toward my room to tell me that I had triumphed in Paris. The marquise and Mme. Germaine stood at my door and presented the persons to me. The first words I heard from the jamming corridor were, "Let me be the first to offer my hand. I am Sir H. Campbell Clark, Paris editor of the London 'Daily Telegraph.'" Then came a host of "all Paris." The critics were

all strangers to me,—I had never set eyes on one of them before,—but the entire Paris press without exception, I believe, praised my work. Among those present was Whistler, who, after expressing himself concerning my acting, said he thought my white satin dress the most beautiful gown he had ever seen both in line and recognition of texture-value. I had designed it to suggest an inverted lily, with its vertical ridges incrusted with dew-like crystals, and wore no other ornaments whatever, the upper part of the bodice being of old lace.

I soon began rehearsing *Hermione* in Racine's "Andromaque." That rôle was the most difficult and the most interesting study of my stage experience, with the exception of "Lady Macbeth," which I played after my return to England from Paris. *Hermione* was to be my last stage effort in the French tongue.

The actors cast for the parts had been chosen partly from the Théâtre Français and partly from the Odéon. Mounet-Sully played the love-mad *Orestes*. At my request the *Andromaque* was a younger actress who interested me not only because of her fine work, but because I had accidentally become aware of a circumstance connected with her affairs which proved her to possess a proud ideal of life and a character that was truly admirable.

At one of the last rehearsals for *Hermione*, on the stage of the Français, I suddenly felt as if a battle-ax had cleft my skull in two. The world turned black; the actors rushed forward to prevent me from falling. Mme. Le Mulier cried out: "What 's the matter, child? You are as white as death!" and her arms were about me in an instant. They put me into a carriage, and she took me home, put me to bed, and sent for a doctor.

"The important act . . . was fortunate enough to attain a climax of thorough success"

For weeks I was seriously ill, only to have a relapse after my first rehearsal. On my return in June, the Odéon had closed its doors for the season, but "Andromaque" was given at the Comédie Parisienne, with the players of the Odéon and of the Comédie Française, as had originally been planned, the French Government granting special permission for members of the Français to act in another house in Paris than the national theater. So that, before returning to England, as I had decided to do, I had the satisfaction of acting the great part of *Hermione* with that illustrious collaboration.

There was a magnificent audience rep-

resentative of the great world of politics, art, literature, and society. Every seat in the house had been sold in advance, which caused something in the nature of a riot by persons vainly trying to obtain places at the hour of the performance. All went well. Toward the close of the great act which ends the tragedy, after *Hermione* turns in despairing wrath on *Orestes,* cursing him for fulfilling her commands to kill *Pyrrhus,* given in a moment of vengeful wildness, she rushes from the stage to hurl herself into eternity, leaving *Orestes* amazed and on the verge of the madness which presently overwhelms him. At my exit from the stage the theater was filled with an uproar of applause that did not abate during several moments. Then the stage-manager came to fetch me, saying that I must return to the stage, as the audience was still shouting for me. I refused point-blank to do anything so dreadful while the act was still in progress (especially when the character I was impersonating was supposed to be already half-way across the Styx!). But I was finally forced actually to show myself in the open doorway against the sea. I did so by letting *Hermione* be seen an instant in profile only, her face and head, which were averted, being entirely shrouded and veiled in the long draperies. Meanwhile, *Orestes* (Mounet-Sully) had stood motionless, as if struck to stone, from the time of my exit, and after that strange call for *Hermione* was finally ended, he went on with his great scene, not having "let it down" an iota. During the applause and excitement in the theater, in the *entr'acte* M. Laugier, one of the distinguished members of the Comédie Française, who was in the audience, arose and made an impassioned speech to the people, which was in fact a eulogy of my performance.

Among incidents of my experience which I cherish with pleasure and pride was the official visit of the minister of the fine arts, who conveyed to me the congratulations of the French Government, expressed not only to me, but my country, on my achievements in France.

THE END

Scollard and the American Stage

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke-Eaters," "Old Clinkers," etc.

PAUL SCOLLARD (whoever he is) was not a success as a playwright, and he has undertaken to tell us why. That is the true meaning of his book ("The American Stage." By Paul Scollard. Privately printed. The Charles Press. 1915). He has visualized his adventures in American drama with an eye and an art of narrative as impersonal as the camera,—and as cruel to many decent public appearances that have hitherto been shown only in pose,—but though he carries an air of meek detachment in court, he knows that he is giving testimony that is shocking, and while he pretends not to judge, but to leave the verdict to the reader, he is really making a critical plea in self-defense, and his criticism is a misjudgment because it is not sympathetic. He sees,—he sees like a flash-light,—but he does not honestly understand. And so, whether intentionally or not, he deceives his reader with a presentment that is true to appearances of fact, but false to verity.

Take, for instance, the opening paragraphs in which he describes his first interview with that New York manager whom he calls "Max Mohler." He presents Mohler as a gross man, ignorant, arrogant, uncultivated, in a private office that is all Persian rugs and stained-glass and subdued electroliers and tooled morocco book-shelves, like a millionaire's library, seated at an Empire desk that is a replica of Napoleon's writing-table at Fontainebleau, chewing on an unlighted cigar, which he rolls around in his mouth growlingly, with the manners of a political boss and the authority of a trust president and the temperament of a foreman of a construction gang. This is not the portrait of a New York manager. It is a composite photograph made up of the picturesque characteristics of half a dozen managers. Every detail of it has an ameliorating explanation which Scollard omits.

Almost all our American theatrical magnates have come to magnitude by way of the box-office. They are business men first and theatrical managers after; they have the blunt simplicity and unsophisticated assurance of the commercial mind. They have fought their way up from subservient poverty as a soldier rises from the ranks, and they expect subservience from all whom they command—authors and actors, office staffs and stage-directors. They are not cultivated, any more than Scollard is rich; for they have not been acquiring culture, but money; and if he despises their lack of aristocratic learning, they probably despise, as unjustly, his lack of aristocratic income. He goes to them to sell a play. They buy it, as they would hire a servant, ungraciously, because it is necessary to keep both a servant and his wages down. The magnificence of Mohler's office is as simple as the shine of Fingy Connors' diamonds. ("Those as has 'em wears 'em.") And the Fontainebleau table is merely an expression of what is called "the Bonaparte bug," a harmless hero-worship among American business men that puts bronze Napoleons into the offices of our captains of industry as inevitably as electric fans, and makes every slump in stocks a Waterloo for some young "Napoleon of finance" in Wall Street.

Mohler, as a typical Broadway manager, is not culturally erudite and ornamental, but he is not ignorant—not in his own line. He has succeeded because he is shrewd. It is none but the foolish who believe that poker and the theatrical gamble are wholly games of chance. And if Mohler is arrogant, it is only to those with whom arrogance is effective. Scollard fails to consider that he is not the first author whom Mohler has had to handle. He fails to realize that Mohler must make authors do what few self-respecting authors are willing to do—to take out of their work everything that is not popular and put into it everything that is. Mohler's arrogance in such cases is a calculated discourager of inconvenient self-respect.

He is a business man who invests money in a play when he thinks that the public will pay him a profit by buying seats to see it; and he talked to Scollard about the production of his melodrama from that point of view alone. Knowing by experience what has been successful in the theater in the last twenty years, he ordered Scollard to introduce into his play dramatic material that was old and trite,—inevitably so,—but almost as inevitably "sure-fire stuff." That is not the way plays should be written, Scollard thinks. No; but it is the way they are produced. "I don't want any new ideas," Mohler insisted, and Scollard winced. Well, if new ideas were profitable in the American theater, who would welcome them with a hand more open for profit than Max Mohler's? He is financing dramatic entertainment for an audience that seeks intellectual exercise at the end of its day's work about as eagerly as day laborers seek a gymnasium of an evening to disport themselves on the horizontal bars. It costs ten thousand dollars to bring an average play to trial in New York, and it must play to six thousand dollars a week to meet its New York expenses. Mohler would have to be many times a millionaire in order to endow intellectual plays with such an investment. Scollard implies that Mohler would not know a new idea if he found one in his soup. Perhaps not, but his audiences would know one if they found it in a play, and they would be likely to reject it. Mohler is in power in the American theater because the dollars of the majority have elected him. He is voted for every night; and every night the votes are counted, and he is sustained.

And there is this that Scollard overlooks: the drama communicates emotions better than it conveys ideas, because the psychology of an audience is a mob psychology, and laughter is infectious for it, and emotions vibrate through it in communicable thrills. Ideas have no such power of currency. Even Bernard Shaw's audiences come to laugh and remain to misunderstand. Emotions can be theatrically depicted by the players with their gestures, their facial expressions, the tones of their voices, but ideas have to go by word alone. They do not go so well. The drama is not their fittest medium. And Mohler and his Broadway competitors have learned that lesson. They have learned that the large American audience wants emotion, not thought. They reduce emotion to its lowest terms of popularity, produce farces and melodramas, and grow rich; while the producer of intellectual plays, struggling under a burden of New York rent and Broadway salaries and the deadly cost of advertising, is slowly crushed down into bankruptcy, despite the good-will of the minority, the patronage of drama leagues, and even the endowments of the philanthropic. It is not an accident that the Century Theater may become a vaudeville house. Broadway says, "As soon as these new fellows make money on melodrama, they lose it on art." Scollard might as well scold Murphy for Tammany Hall as scold Mohler for the American theater. Murphy and Mohler are as much the victims of conditions as Scollard is.

Similarly, when Mohler turns over Scollard and his manuscript to the tender consideration of a star, Mohler does not do it because he prefers the star system of the American stage to play-producing

with a balanced cast. Stars are hard to manage, and Mohler's life would be happier if he did not have to worry with them. He does it because the star system is more profitable. And it is more profitable because our audiences are drawn by personality more than by art. With us, art is for "character actors," and there are as many clever ones on our stage as on any other; but they are inevitably the lesser lights. A star needs no more art than will save him from being ridiculous. He often has much more. He is sometimes a great character actor in his own domain. But the star pure and simple—the matinée idol or the reigning stage beauty of the day—makes a following out of personal appearance, personal magnetism, the charm of personal mannerisms that are appealing, and the exhibition of these qualities in rôles that are sympathetic. It is Mohler's business to find such sympathetic rôles and capitalize their presentation. It became Scollard's business, in this case, to adapt his play to the personality of the actor whom Mohler chose as least unfitted for it. To expect a star to subdue his personality to an interpretation of the part as Scollard had written it was like expecting a court beauty to acquire wrinkles in her forehead in order to appear intellectually able to understand the affairs of state in which she intrigued.

Scollard's star, he says, was Herbert Aubrey. The name is evidently false, and the description is a disguise that may conceal any one of a dozen matinée heroes. His real name, Scollard adds, was Henry McGillip, and he adds it as a touch of ridicule. It is equally ridiculous that Henry Irving's real name was John Henry Brodribb; but the ridiculousness is in the fact that the public will not accept an actor under the name of Brodribb or McGillip, but takes him to the heart of its romantic fancy as Irving or Aubrey. The actor's relations with life are complicated by many such absurdities of the public. He usually ends by having two personalities,—even when he is off the stage,—one for the press-agent and the interviewer and the curtain-speech and the social appearance, the other for his private life and his friends in his profession. Scollard gets some slyly satiric effects by contrasting the two.

He went to Aubrey's summer home to "go over" the play, and he was delighted with the community atmosphere of that little colony of theatrical people in the hills, who spend a strenuous summer golfing and bowling, playing tennis, riding horseback, rowing and fishing and bathing in the mountain lakes, dieting, reducing, exercising, and otherwise recuperating from the bad air and late hours and emotional strain and social stimulants of a winter in the theater. He was delighted, but he does not conceal that he was kept at a distance, that conversations ceased as he approached, that games did not include him, that some of the celebrities with whom he wished to talk were pointedly unresponsive to his attempts to be sociable. He does not seem to realize that these people are accustomed to defend themselves from the curiosity of outsiders, and do it mechanically. He supposes that, being a playwright, he ought to be received as one of the family. He does not see that the author's interests are no more identical with the actor's than they are with the manager's; that a star can no more afford to build up the conceit of an author than a manager can. Both want him to do things to his play that he never wants to do, and both aim to keep him humble so that he may be more easily coerced.

Aubrey did not handle him with arrogance, as Mohler had. Aubrey was floridly hospitable and magnificent. Any one who knows the game can read between the lines and understand why Aubrey paraded his success before Scollard, and spoke so much of his professional experience, and was so willing to let Scollard have the use and benefit of it in filling up some "holes and thin spots" in his manuscript. Scollard had never seen Aubrey act. He was simple enough to suppose that Aubrey, being a great financial success, must necessarily be a great actor. He was taken

by the healthy boyishness of Aubrey's mind; even his self-conceit seemed boyish, and boyish his trick of dressing himself for the part, whether he was golfing or motoring or breakfasting or working with Scollard at midnight on the holes in his play. It was boyish of him to want a bigger love-story than Scollard had given him, because his audience would expect it. And there was something essentially boyish in his unwillingness to play any lines that were not heroic and dominating. "If I do *that*," he would object of anything not entirely noble, "I 'll lose my audience." The psychology of the character did not interest him at all; its effect on the audience was all that he considered. He developed an amusing jealousy of the other characters that competed with his part, and took every good line away from them, either because, as he explained, the actor would not be able to "read" it and the line would be lost, or because it was bad art to waste interest on such a minor character, or because his own part was thin just there and needed padding, or because the line would be more effective later, after the original owner of it had left the stage. "Give it to me till I try it out," he would say. "We 'll restore it at rehearsals if it does n't go better this way."

Scollard's account of that month of rewriting is so detailed that it is rather tedious. The incidents repeat themselves unnecessarily, and Scollard retails them without insight. At least four times he describes how Aubrey threw up the part because he had decided, in all humility, that he could not do it justice; and Scollard describes these scenes as if they were wholly the result of temperament, without observing that they happened always on the morning after he had stood out against some change that Aubrey wished to make in the play. Scollard was dealing with an actor, and yet he never suspects him of acting. He takes Aubrey, throughout, at his face-value. His boyishness, his athleticism, his vanity, his clothes, his temperamentality, are all accepted as part of his real character. He does not even recollect that Aubrey cannot be altogether a fool, since he is a business success, and therefore necessarily able to take care of himself with such shrewd bargainers as Mohler. And when Aubrey has accepted the part and signed his contract with Mohler and put the play into rehearsal, Scollard is naïvely surprised to find his star apparently nursing a grudge against him that goes from indifference to offensiveness, and bursts out at last in a flaming quarrel. He concludes that Aubrey is a cad.

He overlooks the fact that Aubrey had obtained from him all that could be obtained by keeping on good terms with him. To the average American actor, as to the average American manager, the average American author is an impractical egotist who writes a fairly presentable play, and then fights against improving it to meet the prejudices of the public or to accommodate the limitations of the cast. One of the ways of circumventing him is for every one in authority to quarrel with him at rehearsals until he is put in the position of a minority of one with whom nobody is on speaking terms. Then, unless he is foolish enough to deny his play its hope of a performance, the manager and the star and the stage-director—with the help, perhaps, of a rival playwright—revamp the play according to their several desires and within the limits of their conflicting interests, while the author sits in sulky despair at the back of the empty auditorium, meditating the composition of just such futile books as this that Scollard has written.

The writing of a play, according to Scollard, is no great labor compared with the writing of a book; but, he says, in producing a play, it is as if you should take your book to a publisher who reads it and decides: "This is all right as far as it goes, but it is n't a best-seller. Let me tell you how to make another 'David Harum' out of it." He tells you, and after you have spent months making the changes that he requires, he turns you and your manuscript over to an editor who has as many ideas as the publisher has of

what must be done to insure a success—ideas that involve alterations not merely in lines or scenes, but in whole characters or an entire plot; ideas, too, that sometimes run counter to the publisher's. Having satisfied the editor and some members of his staff, who also have suggestions, your manuscript goes to a foreman and a staff of printers who set it up to suit their personalities and habits of expression. "And then," Scollard complains, "your critical friends come and ask you, 'How did you ever manage to write such a fool of a book?' "

This would be a fair analogy if the writing of a play were wholly an act of chirography; but the producing of it is also a part of the writing: the actors inevitably share in it, and so does the audience. No merely finite human mind can possibly foresee what effect these two collaborators, the actors and the audience, are going to have on a drama that is still in manuscript. The playwright's work at rehearsals ought to be as important as his work at his desk. And it is more difficult, because on the stage he must write his play not with a pen, but with a staff of independent intelligences that must be led and persuaded and outmanœuvered and variously overcome. There is no authority under heaven that can compel them to obey direction absolutely. Neither the stage-director nor the author nor even the manager can do it. Unwillingness will pretend to be stupidity, and insist that it thinks it is doing what it has been told to do. It will take refuge in all the deviousnesses of the artistic temperament. It will evade, appeal, sulk, diplomatize, finesse, play politics, and practise every art of the Old Man of the Sea. The author does the same. And the man who would direct successfully has to be as obstinate and subtle, as impatient and long-suffering, as domineering when he can dominate, and as suave when he must persuade. That is one reason why there are so few successful plays, so few successful stage-directors, so few successful playwrights. It is why Scollard was not one.

He is sarcastic about the lack of conscious intelligence that the ordinary actor shows in studying his part, forgetting that acting, like every other work of imaginative invention, is the product less of conscious intelligence than of some sort of sympathetic intuition that does not study and deduce, that cannot argue and defend itself, that apprehends subconsciously, and can express itself only in its art. He complains, of course, of the actor's conceit. How does he suppose that any person without a robustly good opinion of himself could face the cruelties of audiences and critics and directors? How does he expect a successful actor to bow to the applause of audiences night after night and never be inflated by it? And when the whole world seems to be fascinated by an actor's personality, how is it possible for him to keep his eyes off it and think only of his work?

As for the critic, of whom Scollard speaks as bitterly as he does of the actor or the manager, there is no interest among us in dramatic criticism as such. The successful critic is a writer who gets himself read by writing what is readable about the theater. He must keep his mind on his audience, not on his victim. He is not trying to aid or instruct the playwright or the actor. He is not primarily eager to be merciful or even just to them. He is earning his living, rather at their expense; it is necessary that he should not be dull; and the sharper he is, —and the more they suffer,—the broader the grin that rewards him. The sensitive may find him cruel. The theater is no place for the sensitive.

It is the audience that makes the American critic, as it is the audience that makes the American manager, the American actor, and the American play. When we have an audience that will be more interested in the art of an actor than in his personality, we shall have more actors who think of the characters they have to impersonate and not of the effect on the audience of their impersonating such a character. When we have a larger public that wishes to think in the theater, we

shall have more managers producing thoughtful plays, and more thoughtful plays to produce, and more thoughtful critics to review them. There are indications that such a day is near. Even in New York, that "rube town" of the world, there are signs that such an audience can be found and profitably exploited. Despite Scollard and all the difficulties that he exposes, there is nothing wrong with the American stage that is not chiefly the fault of the American public; and as soon as the American public becomes capable of rewarding intellectual masterpieces of dramatic art, no doubt Scollard will produce them.

Laughter

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

YES, I say yes—
Yes to the dance of feet in the spring,
Yes to the shouts of children,
Yes to Laughter.

Laughter, last of the gods,
And of them the greatest,
Yes, say I, and salute you.

Man 's the bad child of the universe.
I know that;
Am I not a man?
Wicked is my wickedness--an impudent girl.
We dance on the housetops when the moon is aloft,
We dance in the street, in the public glare;
But who knows us, who sees us?
My visible feet are still, and my face is solemn.

As Sunday is the Sabbath, a day of holy unctions,
I said, I will go visit the solemn ones,
They whose mouths are turned down at the corners, and whose glassy eyes never wink or gleam:
I will visit not the worshipers in a church;
I will go visit the fishes.

Crowded was the aquarium:
On one side the glass, the people; on the other, the solemn ones.
I stood and marveled at the miracle of their gravity.

You see, they wave their fins, open their mouths,
And hang suspended in bubbling waters;
The perfect circle of their flat eyes heaves a little without lids;
They are neither happy nor unhappy.
I knew they were fishes; but did they know they were fishes?
No, nor even that I, watching them, was a man!

O dear old Universe, you big clumsy giant who find a whole sky too small to sprawl over,
You star-bellied monster,
Who outstare me with a galaxy of eyes—
I, that stand here, so little, that your least tremor would crush me and my earth,
I, your bad child, your *enfant terrible,*
Wink at you and laugh.

Why so solemn, Universe?
Why such millenniums of ages of laughterless struggle?
Did you care only to increase life and to raise it?
To push up fiercely from sun into earth, from earth into animals,
From ape into man?
Your stars shine, your waters roar, your earthquakes quake, and the noses of your cats sneeze,
How gravely!

Not that there is not sportiveness and joy.
Surely cubs play, and the love-season sounds with the joy of the birds;
The young colts bound in the meadow,
The rooster crows,
The whisper of new green leaves has gladness in it.
But joy is not laughter, and the deepest joy is sad.

Old Universe, you are one great flood, and the animals are all under your waters.
Only man has poked his head up above the surface, and taken a look around,
And seen you, old Universe, and all your children, and his own absurd self,
And, opening his mouth wide, has wickedly laughed.

For joy is sacred, and laughter is wicked.
Joy is inside life; laughter is outside.
Joy is half conscious only; laughter stands off and proceeds from the intellect.
The lark sings because he must;
Man laughs because he is free.

Why does the porpoise jump out of the water, and splash?
A part of his solemn business.
But the human beings crowded around his circular tank shook the dome with shouting laughter.
The porpoise obeyed you, old Universe;
But man disobeys you!

Consider us, Creation!
Though you bore us, though you took patient eras beyond counting to create us,
Somehow we are enough detached from you and from your purpose
To look back and laugh.

Worse than that!
Consider how your bad children circumvent you.
We put our fingers to our noses and wiggle them at you, Creation!
We make mating sterile;
We drink alcohol;
We live in places of stone and steel;
We tear our earth up and disembowel her;
We float where we were meant to sink;
You think to darken us with the night, so we light lamps;
You think to freeze us with the cold, so we start fires;
And our ha-ha shakes our theaters to the amazement of dumb heaven.
Are we not cynical, uproarious, obscene, and impudent?
Do we not proclaim ourselves the top-notch of the world?
And therein are we not godly?

Behold, though you are terrible,
Though you shadow us over with a mysterious vastness,
Though your smallest toe is as huge as the Milky Way,
And we stand just below it,
We laugh back and are unafraid, and treat you at best as a jolly comrade.

But, dear old Universe, it 's the wickedest child that is the darling.
We *are* your darlings, are we not?
Truly now fine impudent young gods have risen to companion you,
Yes, to transcend you, and by transcending you, bring you to new fulfilments.

For your sublimity has bungled.
It simply spewed out life, chaotic, haphazard,
Till by divine accidents, and out of the deadliest purposes,
We were born: to see; to know; to take hold on creation;
To laugh away fear and vastness and the doubts that inhibit,
And so, with glad visions, to build up a world in the world,
And shape ourselves greater.

Laughter saves us;
Still more than half of us is buried in the quicksands of the tragic universe.
Still we suffer, slay, and are tortured;
Still we doubt and are damned.
But comes the moment when we look round about at ourselves,
And, seeing how absurd our own antics are, laugh and are healed.

And so at the last the laughing animal shall save creation.
Already the wizened stars must be pricking up their ears, dumfoundered,
To catch that raucous cackle and chortle from the worthless earth,
That mirth in the trenches of the dead,
That noise of relatives eating ham sandwiches after the funeral is over,
That chuckle of the rebuilders of cities following the earthquake,
That wheezing gay cough of the dying consumptive over the doctor's joke.

Come, old Universe, follow the laughters!
They are sane; they see; they shall know; they are ripe for adventures;
Their daring shall bear no limit;
Their courage is wickedly great.
Nerved with your purpose, they rise from chaos, creating;
They are out to conquer, they are out to work,
They shall sow the skies with laughter.

And now I think that your very purpose was in this:
That your great face struggled for ages on ages to break in a smile.
Ye are that smile.

So I say yes—
Yes to the dance of feet in the spring,
Yes to the shouts of children,
Yes to laughter.

Laughter, last of the gods,
And of them the greatest,
Yes, say I, and salute you.

The War-cries of the Jew

By E. R. LIPSETT

THE Jew has as many war-cries as there are tongues in Europe, for he fights with them all; and then he has his own war-cry, that eternal tearful cry of his that in these days is rending the heavens over Russian and Galician Polands.

And still there is another and a newer cry coming, the war-cry of the neutral Jew. "To arms! to arms, O Israel!" has arisen, the sudden thundering cry throughout the length and the breadth of the New York Ghetto, and all the other Ghettos in the larger cities of America.

We know, of course, what are the arms of the Ghetto Jew: they are tongue and pen. By means of these it is intended to raise the Jew from the depths of his ashes and make him a live nation again. A congress of American Jews is to be called, and it is to demand, at the conclusion of the war, or before it, the return of Palestine to its ancient owners. For the Jews are a nation, and they must have a land, and Palestine is theirs.

That is to say, in brief, that while nearly three quarters of a million Jews on the European battle-fields are at one another's throats, in vindication each of a different nationality, the Jews far away from the bursting shells and glittering bayonets are calling out to them: "No, you 're all in the wrong. For you are all one."

It is not for us to determine whether the Jews are a nation. It is not for one man to tell another what he should be. One is what one feels. If the Jews feel themselves a nation, that is sufficient.

And there again we are brought back to that grim anomaly, that there should be three hundred and fifty thousand bayonets in the hands of Russian Jews ready to bore their way through the hearts of some two hundred thousand Jews in Austrian uniform, and fifty thousand more in the ranks of the Germans. And in turn there are twenty thousand Jews with Great Britain, and as many again with France, ready to die by bullet and shell sent to them by the hands of their German and Austrian brothers. In the Dardanelles we have seen two Jewish legions pitted against each other, the one gathered from Alexandria, under the Allies, the other, under the Turks, hailing from the Jewish colonies in Palestine, and each fighting round and inspired by the same flag, the shield of David.

Still, there is nothing unique in that. It is not the first time in the history of the world that races and nations have had their house divided against themselves. America, above all others, perhaps, has cause to remember that sad truth, with the scars of her own wounds from the Civil War scarcely yet faded. Moreover, in the case of the Jew at present, there is in addition to political sentiment the fundamental incentive of defending one's fatherland against an alien foe. The Jew is a man precisely like all other men in elemental passions. And a man has to be born somewhere, and the soil on which that occurs is dear to him; and grows dearer than life, dearer than wife and child, the moment another man threatens to violate it. Assuredly there is nothing new or strange in that.

But what has truly astonished the world is that the Jew should fight with such valor and devotion for Russia, on whose soil proper he may not at all be born. It has astonished even the Jews themselves, and the Russians, too. It was not the trumpeted promises at the outbreak of the war that Jews were to get their full citizen rights that drew thousands of Jewish volunteers, lawfully freed from conscription, round the Russian standards. It was not materialistic prospects that could call forth such bravery and such loyalty from the Russian Jews in arms. Let emperors and kings make war upon one another for gain and for

worldly ambition; soldiers fight for something holier and loftier. There is something in the composition of the Jew, perhaps unknown to himself, that makes him abnormally loyal to the land where he happens to pitch his tent, if only for a day and a half. And it makes no difference to him how little he is wanted, how grudgingly the permission to stay is given.

At the beginning of the war a handful of Russian Jewish youths in Paris volunteered their services to the republic. They were assigned to the *Legion Etrangère*, a body composed of the refugees of all nationalities and exiles from Morocco and Algiers. After a time these Jews found themselves ill used by their comrades, and refused to work any longer with them in the trenches. They insisted upon being sent to some line regiment. But of course war is war and discipline must be discipline, and so a number of them were taken out to be shot. They scorned the bandage over the eyes, and as they fell they cried, "Vive la France et la Russie!"

And that was one more war-cry of the Jew. And it could have been no other's.

There would have been no such little story to tell if there had not been any Jews in the world. For the Jew is the only man of whom this could be told—the man of intense temperament, of romantic imagination, and of unyielding, undying faith in the cause he has made his.

Russia duly appreciated her war Jews. Russian generals embraced Jewish heroes, and wept tears of gratitude on their shoulders, and decorated their breasts with medals and crosses. And then they turned round and gave orders to hang from the nearest lamp-post or telegraph-pole the fathers and uncles of these heroes for being suspected of spying for the Germans. The czar himself, on his visits to the hospitals, paused before the cots of distinguished Jewish wounded, and his lovely daughters comforted them with their own hands; but the wives and the sisters of the sufferers were not permitted to come within leagues of them. For the hospitals were outside the pale, where no Jewish foot may step.

Russia had no use for Jews past the service age except for hanging; had no use for Jewish women except to pass them on to her lustful Cossacks.

It is a repetition of the story told of Peter the Great, only the edifying point is missing. The story goes: they were to chop off the hand of an ex-soldier for thieving when Peter happened to pass the place of execution. The victim appealed to the monarch, reminding him how that same hand had once in battle saved the standard from the enemy. "True," answered Peter, "and that should n't go without recognition." He took the doomed hand and kissed it. "And now," he added to the executioner, "go ahead with your work."

Toward last spring there was yet another war-cry of the Jew heard throughout the Ghettos of Kovno and Vilna and Warsaw. Fasting and praying have ever been the weapons of the Ghettos of Russia, and to these the people were called. The rabbis called a day of fast and prayer, after the fashion of Queen Esther, in supplication to Jehovah for the success of the Russian arms. Jews put their faith in the fast not merely as atonement, but for its direct efficacy. For the empty stomach maketh the heart penitent, and that is the time to pray. Penitence and prayer may avert the evil decree. And so millions of Jews and Jewesses, and children from the age of thirteen, tasted no food or drink from sunrise to sunset, and prayed throughout these long gnawing hours that Russia might crush her foe and shine gloriously.

The final answer to that prayer has not yet come from above. It may be a year or two more in coming, and no man knows what it may be. But Russia in the meantime has met that outburst of loyalty to her in a way that only Russia knows how to follow.

An order of the day was issued by the grand duke that all the Jews in Kovno and Courland must leave at once. Not a soul must remain. Somewhere, somehow, some Russian secrets had leaked out to the Germans. That was sufficient to place it

on the Jews. Perhaps it really was some Jew. Jews must have their black sheep, though Jews themselves are too sensitive ever to admit that. At any rate, because it was thought some Jew somewhere had played false to his country, that was sufficient for all the Jews. All had to go. Go where? It made no difference. Go they must, and right away. In some cases they were given only from six to eight hours to get ready for their unknown destination. And in that short period two hundred thousand men and women, rooted to the soil for generations and generations, had to flee at the point of the bayonet. They came away with the skin of their teeth; for no time was given them to pack, and they were going into blank, cold space. Railroad trains by the dozen were made up for them, each consisting of sixty or seventy freighters and cattle-trucks, and into these they were jammed, the lame and the blind and the cripples and the dying and the insane, the sound and the infected, all together, mendicants and merchants, babies and graybeards, young women momentarily expecting to become mothers, and women torn out of child-bed. And also there were among them soldiers recuperating from wounds and waiting to go back to the front, and other soldiers too badly maimed ever to go anywhere. For days and days, in some cases for nine days and nights, these trains kept slowly moving on their long course, with that tightly packed mixture of living freight securely locked in the cars. One's brain reels at the task of grasping the misery and the bestiality of it; but on and on the trains moved, and all had to be endured. Some had the good luck to succumb on the way, and they were envied. From others their intellect took flight, and left them raving or staring maniacs. The rest were carted on and on till they reached the dumping-ground, hundreds and hundreds of miles away from their homes, places where their fathers had never set foot, towns and cities whose names they had never heard. And there they had to dispose of themselves in cellars and ruins of all sorts, with nowhere at all to look to for sustenance. Nobody knew where they were or what was going to happen. Mothers lost their children, and husbands their wives, and they did not know where to look for them.

That was how the devil enjoyed himself in Russia, where he, and he alone, is permitted to go and come without passport.

It was the devil's comedy. He had his laugh in his sleeve when he saw the Jews fasting and praying for a victorious Russia. He made the Russians give the Jews this reward for it. And when that was done, the devil had his laugh aloud, till it echoed from one end of the world to the other, and the world's very foundations shook and shivered.

Still, the devil was not allowed to have it all his own way. His fine play was marred for him; for over and above the ring of his laughter sounded a note of the purest and loftiest tragedy that ever was recorded in human history.

Deputations of less unhappy Jews had hastened to make representation to the ministry at Petrograd to call off that murderous order of evacuation. The decision came late, after the trains were already on the move. Still, it was not too late. The grand duke's order was overruled, and the exiles could return to their homes. There was only one condition made, that they should give hostages from among their rabbis and other of their most important men for their future good behavior. If ever again any traitorous acts were found chargeable to the Jews, these hostages would be summarily hanged. It took them some days to make up their minds about it, for the offer to let them go back to their homes was a sore temptation to them; but it could not be. Finally they made this magnificent answer:

"We reject the Government's offer. The condition is an impossible one. It would not be consistent with the dignity of Judaism."

One does not need to be of the blood or of the faith to be thrilled with pride at that sublime stand made by men and wo-

men held by the neck to the bottom of hell. It fills one with gratitude and with hope to know that there are such men and women living in the same world with one. If Russia but realized it!

What was the disaster of the Mazurian Lakes, what was the loss of those hard-won Galician conquests, what was the fall of Warsaw, what were they all in comparison with that grinding humiliation that came to Russia from the lips of those grand Jews!

It would not be consistent with the dignity of Judaism, that creed most despised by Russia, that Jews should have to give pledges for their good conduct to the country to which they are tied by birth through many generations. But it was consistent with the dignity of mighty and invincible Russia to distrust these people and be afraid of them. It was consistent with the integrity of a great power to uproot from their native soil the children of its own protection, and destroy in an hour the labors and the hopes of their lives for crimes they did not commit, and were not going to commit, if Russia herself were asked, and gave herself time for a second thought before making answer.

But the end of the story is n't yet, for the end of the war is n't yet. More Jews will bravely and unquestioningly fling their lives away for Russia, and Russia will go on in her own unthinking, unfeeling way, where her Jews are concerned, and continue driving more of them from their homes. For where suspicion finds a footing there is always more and more room made for it.

And even when the war is over and all else will be at an end, there will still be no end to the woes of Russia's Jews. They will continue growing, and growing worse. For what are at present placed as mere suspicions will then be turned into a cause against the Jews. It will be remembered against them that they could not be trusted in their own homes during the war, and they will be branded as traitors for the rest of time.

It is seeing all this, and seeing no end to it, that has finally given rise to that new war-cry among the Jews of the American Ghettos, starting from New York, and rolling on till it has reached the rest of them in Philadelphia and Boston and Chicago and elsewhere.

At first, when the European War broke out, the Ghetto Jews of New York held their breath. They wondered what was going to happen to their brethren, especially in Russia. They had their hopes. They placed no faith whatever in the grand duke's proclamation, in the name of the czar, that Jews were to come in for their full citizen rights, and they smiled bitterly at the czar's own appeal to his "beloved Jews." But they hoped that there was going to be a rebirth of Russia herself, that the war would bring out a newer and freer Russia. Russia's very alliance with two such enlightened nations as France and England was taken as an earnest for that; and in turn the latter two countries were looked upon as pledges or sureties for a freer and better future for the Russian peoples.

The Russian nation may still continue to cherish that hope. For the Jews of New York it was a short-lived one. Only too soon reports began to come in of Russia's treatment of her civil Jewish population. The New York Ghetto gave up all hope and lost all patience. They wished to keep quiet, they wished to do full honor to President Wilson's proclamation of neutrality; but blood will cry out. And, after all, America's declaration of neutrality did not include Russia's internal war on her Jews. And so the great East Side broke out openly against Russia. Wherever two men gathered they cursed Russia, and prayed that this war might be the end of her, that she might be crushed out of all recognition. The Yiddish press, with its half-dozen dailies circulating by hundreds of thousands, and numberless weeklies and other journals, took a malicious delight in magnifying Russian defeats, and prophesying more of them and worse ones. The tables were turned, too, on France and England, especially England, by reason of her past championships of the Jewish cause. Being the allies

of the arch-enemy, France and England cannot be the friends of the Jews. Stories were set in circulation of a new-born anti-Semitism in England, and of an intensified one in France, where the Dreyfus case has not yet been forgotten. From anti-Russian to pro-German was the natural evolution. To-day the New York Ghetto is frantically, fanatically pro-German. It is the measurement not of love for Germany, but of hatred for Russia.

But prayers and curses and wishes and talks at meetings and editorial comments are blunt weapons. The Jews of America had real battling to do, if ever their six or seven million brethren in Russia were to be redeemed.

From time to time during these last twelve months, ways and means of all sorts came up for consideration. Toward last autumn a campaign was launched in the Yiddish press for the creation of a Jewish conference, one paper after the other taking it up. Which is to say that the Ghetto saw a good thing in it, and none of the papers could afford to keep out. This conference was to consist of a body of representative Jews from all countries, and be kept in readiness for that blessed day when the warring powers have sheathed their swords and met together to discuss peace. The Jews must not then be permitted to be overlooked. The Jewish conference would step in at the psychological moment to press the cause of all Jews in all countries and demand full citizen rights for them.

Peace was not yet on the horizon then, but of course it would not do to wait for the last moment. The Jewish conference must be gotten together betimes. Armies of interviewers were sent out by the Yiddish press to gather the opinions of the great ones in the land, Jews and Gentiles, as to the necessity of a Jewish conference. Those that could not be reached in person were circularized, and others were cabled to abroad. The answers came variously. Some were enthusiastic; others, while approving of the idea in the main, contended that the moment was not yet ripe to talk of it, and premature agitation might perhaps harm the cause. The latter were left unheeded, and the talk and the ink-spilling went on. Hester Street and Wall Street, as the landmarks between the Ghetto and the wealthy uptown Jews of German extraction are picturesquely termed, were ready to join hands together for the building up of a Jewish conference. They met and deliberated and squabbled and exchanged reproaches and came to agreements.

And while this was going on a rare new spirit was seizing upon the dense working-masses of the Ghetto. Characterized hitherto by their inertia to all things specifically Jewish, and interested only in their unions and, at most, in the politics of their ward, they have now awakened to a new life, a new dignity. "Si scopron le tombe, si levano i morti," as they have now taken up the cry from the song of the Garibaldists.

The unparalleled and wholly unnecessary sufferings of his people in the eastern war-zones just because they are Jews have inspired the workman of the Ghetto with a new nationalistic sense, haunting him with it for these many months and dinning it into him day by day. He feels there is something for him to do in piecing together a nation torn to tatters; and he thinks he is going to do it, and alone.

Hester Street is now going to stand on its own legs. It will not go to Wall Street with hat in hand, craving its spokesmanship and godfatherhood. And besides, Wall Street cannot come with Hester Street this time. For Wall Street does not believe in a Jewish nationality. Wall Street knows only of Americans of the Jewish faith. And Hester Street means to demand of the world a separate existence for Jews, as sure as Hester Street sees in Jews a separate race and nation.

And so instead of a Jewish conference, there is to be a Jewish congress. At the moment the Ghetto is afire with the idea. The means by which it is to be worked out are so far visible to no eye. Our concern is merely to record the many war-cries of the Jews, and the latest and newest is: "A Jewish congress! a Jewish congress!"

Illiteracy

By WINTHROP TALBOT

AN illiterate democracy is as vain an imagining as a creditless business and a formless art, for government by representation rests upon the intelligence of all, and in turn intelligence depends upon general and rapid transfer of thought and information by the printed page. Yet the recent researches of the United States Bureau of Education demonstrate graphically that in nineteen States the numbers of adult white illiterates are steadily increasing. In the majority of the New England and the Middle Atlantic States, now tending to become the Black Belt of America, the numbers of these illiterates have been increasing not merely by thousands, but by scores and hundreds of thousands, coincident with the vast increase of immigration from the south and east of Europe.

Simultaneous with declaration of peace in Europe will occur inevitably an exodus of hordes of destitute and discouraged war-victims from devastated, tax- and plague-ridden countries—Russia, Poland, Austria, Italy—to seek asylum in this land of opportunity. If in normal times the tide of illiterates has become flood tide, with the resumption of immigration we may reasonably expect it to be an inundation, threatening standards of citizenship and impairing representative government. Warning lessons have come to us already in the costly strikes of the mining districts of Colorado, Illinois, and West Virginia, and in Passaic, Roosevelt, and Bayonne, New Jersey, communities that have unusually large percentages of illiterates. Increasing numbers of illiterates lower the sense of civic responsibility and increase disease, industrial inefficiency, and that isolation which hinders social advance.

The self-complacent American, native-born, who fancies that a decreasing percentage of illiteracy is sufficient to insure safety, and who therefore would deny the growing menace of the illiterate, is blind indeed. To offset the lack of solicitude concerning illiteracy in the North, the Southern States without exception have been bestirring themselves so successfully that they have reduced the numbers of their illiterates one third in the last ten years and have effected a cut of fifty per cent. in their percentage of illiteracy during the last two decades. Moreover, in Kentucky, where the number of illiterates decreased by sixty thousand from 1900 to 1910, the community, being inspired by the elimination of illiteracy in Rowan County through "moonlight" schools, has established a state commission on illiteracy, and is bent on wiping away the stigma of illiteracy within its borders. Meantime the sovereign States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts watch with apparent equanimity an increase of the number of their illiterates by scores of thousands in the short period of the last decade. New York State, where illiterates are so numerous that they would replace every living soul in so great a city as Buffalo, is taking no organized measures even to estimate the immensity of the problem of its illiteracy, much less officially to institute adequate extension of schooling to adult illiterates industrially employed. Connecticut is in even more dire straits.

We should bear in mind also that for one wholly illiterate person there are several near-illiterates, and that the larger number even of those who can read seldom do read. Probably among adults in general more than half are non-readers who must form their opinions and judgments, and must base their actions, upon what they happen to learn by word of mouth from fellow-workers, friends, or neighbors.

It is difficult for those who can read easily to form even a bare conception of the mental limitations of the illiterate, the near-illiterate, and the non-reader. It is

still harder to appreciate the material handicaps to earning a livelihood entailed by illiteracy. While illiteracy does not necessarily imply ignorance, it does predicate lack of information and intelligent understanding. It increases prejudice, suspicion, and passion, and diminishes mutual appreciation and power to coöperate; yet coöperation is the essence of modern civilization, and inability to coöperate is the basis of race hatred. So that illiteracy is clearly a just topic for solicitude, and its eradication a proper subject for governmental action.

The States have not only need to diminish materially their adult illiteracy, but they possess also the ability to accomplish this. An effective mechanism is not lacking. The public-school system when supported by public sentiment is equipped to reach out to every adult illiterate industrially employed. It has been proved to be economically practicable and advantageous in every way to extend public-school instruction in reading and writing to illiterates in factories and other workplaces. The proper adaptation of public-school teaching to adult illiterates can be made materially to increase individual ability for self-support and thereby the prosperity of all.

Public-school classes for illiterates in factories of New York and New Jersey have been carried on successfully, in which it has been demonstrated that a non-English-speaking alien of average intelligence can learn to read and write and acquire a ready use of six hundred English words by an hour's instruction daily, five days in the week for twelve consecutive weeks, or sixty hours in all. The instruction is given by a public-school teacher in a quiet part of the factory or place of employment, the pupils being released from their work without loss of wage for the purpose of being taught. This adequate means for the public education of adults at work has proved its value. Its wider use is practicable, and the public may insist rightfully that every illiterate immigrant shall acquire at least ability to read and write in English as a condition of continued residence. Women employers in the home and managers in industry should properly require elementary public-school instruction for all illiterates in their employ, and by encouragement and aid substitute in them hopefulness for apathy, intelligence for ignorance, and confidence for jealousy and distrust.

Although it will require large expenditure of effort, time, and money to counteract existing illiteracy among foreign adults in the United States even though for many years to come there were no new immigration whatever, it is of supreme importance for the nation to prepare for a still greater drain upon its educational resources in providing elementary instruction to illiterate aliens when they flock again to our shores in even larger hejiras.

Illiteracy is a potent cause of social waste and industrial unrest, and is a matter of vital concern to national prosperity, the more so because its evil results are not always directly evident. This will be more generally acknowledged as the American public becomes acutely aware of the inevitable implications of illiteracy upon industrial, social, and civic well-being.

Requirement of a literacy test for immigrants has been vetoed in turn by President Cleveland, by President Taft, and by President Wilson. There exists doubt whether any literacy test for immigrants would be effective; yet the nation has to deal with industrial and social problems arising from the presence of increasing numbers of foreign-born illiterates.

The present policy of laissez-faire is too costly to be enduring. Therefore it is essential to learn with accuracy the amount and nature of this illiteracy and follow its distribution in order to comprehend and combat its evil effects. Since we have been able to devise no means of barring the illiterate from our shores, but, indeed, have made the way easy and inviting, we are under the compulsion of caring for him and for her upon arrival or suffer inevitable consequences in the social

and industrial suffering and political debasement which are the accompaniment and consequence of ignorance.

The problem concerns women in the home quite as much as it does industrial managers, educators, and legislators. How shall we set in operation effective means of reaching educationally through the public school the grown-up child in industry and those helpers in the home who have never acquired even the first rudiments of knowledge because of lack of opportunity, interest, or guidance during childhood? By dealing effectively with this problem of adult illiteracy we contribute materially toward an intelligent comprehension and treatment of problems of basic importance to industry and society, such as the reduction of disease, the prevention of accidents, unemployment, minimum wage, sweat-shop evils, and every form of social and industrial relation which contains the element of foreign citizenship and alien labor.

Illiterates are decreasing in Southern States, but increasing in Northern States; yet Southern States feel compelled by the importance of the subject to establish state commissions to study their illiteracy problems. How much more important for Northern manufacturing States to face new issues squarely, and for each to establish similar commissions which would give authoritative and expert study to their own illiteracy problems, with a view to informing the public and to devising and providing the best local remedies against the growing community menace.

The problem of immigrant illiteracy cannot be solved by educators or by legislators alone. It requires the force of an informed public sentiment. It is a matter which concerns every woman as well as every man who would conserve the well-being of the home as well as industrial prosperity. Its solution helps preserve industrial peace, representative government, and community life in so far as these are endangered by increasing inert or menacing masses of untaught adults who form mere aggregations of ignorance, disease, and dependency, and who are incapable of amalgamation, absorption, or union with their American fellow-citizens.

CURRENT COMMENT

War and Religion

IN China the great masses of the people have practised Buddhism, a religion of peace. In accordance with its teachings they have been patient and long-suffering; and they have been preyed upon and oppressed by Tatar conquerors, by all the powers of Europe, and now by their neighbors, the Japanese. In Japan, also, Buddhism was long the established religion, but it never completely superseded the more warlike Shintoism; and since the country entered upon its campaign of national aggression after the Western fashion, Buddhism has been disestablished by its barbarous rival.

In Europe, as in Japan, there have been two religions, although they have been practised under the one name of Christianity—the religion of the Old Testament and the religion of the New Testament. The former is the religion of war. It postulates a tribal god and a chosen people. It is Kipling's religion when he addresses his patriotic verses to the "Lord God of Hosts" and invokes His discrimination against the "lesser breeds without the law." It is the kaiser's religion in his proclamations of thanksgiving to the Almighty for victory over his enemies. It is the religion of the German soldiers in their hymn "Ein' feste Burg ist Unser Gott." It is the religion of German philosophy when it teaches that "history is the movement, the march of God

on earth through time," and "war is the signally visible occurrence of such a flight of the divine spirit in its onward movement." It is the religion of our "Battle Hymn of the Republic," with its God who tramples out His "grapes of wrath" and wields His "terrible swift sword." It is the religion of all Christian peoples when they go to war. But it is not Christianity.

Unfortunately for Christianity, we have not, as the Japanese have, a separate name for this official religion of tribal conflict; and when war breaks out, and the guns of the German tutelary deity destroy a temple of the French divinity, we are appalled by the failure of Christianity to protect its churches from the followers of the Prince of Peace. We are not aware that, so to speak, Shintoism has disestablished Buddhism in Europe for the time. We do not say, like *Ferrovius* in Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," that we must worship the God of War because the time has not yet come for the God of Peace. We ask "Has the church collapsed?" Or "Is Christianity a failure?" And finding Christianity guilty of the crimes of a tribal worship that is fighting a tribal worship, we blame our Buddhism for the acts that are in truth of our faith of Shinto.

Business Patriotism

A FEW years ago delegates from the French Chambers of Commerce came to this country to review and report upon American business methods. They were taken to an automobile factory, among other places; and after they had made a tour of the plant, the spokesman of the party of visitors said to the manufacturer:

"There is one thing more that I wish you would explain to these gentlemen. Last year you had more orders for your car than you could possibly fill, did you not?"

The manufacturer replied:

"Yes, that is true. But we have since enlarged our plant, and I hope to be able to catch up to our orders very soon."

The spokesman asked:

"You have this year reduced the price of your car by fifty dollars, have you not?"

The manufacturer replied:

"Yes, we have."

"Then," the spokesman said, "will you kindly explain to these business men why you reduce the price of a car the orders for which you are already unable to fill?"

And the manufacturer answered:

"Well, it 's a personal reason, but if they would care to know it, I and my family have already made all the money out of this business that we can reasonably use. I believe that the automobile is the great liberator. There ought to be one on every farm and in every back yard in the United States. I can't do anything for my country but make automobiles for it, and I intend to keep on reducing the price of this car until every one in the country can afford one."

It is hardly necessary now to add that the manufacturer was Henry Ford; his plan of profit-sharing with his employees has since made him sufficiently famous. But the point of the story is not merely personal. In the crusade against political corruption that led up to the formation of the Progressive party, no one suffered more in reputation than the American business man. He was pictured as advancing his own selfish interests at the expense of the community. No one seemed more predatory and less patriotic. Henry Ford's career is the proof that such a state of things is not inevitable. Patriotism in business is as possible as patriotism in anything else, and if America ever gets a generation of manufacturers who realize that one thing they can do for their fellowmen is to manufacture for them, and run their factories for the good of the community and not for the good of their purses alone, this country will see a day of industrial happiness and good-feeling and efficiency that will put our present year of grace among the Dark Ages.

Public Opinion and the Politician

IN this present issue, in his admirable article on the Swiss military system, Colonel Feyler rather convincingly points out that universal military service is an expression of individual sovereignty rather than of governmental force, that it is not more a duty than a privilege of every Swiss citizen.

It has always been the more subtle work of the ruling class under a republican form of government to mold public opinion in the way they think it should go. This function has grown to be of even more importance than the legislative. And "educating" the public up to a right thinking on a subject through editorials and speeches is usually more than half the political battle. If democracy is a failure at any point, it is right here: we expend all our mental energies on earning a living, and accept too often the clever sophistries and ingenious special pleading of the politician and the partizan press, later to give it forth fondly under the impression that we are expressing our own ideas.

Physical freedom came to people when serfdom was abolished; political freedom was achieved with the establishment of democracy: but intellectual freedom, which is the essence of individual liberty, will not have been accomplished until the man in the street has attained to sufficient intelligence to do his own thinking, until the ruling class has ceased to impose its own intellectual processes on the plastic majority. As Mr. Whelpley says, in another place in the same number, "We think that we think." But too many of us still accept very generally what we read in place of thinking for ourselves.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

More Outrageous Verse

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

I PLAY with words.
Tossing in the air an armful of them,
as a child reveling in autumn leaves.
Loving the crisp rustle as they cascade
about my ears.
Again picking them up as wet pebbles,
a-glisten on a cool sea beach.
Making patterns of them,—pictures,—
filling spaces with words as artists do
with paints.
I pet and fondle a sentimental word until
it purrs,
And clash with a rough one till it growls.
I am as human with words as I am with
you,
Never exploiting them.
Never giving them an inch of advantage
over me.
I know words,
And they seek me out.
We are together;
Important, both of us,
And entirely useless,
Unless you need the thing we give.

II

I PITY publishers.
They get cross-eyed
Keeping one eye cocked
On art
And the other on business;
Always subject to nervous
prostration
When called upon to write small royalty
checks.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

Pipe-night at *The Players*

From a Poster painted by Maxfield Parrish

THE CENTURY

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The Little Hunchback Zia

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Shuttle," etc.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

And it came to pass nigh upon nineteen hundred and sixteen years ago.

THE little hunchback Zia toiled slowly up the steep road, keeping in the deepest shadows, even though the night had long fallen. Sometimes he staggered with weariness or struck his foot against a stone and smothered his involuntary cry of pain. He was so full of terror that he was afraid to utter a sound which might cause any traveler to glance toward him. This he feared more than any other thing—that some man or woman might look at him too closely. If such a one knew much and had keen eyes, he or she might in some way guess even at what they might not yet see.

Since he had fled from the village in which his wretched short life had been spent he had hidden himself in thickets and behind walls or rocks or bushes during the day, and had only come forth at night to stagger along his way in the darkness. If he had not managed to steal some food before he began his journey and if he had not found in one place some beans dropped from a camel's feeding-bag, he would have starved. For five nights he had been wandering on, but in his desperate fear he had lost count of time. When he had left the place he had called his home he had not known where he was going or where he might hide himself in the end. The old woman with whom he had lived and for whom he had begged and labored had driven him out with a terror as great as his own.

"Begone!" she had cried in a smothered shriek. "Get you gone, accursed! Even now thou mayest have brought the curse upon me also. A creature born a hunchback comes on earth with the blight of Jehovah's wrath upon him. Go far! Go as far as thy limbs will carry thee! Let no man come near enough to thee to see it! If you go far away before it is known, it will be forgotten that I have harbored you."

He had stood and looked at her in the silence of the dead, his immense, black Syrian eyes growing wider and wider with childish horror. He had always regarded her with slavish fear. What he was to her he did not know; neither did he know how he had fallen into her hands. He knew only that he was not of her blood or of her country and that he yet seemed to have always belonged to her. In his first memory of his existence, a lit-

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tle deformed creature rolling about on the littered floor of her uncleanly hovel, he had trembled at the sound of her voice and had obeyed it like a beaten spaniel puppy. When he had grown older he had seen that she lived upon alms and thievery and witchlike evil doings that made all decent folk avoid her. She had no kinsfolk or friends, and only such visitors as came to her in the dark hours of night and seemed to consult with her as she sat and mumbled strange incantations while she stirred a boiling pot. Zia had heard of soothsayers and dealers with evil spirits, and at such hours was either asleep on his pallet in a far corner or, if he lay awake, hid his face under his wretched covering and stopped his ears. Once when she had drawn near and found his large eyes open and staring at her in spellbound terror, she had beaten him horribly and cast him into the storm raging outside.

A strange passion in her seemed her hatred of his eyes. She could not endure that he should look at her as if he were thinking. He must not let his eyes rest on her for more than a moment when he spoke. He must keep them fixed on the ground or look away from her. From his babyhood this had been so. A hundred times she had struck him when he was too young to understand her reason. The first strange lesson he had learned was that she hated his eyes and was driven to fury when she found them resting innocently upon her. Before he was three years old he had learned this thing and had formed the habit of looking down upon the earth as he limped about. For long he thought that his eyes were as hideous as his body was distorted. In her frenzies she told him that evil spirits looked out from them and that he was possessed of devils. Without thought of rebellion or resentment he accepted with timorous humility, as part of his existence, her taunts at his twisted limbs. What use in rebellion or anger? With the fatalism of the East he resigned himself to that which was. He had been born a deformity, and even his glance carried evil. This was life. He knew no other. Of his origin he knew nothing except that from the old woman's rambling outbursts he had gathered that he was of Syrian blood and a homeless outcast.

But though he had so long trained himself to look downward that it had at last become an effort to lift his heavily lashed eyelids, there came a time when he learned that his eyes were not so hideously evil as his task-mistress had convinced him that they were. When he was only seven years old she sent him out to beg alms for her, and on the first day of his going forth she said a strange thing, the meaning of which he could not understand.

"Go not forth with thine eyes bent downward on the dust. Lift them, and look long at those from whom thou askest alms. Lift them and look as I see thee look at the sky when thou knowest not I am near thee. I have seen thee, hunchback. Gaze at the passers-by as if thou sawest their souls and asked help of them."

She said it with a fierce laugh of derision, but when in his astonishment he involuntarily lifted his gaze to hers, she struck at him, her harsh laugh broken in two.

"Not at me, hunchback! Not at me! At those who are ready to give!" she cried out.

He had gone out stunned with amazement. He wondered so greatly that when he at last sat down by the roadside under a fig-tree he sat in a dream. He looked up at the blueness above him as he always did when he was alone. His eyelids did not seem heavy when he lifted them to look at the sky. The blueness and the billows of white clouds brought rest to him, and made him forget what he was. The floating clouds were his only friends. There was something—yes, there was something, he did not know what. He wished he were a cloud himself, and could lose himself at last in the blueness as the clouds did when they melted away. Surely the blueness was the something.

The soft, dull pad of camel's feet approached upon the road without his hearing them. He was not roused from his

"'Alms! alms!' he stammered. 'Master—Lord—I beg for—for her who keeps me'"

absorption until the camel stopped its tread so near him that he started and looked up. It was necessary that he should look up a long way. He was a deformed little child, and the camel was a tall and splendid one, with rich trappings and golden bells. The man it carried was dressed richly, and the expression of his dark face was at once restless and curious. He was bending down and staring at Zia as if he were something strange.

"What dost thou see, child?" he said at last, and he spoke almost in a breathless whisper. "What art thou waiting for?"

Zia stumbled to his feet and held out his bag, frightened, because he had never begged before and did not know how, and if he did not carry back money and food, he would be horribly beaten again.

"Alms! alms!" he stammered. "Master—Lord—I beg for—for her who keeps me. She is poor and old. Alms, great lord, for a woman who is old!"

The man with the restless face still stared. He spoke as if unaware that he uttered words and as if he were afraid.

"The child's eyes!" he said. "I cannot pass him by! What is it? I must not be held back. But the unearthly beauty of his eyes!" He caught his breath as he spoke. And then he seemed to awaken as one struggling against a spell.

"What is thy name?" he asked.

Zia also had lost his breath. What had the man meant when he spoke of his eyes?

He told his name, but he could answer no further questions. He did not know whose son he was; he had no home; of his mistress he knew only that her name was Judith and that she lived on alms.

Even while he related these things he remembered his lesson, and, dropping his eyelids, fixed his gaze on the camel's feet.

"Why dost thou cast thine eyes downward?" the man asked in a troubled and intense voice.

Zia could not speak, being stricken with fear and the dumbness of bewilderment. He stood quite silent, and as he lifted his eyes and let them rest on the stranger's own, they became large with tears—big, piteous tears.

"Why?" persisted the man, anxiously. "Is it because thou seest evil in my soul?"

"No! no!" sobbed Zia. "One taught me to look away because I am hideous and —my eyes—are evil."

"Evil!" said the stranger. "They have lied to thee." He was trembling as he spoke. "A man who has been pondering on sin dare not pass their beauty by. They draw him, and show him his own soul. Having seen them, I must turn my camel's feet backward and go no farther on this road which was to lead me to a black deed." He bent down, and dropped a purse into the child's alms-bag, still staring at him and breathing hard. "They have the look," he muttered, "of eyes that might behold the Messiah. Who knows? Who knows?" And he turned his camel's head, still shuddering a little, and he rode away back toward the place from which he had come.

There was gold in the purse he had given, and when Zia carried it back to Judith, she snatched it from him and asked him many questions. She made him repeat word for word all that had passed.

After that he was sent out to beg day after day, and in time he vaguely understood that the old woman had spoken falsely when she had said that evil spirits looked forth hideously from his eyes. People often said that they were beautiful, and gave him money because something in his gaze drew them near to him. But this was not all. At times there were those who spoke under their breath to one another of some wonder of light in them, some strange luminousness which was not earthly.

"He surely sees that which we cannot. Perhaps when he is a man he will be a great soothsayer and reader of the stars," he heard a woman whisper to a companion one day.

Those who were evil were afraid to meet his gaze, and hated it as old Judith did, though, as he was not their servant, they dared not strike him when he lifted his soft, heavy eyelids.

But Zia could not understand what people meant when they whispered about him or turned away fiercely. A weight was lifted from his soul when he realized that he was not as revolting as he had believed. And when people spoke kindly to him he began to know something like happiness for the first time in his life. He brought home so much in his alms-bag that the old woman ceased to beat him and gave him more liberty. He was allowed to go out at night and sleep under the stars. At such times he used to lie and look up at the jeweled myriads until he felt himself drawn upward and floating nearer and nearer to that unknown something which he felt also in the high blueness of the day.

When he first began to feel as if some mysterious ailment was creeping upon him he kept himself out of Judith's way as much as possible. He dared not tell her that sometimes he could scarcely crawl from one place to another. A miserable fevered weakness became his secret. As the old woman took no notice of him except when he brought back his day's earnings, it was easy to evade her. One morning, however, she fixed her eyes on him suddenly and keenly.

"Why art thou so white?" she said, and caught him by the arm, whirling him toward the light. "Art thou ailing?"

"No! no!" cried Zia.

She held him still for a few seconds, still staring.

"Thou art too white," she said. "I will have no such whiteness. It is the whiteness of—of an accursed thing. Get thee gone!"

He went away, feeling cold and shaken. He knew he was white. One or two almsgivers had spoken of it, and had looked at him a little fearfully. He himself could see that the flesh of his thin body was becoming an unearthly color. Now and then he had shuddered as he looked at it because—because— There was one curse so horrible beyond all others that the strongest man would have quailed in his dread of its drawing near him. And he was a child, a twelve-year-old boy, a helpless little hunchback mendicant.

When he saw the first white-and-red spot upon his flesh he stood still and stared at it, gasping, and the sweat started out upon him and rolled down in great drops.

"Jehovah!" he whispered, "God of Israel! Thy servant is but a child!"

But there broke out upon him other spots, and every time he found a new one his flesh quaked, and he could not help looking at it in secret again and again. Every time he looked it was because he hoped it might have faded away. But no spot faded away, and the skin on the palms of his hands began to be rough and cracked and to show spots also.

In a cave on a hillside near the road where he sat and begged there lived a deathly being who, with face swathed in linen and with bandaged stumps of limbs, hobbled forth now and then, and came down to beg also, but always keeping at a distance from all human creatures, and, as he approached the pitiful, rattled loudly his wooden clappers, wailing out: "Unclean! Unclean!"

It was the leper Berias, whose hopeless tale of awful days was almost done. Zia himself had sometimes limped up the hillside and laid some of his own poor food upon a stone near his cave so that he might find it. One day he had also taken a branch of almond-blossom in full flower, and had laid it by the food. And when he had gone away and stood at some distance watching to see the poor ghost come forth to take what he had given, he had seen him first clutch at the blossoming branch and fall upon his face, holding it to his breast, a white, bound, shapeless thing, sobbing, and uttering hoarse, croaking, unhuman cries. No almsgiver but Zia had ever dreamed of bringing a flower to him who was forever cut off from all bloom and loveliness.

It was this white, shuddering creature that Zia remembered with the sick chill of horror when he saw the spots.

"Unclean! Unclean!" he heard the cracked voice cry to the sound of the wooden clappers. "Unclean! Unclean!"

Judith was standing at the door of her hovel one morning when Zia was going forth for the day. He had fearfully been aware that for days she had been watching him as he had never known her to watch him before. This morning she had followed him to the door, and had held him there a few moments in the light with some harsh speech, keeping her eyes fixed on him the while.

Even as they so stood there fell upon the clear air of the morning a hollow, far-off sound—the sound of wooden clappers rattled together, and the hopeless crying of two words, "Unclean! Unclean!"

Then silence fell. Upon Zia descended a fear beyond all power of words to utter. In his quaking young torment he lifted his eyes and met the gaze of the old woman as it flamed down upon him.

"Go within!" she commanded suddenly, and pointed to the wretched room inside. He obeyed her, and she followed him, closing the door behind them.

"Tear off thy garment!" she ordered. "Strip thyself to thy skin—to thy skin!"

He shook from head to foot, his trembling hands almost refusing to obey him. She did not touch him, but stood apart, glaring. His garments fell from him and lay in a heap at his feet, and he stood among them naked.

One look, and she broke forth, shaking with fear herself, into a breathless storm of fury.

"Thou hast known this thing and hidden it!" she raved. "Leper! Leper! Accursed hunchback thing!"

As he stood in his nakedness and sobbed great, heavy childish sobs, she did not dare to strike him, and raged the more.

If it were known that she had harbored him, the priests would be upon her, and all that she had would be taken from her and burned. She would not even let him put his clothes on in her house.

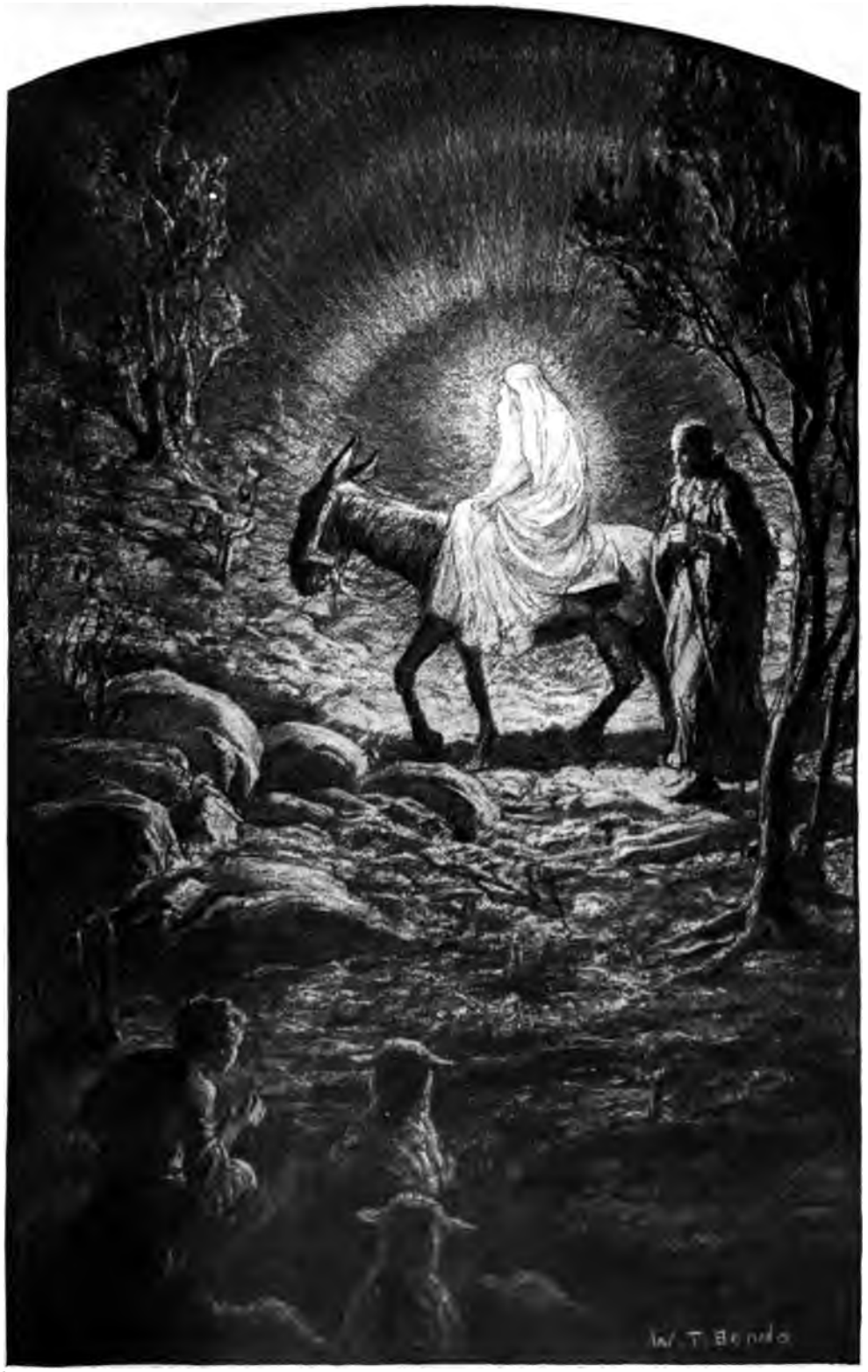
"Take thy rags and begone in thy nakedness! Clothe thyself on the hillside! Let none see thee until thou art far away! Rot as thou wilt, but dare not to name me! Begone! begone! begone!"

And with his rags he fled naked through the doorway, and hid himself in the little wood beyond.

LATER, as he went on his way, he had hidden himself in the daytime behind bushes by the wayside or off the road; he had crouched behind rocks and boulders; he had slept in caves when he had found them; he had shrunk away from all human sight. He knew it could not be long before he would be discovered, and then he would be shut up; and afterward he would be as Berias until he died alone. Like unto Berias! To him it seemed as though surely never child had sobbed before as he sobbed, lying hidden behind his boulders, among his bushes, on the bare hill among the rocks.

For the first four nights of his wandering he had not known where he was going, but on this fifth night he discovered. He was on the way to Bethlehem—beautiful little Bethlehem curving on the crest of the Judean mountains and smiling down upon the fairness of the fairest of sweet valleys, rich with vines and figs and olives and almond-trees. He dimly recalled stories he had overheard of its loveliness, and when he found that he had wandered unknowingly toward it, he was aware of a faint sense of peace. He had seen nothing of any other part of the world than the poor village outside which the hovel of his bond-mistress had clung to a low hill. Since he was near it, he vaguely desired to see Bethlehem.

He had learned of its nearness as he lay hidden in the undergrowth on the mountain-side that he had begun to climb the night before. Awakening from sleep, he had heard many feet passing up the climbing road—the feet of men and women and children, of camels and asses, and all had seemed to be of a procession ascending the mountain-side. Lying flat upon the earth, he had parted the bushes cautiously, and watched, and listened to the shouts, cries, laughter, and talk of those who were near enough to be heard. So bit by bit he had heard the story of the passing throng. The great Emperor Au-



"Zia's eyes grew wide with awe and wondering as he gazed, scarce breathing"

gustus, who to the common herd seemed some strange omnipotent in his remote and sumptuous paradise of Rome, had issued a decree that all the world of his subjects should be enrolled, and every man, woman, and child must enroll himself in his own city. And to the little town of Bethlehem all these travelers were wending their way to the place of their nativity, in obedience to the great Cæsar's command.

All through the day he watched them —men and women and children who belonged to one another, who rode together on their beasts, or walked together hand in hand. Women on camels or asses held their little ones in their arms, or walked with the youngest slung on their backs. He heard boys laugh and talk with their fathers—boys of his own age, who trudged merrily along, and now and again ran forward, shouting with glee. He saw more than one strong man swing his child up to his shoulder and bear him along as if he found joy in his burden. Boy and girl companions played as they went and made holiday of their journey; young men or women who were friends, lovers, or brothers and sisters bore one another company.

"No one is alone," said Zia, twisting his thin fingers together—"no one! no one! And there are no lepers. The great Cæsar would not count a leper. Perhaps, if he saw one, he would command him to be put to death."

And then he writhed upon the grass and sobbed again, his bent chest almost bursting with his efforts to make no sound. He had always been alone—always, always; but this loneliness was such as no young human thing could bear. He was no longer alive; he was no longer a human being. Unclean! Unclean! Unclean!

At last he slept, exhausted, and past his piteous, prostrate childhood and helplessness the slow procession wound its way up the mountain road toward the crescent of Bethlehem, knowing nothing of his nearness to its unburdened comfort and simple peace.

When he awakened, the night had fallen, and he opened his eyes upon a high vault of blue velvet darkness strewn with great stars. He saw this at the first moment of his consciousness; then he realized that there was no longer to be heard the sound either of passing hoofs or treading feet. The travelers who had gone by during the day had probably reached their journey's end, and gone to rest in their tents, or had found refuge in the inclosing khan that gave shelter to wayfarers and their beasts of burden.

But though there was no human creature near, and no sound of human voice or human tread, a strange change had taken place in him. His loneliness had passed away, and left him lying still and calm as though it had never existed, as though the crushed and broken child who had plunged from a precipice of woe into deadly, exhausted sleep was only a vague memory of a creature in a dark past dream.

Had it been himself? Lying upon his back, seeing only the immensity of the deep blue above him and the greatness of the stars, he scarcely dared to draw breath lest he should arouse himself to new anguish. It had not been he who had so suffered; surely it had been another Zia. What had come upon him, what had come upon the world? All was so still that it was as if the earth waited—as if it waited to hear some word that would be spoken out of the great space in which it hung. He was not hungry or cold or tired. It was as if he had never staggered and stumbled up the mountain path and dropped shuddering, to hide behind the bushes before the daylight came and men could see his white face. Surely he had rested long. He had never felt like this before, and he had never seen so wonderful a night. The stars had never been so many and so large. What made them so soft and brilliant that each one was almost like a sun? And he strangely felt that each looked down at him as if it said the word, though he did not know what the word was. Why had he been so terror-stricken? Why had he been so

wretched? There were no lepers; there were no hunchbacks. There was only Zia, and he was at peace, and akin to the stars that looked down.

How heavenly still the waiting world was, how heavenly still! He lay and smiled and smiled; perhaps he lay so for an hour. Then high, high above he saw, or thought he saw, in the remoteness of the vault of blue a brilliant whiteness float. Was it a strange, snowy cloud or was he dreaming? It seemed to grow whiter, more brilliant. His breath came fast, and his heart beat trembling in his breast, because he had never seen clouds so strangely, purely brilliant. There was another, higher, farther distant, and yet more dazzling still. Another and another showed its radiance until at last an arch of splendor seemed to stream across the sky.

"It is like the glory of the ark of the covenant," he gasped, and threw his arm across his blinded eyes, shuddering with rapture.

He could not uncover his face, and it was as he lay quaking with an unearthly joy that he first thought he heard sounds of music as remotely distant as the lights.

"Is it on earth?" he panted. "Is it on earth?"

He struggled to his knees. He had heard of miracles and wonders of old, and of the past ages when the sons of God visited the earth.

"Glory to God in the highest!" he stammered again and again and again. "Glory to the great Jehovah!" and he touched his forehead seven times to the earth.

Then he beheld a singular thing. When he had gone to sleep a flock of sheep had been lying near him on the grass. The flock was still there, but something seemed to be happening to it. The creatures were awakening from their sleep as if they had heard something. First one head was raised, and then another and another and another, until every head was lifted, and every one was turned toward a certain point as if listening. What were they listening for? Heli could see nothing, though he turned his own face toward the climbing road and listened with them. The floating radiance was so increasing in the sky that at this point of the mountain-side it seemed no longer to be night, and the far-away pæans held him breathless with mysterious awe. Was the sound on earth? Where did it come from? Where?

"Praised be Jehovah!" he heard his weak and shaking young voice quaver.

Some belated travelers were coming slowly up the road. He heard an ass's feet and low voices.

The sheep heard them also. Had they been waiting for them? They rose one by one—the whole flock—to their feet, and turned in a body toward the approaching sounds.

Zia stood up with them. He waited also, and it was as if at this moment his soul so lifted itself that it almost broke away from his body—almost.

Around the curve an ass came slowly bearing a woman, and led by a man who walked by its side. He was a man of sober years and walked wearily. Zia's eyes grew wide with awe and wondering as he gazed, scarce breathing.

The light upon the hillside was so softly radiant and so clear that he could see that the woman's robe was blue and that she lifted her face to the stars as she rode. It was a young face, and pale with the pallor of lilies, and her eyes were as stars of the morning. But this was not all. A radiance shone from her pure pallor, and bordering her blue robe and veil was a faint, steady glow of light. And as she passed the standing and waiting sheep, they slowly bowed themselves upon their knees before her, and so knelt until she had passed by and was out of sight. Then they returned to their places, and slept as before.

When she was gone, Zia found that he also was kneeling. He did not know when his knees had bent. He was faint with ecstasy.

"She goes to Bethlehem," he heard himself say as he had heard himself speak before. "I, too; I, too."

He stood a moment listening to the sound of the ass's retreating feet as it grew fainter in the distance. His breath came quick and soft. The light had died away from the hillside, but the high-floating radiance seemed to pass to and fro in the heavens, and now and again he thought he heard the faint, far sound that was like music so distant that it was as a thing heard in a dream.

"Perhaps I behold visions," he murmured. "It may be that I shall awake."

But he found himself making his way through the bushes and setting his feet upon the road. He must follow, he must follow. Howsoever steep the hill, he must climb to Bethlehem. But as he went on his way it did not seem steep, and he did not waver or toil as he usually did when walking. He felt no weariness or ache in his limbs, and the high radiance gently lighted the path and dimly revealed that many white flowers he had never seen before seemed to have sprung up by the roadside and to wave softly to and fro, giving forth a fragrance so remote and faint, yet so clear, that it did not seem of earth. It was perhaps part of the vision.

Of the distance he climbed his thought took no cognizance. There was in this vision neither distance nor time. There was only faint radiance, far, strange sounds, and the breathing of air which made him feel an ecstasy of lightness as he moved. The other Zia had traveled painfully, had stumbled and struck his feet against wayside stones. He seemed ten thousand miles, ten thousand years away. It was not he who went to Bethlehem, led as if by some power invisible. To Bethlehem! To Bethlehem, where went the woman whose blue robe was bordered with a glow of fair luminousness and whose face, like an uplifted lily, softly shone. It was she he followed, knowing no reason but that his soul was called.

When he reached the little town and stood at last near the gateway of the khan in which the day-long procession of wayfarers had crowded to take refuge for the night, he knew that he would find no place among the multitude within its walls. Too many of the great Cæsar's subjects had been born in Bethlehem and had come back for their enrolment. The khan was crowded to its utmost, and outside lingered many who had not been able to gain admission and who consulted plaintively with one another as to where they might find a place to sleep, and to eat the food they carried with them.

Zia had made his way to the entrance-gate only because he knew the travelers he had followed would seek shelter there, and that he might chance to hear of them.

He stood a little apart from the gate and waited. Something would tell him what he must do. Almost as this thought entered his mind he heard voices speaking near him. Two women were talking together, and soon he began to hear their words.

"Joseph of Nazareth and Mary his wife," one said. "Both of the line of David. There was no room for them, even as there was no room for others not of royal lineage. To the mangers in the cave they have gone, seeing the woman had sore need of rest. She, thou knowest—"

Zia heard no more. He did not ask where the cave lay. He had not needed to ask his way to Bethlehem. That which had led him again directed his feet away from the entrance-gate of the khan, past the crowded court and the long, low wall of stone within the inclosure of which the camels and asses browsed and slept, on at last to a pathway leading to the gray of rising rocks. Beneath them was the cave, he knew, though none had told him so. Only a short distance, and he saw what drew him trembling nearer. At the open entrance, through which he could see the rough mangers of stone, the heaps of fodder, and the ass munching slowly in a corner, the woman who wore the blue robe stood leaning wearily against the heavy wooden post. And the soft light bordering her garments set her in a frame of faint radiance and glowed in a halo about her head.

"The light! the light!" cried Zia in a breathless whisper. And he crossed his hands upon his breast.

Her husband surely could not see it. He moved soberly about, unpacking the burden the ass had carried and seeming to see naught else. He heaped straw in a corner with care, and threw his mantle upon it.

"Come," he said. "Here thou canst rest, and I can watch by thy side. The angels of the Lord be with thee!" The woman turned from the door and went toward him, walking with slow steps. He gazed at her with mild, unillumined eyes.

"Does he not see the light!" panted Zia. "Does he not see the light!"

Soon he himself no longer saw it. Joseph of Nazareth came to the wooden doors and drew them together, and the boy stood alone on the mountain-side, trembling still, and wet with the dew of the night; but not weary, not hungered, not athirst or afraid, only quaking with wonder and joy—he, the little hunchback Zia, who had known no joy before since the hour of his birth.

He sank upon the earth slowly in an exquisite peace—a peace that thrilled his whole being as it stole over his limbs, deepening moment by moment. His head drooped softly upon a cushion of moss. As his eyelids fell, he saw the splendor of whiteness floating in the height of the purple vault above him.

THE dawn was breaking, and yet the stars had not faded away. This was his thought when his eyes first opened on a great one, greater than any other in the sky, and of so pure a brilliance that it seemed as if even the sun would not be bright enough to put it out. It hung high in the paling blue, high as the white radiance; and as he lay and gazed, he thought it surely moved. What new star was it that in that one night had been born? He had watched the stars through so many desolate hours that he knew each great one as a friend, and this one he had never seen before.

The morning was cold, and his clothes were wet with dew, but he felt no chill. He remembered; yes, he remembered. If he had lived in a vision the day before, he was surely living in one yet. The Zia who had been starved and beaten and driven out naked into the world, who had clutched his thin breast and sobbed, writhing upon the earth, where was he? He looked down upon his hands and saw the cracked and scaling palms, and it was as though they were not. He thrust back the covering from his chest and saw the spots there. But there were no lepers, there were no hunchbacks; there were only Zia and the light. He knelt and turned himself toward the cave and prayed, and as he so knelt and prayed the man Joseph rolled open the heavy wooden door.

Then Zia, still kneeling, beat himself softly upon the breast and prayed again, not as before to Jehovah, but to that which he beheld.

The light was there, fair, radiant, wonderful. The cave was bathed in it. The woman in the blue robe sat upon the straw, and in her arms she held a newborn child. Zia touched his forehead to the earth again, again, again, unknowing that he did so. The child was the light itself!

He must rise and draw near. That which had drawn him up the mountain-side drew him again. The child was the light itself! As he crept near the cave's entrance, the woman's eyes rested upon him soft and wonderful.

She spoke to him—she spoke!

"Be not afraid," she said. "Draw nigh and behold!"

Her voice was not as the voice of other women; it was like her eyes, soft and wonderful. It could not be withstood even by awe such as his. He could not remain outside, but entered trembling, and trembling drew near.

The child lying upon His mother's breast opened His eyes and smiled. Zia fell upon his knees before Him. He held out his piteous hands, remembering for one moment the Zia who had sobbed on the mountain-side alone.

"I am a leper!" he cried. "I may not touch Him! Unclean! Unclean!"

"Draw nigh," the woman said, "and let His hand rest upon thee!"

Zia crouched upon his knees. The new-born hand fell softly upon his shoulder and rested there. Through his body, through his blood, through every limb and fleshly atom of him, he felt it steal—new life, warming, thrilling, wakening in his veins new life! As he felt it, he knelt quaking with rapture even as he had stood the night before gazing at the light. The new-born hand lay still.

He did not know how long he knelt. He did not know that the woman leaned toward him, scarce drawing breath, her wondrous eyes resting upon him as if she waited for a sign. Even as she so gazed she beheld it, and spoke, whispering as in awed prayer:

"Go forth and cleanse thy flesh in running water," she said. "Go forth."

He moved, he rose, he stood upright—the hunchback Zia who had never stood upright before! His body was straight, his limbs were strong. He looked upon his hands, and there was no blemish or spot to be seen!

"I am made whole!" he cried in ecstasy so wild that his boy's voice rang and echoed in the cave's hollowed roof. "I am made whole!"

"Go forth," she said softly. "Go forth and give praise."

He turned and went into the dawning day. He stood swaying, and heard himself sob forth a rapturous cry of prayer. His flesh was fresh and pure; he stood erect and tall. He was as others whom God had not cursed. The light! the light! He stretched forth his arms to the morning sky.

SOME shepherds roughly clothed in the skins of lambs and kids were climbing the hill toward the cave. They carried their crooks, and they talked eagerly as though in wonderment at some strange thing which had befallen them, looking up at the heavens, and one pointed with his crook.

"Surely it draws nearer, the star!" he said. "Look!"

As they passed a thicket where a brook flowed through the trees a fair boy came forth, cleansed, fresh, and radiant as if he had but just bathed in its clear waters. It was the boy Zia.

"Who is this one?" said the oldest shepherd.

"How beautiful he is! How the light shines on him! He looks like a king's son."

And as they passed, they made obeisance to him.

"C. F."

By JOHN D. WILLIAMS

AQUAINTLY romantic personality, possessed of almost hypnotic power in influencing and often in entirely reshaping the lives of countless others, quietly went down with the *Lusitania* when Charles Frohman muttered, "Well, they 've got us," and, disdaining the physical aid he would never accept in life, let the waters of the Atlantic pass over him. In his habit of always looking on life not as a serious and actual process, but as so many dramatic or comic scenes often of such pictorial richness that they had better be on the stage than wasted broadcast, Frohman undoubtedly took his farewell of life fancying himself the principal actor in an enormously stunning last act.

He always loved to act, and there were few better actors than he. He could choke with emotion over nothing and shed tears at a second's notice. As a lad his father, himself a great lover of the theater and an amateur dabbler in it, once held up a new dime before his three sons, Charles, Daniel, and Gustave, offering it to the one who would most quickly invent dialogue that would lead to his weeping. Charles won the dime within a few minutes. Living was always a matter of acting with the youngest of the Frohmans. He was forever setting before himself the image of some goal worth attaining—famous stars under his management, his own theater in New York, though when the latter ambition first came to him Henry Miller and he were tramping the streets of San Francisco, their play a failure and their next meal a dream. "You will be my star, Henry, and our names will be over a Broadway theater," he said, and Miller imitates well the glow with which the empty-pocketed Frohman instantly suited the action of a Broadway manager to his prophecy.

The Broadway theater was attained, and eventually seven others, and over them all the familiar line, "Charles Frohman presents." Then came three theaters in Boston, two in Chicago, three in London, and one in Paris—all operated simultaneously through the enterprise of one man, with from thirty to forty plays, representing an outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars, ranging in quality from tragedy to musical comedy and giving work to regiments of actors and actresses. Like a general, he had a complete staff at his back—a manager, a general stage-director for legitimate pieces, a general director for musical pieces, musical directors, carpenters, electricians, scene-painters, property-masters; but to the end nothing became "O.K." until affixed to it was the memorandum with the blue-penciled initials "C. F." The man behind these initials until his death was only an inscription—"Charles Frohman presents"—to the millions of playgoers whom it was his life's passion to entertain. Thousands there were in his own profession who had never set eyes on him. Those who saw him for the first time gazed in amazement on the

opposite of all they had expected. They saw a man barely over five feet, broad of back, and upon well-squared shoulders the head of an executive; in every posture, speech, and look revealing great dynamic power within, but, without, as soft of speech as a fine woman and as gentle of manner; in fact, loving gentleness in others above all human traits; healthfully ruddy in a countenance that at will could be an impenetrable mask, or, set aglow by smiling eyes, the lovable face of one whom famous men and superb women, though possessing talents that he had not, but could divine and develop, gloried to serve.

Play-producing was the artificial stimulation by which Frohman lived. Opening nights were cocktails to him. The night before an opening he got no sleep from anxiety, never knowing how the venture would turn out. Early in the morning of the day when the play was first to be done he would be up working his utmost upon a new venture: reading over manuscripts; keeping in touch with "the London playmarket" or "the Paris playmarket," as he always called them, by cablegram; feverishly busying himself upon some new enterprise that would eventually mean as much agony for him as that of the night to come; wearing himself out through the day, and at night getting to the theater early, to sit obscurely behind the scenery in a dark corner of the stage suffering the pains of creation. This he went through for over six hundred nights; for Frohman gave that many plays to the theaters of America, England, and France.

Toward the end, just before nature's curtain fell upon him for the last time, these pitiless tests were becoming too much for him. Hysterical actresses who only half knew their lines, actors who forgot entire speeches, mechanicians whose carelessness ruined scenes, and the thousand and one horrors possible to a first night in New York, began to tell so much on him that he would send for me and say, "Let 's go to some restaurant," and I would lead him to a café, place before him an enormous sweet drink of some sort, preferably a large orangeade, and leave him there until the end of the play. Then we would meet again, and I would always tell him the best of even a bad night in order that he might sleep, and because I knew it was always his superstition that belief in success makes success. He called it "a kind of wireless from mouth to mouth"; that if you believed success and talked success, success embraced you and gave you that energy which is success. That was a good part of the mystic that was Frohman. He acted toward the various phases of life and toward people the rôles that he thought necessary for making life and people react toward him as he wished them to do.

So it would have been surprising if at the end he had not been the first to see a fine drama in his position. Suddenly the world became his audience, and he even fashioned himself an exit line such as an actor might utter leaving the stage for the last time. "They 've got us" meant the Germans, whom he had always hated heartily, but at whose hands he died not in bitterness, but as the protagonist in a great tragedy. In the face of death—a word he would never utter in life or allow to be spoken when he could silence it—he dramatized himself and his last big scene as deliberately and as objectively as if it were the tragic closing act of any one of the many plays he had directed for the stage at home and abroad.

"In the grill of the ——, where we were guests, they used to shove Barrie and me away from the table, those German officers, claiming it was theirs," he once told me. "It often happened to us, and when it did, Barrie would only smile, but it made me hate them." So that the Germans were the natural villains of the scene at the end, the expected villains, for, with that delightfully romantic egotism which lifted him from poverty to the chief control of the theater in America, Frohman in all seriousness said before sailing:

"They know I hate them, and the Kaiser himself knows that I hate him; so they will all be only too glad to torpedo me at sea if they can." But when his

Photograph by White, New York

Charles Frohman

prophecy came to pass, it was like him to contemplate its fulfilment without a trace of fear or passionate rage. The moment was too magnificent as drama to be obscured by panic or futile temper. Instantly Frohman translated an incredible catastrophe into a thrilling dramatic scene, with himself as the star and the Germans as so many pirates. He saw himself in the predicament of another who had been fought by pirates, and left marooned on a rock at sea. That other, standing calmly before the waters slowly rising to cover him, had at last disappeared with the words, "To die would be an awfully big adventure."

Reasonably enough, these final words of the marooned *Peter Pan* were in Frohman's mind when his own end came. For it was the thought of seeing and chumming about with Barrie that always made Frohman nervously eager to sail for England every spring. Theirs was an extraordinary friendship, lasting for sixteen years, and with but one difference between them during all that time.

"We had only one quarrel," says Barrie, speaking of Frohman, "but it lasted all the sixteen years I knew him. He wanted me to be a playwright; I wanted to be a novelist. All those years I fought him on that. He always won, but not because of his doggedness; only because he was so lovable that one had to do as he wanted. He also threatened, if I stopped, to reproduce the old plays and print my name in large electric letters over the entrance to the theater."

Frohman was not a man for books; he would never touch them unless he was assured that they contained plays. In that case he would attack a book with the avidity of a gormand. He did not need all the fingers of one of his remarkable hands—hands of a woman, which he never clenched, but held composed at his side as if they were always serving as a model for an artist—to number the books that he really knew. Once some newspaper asked him the name of his favorite book, and he instantly replied, "Roland Strong's 'Best Restaurants in Paris.'" But he knew "Huckleberry Finn" thoroughly, "Alice in Wonderland" fairly well, and all of Bret Harte's that he had put upon the stage in play form. He was fond of drawing upon "Alice in Wonderland" for scenes, notions for stage groupings. To him it was a kind of treasury of all that was possibly fantastic for the theater, a book that could be drawn on endlessly. One of the last stage episodes that he devised was taken entirely from it. Later, when the whole book was dramatized by another manager for the New York stage, and the actress for whom Frohman had devised his own little scene complained bitterly because he had not kept the stage rights of the book exclusively for her, his merriment over the idea was so enormous that he simply telegraphed back:

"Yes, it is very careless of me, and, do you know, there is another book the rights of which I cannot control for the stage, and it 's called the Bible."

Two or three close men friends, thousands of mummers, and many thousand manuscripts were the boundaries of Frohman's life. He was like a man who went through the world always looking on life through the proscenium-arch of a theater. Invariably he thought and spoke of people, happenings, and every aspect of life in terms of the theater. Once the droning din of many voices in a theater between the acts, the sound never rightly reproduced on the stage, the murmuring of a mob, gripped Frohman's attention.

"Listen to that sound!" he said. "Would n't it be fine if you could get that on the stage? If a phonographic record could be made of that, why have stage mobs?"

Likely enough there was a bag of peanuts in his lap, or, what he craved even oftener, a bag of chestnuts. These he would methodically munch during the play, until the incessant crackling of the shells got so thoroughly on the nerves of the people seated in the box behind him that there would be protests. He would not notice the protests, and would never take his eyes from the stage or his fingers from the bag of chestnuts; but now he would wait until there was an outburst of laughter or applause sufficiently loud to drown out the sound of more chestnuts quietly cracked and stealthily eaten.

Like Dr. Johnson, he loved a good talk, and like Johnson, too, wherever Frohman sat and whatever the group, there was the head of the table. But his talk was always of plays or of men and deeds of a dramatic quality; always of the concrete, never of the abstract. He weighed a play by the idea in it, and he never produced a play, however arbitrary in story or characters,—as, for example, "Peter Pan,"—without being able to name the elements of success he thought it possessed.

Maude Adams

"Barrie has gone out of his mind, Frohman. I am sorry to say it; but you ought to know it, we are both so fond of him," said Sir Herbert Tree to Frohman one night. "He 's just read me a play. He is going to read it to you; so I am warning you. I know I 've not gone woozy in my mind, because I have tested myself since hearing the play; but Barrie must be mad. He has written four acts all about fairies, children, and Indians, running through the most incoherent story you ever listened to; and what do you suppose – the last act is to be set on top of trees!"

But the following day Frohman heard "Peter Pan," and accepted it at once.

Long after, he gave these as his reasons: "First, it was written by Barrie; next, it was unmistakably a fine novelty. The most emphatic play in any theatrical season, the one that is most likely to focus general public attention, is the most novel. You can estimate its novelty by the amount of fineness a play contains; for the common in life, like the poor, is always with us and can never seem novel. Only the fine registers with the emphasis of novelty. People go to the theater not to see life as it is, but as they wish it were. The theater's business is to present not life, but the illusion of life. Youth is the illusion of life, old age the delusion, and 'Peter Pan' is packed with youth; so I was for it."

When he talked plays, Frohman always relied upon certain pet formulas. He knew nothing, and cared less, about the technic of the drama; he hated the term; but he ordered or accepted plays for himself or accounted for the success of plays produced by other men by squaring them with two or three formulas as quaint as himself.

"You can't find any better scheme for play-building than the old nursery-tales. 'Monsieur Beaucaire,' 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' and all such plays in which youth is triumphant, are variations, and of course amplifications, of the tale of 'Prince Charming.' 'Peg o' My Heart,' 'Daddy-Long-Legs,' and similar enormous successes the popularity of which cannot be accounted for in themselves, always win great audiences because the public, like so many tired children at the end of a long day, loves nothing so much as to hear the story of 'Cinderella.' 'Within the Law,' 'The Lion and the Mouse,' and that kind of play almost never fail because they contain the formula of the woman triumphant. Americans love to see woman triumph over men. All great plays are written backward, not forward, because every great play is the solution of some human blunder. Every real dramatist, when starting to write a play, begins with the climax of his penultimate act, working backward and forward from that. Audiences instantly revolt from 'unhappy endings' not because they are unhappy, but because they are usually contradictions of the hopes implanted in them by the playwright and cherished until dashed by the unhappy ending. Detective plays almost always succeed because they make actors of auditors. For popular success it is important in the theater to work your audiences into that state of mind where every man and woman feels certain that they could save the situation, prevent a tragedy, avert a catastrophe, or effect the escape of a likable thief, if only they could step over the footlights or cry out. Then your audience is acting with your play. The best situation, in a theater sense, ever put on the stage is the screen scene in 'The School for Scandal.' That is because there are three characters on the stage,—two are in the foreground, and one is in the background, behind a screen,—and the suspense of the situation, what makes it fine drama, is that the audience knows all that the characters on the stage know and a little more besides; the auditors are just enough ahead of the plot to be wishful that it will work out their way. In such a case an unhappy ending would be a violation of the wishes already implanted in the hearts and minds of the audience. When I ask an author for an upward ending to an act or a play I mean an ending that will justify the expectations built up by the people who see that play on the premises already laid down."

But Frohman was most graphic when he talked of men,—especially when he told humorous stories,—for then he was really a remarkable actor; and by pantomime, facial expression, the crouching or the rearing of his shoulders and head, and the dexterous use of his hands, he could put a whole scene before you. "I like authors," he once said; "they are so like actors, only usually without an actor's sense of humor. But they always expect anything or everything of their work, just like actors; and if the roof over the stage should fall down during the performance of a play dramatized from an author's book, I would not put it past any author

Ethel Barrymore

to think of the catastrophe as a stage effect worthy of his book. In 1898, Bret Harte and I were sitting in the auditorium of the Garrick Theater, London. I was producing a play called 'Sue' made out of one of his novels. Annie Russell was *Sue*. The piece was not to be shown to the public until several nights later, but we all thought it would be a fine compliment to Mr. Harte to give him a special performance; so everything was got ready as carefully as for a first night, with only Harte and me as an audience. We took seats in the stalls, Harte, well in front of me, as pleased as a child about to be shown a new toy, and the company as excited as if the

king were present. The author looked his part. He had a fine head of wonderful white hair, and I remember he wore then, and always after when I saw him, a rather large, curiously knotted scarlet cravat—a kind of scarlet that I had never seen but once before, and then in a cardinal's robe. Of course there was awful tension on the stage among the actors; so much so that at the end of the second act Miss Russell became so wrought up that she flung her hands above her head and, just as the curtain fell, collapsed from exhaustion. I was terrified, and as quick as I could I jumped up from my seat and ran for the stage, fearing the worst; but as I passed Bret Harte I heard him murmuring, 'Great climax, real acting, wonderful scene!' He really believed it a part of the play."

"Fine" was Frohman's favorite adjective when he spoke in admiration of people or plays. He had barely a working vocabulary, and was always amused at the parade of words by others. Yet he had a gift that was like magic in cogently packing whole sentences into words. Compactness was the chief characteristic of his talk. In an hour Frohman could say as much as some would say in three. Usually when he talked he sat on the edge of his chair, often with one leg under him, like a tailor. Even when he leaned forward in the eager earnestness of talk, his shoulders were still square, and in the position were his three salient traits, alertness, precision, and tensity of will. The alertness shone clearest in his eyes. They were neither piercing nor searching, but steadily clear and bright. A fresh idea, a recollection recalled, an agreeable anticipation, a disappointment, of which the humor, but never the bitterness, remained—all in turn animated him. Frohman had eyes that were always seeing something—plays, authors, conditions, plans, and hopes, and seeing them as living things. Some eyes see to the heart of things, and others see all things as vague visions. Frohman saw everything alive. Tenaciously he would mentally grapple with words to make his meaning unmistakably plain. Almost all his sentences were short. In every one the idea and the expression were closely knit. Sometimes he would pause, seemingly for an interminable period, filled only with "Ah's," and then to his lips would spring an expression of matchless conciseness, as well coined as a perfect piece of stage dialogue. The tensity of his attitude when he talked—his right hand resting lightly on his breast, his eyes distended as if to hypnotize—held one in a spell. His habitual manner was of keen and controlled vitality. Nobody was ever more eagerly alive than Frohman; and yet he directed all his life into a single channel, and held it there. He never said he loved his work; he did not need to say so. His love of the theater and its people spoke spontaneously in his every sentence and glance. He never thought of it as a field for gain,—experience over and over cruelly taught him the opposite,—but he loved it as the greatest of all international games. England and America were his chess-board; stars, plays, and playwrights his pawns.

Frohman knew his playwrights as he did his stars, their tastes, their habits, what they liked to talk about, what they liked to do, their big sides and their little; but above all he knew better than they themselves how to get plays out of them, how to stimulate them to work, and when to bring pressure to bear on a play that threatened never to be finished. And the blend of fear and fondness that they had for him usually made them anxious to please him. One summer in Paris, Frohman had five playwrights, three English and two French, congratulating themselves on being his guests at his hotel, but soon all found themselves hard at work in separate rooms laying out fresh scenarios, revamping, or translating. Personal association with Frohman was always conditioned by one's direct or indirect connection with the theater. If you were an author and went for a stroll with him, the time would be put to immediate use in a talk of possible plays in your books. Once Frohman's door opened, and in strode Henri Bernstein, as excited as a

John Drew

man almost out of his mind with the news that "the master," meaning Sardou, was dead. Frohman calmed the frenzied Frenchman by laying his hand upon Bernstein's shoulder and saying:

"Long live the master! Now let me tell you a little story. Under just these circumstances, years ago, Sardou himself one day entered my rooms, here in Paris, throwing himself into a chair with the statement, 'It 's a pity, but Dumas fils is dead.' I was amazed.

"'You don't mean it!' I exclaimed; 'I did n't even know he was ill.'

"'Oh,' replied Sardou, 'he breathes, he walks about, and seems alive, but he is

really dead. The newspapers are praising him.' At least let us be thankful that is not the death that has come to Sardou."

Frohman's way of freshening himself in England was by week-end excursions to Marlow, which he loved very dearly; in America by retreating very rarely to a farm at White Plains, but oftener, and relished as much, by riding about the park in a victoria, his theory being that "taxicabs go so fast they rush past all the best air in the park." He never felt himself rich enough to own an automobile, and it used to amuse him enormously that "of all the people in my building only the elevator-man and I feel that way." His quick trips for opening nights out of New York used to recreate him a great deal, though everything depended on what the hotel was like in the city he was visiting. After many sad experiences, he selected these cities for the excellence of their hotels, not their audiences. He laid great stress on the importance of periodically renewing oneself by new environments. "What we 'll do after this," he enthusiastically announced to me one morning, "is to dine each time in a different hotel. Then it will seem just like visiting so many little towns; only we won't have to put up with the bad hotels in the little towns."

But it was his work that gave him the most satisfying physical, mental, and nervous outlet his highly powered being demanded. The only field-game he ever tried was croquet, which he played once at Marlow with Haddon Chambers; the only opera he ever heard was "La Bohème." C. B. Dillingham, for years his closest companion, once persuaded Frohman to join him in tossing a medicine-ball, but when he detected Dillingham throwing the ball in such a way as to cause much stooping, Frohman promptly exclaimed, "Just for that you can pick it up yourself," and walked out of the ship's gymnasium. It was unthinkable to him that there could be a finer recreation, a greater joy, or a better reason for existing than constant contact with the theater and its people. He so loved his work that it incessantly warmed his memories, kindled his imagination, and, best of all, gave him visions, exciting to the utmost, as Barrie said, "his most romantic mind."

"Frohman is the most wildly romantic and venturesome person of my acquaintance," George Bernard Shaw once said. "As Charles XII became a famous soldier through his passion for putting himself in the way of being killed, so Frohman has become famous as a manager through his passion for putting himself in the way of being ruined." To which, when shown him, Frohman replied:

"You may not believe it, but Shaw is one of the most amusing persons of my acquaintance; and, anyhow, who was it that said all that Bernards is not Shaw?"

Frohman had to be everything to the people under his management—father-confessor, confidant, friend, and guide, doing all the thinking for them in the theater and often in private life, their business manager as well as their artistic director, or he could be nothing to them. He never for long maintained business relations with people whom he did not personally like. It might mean the loss of a fabulously costly stage production or the defection of a star actor or actress with enormous public followings, but Frohman would have none of them if they did not pliantly become one of the cogs in the famous wheel that at one time numbered seventeen stars in America and ten in England.

"I dropped in on the first and only rehearsal of Mrs. Campbell's play that I 'm going to," he told me one day. "You know, the moment any of these people get so deaf that they cannot hear, and think they know all about the stage as well as points that can be given only by somebody watching their work from the front, they are no longer manageable, and it is best to think of other things. I tried in my own little way to help Mrs. Campbell out with just one point at the rehearsal this morning, but she stopped me by saying, 'Pardon me, Mr. Frohman; you forget that I am an artist.' But I got even. I told her, 'All right, Mrs. Camp-

Sir J. M. Barrie

bell; I 'll keep your secret.' Then I walked out of the theater." Saying which Frohman dismissed the entire project from his mind, never setting eyes on the play or the actress again, although the venture meant a tremendous loss to him.

But once his sentiment, usually a blend of facts and superstition, or his fascination, oftenest attracted by youth in a person or novelty in a manuscript, was completely won, no influence, no tricks of persuasion employed by others, and no threatened financial loss could dissuade him from expending ceaseless industry and fortune after fortune inducing the public to like what he liked. Stephen Phillips's poetic drama "Ulysses" captured Frohman's fancy from the moment he first saw it. He alone of English or American managers believed the piece capable of popular success in America; but the more his friends argued against its chance for suc-

cess, the more resolved was he to send this enormous production and company on a tour from New York to San Francisco; and so he did, at a loss of over $70,000.

Two things there were that Frohman would never tolerate in any play, indecency or blasphemy and theoretic discussion. "I note what you say about 'Pygmalion,'" he once wrote me from London when I was urging him to secure the latest Shaw play. "The first ten acts of Shaw's play are not so bad, but after that the other acts are a bit too chatty." Another time, just as I entered his rooms, he was tossing a bulky manuscript wearily to one side—a play by a prominent American author which afterward became an enormous success. "I have read several pounds of your friend's play," said Frohman, "but life 's too short. I can't read any more. It may be eloquent writing; but it reads to me the way a half-educated negro talks."

His parental attitude toward the group of stars whom he always spoke of as "my people" necessarily made play-reading Frohman's almost constant occupation. He rigidly retained to himself the right to select the plays to be acted by people under his management; so much so that there was no quicker way to condemn a play in Frohman's sight than for one of his stars to enter his office and speak well of it. Not the most promising plan imaginable for the performance of a new play by a Frohman star could even get a hearing, much less a trial, if the scheme had been devised first and Frohman told about it afterward. Once William Gillette and I worked ourselves into a pleasant enthusiasm over what seemed a feasible plan for Gillette's appearance in Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," done as a farce. Two or three talks over the scheme and several readings of the play fired us with more than enough courage to go to Frohman and tell him of the idea.

"Yes," said Frohman, "I know the play. Tree did it in London. It ran two nights there; I should think it would run one night in New York," and with that ended a plan which might have been tried if Frohman himself had thought of it first or if it had not been put to him in that form which always irritated him because it excluded him. But no play was ever too difficult, too costly, or in any way beyond the reach of his people once he had decided it should be theirs. The manuscript in hand, he would read it over and over again in preparation for his reading it to the star. That was always a touchy occasion. The children had to be pleased with whatever new game father brought home; their smallest doubt or hesitancy provoked scalding sarcasm. He read plays after his own quaint manner, but with astounding skill in visualizing every scene and character. We were on shipboard returning from London, and I knew he had among the scores of manuscripts in his state-room a new play by Barrie. He had given me everything else to read but the one manuscript I was most curious to see. Finally he decided to read it to me.

"It 's called 'The Will,'" he began; "lawyer's office, old-fashioned; desk left, desk right, window there; door left center back; seated, old lawyer and his son. John Drew comes in with his wife. John Drew is a love-sick ninny; so is his wife. John wants to make a will, and his foolishly superstitious wife is afraid he 'll die if he makes a will. So it begins." And then he would read to the end with perfect emphasis and entire self-loss, now crouching low to assume old age or rearing his shoulders to mimic conceited youth or shaking his voice to simulate grief. Sometimes I would burst into uncontrollable laughter not at the matter, but at the manner of his play-reading, as when he would say, "Nazimova is a murderess; she poisons her husband because she 's in love with a nigger," which only meant that Mme. Nazimova was scheduled that season to play "Bella Donna," and Frohman was getting ready to read me the play. But loving laughter as he always did, it could never come too unexpectedly for him to join in; his vanity forbade him even to think he could ever be laughed at.

If Frohman had ever had a motto, it ought to have been, "To the greater

The private office of Charles Frohman

glory of my stars." He lived for them as intensively as he loved them; most of them he made wealthy, though he died poor from habitually turning the earnings from one play into buying and producing others. But woe to one of them that crossed him, took a step that seemed like managing herself, got married, or was seen too frequently in cafés! Her name was never spoken or listened to again.

"How can I ever thank you, Mr. Frohman, for this wonderful honor? My name is in electric lights over the theater. I saw it to-night for the first time; oh, I do so want to thank you!" said one of them to him after a thrilling début in her first star part. "By telling me two years from now that you 're still grateful and still believe in me," he answered. His charm was so irresistible, his determination so overwhelming, and the confidence he inspired so colossal that it was hard for anybody, the greatest of playwrights or the greatest of stars, to deny his wishes; but whenever anybody did so, and a separation followed, quick as a flash the rebel was out of his mind and all the devotion that once was his or hers was transferred to another.

The wonder was that in England and in America, over a period of twenty-five years, not more than one or two of these famous actors or actresses ever thought they could plan so well for themselves as he could plan. Most of them could not face the agony of an opening performance in New York unless Frohman, seated in an out-of-the-way corner behind the scenery, was there until the fall of the last curtain to give them comfort, direct the curtain-calls, and keep their spirits up by the thousand and one ways that only he knew. Then he was as a rock to his people. He was ceaseless night and day in their behalf; and hence for him they had the love of children and the loyalty of fine soldiers. They brought all their troubles to him, personal or professional, and he gladly wrestled with their difficulties, however great. From eight in the

morning until late at night he was at their disposal in his office and afterward by telephone in his rooms. He would spend hours going over the proofs of their photographs, the designs of their costumes, reading new plays to them, coaching them in their parts, advising them as to the best hotels where to live while on tour; gossiping with them and gleaning gossip from them; ironing out all the big and little wrinkles that day by day might be troubling them; buoying them up by humorous stories, little imitations, comical cartoons of himself done with the ever-present blue pencil; purchasing for them, as would a father, new toys, new books, or gaily colored boxes of sweets—in a hundred ways ever keeping them charged from that storehouse of enthusiasm, optimism, gaiety, enterprise, and joyous love of the game which was Frohman. Between him and his people the only contract that ever existed was this extraordinary understanding, grounded on a deep common affection. He spoke their language, and they his, though words had little to do with the beautifully delicate sympathy and knowledge between them.

Frohman hated words. He thought with such lightning-like rapidity that his ideas seemed always to outstrip his expression of them; and he would abandon words for pantomime or for combinations of phrases, cryptic utterances, that sometimes made his talk seem meaningless to many, though to those who knew him it contained the profoundest wisdom.

"I would rather go right wrong than wrong right in anything," he once said. "So long as any of my people or any of my authors fail right, we can survive the failure. So long as we are going right, the business end aside, it does not matter. It is often the public that fails when we think plays fail. A right wrong, by which I mean the popular failure of a good thing and standing for our best, is only a reason for new, bigger efforts. But a wrong wrong is another matter; then you have to look out."

His way of accounting for the structure of all modern plays was this:

"A German talks sitting down, a Frenchman talks standing up, an American talks walking about; so the average German play is probably made up of all talk and no physical action; the average French play, some action, but much talk; the average American play, no talk except that which immediately leads to action."

Frohman's was a force that generated itself within; it never manifested itself in loud tones, dictatorial orders, or any of the traits that often accompany the possession of great power. Simplicity; an extraordinarily engaging personal charm; a quaintness of speech; a nimble, ever-ready humor; a picturesque, slightly old-fashioned courtesy; a shyness only less marked than that of his beloved Barrie; and for the few whom he took into his inner life a constant considerateness that had nothing to do with manners, but was entirely a matter of heart—all these were the sides of Frohman that made him irresistible. Much of his charm came of the large, significant humor he invariably discovered in happenings that seemed to others disastrous. It was winter and Maude Adams, after a performance of "Peter Pan" in Brooklyn, met with a taxicab accident on her way home. Instantly her first thought was to telephone Frohman.

"I 've broken down in Emerald Street," she gasped over the telephone.

"So did I twenty-five years ago," answered Frohman. Emerald Street was the street in which his father vainly put Charles, the youngest of his sons, to work in a tobacco shop.

Of all the figures in the theater of England and America, Frohman was the only one who never wore out; of whose endless store of theater and life wisdom you could never anticipate the end; who never repeated himself in conversation or in policy; who was only human when petty, or quaintly comical when merely brilliant, but never arrogant when big, who never failed to keep an engagement, and who never broke his word. He was a great producer in the sense that his passion was constantly to galvanize the theater with

new plays, new playwrights, new players, but he was not a great stage-director. He had an extraordinary intuitive faculty for pointing up rehearsals, italicizing the interpretation of a play, detecting the meanings hidden between as well as in its lines, pictorially underscoring its ideas, unmistakably bringing out what he always called "the soul of a play," working endlessly for the right exhibition of the internals of a manuscript, but caring little for its externals, rather disdaining scenery, costumes, lighting, or details of what is usually called atmosphere. He had inexhaustible patience with his people at rehearsals, especially with those who in the trying hours before a first performance were talking, suggesting, changing, and fussing over details not from intelligence, but from nerves or to disguise the fact that they did not know their lines. He would allow this over-particularizing to go on until its indulgence sufficiently steadied an actor or actress, then he would stop it by humorously saying:

"All right, now let 's hear some of the play. We know you can act, but nobody will expect acting of that sofa you 've been pushing about."

And to the actress who, after repeated stumbling, protested, "I know my lines, 'C. F.'," he finally answered, "Yes, I see you do, but you don't know Pinero's."

The difference between English and American audiences he once illustrated this way:

"If in a play that you 've imported from London a character says 'Battersea Bridge,' an American playgoer, although the name may sound queer to him, will instantly say: 'All right; Battersea Bridge. What about it?' But if you import an American play into London, and the character says 'Tammany corruption,' a British playgoer will say to himself, 'What kind of corruption is this?' and keep on saying it until he misses all that act and perhaps the next one."

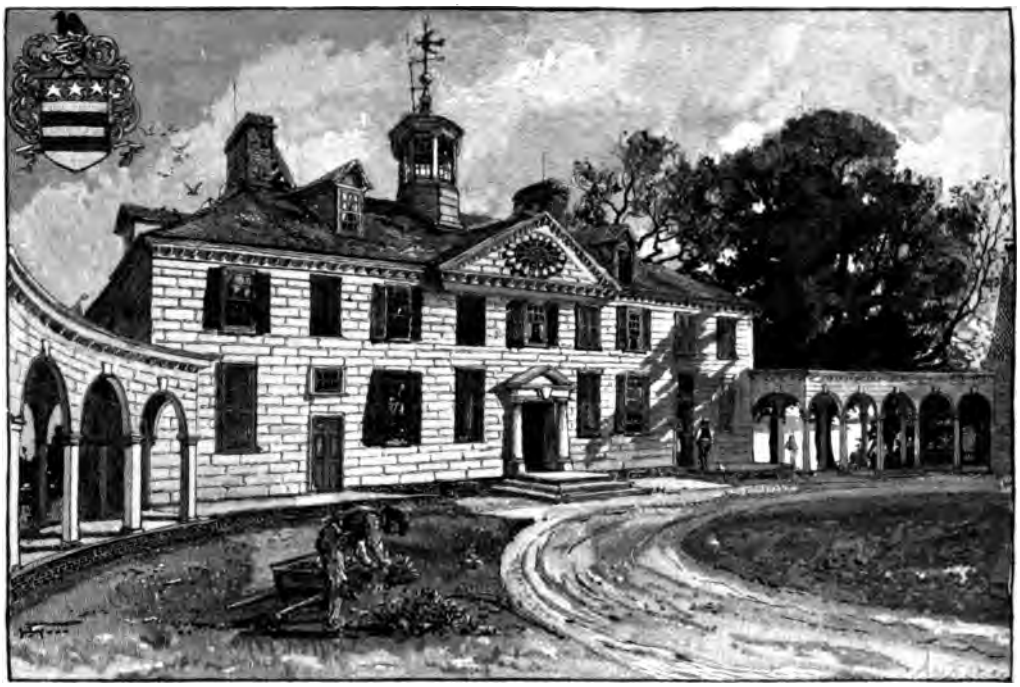
He was happiest when dozens of plays were before the public in England or America under his name. Often he had as many as eight in rehearsal at the same time, and his cheeks would flush with color and his eyes dance with delight as he rushed from theater to theater to rehearse an act here or an act there. A play once put before the public rarely, if ever, interested him after the first two or three nights of its run. But he was too charged with nervous force, too highly strung, too unmistakably touched with that restrained madness which is the mark of genius to have any knack for detail. Whatever he did he could do only on a wholesale scale. He wanted as many stars under his management as he could get along with, as many authors writing plays for him as he could interest in ideas or plots or who could interest him, as many theaters under his management as his resources could possibly carry; and upon every printed form connected with his institution, upon the simplest folder or the most ordinary envelop, he ever insisted should be the inscription "Charles Frohman presents." A passion for greatness dominated him. It showed itself in odd ways. At spare moments he would snatch up paper and blue pencil and feverishly write, "Charles Frohman at the present time has the following stars playing under his management," and then set down the names of all his famous stars and every other name that could possibly be credited with past or future stardom. Every public announcement that he made began with his name, which he would utter as if it belonged to another than himself. Once he impatiently ordered thousands of envelops destroyed because they were imprinted with the name and picture of one of his stars, but not his name. He always wanted it felt that he was the one essential behind all his enterprises, and that but for him they could not be; and yet he would never step before an audience and hated to be recognized in public.

"You go before the curtain and make the speech," said Frohman to Belasco as they sat side by side behind the scenes on the opening night of "A Celebrated Case," while the theater was resounding with cries of "Speech!" "Go out front," said Frohman, "and act your hardest. Be

sure and cry and put your hand on your heart; they expect it. I 'm sure they imagine I 'm out in the box-office counting up the filthy lucre." But when any of his projects that promised unusual honor as well as great financial results reacted on him and fell flat, nobody was quicker to see the humor of the recoil. His laughter was that of a boy; it would strike fire in the corners of his eyes, quickly ignite his ruddy face, and shake his enormous back.

"It was a good joke on me the night Granville Barker, who was then my stage-director at the repertory theater I started in London, produced his play 'The Madras House.' Barrie told me that it was going to be a very distinguished occasion; 'a proud night for me' was the way he put it. You know the way we both hate evening clothes, but since it was to be a proud night, Barrie and I dressed up within an inch of our lives, and were seated in the box of the Duke of York's several minutes before the curtain went up on the play. I was so eager to feel my pride that I crowded right up to the brass rail, getting myself in full view of the audience. Soon the play started; and then it went on and on and on—mile after mile of talk. At about half-past eleven Barrie said to me: 'I think I 'll be stepping round to the stage to say good evening to the people. I 'll wait for you there after the play is over.' And he left me. Again 'The Madras House' went on and on and on. Toward twelve o'clock I heard, from 'way behind the stalls the most awful sound in life—booing. Louder and louder it grew. Then I could hear indistinct mutterings about 'British workmen' and whether or not they meant to be slaves. This was followed by some things being broken at the back of the theater, and then you may be sure I pushed my chair out of sight of the audience and sat behind the curtains in the box, expecting the worst. There was a small-sized riot on hand when the curtain finally fell well toward one o'clock. Then I started to rejoin Barrie on the stage. As I went back my thought was how badly Barker must feel over the fiasco of his play and the rudeness of his fellow-countrymen. I was eager to soften the blow for him all I could, so I worked my way through the crowd on the stage and started to tell him that everything would be all right and success would yet be his. But he was in a frenzy and stopped me before I could say a word, flinging his arms into the air and then his hands through his hair as he shouted: 'Frohman, what a catastrophe! Did a man ever have worse luck? What do you think happened? Ainley skipped eighteen pages of my play!' What a laugh Barrie and I had over that going home! If Ainley had not skipped those eighteen pages, we would all have been there till dawn. That was the last time I ever crowded to the front of a box in my own or anybody else's theater. You never can tell."

Charles Frohman was as enthusiastic over every new play as if it were his first or as if his career were starting afresh with the play just in hand. He came eagerly to his office every morning with a zest, a courageous readiness, an enthusiasm, optimism, a sure sense of unfailing resource for whatever might happen, fresh of eye, smiling of countenance, gentle of voice, as if he had been born new and stronger over night. "Anything new?" was one of his typical greetings; for it was always the new, to-day and to-morrow, that instantly engaged Frohman's imagination as he daily took his place before the old-fashioned table that long did him for a desk. And there those who loved him will always picture him, dreaming his dreams, piling Pelion on Ossa as he plans a universe of fantastically beautiful theaters, brilliantly lighted with the names of his idolized stars, his famous authors, and their yet more famous plays; always he will seem to be sitting there, glowing with delight from the thrill of one adventurous project after another, drinking deep of every phase of living drama, highly animated, yet so serene as to be capable of contemplating even death as "the most beautiful adventure in life."



The north front of Mount Vernon

Our Nation in the Building

The Romance of American Union

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

CHAPTER I

AN IDOL'S SUCCESSOR

THE Articles of Confederation, under which the Revolution was fought, appear in retrospect more like a travesty on government than the deliberate, earnest work of reasoning men. The patriots of that day were too deeply moved by principles to see the absurdity of the means by which they sought to enforce them. Congress, the central authority during the Revolution, was allowed to impose taxes, but was forbidden to collect them. It could declare war, but was powerless to enlist a soldier. And being made thoroughly helpless and penniless, it was required to pay armies it had no right to call into being. Comic operas, but not nations, flourish upon such foundations.

War's overshadowing concern held the different parts of the country together while it lasted, but true to the law which decrees that virtue shall ebb and flow in nations as in men, nature saw to it that peace was followed by speedy reaction. Intent upon reaping local benefits, the sections became quarrelsome neighbors, each clamoring in a different tongue for its own rights and privileges. The East talked of fisheries and timber; the South of tobacco and cotton; the opening West had needs and interests to which the others were deaf and blind. A few years of such discord brought the new country to a pass where it was equally difficult to keep order at home or treaties abroad. National finances, long precarious, reached the vanishing point, then disappeared. The army withered to a skeleton of fewer than a hun-

dred men. Legislators, elected to the shadowy honor of seats in a Congress without real power, showed small interest in its meetings. It had been difficult to get together a quorum to ratify the treaty of peace with Great Britain. The attendance grew less and less; then only two members appeared; finally only one met with the clerk. That faithful officer wrote his last entry in the journal, closed the book, and without being formally adjourned, the Continental Congress also faded from sight.

The new nation seemed doomed to die of its own vital principle—liberty; but fear of disunion, or, rather, of the consequences of disunion, roused the States to their folly. Disunion meant almost certain reconquest by England, with the sacrifice of everything for which they had fought. Even before the shadowy Congress vanished into the land of ghosts, Virginia, leader among the States, asked that delegates be sent to a convention called to revise these Articles of Confederation under which time had proved that Americans could fight, but could not live peaceably together. With the exception of small, but truculent, Rhode Island, all responded, sending their best men, some of whom were already members of the old Congress. And this, it is only fair to say, accounted in part for its deserted halls and dwindling numbers.

As the delegates rode toward Philadelphia through the young green of mid-May, 1787, the country looked very fair—altogether too fair to be given up without further struggle. They had three alternatives: disunion, more amiable and brotherly efforts at popular government, or an American monarchy. Europe, watching eagerly, would welcome this last as a confession of failure only less absolute than disunion itself. England and France stood ready to offer candidates from the house of Hanover and the house of Bourbon, their greed thinly veiled in assurances of friendship that were insults in disguise.

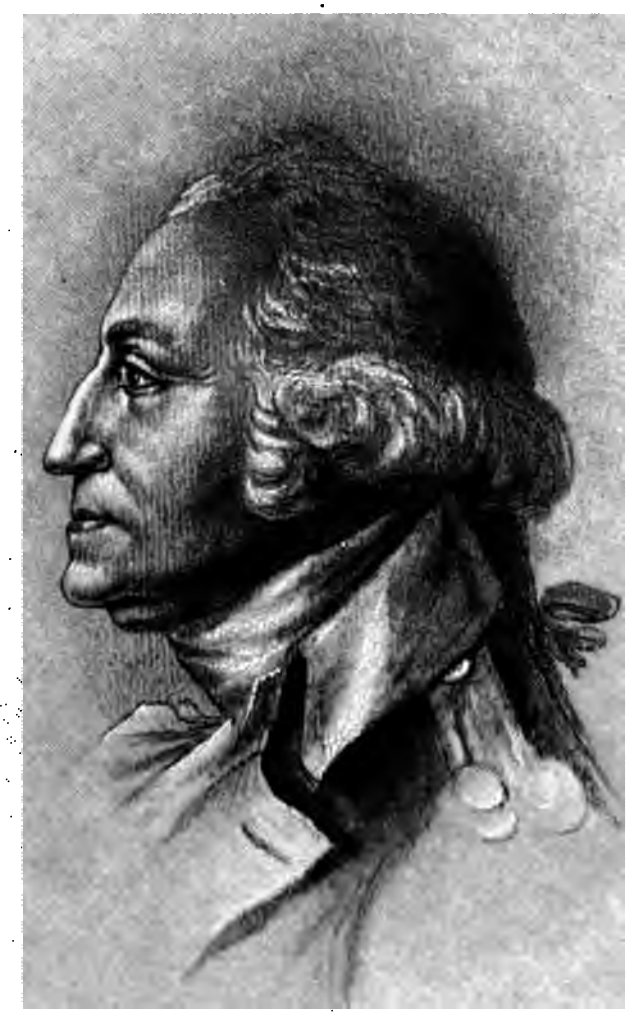
Of one thing these Americans were sure: if it came to an American monarchy, they need not cross the sea to find a king. A man of their own number had been tested in temper and strength for more than a decade through war and the more quarrelsome years of peace. It was his tact and common sense that had saved them time and again while they tried to live under the opera-bouffe provisions of the Articles of Confederation. Like themselves, he was now riding soberly toward Philadelphia. A crowd met him and escorted him into the city with public honors, and he was made chairman of the convention.

After the country decided that it was not yet ready to give up the experiment of popular government, he was elected President, and in due time, clad in his dark-brown suit of home manufacture, he took the oath of office, while prayers ascended and bells rang, and the budding Government put forth all the pomp and ceremony it could muster to make his inauguration impressive.

Then came eight years during which everything had to be determined, from homeliest details of government to questions of gravest moment. "I walk as it were on untrodden ground," the new President wrote, and being humble-minded as well as earnest, he asked help and advice from many, even from men much younger than himself, with the winning apology: "I am troublesome. You must excuse me; ascribe it to friendship and confidence."

The problems of his administration foreshadowed almost every issue that has since arisen to trouble an executive pillow. There were relations to be reëstablished with the outside world; for though the States had boastfully cast off the yoke of Europe, they found themselves bound to it, now that war was over, by ties of memory no war could break, and dependent upon it, moreover, for tangible necessary supplies, like bricks to build into their houses, and dishes from which to eat their food.

There were boundaries to be adjusted to the north and to the south. On the west was the vexed question of navigation of the Mississippi River. There was con-



The portrait by St. Mémin. From a pastel in the possession of Charles Henry Hart, Esq. Engraved by R. A. Muller

General Washington

stant, nagging anxiety about expenses of government; there was among the people an unrest that did not stop short of actual rebellion; there were humiliating scandals in the President's official family; and there was jealousy in all the various departments of government.

States were jealous of encroachments upon their sovereign power; municipalities were fearful of losing one jot of local authority. The newly inaugurated Federal Government was tenacious of its dignity as representing all these collective units; but among themselves the three subdivisions of the Federal Government manœuvered for place and power. The

judiciary was busy establishing its functions and its new code of laws; Congress and the executive experimented upon ways in which they could work together. The Senate showed no enthusiasm when the President and his secretary of war knocked at its door, expecting to take part in an executive session, and Washington went home vowing he would never place himself in that position again. The House, still less minded than the Senate to brook what it termed "interference," flatly refused to receive the popular Hamilton, secretary of the treasury, and hear his report on the public credit.

Washington's Presidency saw the shaking together and adjustment of the whole complicated system; and how much its final success was due to his unemotional persistence in well-doing, we, his political descendants, can never know. He brought no whirlwind enthusiasm to the task, he was not over-sanguine; but convinced that the new system was "well worth a full and fair experiment," he enlisted in this, as he had in the Revolution, with all his heart and "for the war."

Gifted above his fellows, it was with an endowment of endurance and calm common sense rather than with the fiery touch of genius. He must have had a very broad and impartial mind; for even the impatience of those who differed with him testifies to this. He had a way most trying to men of quicker mental habits, like Jefferson, of never expressing approval on first hearing a plan, but of reserving judgment until he had thought it over. He had a capacity for continuous, grinding hard work, and this he in turn exacted from his subordinates; but he had also enough sympathy and imagination to understand that they might find such uninterrupted devotion to duty hard and trying.

The training of his entire life had been toward self-mastery. Lessons of obedience in early military life, the loneliness of supreme command, and the great stake for which he played—all tended to that end. He had been born with no talent for the trivialities of life, no grace of wit or social ease, and he was occupied with engrossing cares. His deafness, moreover, made it impossible for him to take part in general conversation even at his own table, a circumstance that has unfortunately added to the gloom of the mental portrait bequeathed to posterity. We think of him as a man of stately presence, a little slow in his mental processes, but very just and very sure; a man almost dull in the monotony of his virtue, who lived on a plane of conscious benevolence, holding resentments and kindly impulses alike in leash, ready to turn them in the direction of his country's good.

Yet there are hints that under this chilling calm glowed a furnace of emotions. In the intimacy of a portrait sitting he confessed to Gilbert Stuart that he was "passionate by nature," and he was really the person best fitted to know. The little girl who lived opposite, and saw him daily with his two aides, all very correct in their laced hats and well-brushed coats, cross the street and start on their customary constitutional, wondered if the great man ever spoke or smiled; but Senator Ross, blundering upon a domestic scene soon after Edmund Randolph was dismissed from the cabinet in disgrace, found Nelly Custis cowering "like a partridge" in a corner and the President's wife "awe-struck," while he thundered, in answer to the question whether he had yet seen Randolph's pamphlet of vindication: "Yes, sir; I have read every word, every letter, of it, and a —er scoundrel God Almighty never permitted to disgrace humanity!"

In writing home about one of the depressing Presidential dinners, which were indeed rather terrifying festivals, owing to the host's deafness and the demeanor of most of the guests, who seemed to feel that they were assisting at some sort of national funeral, Mrs. Adams showed a gentler side of his nature. She told how Washington, with awkward and unavailing kindness, tried to dispel the gloom for her at least by asking minutely after the health of members of her family; and then, picking the plums from a cake, sent them with his compliments to "Master John."

Martha Washington

The stately ceremonies of birthday, New-year, and Fourth of July celebrations, the formality of his levees, and the way congregations lined up on Sundays outside the church to make a lane through which he and his wife entered the sanctuary ahead of all the rest, grew partly out of the people's respect for him, partly out of what seemed to him and his advisers fitting to the high office of President of the United States. Dignity, not ostentation or display, was the aim. That neither

ostentation nor display resulted, Chateaubriand, in America on his way to discover the Northwest Passage, amply testified. His romantic conception of the American Cincinnatus had been shaken by his first sight of Washington, flashing by in a coach and four; but it was completely restored when he went to present his letter of introduction, and saw the simplicity of his dwelling, and that, far from being guarded by soldier or lackey, its door was opened by a decent serving-woman, who inquired his name, and, finding that she could not pronounce it, trustingly bade him enter and be seated while she went in search of her master.

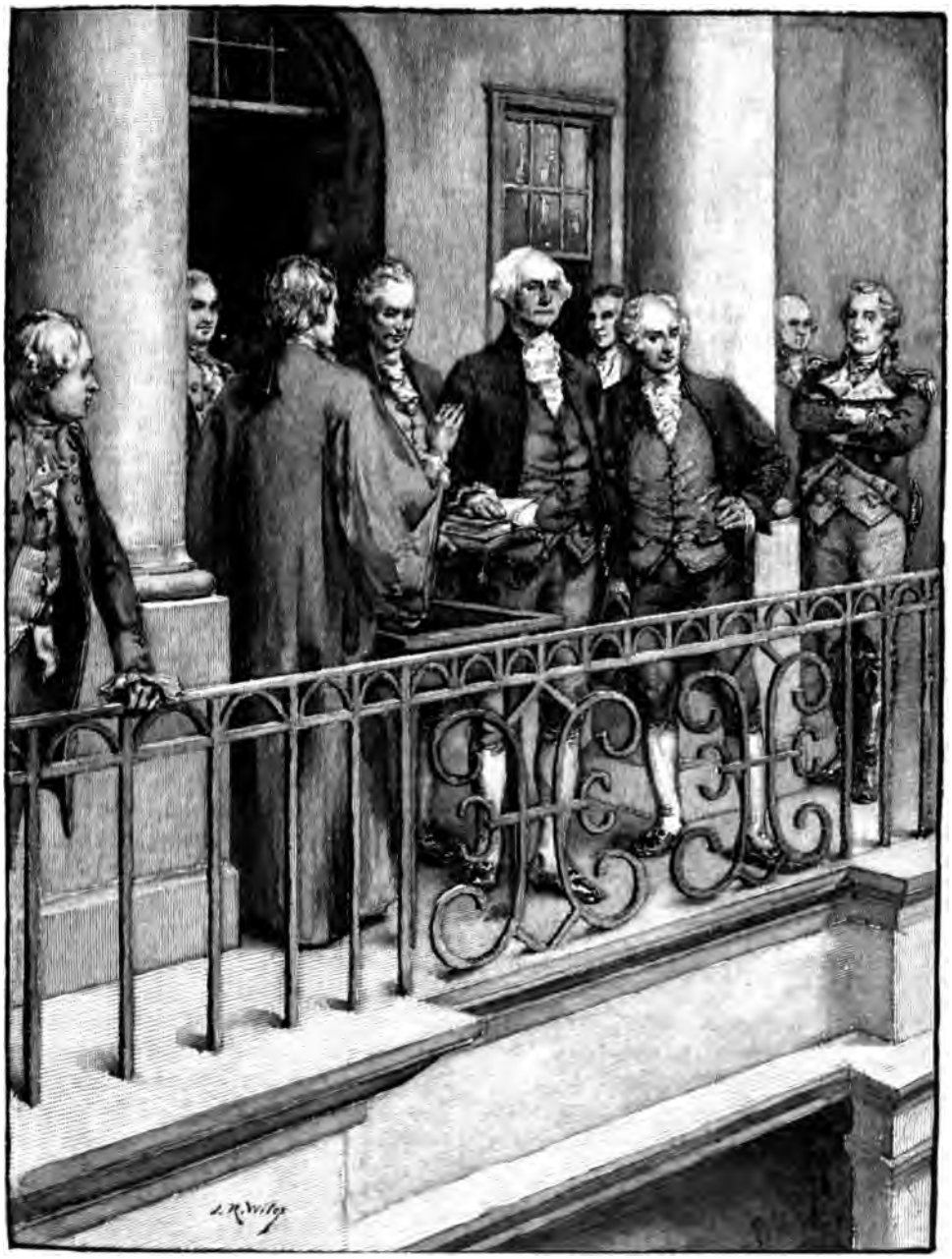
The President's cream-colored coach, with four, and on occasion even six, horses to it, and attendant servants in livery, was nothing uncommon. That was still the custom among the well-to-do. Indeed, the wretched state of the roads, "marked out rather than made," rendered such turnouts a matter of prudence instead of pride. Like every other Virginian, Washington was fond of horses; but the fleeting glimpses we have of his coach, and of his own figure on horseback, grave and composed even when some misguided admirer had dropped a laurel wreath upon his brow, indicate that the same handsome white animals served thriftily alike for saddle and draft.

That laurel wreath must have been more vexing than pleasant to his sober tastes, and in the almost royal progress of his longer journeys he doubtless welcomed an occasional greeting like the old Quaker's, "Friend Washington, we are pleased to see thee," as a relief from the customary adulation. On the other hand, when the Governor of Massachusetts, jealous for the rights of the commonwealth, developed a sudden "indisposition" to make the first call of ceremony upon a mere President of the United States, Washington stood upon his dignity, and brought the governor to his feet, albeit enveloped "in red baize" and protesting that he came at the risk of his life.

Washington, in short, was a conscientious, earnest gentleman, striving with businesslike thoroughness to fulfil the will of God and the wishes of the majority. Every one of the sixty-nine electoral votes had been cast for him; and both from desire and the sense of duty he set himself the hard task, unfulfilled by him or any of his successors, of being President of the whole country, regardless of party.

Already factions were showing themselves. To represent these fairly, he chose for his cabinet four men who could not have differed more in character had he summoned them from the ends of the earth. For secretary of state he chose Jefferson, the ardent theorist who had done his country the service of formulating the Declaration of Independence, and was perhaps better known abroad than any American save the aged Franklin. For secretary of the treasury he called to him the phenomenal Hamilton, with the frame of a lad and the intellect of a giant, to whom it was given to perform miracles with an empty exchequer. The secretary of war was General Knox, large and showy, but, despite his pompous speech and grandly flourishing cane, a man of experience not only in battle, but in administering this same office under the Continental Congress. The attorney-general was Edmund Randolph, who proved of weaker moral fiber than the others.

Since the first duty of the new Government was to bring the States into line after years of pulling asunder, the measures of Washington's administration were of necessity centralizing in their effect. Little things and large, from the ordering of his daily life to sending troops to crush the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania —without a battle, it is true, but at the cost of "invading" a sovereign State and imposing outside authority upon it— stamped him a Federalist, roused the ire of the Republicans, and forever put an end to his dream of being President without distinction of party. Jefferson, naturally enough, became spokesman for the faction the mission of which was to point out the difference between acts of the Federalists and theories of the Declaration of Independence.



Washington taking the oath as President, April 30, 1789, on the site of the Treasury Building, Wall Street, New York

Jefferson, indeed, was the strong opposing personality of the administration. He had little patience with General Knox, whom he called "a man of parade," and he and Hamilton quarreled almost daily upon every conceivable topic; for Hamilton, Federalist to the core by instinct and conviction, became as inevitably spokesman for the party in power. Even Washington could not preserve harmony in such a cabinet, and before the end of his first term both Hamilton and Jefferson resigned. Afterward the President had still greater difficulty with his council. His

critics taunted him with being able to get only second-rate men to fill their places; and Vice-President Adams asserted that it was this, not high devotion to principle, that caused him to refuse a third term. But Adams was neither generous nor always just in his estimate of others.

Party differences grew until the bitterness of politics invaded social life, and men who had been friends for years crossed the street to avoid meeting, looking in any direction except into each other's eyes. Washington was accused of loving arbitrary power, of longing for the substance as well as the forms of monarchy, of lining his nest at public expense, to choose only three from a long list of political and moral crimes it is thankless to repeat. As one of his supporters justly said, constant reiteration of such charges "would tend to debase an angel." Yet when it was definitely learned that he would not again be a candidate, his critics awoke to the fact that they had trusted even while they vilified him.

They were suddenly aware that the country was to be put to a new test. "His secession from the administration will probably, within no distant period, ascertain whether our present system and Union can be preserved," was a clumsy and wondering admission that the American experiment could never be thoroughly tried so long as Washington remained President. Because, despite all machinery of ballots and election, the relation between him and the voters was more that of loyal subjects and a beloved monarch than the colder one of constituents choosing a public servant to do their bidding. Washington's Farewell Address, with its wealth of warning and suggestion, showed that he, too, felt this personal relation.

He retired gladly to the country life at Mount Vernon, busied himself in its affairs, riding over his fields daily, and dismounting, perhaps, at the bars to receive a former aide with courteous civility; within doors, happy in renewed ties, his wife looked well to her household, and chatted about the public life of her husband and herself, which she called her "lost days."

But this was not to last. Within two years menace of foreign war caused the new President to call the old President from retirement. And what Washington considered the new President's injustice in appointing officers to the new army caused him to dictate redress as the price of his services. War did not come; but the people knew from this that as long as Washington lived he was at his country's call, as ready to respond as ever.

So the months went by until in the dark closing days of December, 1799, news came that his life was at an end. Europe bowed in acknowledgment of the passing of a great soul. England's channel fleet lowered its flags to half-mast; France draped her standards in black, and Napoleon, soldier of the centuries, who craved power as ardently as Washington had desired peace, paid his tribute to "the warrior, the legislator, the citizen without reproach."

In the dead man's own country personal grief was overshadowed by deep national apprehension. The guiding, steadying influence of more than twenty years had been removed. Friends and critics alike expressed one thought. "America has lost her savior," Hamilton exclaimed. It was only afterward, as memories of intimate personal years pressed hard upon him, that he added brokenly, "And I, a father!"

In the towns bells tolled and grief-laden prayers ascended from church and hearthstone. In remote and lonely clearings, beyond the sound of bells, grief found its own expression. At night, after the few animals had been folded close to the cabin to protect them from wolves and prowling savages, little children lay wakeful, looking through chinks in the log walls at some star twinkling in the sky, and, oppressed with a strange sadness, fell asleep at last to the sound of their elders singing the lament for Washington:

Where shall our country turn its eye?
What help remains beneath the sky?
Our friend, protector, strength, and trust
Lies low mouldering in the dust.

Thus the new century found the Government entering upon a new phase of its career. The choleric John Adams had been President for more than two years: but as long as Washington lived the country refused to look upon any one else as its real head.

The way of the transgressor may be hard indeed, but it is a path of roses compared with the thorny road the successor to a popular idol must tread; and when one reads the frankly expressed opinions of Adams's party friends and party enemies, one's sympathies go out to the man upon whom Washington's Presidential mantle fell. "His Superfluous Highness" was the title the opposition had suggested for him in the days when discussion raged as to what the high officials of the Government were to be called. He had great learning, great patriotism, and an unquenchable spirit; but overlaying and enveloping them all was a positive genius for doing and saying untactful things, for appearing at the worst possible advantage.

John Jay

A member of his cabinet once said of him that whether he was "sportful, playful, witty, kind, cold, drunk, sober, angry, easy, stiff, jealous, careless, cautious, confident, close, or open," he was "almost always so in the wrong place and with the wrong person." The kindly Franklin characterized him as "always honest, sometimes great, but often mad." One less genial remarked that even in his soberest moments Adams was "the greatest marplot in nature." And John Randolph of Roanoke, whose tongue added the poison of ridicule to the bitterness of gall, called him "that political *Malvolio*."

The Vice-Presidency, which he had occupied during the eight years of Washington's term, was not an office fitted to soften the asperities of his nature, or to hide them. The chief duty of a Vice-President—waiting to step into a dead man's shoes—is thankless at best, carrying with it unjustly enough a little of the opprobrium that clings to the executioner and the scavenger, necessary, but not honored, servants of civilization. But a President can die only once, and is likely not to die at all. The thrifty makers of the Constitution, therefore, bent on having the Vice-President earn his salary, added another duty, fortunately for the incumbent one of great dignity and occasionally of great importance—that of presiding over the Senate, and casting the deciding vote in case of a tie. This links the Vice-President in a manner with the administration of which he is nominally a part, but still leaves plenty of time for criticism, if he is so inclined.

Adams sympathized with Washington's general policy, and respected him as a man. He had, indeed, been the one to propose him for commander-in-chief. During the eight years he was Vice-President he loyally cast his vote with the administration when occasion demanded; but he thought Washington's talents overrated, and on becoming President in his turn was ambitious to make a record brilliant enough to overshadow him. It was certainly no easy task, even without the handicap of Adams's obstinate personality.

The twin curses of sensitiveness and unpopularity darkened even the ceremonies of inauguration for this unfortunate man. Writing to his wife about that impressive moment in the Hall of Representatives when every eye was moist, and even Washington's great self-command was sorely tried, he told her that there had been more weeping at the inauguration than at a tragedy, "but whether it was from grief or joy; whether from the loss of their beloved President or from the substitution of an unbeloved one; or

from the novelty of the thing, or from the sublimity of it . . . I know not."

He knew that he was vain. "Thank God I am so!" he exclaimed. "Vanity is the cordial drop which makes the bitter cup of life go down." But it had its lingering after-taste, and justly proud of his record,—having, as one of his biographers puts it, "stepped from his little country law-office and proved himself a match for the diplomatists of Europe,"—Adams resented the narrow margin by which he had been elected, calling himself with some bitterness "the President of three votes only." It has been said that he achieved the honor only because a political trick missed fire—that the Federalists, like their opponents, considered him a "Superfluous Excellency," and placed him and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney in nomination, intending so to juggle with the election that Pinckney, the less known and more pliable of the two, should receive the larger vote, apparently by accident. Instead, they found themselves saddled with Adams for President, stubborn and unmanageable, while Jefferson, leader of a growing opposition, having reached to within those three votes of the higher office, became, by virtue of the law at that time in force, Vice-President, with a Vice-President's unlimited opportunity for observation and criticism.

It was not then the custom for the cabinet to go out of office with the President. Adams began his term with a group of men that he described as a legacy from General Washington. They smoldered along together in uncongenial accord until about the time of Washington's death, when the inevitable explosion and reorganization took place. But a Vice-President can be removed by nothing short of crime or physical incapacity, and Jefferson remained, an ever-present and irritating thorn in Adams's side. Adams had found it hard to learn and accept the passive rôle demanded by the office, and he evidently took some satisfaction in impressing the same uncongenial lessons upon his successor. Jefferson asserted that he was never consulted upon any question of government after Adams had been two days in power. And he did not make the charge in the humorous mood of a later incumbent, who used to declare that his chief had asked his advice only once, and that was about the wording of a Thanksgiving proclamation.

Jefferson's party was growing, and he was its undoubted leader. It appeared almost certain that he would be Adams's successor. They had long been personal friends, and were to become good friends again, after lengthening years sent both to the retirement of private life. But as heir-apparent Jefferson was obnoxious, and the breach between them soon became complete. "I believe he always liked me," Adams admitted in a retrospect of his long career, "but he detested Hamilton and my whole administration. Then, he wished to be President of the United States, and I stood in his way. So he did everything that he could to pull me down. But if I should quarrel with him for that, I might quarrel with every one I had anything to do with in life. . . . Did you ever hear the lines:

> I love my friend as well as you,
> But why should he obstruct my view?

I forgive my enemies, and hope that they may find mercy in Heaven."

Adams, however, had no idea of making life easy for his enemies on earth, and no illusions whatever about being President of the whole people. He was of the opinion that party divisions "begin with human nature," and was prepared to fight every inch of his way to a success rivaling Washington's. That he even found zest in the fighting may be gathered from a remark he once made that he was glad he did not live in the millennium, for that would be "the most sickish life imaginable."

His Presidency in no way resembled the millennium. Before he had been in office a twelvemonth a day came when the street outside the door seethed with excited citizens. The governor ordered out horse and foot to keep the peace. Mem-

bers of Adams's household indulged heroic, unnecessary dreams of a sortie into the mob, and the President himself, having caused chests of arms to be brought from the war office by back ways, stood ready to defend his home at the cost of his life, if need be.

And this was only one outward and visible sign of his inward state, for politics, domestic and foreign, kept him in constant and truculent irritation. England and France each seemed bent on provoking the United States to war, and partizans of the English and French waxed contentious at home. The surging tide of the French Revolution, sending its wash of shipwrecked and distressed across the Atlantic, had made of that great struggle a vital local issue. The country had been predisposed to French sympathy, but the excesses of the Terror had naturally enough caused a reaction. Now Adams and his followers pointed to the carnival of butchery and atheism as the logical outcome of those doctrines of equality that Jefferson and his party upheld. It was primarily a question of temperament. Largely, also, it was a question of locality, and in some localities it became a matter of religious prejudice. In New England, for example, Federalism and Christianity were supposed to be on intimate terms, while Democracy was looked upon as "a wicked thing, born of Tom Paine, Tom Jefferson, and the Father of Lies."

General Henry Knox

Secretary of war in Washington's first cabinet.

Bent on combating this formidable trio, Adams labored on in his unpopular way, striving to harden into custom and precedent the policies that Washington had adopted of necessity. And the faction that had objected to Washington's acts was not slow in condemning his. He was criticized for many things, but chiefly for being himself. Personal likes and dislikes played a greater part in national affairs then than now, for the natural reason that the country, though wide in extent, was still very small in population, and only a fraction of that population as yet belonged to the governing class. A property qualification remained a barrier between the poor man and his vote in every one of the States, while the difference between yeomanry and gentry was still recognized, though, thanks to the new teachings, poor folk plodding along in the dust left behind by great folk as they passed in their coaches were beginning to see that all moved toward a common goal.

The fundamental difference between the two parties lay in this: the theory of the Democratic Republicans was based on the belief that "the people" were reasonable and teachable, and therefore quite capable of taking part in government. The Federals, on the other hand, maintained the superior fitness of the educated and well-to-do for tasks of this kind, and their consequent obligation to attend to such matters not only for themselves, but for their less-fortunate neighbors. Their position, borne out apparently only too well by tragic events in France, was summed up with picturesque brutality by Hamilton one night in the heat of after-dinner debate, as he flung back the answer:

"Your People, sir—your People—is a great beast!"

Cordially as Adams disliked Hamilton, and shocking as he would have found such words uttered by any one except himself, he agreed with this in principle, grumbling that all projects of government based on the wisdom of the people were "cheats and delusions." Letting his peppery tongue run away with him, he did not scruple to state—to the wrong man—his doubt that the nation could endure unless the executive office was made hereditary. "What necessity of saying

these things, even if he thought so?" his hearer asked in disgust.

Once indeed during Adams's term of office popular sympathy was with the administration. This was when the country learned about Talleyrand's action in what is known as the X. Y. Z. affair. Little as Adams approved French ideals, he had no wish to go to war with France; and even after differences had reached a pass where our American minister was asked to leave Paris, the testy President controlled his resentment, and sent a commission of three distinguished men to see if the trouble could be adjusted. They were kept waiting in anterooms and corridors, put off with transparent excuses and one flimsy pretext after another, until even a babe in diplomacy, innocent of the French premier's tortuous methods, could not fail to see that bribery was hinted at. Pinckney's spirited "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute" voiced the popular indignation, and turned election majorities into Federal success.

But larger majorities in Congress did Adams little good. With war imminent, it was necessary to raise a new army, and this brought so much added work upon the Government that the President felt obliged to recommend increased salaries for some officials, and even to ask for a new cabinet officer, a secretary of the navy, the work of whose department had heretofore been divided between the war department and the treasury. The opposition was not slow to raise the cry of extravagance, ever potent in republics, and jealousies incurred in assigning commands in the new army proved an added pitfall. By common consent Washington was the one man talked about for commander-in-chief. Many thought Hamilton equally entitled to second place, but distrust of Hamilton blinded Adams alike to justice and policy. He named another. This raised a storm of protest, and Washington, taking sides with the friends of Hamilton, flatly refused to leave his retirement at Mount Vernon until what he deemed a wrong was righted. In the correspondence between them Adams lost not only his point, but another fraction of popular good-will that he could ill afford to spare.

The alien and sedition laws, too, passed by Congress at the instigation of the administration, overshot the mark. These made it difficult to obtain citizenship, and gave the President authority to order out of the country any foreigner he might deem dangerous without giving his reasons or affording the man under suspicion a trial; and there were other provisions imposing fines for "illegal" combinations and conspiracy, and for "scandalous and malicious" publications against the Government, that proved fine ammunition to Adams's enemies when the next Presidential election drew near.

The Democratic Republicans, using all their political skill, managed, moreover, to take the wind out of the sails of certain administration measures that should have been popular by making them seem like truckling on the part of Adams to the growing anti-Federal sentiment. Altogether the task he had set himself of conducting an administration more brilliant and successful than that of Washington was ending in sad disappointment. This did not increase his serenity and peace of mind. Nothing worked to that end. Even the removal of the seat of government from orderly and conventional Philadelphia to the quagmires of the new capital on the banks of the Potomac was one more trial in his last year of office.

The opposition of Hamilton to Adams's reëlection proved the last straw. How far this was due to Adams's treatment of Hamilton in the military appointments was a question eagerly discussed and gossiped about by their contemporaries. They were all very human men, and the passions of the day were much inflamed. Hamilton lost his usually clear head and wrote a pamphlet attacking Adams that the other Federalist leaders tried vainly to suppress, and which a certain Aaron Burr of New York, whose dislike of Hamilton was notorious, read with malicious glee, and used for his own ends.

Political dread of Hamilton was at this time almost the only sentiment held in

than three electoral votes. Jefferson received eight more than he; but even so Jefferson was not elected, because that same Aaron Burr, whom the Democratic Republicans had been supporting with an idea of making him Vice-President, received exactly the same number. This, according to the Constitution, threw the election into the House of Representatives. Three months must elapse before the House chose between them, for it could not proceed to an election until after the date for officially counting the electoral votes. Therefore there was plenty of time for sobering thought, and Burr was not a man to inspire confidence. He was talented, but unscrupulous—"Hamilton, with Hamilton's nobility left out." It was known that the vote in the House of Representatives would be exceedingly close. Jefferson's own account asserts that influential Federalists, among them that rock-ribbed, God-fearing man President Adams himself, caused it to be made plain to him that Federal opposition to his election would cease if he would only assure the country he meant to do none of those radical things threatened by his party, such as dismissing all Federal office-holders, abolishing the navy, or wiping out the public debt.

Jefferson refused to make any promises or to disclose his plans. Anxiety increased; and as had been apprehended, the contest that followed the official counting of the electoral votes was long and close. The first votes by the House resulted in a deadlock that lasted almost a week, and the final struggle to break this deadlock occupied more than thirty hours. Those near enough to follow the proceedings watched breathlessly. The more distant parts of the country waited impatient for news. In Washington all thoughts centered on the unfinished Capitol crowning its hill; few had eyes for the President's house, equally unfinished, among the trees a mile away. The town was as yet scarcely begun. Scattered groups of houses were to be seen here and there, few in any one place, and most of those small and unimposing. A mile beyond the President's house lay the little village of Georgetown. Among them all the members of Congress and officers of the Government had managed to find more or less uncomfortable lodging. On this occasion every representative had been summoned, even the ones who were ill. Then the doors were closed.

"Not an individual left that solemn assembly," a diary of the time tells us. "The necessary refreshment . . . was taken in rooms adjoining the Hall. . . . Beds as well as food were sent for the accommodation of those whom age or debility disabled from enduring such a long-protracted sitting. The balloting took place every hour. In the interval men ate, drank, slept, or pondered over the result of the last ballot; compared ideas and persuasions to change votes."

One woman was present. She had accompanied her "almost dying husband" through the raw February chill from his lodgings two miles away, and watched beside his bed in an anteroom, ready to rouse him and guide his weak fingers as he wrote his ballot. Hour after hour the vote was taken, counted, and the same announcement made. Daylight settled into dark; darkness dragged wearily again into light. The invalid slept and stirred. The wife sitting beside him grew perceptibly haggard. On the faces of the members determination gave place to anger and sullen, utter weariness.

It became evident that Jefferson's supporters would not yield; but which of the opposition could bear the reproach of making the first move? It was managed by a flutter of blank ballots and skilful beating of the devil around the stump. One member from South Carolina withdrew his vote by prearrangement. The sole member from Delaware, voting blank, "gave up his party for his country," as the diary picturesquely says; and so, to quote Jefferson, the election occurred "without a single vote coming over." News was quickly given to those waiting outside, who cheered dutifully, if not enthusiastically, and the wearied legislators hurried off to their lodgings, "the conspirators," as

From the portrait by John Trumbull. Now owned by the Chamber of Commerce, New York

Alexander Hamilton

Secretary of the treasury in Washington's first cabinet.

they were darkly called, pursued by fears of bodily vengeance.

It was in this unflattering manner that Jefferson's "lurching for the Presidency," of which he had long been accused, was satisfied. But the choice undoubtedly reflected the popular will. Confronted with the alternative of Jefferson or Burr, a large majority of Americans preferred Jefferson's frank theorizing to Burr's shifty politics. But to Adams's mind even the lesser of the two evils was a national calamity.

Angry and disappointed, he set about doing all that he could during the short remainder of his term to thwart the incoming President's plans. Two weeks before Jefferson's inauguration, Congress voted certain changes in the judiciary system which involved the appointment of new judges. As a matter of precedent and courtesy, these should have been left to the new executive. But Adams conceived it his duty to set patriotism above politeness, and signed appointments up to nine o'clock on the third of March; then early next morning he drove away from the city, too bitter to remain and take part in the [illegible]monies and amenities of the inauguration.

From his retirement in Massachusetts he exercised his privilege of free speech to lavish upon the new President the wealth of disapproval that his failure to realize the cherished ambitions and a sincere apprehension for the country's future caused to well up in his nature.

Time and the logic of events softened his resentment. Ten years after leaving the White House in such unseemly haste he had come to see that the difference between himself and his successor was one of method only. In 1811 he wrote to Dr. Rush:

In point of Republicanism, all the difference I ever could discover between you and me, or Jefferson and me, consisted:

1. In the difference between speeches and messages. I was a monarchist because I thought a speech more respectful to Congress and the nation. Jefferson and Rush preferred messages.

2. I held levees once a week that all my time might not be wasted by the visits. Jefferson's whole eight years was a levee.

3. I dined a large company once or twice a week. Jefferson dined a dozen every day.

4. Jefferson and Liberty were for straight hair. I thought curled hair was as republican as straight.

Further lapse of time completely healed the breach between them. It is agreeable to remember that the tact of Mrs. Adams revived their old friendship, that they exchanged long and cordial letters during the latter years of their lives; and on the memorable fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, when the spirits of both these brave men passed on, each died thinking of the other, comforted in the belief that the other still lived.

CHAPTER II

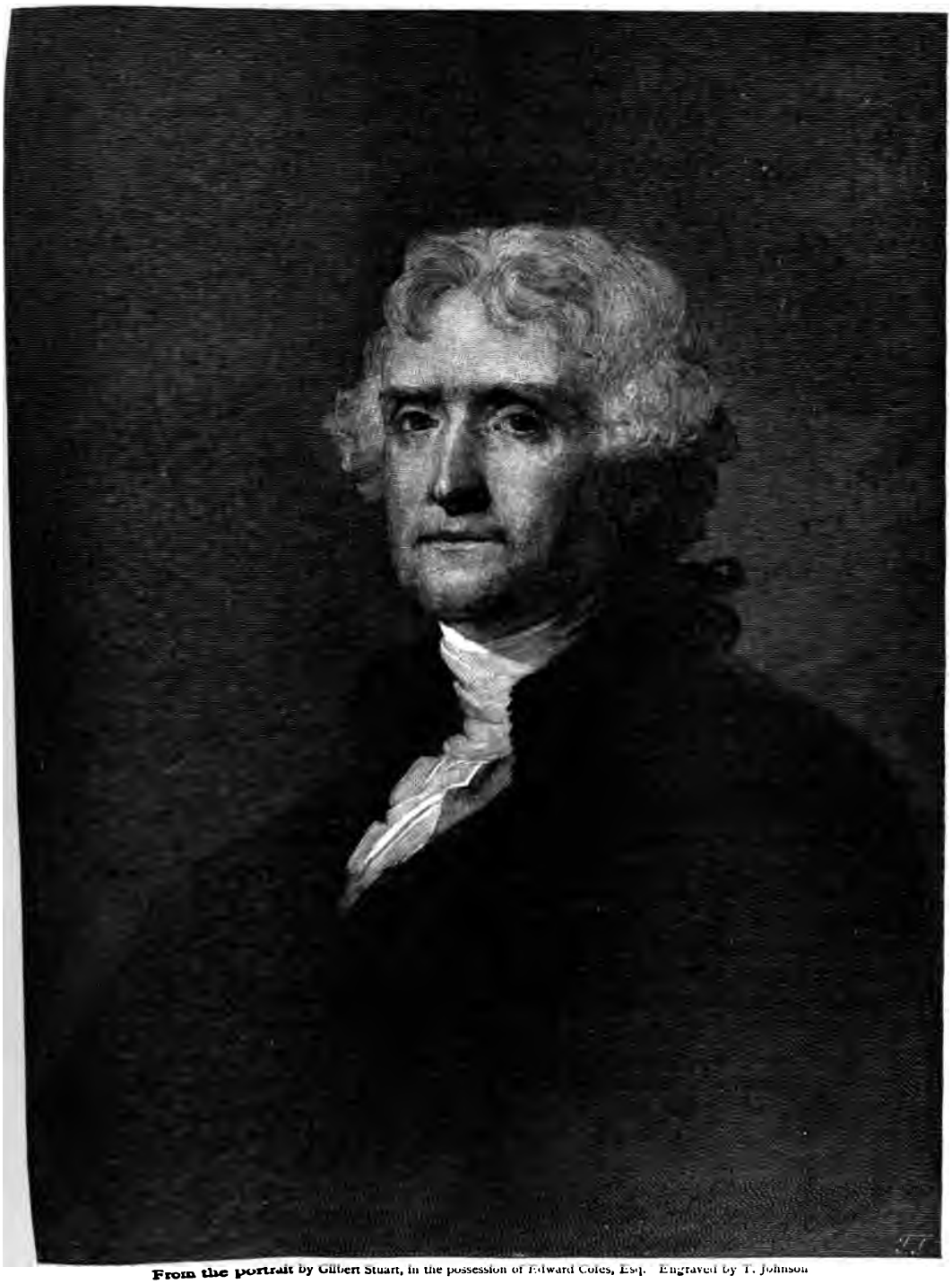
DEMOCRAT OR IMPERIALIST

THE country waited in anxiety to see what the political reformer would do. He had refused to bind himself by promises, and had remained withdrawn upon his estate during the entire campaign summer, following the precedent set by Washington and Adams, who held that the choice of a President was no matter for a candidate's meddling, but one exclusively between the voters and their own consciences.

While the country did not know what Jefferson meant to do, it did know that Jefferson's election was in effect a minor revolution, giving sanction to the trial of a whole brood of new theories. It was reserved for an American of a later day to call the Declaration of Independence a self-evident lie, but many looked upon its broad assertions as dangerous and its author as a dangerous man. Politics was a vital matter, so vital that statesmen whose interest wandered were regarded with suspicion, and Jefferson was known to have explored in many fields of thought. He was suspected of holding lamentably lax views upon religion. He enjoyed converse with men of lawless minds under the guise of research in philosophy and science. He had even entertained such men as Priestley and Tom Paine in his own home.

His service as minister to France had given him a large acquaintance and experience. Less erudite than Adams, his knowledge was wide rather than deep, but it was ample to afford him a grasp of many practical things, and ready sympathy in realms of thought to which his countrymen gave little heed. The sum of this knowledge was to make him an all-around, wide-awake man, given to theorizing, but with enough common sense in the long run to ballast his theories, a mental equipment providential in a President at that moment, but one to fill conservatives with deep foreboding.

The campaign had reeked with personalities. Social and political sins had been piled before Jefferson's door in unreasoning profusion, and the aims of his party had been denounced in no measured terms. "In plain language," one good and earnest Federalist mourned, "the greatest villain in the community is the fittest person to make and execute the laws. . . . Can imagination paint anything more dreadful this side Hell?"



From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, in the possession of Edward Coles, Esq. Engraved by T. Johnson

Thomas Jefferson

Secretary of state in Washington's first cabinet.

While all this was unpleasant, it was far less irritating to Jefferson than it would have been to one of Adams's intensely morbid egotism. "Whig and Tory

belong to natural history," was his more genial way of echoing Adams's crabbed "parties begin in human nature." He serenely refused to recognize the Jefferson they abused as anything more than a man of straw, made up of all his supposed vices.

There were of course some politically opposed to him who saw no reason to believe the country in extreme peril. "So, the anti-Federals are now to take a turn at rolling stones uphill," Chief-Justice Ellsworth wrote to Rufus King. "Good men will get a breathing-spell, and the credulous will learn to understand the game of out and in."

This was the first exchange of places in the political game of out and in, and both sides had yet to learn how astonishingly pliable new theories become in bending to hard conditions of fact. The optimists were justified. Responsibility had its usual sobering effect, the liberals becoming more conservative, just as conservatives had already been more liberal than their creed. It is always so; hence the paradox that human fallibility (another name for abstract sin) in the long run brings about an approach toward perfection.

Of the fourteen points emphasized in Jefferson's inaugural address there was scarcely one over which honest Federals and honest Republicans could not indulge an honest handshake, and it is hard to see wherein his treatment of large questions differed greatly from that which the Federalists might have given them under like conditions. Indeed, in the crowning act of his administration, the purchase of Louisiana, he was more imperialistic than Adams could have been, for Adams's near-sighted New England vision was incapable of reaching beyond the Alleghanies.

The two great achievements of Jefferson's life, for which all his mistakes must be forgiven and his whimsicalities condoned, stand at the two extremes of his wide political range. The writing of the Declaration of Independence was an exercise of his intellect, a statement of what he believed ought to be, which caught popular sentiment and focused it to power, as rays of light are focused in a burning-glass. The purchase of Louisiana was quite beyond reason or even theory. He knew it by inspiration to be the will of destiny in regard to his country. His democracy was always a matter of the head rather than of the heart; and to his honor be it said that whenever his carefully cultivated principles bumped in painful collision against his sense of what was fitting for a great nation, he threw theory to the winds and followed instinct rather than be hampered by the kind of consistency that Emerson called the hobgoblin of little minds.

Jefferson's first acts as President were not at all alarming. Far from turning out all Federal office-holders, he "proceeded with moderation," appointing party friends only as the terms of Federals expired; and he returned to the rule observed by Washington, which Adams was inclined to violate, of refusing to appoint his own relatives, no matter what their politics. Justly enough, he resented Adams's "midnight" appointment of new judges. "So far as they are during pleasure," Jefferson wrote, "I shall not consider the persons named as candidates," "nor pay the respect of notifying them that I consider what is done a nullity."

Adams had tried in this way to safeguard the reorganized judiciary. It was an act justifiable only on the plea of extreme necessity, as was the beguiling offer made to Jefferson when his election hung in doubt in the House of Representatives. But, after all, morality is not a fixed quantity: had Jefferson been the unsafe man Adams feared, the country would have been in danger, and Adams justified in any measure he could take to lessen it. Actuated by the highest motives, but without the excuse of necessity, these acts degenerate into stupid political blunders that the white intensity of Adams's patriotism is enough to burn from the record.

Adams's hasty departure had already shorn inauguration day of half its cere-

Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson

monial importance. The Democratic President further curtailed its splendors, and for some time kept official society in a flutter over details of his Republican reforms. From the distance of a century we are forced to admire the wit and skill with which Jefferson thus managed to divert attention from more serious issues until he could get his bearings and measure the forces for and against him. Some of his minor reforms, like his "Canons of Etiquette to be Observed by the Executive," [1] which promulgated the rules of *"pele mele"* and wiped the social slate free from title and precedence with one mighty Republican sweep, roused a buzzing like angry bees among diplomats, and even threatened international trouble. But, yielded at the opportune moment, they could be bartered for more important concessions.

In the early days of Washington's Presidency questions of social usage had required speedy settlement. Washington had appealed to a number of leaders, among them Adams and Hamilton, Jay and Madison, for help in making rules of official conduct, begging rather wistfully to be told whether one day in seven was not enough to set apart for visits of mere ceremony, and one hour of each day—eight o'clock A.M., which was a favorite time, apparently, with the Father of his Country—to receive visitors who came on business. Might he himself make visits not as President, but as a private citizen? What must he do about dinner-parties, etc.?

Little by little the code of manners had defined itself. Mrs. Washington held her

[1] Extract from "Canons of Etiquette to be Observed by the Executive":

4th. Among the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Executive Government, in its own principles of personal and national equality, considers every Minister as the representative of his Nation, and equal to every other without distinction of grade.

5th. At dinners, in public or private, and on all other occasions of social intercourse, a perfect equality exists between the persons composing the company, whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office.

9th. To give force to the principles of equality or *pele mele*, and prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the Executive, at their own houses, will adhere to the ancient usage of their ancestors—gentlemen *en masse* giving place to ladies *en masse*.

Friday evening levees; and at stated intervals the President gathered companies about his table for those oppressively silent dinners—"the most solemn I ever sat at," a participant feelingly confided to his diary.

Adams's reply to the President's inquiries had bristled with chamberlains and aides-de-camp. He had reminded his chief that the royal office in Poland was a "mere shadow" compared with the dignity of the American President; had mentioned the dogeship of Venice and the stadtholder of Holland slightingly in the same connection, and had warned Washington that "if the state and pomp essential to this great department are not in good degree preserved, it will be in vain for America to hope for consideration with foreign powers."

So when he came into the Presidency, the stately observances of Washington's day were not allowed to lapse. Even transplanting the seat of government from Philadelphia to the unfinished town on the Potomac had served only to jolt and rather humorously distort them. With the chill of new plaster pervading the executive residence, Mrs. Adams despaired of getting sufficient wood cut either for love or money from the growing trees surrounding it to fill its yawning fireplaces and dispel the dampness. She put the great audience-room to the only use its unfinished condition permitted—drying the Presidential linen. Looking from its unglazed windows over the small and scattered groups of houses, all that had yet materialized of L'Enfant's imposing plan, she reflected that their inhabitants must subsist "like fishes, by eating each other." But she played her rôle of President's lady with spirit, maintained her hours for levees, and answered the "fishes," when they came to call, that she thought the new capital had "a beautiful situation."

It had indeed. Half-way between Maine and Georgia, at that time our northern and southern boundaries; inland, but at the head of tide-water on a noble stream; planned along generous lines to cover a succession of hills upon which a city once built could not be hid, it was, and seemed likely to remain, fairly central. Even the most optimistic patriot could not foresee how far that mythical reality, the center of population, was to travel westward decade by decade during the next century, unimpeded by war or misfortune, until the city on the Potomac was left upon the edge of our great country.

Jefferson's imagination was vivid enough to see the city of the future, with its avenues and stately buildings, in Major L'Enfant's plan; but it is also quite possible that he saw the absurdity of trying to keep up the fiction of present ceremony in a capital whose houses were non-existent and whose thoroughfares were marvels of ruts and bad drainage. Personally of very simple habits, both inclination and conviction urged him to dispense as much as possible with the mummery of his office. The story that he rode to his inauguration, tied his horse to the picket-fence at the foot of the Capitol, and mounted the steps to take his oath of office has been relegated time and again to the limbo of lost, but cherished, fable. Even the knock-down objection that there was no fence fails to keep it there. The bit of truth at the bottom lies in the curtailed ceremonies of the day, and in the fact that soon after he became President he changed the custom of making a speech on the opening of Congress, prefaced by "a stately cavalcade attending the President to the Capitol," and followed by an equally stately procession of Congressmen and Senators in coaches back again to the President's house with answering addresses. Jefferson instituted the simpler method of sending Congress a written message, a custom that endured for over a century, until another Democrat chose to return to the more ancient usage of direct speech. The change, however, had neither political nor spiritual significance. It was purely physical. The taunt of Jefferson's critics that he never made a speech is almost literally true. An infirmity that caused his voice "to sink in his throat" when he attempted a public

From the crayon portrait by St. Mémin [illegible]

Chief Justice John Marshall

address at once explains it and absolves him from criticism.

In ordinary conversation he was ready enough. Winfield Scott, who observed him with the critical attention of ambitious youth toward famous maturity,

thought him "an incessant talker." From others we learn that his conversation, while not brilliant, flowed on, thoughtful and agreeable, seasoned with old-fashioned compliment in the style of Virginia gentlemen of pre-Revolutionary days. He was not handsome, if we may trust Tucker's description of him as "tall, thin, and rawboned," with "red hair, a freckled face, and pointed features," but his height—more than six feet two—and his rather loose-jointed carriage made him a marked man in any assembly. In dress he was governed by comfort rather than by elegance. "Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold," he used to say; and as he lived in an epoch that witnessed a mighty revolution in men's clothing as well as in men's government, monarchy's queues and velvets giving way to short hair and the useful, ungainly pantaloon, only the watchfulness of his body-servant saved him from unbelievable anachronisms of costume. Indeed, in later life, at Monticello, where this Democrat ruled absolute king, he often wore the garments of several different periods together, like superimposed geologic strata, or the historic remains in the Roman Forum.

Left a widower many years before he became President, he lived in the White House in curtailed bachelor state, visited occasionally by his married daughters. His family affections were very strong, and frequent letters to them bore a recurring burden of questions about all things alive at Monticello, from his grandchildren to his cabbages, interspersed with good advice, reports on politics, or the wonders of science, and gallantly attempted descriptions of the fashions, which he hoped were detailed and accurate enough to serve as working models. When the White House was in need of a hostess, warm-hearted Mrs. Madison, wife of his secretary of state, discharged that duty for him.

One of Jefferson's earliest reforms, in the interest of economy of time, was to do away with levees. He announced that he would receive publicly only twice a year, on January first and the Fourth of July. The ladies of Washington, loath to give up what little courtly elegance Mrs. Adams's weekly drawing-rooms had lent to the embryo capital, tried to coerce him by appearing in force at the usual time. Told that he was not at home, they waited. He returned at last, and received them readily and courteously enough, but just as he was, dusty from his ride, without a word of apology for his appearance. His perfect unconcern gave them to understand unmistakably that he would not change his plan, no matter how often their petticoat invasion might be repeated, and they retired beaten, but laughing at his tact and their own discomfiture.

He refused to make journeys of ceremony, although both Washington and Adams had done so, pointing out that Washington's action was no precedent, since his place in the affections of his countrymen set him apart from all others, and indulging in a covert fling at Adams: "I confess that I am not reconciled to the idea of a Chief Magistrate parading himself through the several States as an object to the public eye, and in quest of an applause which to be valuable must be purely voluntary."

He strove to be a consistent Democrat; to keep the business approaches to the White House wide open, but to close those of merely social character, believing politics, not society, to be the duty for which he was elected. And politics was no child's play. Reversing positions in the game of out and in had not materially bettered affairs. Public irritation against England and France was still rife, though somewhat changed in character. Those two countries were now at war, and, striking at each other's trade, were dealing staggering blows upon our commerce.

The United States had built up a successful trade with the West Indies. England now decreed that neutral ships must not carry goods from the West Indies to France or to any European country that sided with France in the quarrel. France, on her part, forbade neutral vessels to enter British harbors. Both combatants

From the miniature by John Trumbull in the Yale School of Fine Arts. Engraved by T. Johnson.

Chief-Justice Oliver Ellsworth

seized vessels they caught disobeying these orders, and American shipping suffered now from one and now from the other until the battle of Trafalgar ended French activity at sea. Afterward England continued her seizures in a manner even more galling to America, stopping our vessels wherever she found them, and impressing our sailors into her navy on the charge that they were British subjects. In 1807 the British ship *Leopard* capped the affront by overhauling the frigate *Chesapeake* at our very doors, just outside the port of Norfolk, Virginia. On the

refusal of the American commander to give up the men demanded, the *Leopard* opened fire, killing three and wounding eighteen of her crew.

The wrath of the United States knew no bounds, but it had to be satisfied with a half-hearted apology from England, for the American navy, intrepid in spirit, was lamentably weak in numbers. Driven to some kind of retaliation, the administration hit upon the policy of the Embargo, which resulted in greater injury to ourselves than to Great Britain. Theoretically such a decree, forbidding vessels to sail from America to any foreign port, could not fail to cripple England's immense trade with this country. Congress and the administration merely overlooked the fact that while England's commerce might be crippled, ours would inevitably be killed, since we were much more dependent upon Great Britain in the matter of trade than Great Britain was upon us.

New England, stronghold of Federalism and center of the American shipping industry, waxed derisive and voluble against what it called the "terrapin policy" of the Embargo, comparing it to the tactics of the lowly animal that pulls feet and head within its shell when struck, instead of showing fight. Jefferson was harshly criticized for all the policies and shortcomings of his administration. His popularity seemed for a time to wane; but this was only temporary, and he was reëlected at the end of his first term by what has since become known in political language as a landslide, the Federal candidate receiving only fourteen electoral votes.

He was delighted, and claimed that Federalism had come over *in toto* to the Republican party. The truth is that by a lucky combination of circumstances the people were able just then to eat their cake and have it, too. Professing the "political metaphysics" of democracy, as Chief-Justice Marshall styled it, they reaped the benefit of measures that would have done credit to the reign of an emperor. At the moment Jefferson was reëlected the issues freshest in public memory were those picturesque and undemocratic ones for which his administration was to live in history—the war with Tripoli, the Oregon explorations, and the purchase of Louisiana.

Fortunately for his country, his republicanism worked only intermittently, and served as a check, not a deterrent, to those empire-wide schemes toward which his mind gravitated by nature. His conception of the office of President left him powerless to protect a few shade-trees growing near the Executive Mansion. His party's conception of states' rights made it difficult to keep a wagon-road in order if it crossed the border-line between two commonwealths. Yet he found no difficulty in reading his title clear to purchase the third of a continent, or to fit out at government expense an expedition to cross the whole of North America and clear up mysteries in uncharted regions not then owned by the United States. Nor did his distrust of a navy prevent his sending our very young one half around the world on police duty that the nations of Europe refused to undertake.

The navy was one of the bugbears of the Democratic Republicans. They called it the Great Beast with the Great Belly, because of its cost; and they had much to say about the arrogance navies breed in nations. Jefferson cherished a scheme, based on something he once read about Venice, for keeping a nice little one exclusively for coast defense, safe and dry under cover in times of peace; yet his first act as President, in gallant disregard of principle, was giving consent to the spectacular sea-fights known as the war with Tripoli.

On the whole round globe there is no spot so adapted to the trade of piracy as that portion of the coast of Africa upon which Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco crouched for years to prey upon the rich prizes of the sea. Dominating the Strait of Gibraltar, that needle's eye through which three fourths of the commerce of the world must pass, with a desert behind them into which to retreat with their plunder, and with the waves of two seas constantly wafting ships to-

ward their shores, they had only to gather in what fortune brought them. Everything it brought turned to profit, men as well as goods; for sailors made sturdy slaves, or, if not fit for slaves, could be held for ransom.

Through their bloody hands the Middle Ages reached out and took toll of the nineteenth century; and nothing so links the new United States of America with a far-off undesirable past as that for sixteen years our sailors were made slaves, our American officers languished in captivity, and our country, like the rest of the civilized world, paid tribute to "the pests of Christendom." It remained for our young country to bring this state of things to an end, for the strong trading nations of Europe had one and all submitted, a fact which seems incredible unless there is truth in the dark hint that England, strongest of them all, was not ill pleased to have these cutthroats aid her by attacking her enemies. In other words, that "Barbary piracy was a protective tax in favor of British bottoms."

The pirates plundered only where plundering was worth while; it may have been with a gleam of pride as well as of wrath, accepted as a sort of commercial and naval accolade, that this country learned in the autumn of 1785 that the Algerines had declared war upon the United States and captured two of our ships. Some of our statesmen were frankly not sorry. "The more we are ill treated abroad, the more we shall be united at home," wrote John Jay, who was at the time secretary under Congress for foreign affairs. "Besides, as it may become a nursery for seamen, and lay the foundations for a respectable navy, it may eventually prove more beneficial than otherwise." Jay evidently did not view a navy with Jefferson's distrust.

In the course of ten years over one hundred Americans had been made slaves or held for ransom, and over a dozen vessels had struck their colors to the pirates. While Washington was President a treaty was concluded with Algiers, agreeing to pay a large sum for the release of all Americans in captivity, and promising further tribute if our ships were left alone. "The terms," wrote Oliver Ellsworth, "though humiliating, are as moderate as there was reason to expect."

Other negotiations were held with other members of the piratical band, and it was to one of these that John Adams referred when he said that the Sultan of Morocco had made an easy treaty with us "because we were Unitarians," meaning that as a nation we made no official statement of belief in the Trinity.

But though they might regard us as coreligionists, the demands of our rapacious friends grew faster than our inclination to fulfil them. In 1800, Tripoli asked for a frigate or brig, and insisted that Captain Bainbridge carry the Algerine ambassador to Constantinople with his goods and his presents, a bit of service that went sorely against the grain of the American commander. Next year the Bey of Tunis demanded forty cannon and ten thousand stand of arms. These not being forthcoming, Tripoli declared war, and before Jefferson had been President two months he found himself despatching Admiral Dale to the other side of the world with two thirds of our available navy—four of the six ships then in commission—to administer to the Barbary pirates a well-deserved trouncing. It was done in a manner so thorough and salutary that the Pope of Rome, officially bound to consider Jefferson and his countrymen heretics, publicly declared that they had done more for Christendom against these plagues of the sea than the whole of Europe combined.

The audacity of our infant navy in taking up a challenge refused by all Christendom is equaled only by the incredible picturesqueness of this war with Tripoli, which seems to have been invented by history expressly to lure boys in heart and boys in years on through less readable pages of its musty volumes.

Admiral Dale held a commission to chase corsairs,—the obsolete name in itself gives a thrill,—but those were the leisurely days of sails. He was despatched

upon his errand in 1801; it was 1803 before actual fighting took place. Meanwhile pirates had been sighted and chased, and had given chase, but escaped into the shelter of harbors where Americans could not follow them. The Americans always followed to the verge of safety. On November 1, 1803, the narrow line of safety was crossed by that same Captain William Bainbridge who had so unwillingly carried the Algerine ambassador to Constantinople. In his frigate the *Philadelphia* he pursued a corsair into the very harbor of Tripoli, found himself suddenly upon a sunken rock, was surrounded by a cormorant throng of the enemy's smaller boats, and captured, his crew and officers being plundered even of their clothing before they reached the land. All were dispersed into slavery; Bainbridge himself, kept a prisoner in Tripoli, had the torment of seeing his ship refitted under her new owners. Somehow he found means of writing letters. In one, sent out at random in the hope it might fall into helpful hands, he outlined the possibility of recapturing the *Philadelphia* before she could leave the harbor.

His hope was justified. Chance—or should it have another name?—carried the letter to the right man for the task, and Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, in command of the little *Intrepid,* a captured prize of only forty or fifty tons, overloaded with men and undersupplied with food, sailed to the rescue. The insufficient food they had was of poor quality, mainly hardtack, water, and spoiled salt meat; but high spirits and good weather went far to overcome these drawbacks.

Nearing the harbor of Tripoli on a moonlight night, they sighted the *Philadelphia* lying a mile within the entrance. Her masts were not yet all in place, but her guns, as events proved, were loaded and shotted. Near her lay two corsairs, with a few gunboats and smaller craft. Decatur gave his commands. The *Philadelphia* was to be boarded, her spar-deck first taken, then her main-deck. After that she must be given to the flames, since she was in no condition to put to sea.

True to her name, the little *Intrepid* steered directly for her mark, most of Decatur's men lying concealed, with orders not to show themselves until the signal for action was given. When hailed by those aboard the *Philadelphia,* she answered that she belonged to Malta, was engaged in trade, had lost her anchors in a recent storm, and wished to lie near the frigate until morning. Decatur stood beside the pilot and embroidered upon this theme, prompting him with many and ingenious details about the cargo and the heavy weather experienced, as with each phrase the *Intrepid* edged nearer and nearer the exact spot where she would be most protected from the enemy's guns. But a puff of wind shifted their relative positions, and passed on, leaving her fully exposed to the frigate's broadside.

Several Turks were looking over the rail, curious, but as yet unsuspicious. They even lowered a boat and sent a line to the visitor, with which Decatur's men, still concealed, brought the two yet closer together. It was only when the Turks caught sight of the *Intrepid's* anchors that they learned they had been duped. A sharp order to keep off was followed by the panic-stricken cry "Amerikanos!" as a last strong pull brought her alongside, and men heretofore in hiding swarmed over the rail. The Turks gave way. Some rushed below, some jumped into the sea. In ten minutes Decatur was in possession, and soon the *Philadelphia* was in flames.

She burned like tinder; so rapidly, indeed, that the Americans had barely time to escape from the fire they had kindled. For a breathless moment the lines of the two ships were entangled, and the *Intrepid,* jammed against the burning frigate, seemed in danger of sharing the fate of her adversary. A sword-stroke cut her hawser, and a vigorous push sent her out of harm's way as the flames leaned hungrily toward her, then leaped hissing up the *Philadelphia's* rigging.

A cheer burst from the Americans. Until then they had worked almost in silence, too absorbed to make unnecessary sounds. The Turks, on their part, had seemed as

paralyzed in voice as in resistance. But the American shout woke noise everywhere. Turkish batteries, the corsairs, and a galley all sent a rain of shot after the *Intrepid* as she sped out of the harbor, her pathway lighted by the burning frigate. Even the *Philadelphia's* guns, heated by the fire, began to explode, one broadside discharging itself toward the town, as if in revenge for Turkish indignities, the other toward a guarding fort.

This exploit and others as dramatic brought the war in 1805 to an end satisfactory to European commerce, and laid the foundation for that confidence in our navy, closely akin to vainglory, which a century of experience has only intensified in American breasts. Its picturesque successes doubtless had much to do with the light-heartedness with which the country went to war with England in 1812. During that struggle the Barbary pirates again began harassing American ships, but when the end of hostilities released our navy for other duty, Decatur, now become an admiral, returned to the scene of his early exploit and speedily and finally convinced them of the error of their ways.

(To be continued)

Peace

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

ALL my days are clear again and gentle with forgetting,
Mornings cool with graciousness of time passed stilly by,
Evenings sweet with call of birds and lilac-rose sunsetting,
And starshine does not hurt my heart, nor night winds make me cry.

I can tie a ribbon now, nor hope of your eyes' pleasure
Makes its hue intolerable if you come not to see;
I can hear old music now, nor stabbing through its measure
Come the thoughts I would not have or tears that need not be.

All my days are placid now, as quiet children slowly
Pacing through a leaf-locked way that has not vale or hill;
Peace again and mirth again, and dawns and evens holy—
I wish I had your hands in mine and heartbreak still!

"'How dare you!' she whispered. 'How dare you! Kiss me again!'"

Art Triumphant

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Author of "In Baffinland," etc.

Illustration by W. T. Benda

TRETHEWAY kicked a tattered rug into the middle of his studio, emptied a saucer of cigarette-stubs out of the window, and pulled his spare easel into the best light; then he dropped into a chair, and scowled amiably at the door.

Temperament is, in most cases, the pride of its owner and the despair of his friends. Temperament makes us laugh when we should cry, and embrace those whom we are expected to cut dead. It unearths that which is hidden and is blind to the obvious. It is father to improvidence and cousin german to financial embarrassment. It is, in short, an uncomfortable asset, a stone in one's boot or a fly in the amber of life.

And had the top of Tretheway's head been removed and his thoughts made apparent, such reflections would have been visible in his quizzical brain. But just then the door opened, and Beauty, ravishing in its youth, stood upon the threshold —Beauty, with a skin of silk and eyes of blue and hair of gold, Beauty inflexible and merciless, breathless and irresistible. The dusty doorway framed her for an instant.

"I hope I 'm not late. Have you been waiting for me?"

An archangel would have fallen, so why blame Tretheway?

"No; not at all," he lied cheerfully. He had been waiting for her since the day before.

"You know, you 're really very patient," she went on, slipping her slim shoulder into a linen duster; then with a glance that struck him through the breast, she added, "because I 'm sure I 'm very stupid."

For an instant he stared at her, speaking not at all, and in that instant his intelligence reared itself within him, and, wagging a warning forefinger, admonished him thus, "It 's the truth,—you know it is,—she 's as stupid as she 's lovely." But Tretheway, gulping down this truth, prevaricated joyously.

"I never had a pupil with so much promise," he declared, which was God's truth, for she was the first that had stepped through his door.

There was further silence, during which he surveyed her hungrily, as indeed he might, for Sylvia alone stood between him and starvation. He remembered the protest that wrung his vitals when he waved away the question of fees, for all the while there was only a crust in the cupboard and dust in the bottom of the tobacco-jar. It would be a queer man, he thought, who would bargain about fees while he talked to this tall young creature with blue lakes for eyes.

"I 'll go on with the cherub now," she said, with a laugh.

He blessed her where she stood, and glanced at the patient pigment on her canvas. She did not know,—and how could she?—that when her steps died away, Tretheway, with tears of laughter, love, and despair, leaped to her work and laid into it as much as he dared—quick, deft touches that restored the distorted image and by marvelous fractions redis-

posed its strangely grotesque anatomy, till Beauty, shining again on the threshold, would appeal to him for recognition of her own progress. And now she said she would go on with the cherub.

How fortunate a thing it is in this variegated world that Art has shaken her skirts free of love! Here was Sylvia, with a dainty thumb pushed pink through her palette, destroying the cherub's last claim to semblance of infancy. Here was Beauty committing crimes with a camel's-hair brush, the entire sweet loveliness of her concentrated in an expanse of pigment that grew more atrociously unruly with every wavering stroke, and beside her stood Tretheway, groaning in spirit, but devouring with a lover's eye the divine curve of her neck. She stopped.

"I 'm afraid the light is n't quite right."

He glanced at the window.

"It 's perfectly devilish. What am I thinking about?" Then he shifted the easel till the full glare of the sun smote hard on the raw paint.

"That 's ever so much better. It was rather confusing before, was n't it?"

"It was," he admitted.

"I think I 'll finish it this week. Father wants to see it."

"That will be fine," said Tretheway, with the back of his head in sudden gloom.

She bent again to her work. "Oh! what have I done?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing much, except that that shadow ought to be under his chin and not on his shoulder."

"But cherubs do have shadows there sometimes. Could n't we leave it?"

"We could," he said gloomily. "It 's your picture. When do you want to take it?"

She turned to stare at him.

"Why, what 's the matter?" she asked.

"A cherub," he growled. "Go on. Let 's finish it."

An exquisite color stained her cheeks.

"You don't like it—any of it. Why—why—did n't you tell me before?"

He stood motionless and breathless. Presently he laughed.

"There 's a little knack—I don't know what it is—of using a brush. That 's all you need." He meant it, for that is everything.

The glimmer of a smile peeped from beneath her lashes, then withdrew and hid itself.

"That 's just it. I 'm sure you 're right. Show me now, please."

Tretheway drew a long breath.

"You take it like this," he said, "and have your wrist quite flexible."

Her fingers lay soft on his own.

"Stand behind me and guide my hand for a minute, then I 'll understand perfectly," she declared.

He licked his dry lips and obeyed, wondering whether she could feel his pulses hammer.

"Your treatment should be broad and free," he went on—"like that."

The shadow vanished from the cherub's shoulder and magically appeared under his chin.

"That 's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "But why could n't I do it?"

"Because," he said, grasping her more firmly—"because you 'll never paint. It is n't in you. You 're too beautiful to"—he subdued a gentle wriggle—"to make it matter. I could n't teach you"—here he kissed her behind the ear—"could n't teach you in a thousand years, but"—he kissed her again—"it would be a joyful thing to try for the next ten thousand."

There was an ineffable moment in which his heart nearly pounded the breath out of him, then the brush dropped softly from one of Beauty's hands, and the palette from the other, and the yellow hair tilted slowly backward till it touched his shoulder, and the blue eyes unmasked themselves into twin and limpid batteries, while her lips parted like an opening bud.

"How dare you!" she whispered. "How dare you! Kiss me again. I 'm choked with ecstasy," she said.

That was the way of it, and when Tretheway again reached the earth, he found himself blinking at her pink disorder.

"It 's wonderful, dear," she was say-

ing. "When did you know you loved me?"

The question taxed him. When did he? "I think it was the cherub that brought us together," he answered presently. "Never mind about your hair. I like it that way." He hesitated, then blurted, "But why do I talk like this?"

"But why should n't you? I love to hear it."

"I 'm one part painter and nine parts fool," he said, staring out of the window.

Sylvia's brows puckered.

"It 's the painter I 'm talking to," she said softly.

"But here am I, with one pupil I 've lost to live on. It won't work. I can't charge my wife for a lesson," he objected. "Life 's a fizzle at the best of it. Love has destroyed my revenue."

"You 'll paint portraits now," she assured him—"big portraits of big men, and charge what you please."

Tretheway was silent for some time.

"I 've had no luck with my portraits," he confessed after a while. "There 's that which gets under my fist and—" he stopped abruptly.

She hooked her arm in his, laid her velvet cheek against his own, and cooed like a gray dove.

"What is it, dear? Tell me."

"When I paint," he began, as though talking to himself—"when I paint, the devil himself stands at my elbow and whispers that I must get underneath the mask of every face and depict what I find there. So my portraits are n't portraits at all. They 're revelations. A merchant sits for me, and when I get under his skin I find perhaps that he 's a money-grabbing dispenser of sour pickles at top prices; or a lawyer that has a widow-robbing reputation, blighting rascal; or a social philanthropist who at heart is a mean, rotten, self-glorifying skinflint. All this I 've found, and when I find it, the devil breathes down the back of my neck and whispers, 'Paint what you see for the sake of art, or else buy a photograph studio and give these friends of mine what they want.' Do you follow me at all?"

"I do," she said, turning a little pale; "but you 'll never paint me. Leave that out of your calculations."

"Well, then, what happens? When the portrait is finished, it is as I told you, or worse, and the sitter says: 'That 's very curious, and it 's not me at all; but it 's something like my cousin who was shot in Texas last year, and you can keep it.' Now, do you think that a brush like that can support a girl like you? I doubt it, but I love you with all my soul."

At that she began to cry, and sobbed comfortably in his arms, while he dared not look at her for fear he might see underneath her silky skin. Presently she peeped up and laughed in his face.

"I know what 's the matter. Your clients have all come from the lower classes."

"Excuse me," he objected, and tightened his grasp on her, "truth is at home in the lower classes. They don't mince words as they do meat. Good complexions go with a thousand pounds a year and up; but as for truth—"

"Have it your own way. I made the mistake of thinking that this was a love-scene." She began to cry again.

Speech fell away from his lips as they tightened into kisses.

"I 'm a strange lover," he said, catching his breath. "Put the truth where you will, and leave it there. I 'm satisfied."

Before she left him, her scheme was unfolded.

"You must paint my father. He 's a splendid subject, and so successful in everything! He calls himself a self-made man, and tells me how he began life."

"With ten cents, I suppose, and no shirt to his back."

"No; he had a hundred thousand, and doubled it in two years. You 'll charge him, of course, what you see fit, and it would be as well that until he is satisfied with the portrait he should not know as much as we do."

The horn of her motor-car bellowed insolently from the street.

"Kiss me again!" she pouted, and lifted her face.

At that touch Tretheway felt his very soul rise to supreme heights and remain trembling and suspended.

"Don't come down," she said, not so hard hit as he, but with strange promises in her eyes. Then she left him.

"It 's raving I am," whispered Tretheway to himself, with his fist in the tobacco-jar, "and it 's raving her father will be at the sight of me." He looked at the cherub, and his eye was cold with scorn. "Why could n't you let me be, even though I was starving? For now I 'll fill my stomach with the bread of humility, and lie like a marine to my wife's relatives. I 've sold my soul for a jar of potted meat, and the thing that is me will be stupefied with luxury."

But ever as he ruminated thus, the touch of her lips came back, and the velvet of her arms against the hollow in his cheek. With her indeed would be life, and the taste of it, and divine caresses, and a heart knocking against his own, and soft clingings that would engulf him altogether. And here was his crazy brain putting against all this his dusty canvases that would not sell, and the unprofitable touches of a futile brush.

"Art," he said firmly—"art is for them that have nothing else to love, and for myself I 'll not have it shouldering the trough and the swill-barrel out of my way. God knows the walls of my stomach are cleaving together with emptiness. What have I to do with art? Maybe I 'll not need it to paint her father."

And the next day he looked up and groaned, and decided he would not need it, for behind Beauty on the threshold loomed the frame of her father.

"Here he is," said she, joyfully. "He 's ready to sit for you now. Shake hands with him and get to work, for his time is worth a thousand an hour."

Tretheway quivered, recoiled, and advanced.

"Glad to meet you," he said, and this was the truth, for the thing would the sooner be over.

"Ah, so you 'd like to paint me—ah?"

"He 's longing to paint you," whispered Beauty, with a flash to Tretheway, "and I know you 'll like it."

Her lover moved his head like a Newfoundland dog.

"Few things would please me more." And in this he was also right, for few things pleased him, anyway. "Get into that chair, will you? Don't look out of the window, but at that long spear in the corner."

The man sat down heavily, and Tretheway's soul twisted in his bosom at the sight of him. He turned.

"It 'll be like that; now you leave us for an hour," he said to the girl.

She went with a flutter of silk, and a kiss flung from her pink finger-tips. Tretheway was alone with his prey.

Beauty's father sat regarding the spear as though calculating what it would bring in the open market. His eyes were hard and narrow, like those of a fish in half-slumber. His nose was straight, and sharpened by poking into places where it had no business; his mouth was pressed tight, as though some precious breath might escape uncharged for.

"God help us!" grunted Tretheway, and, looking farther, saw a smooth, round paunch across which curved a thick golden chain, as an anchor chain festoons the blunt bow of a barge when the mule strains at the tow-rope. His hands were small and fat, and devoid of any scars of healthy labor or exercise. And on the whole body of him rested a manner, an atmosphere, call it what you will, that said clearly and complacently, "I 've got a finger in the pie, and it 's but small pickings that 's left for you." Draped in self-satisfaction, and touched here and there with an unmistakable air of suspicion that warned you that there was nothing to be got out of him, Beauty's father slackened his fat flanks and waited with assurance to be immortalized.

"You 've got fifty minutes," said he, fingering his watch.

Tretheway said nothing, but dabbed at his palette, and peered at his subject, that behind him he might see the image of Beauty.

"I 'm lost altogether," his soul whispered to his heart. "Here 's an obese lump of humanity, with a cash-register for a brain and a ledger instead of an imagination, and he 's clothed in voluptuous raiment, like Solomon's wives, and for the life of me I don't see how I can help painting him as he is; and if I do, I might as well crawl into the river and let the roaches nibble at my eyeballs." And just as he was going to throw down his palette and kick the man, there appeared behind his grossness the vision of Beauty with her arms outstretched, her lips hungry for love, and the curve of her shoulder hollowed out for Tretheway's head.

"Will you again be the fool you always were?" pleaded the vision, "or for the love of a woman will you be a sane man and take what the gods send you?"

He semaphored back that he would, and fell to putting in his groundwork. In fifty minutes on the second, Beauty's father heaved himself out of the chair.

"Time 's up," he said. "I 'll be in to-morrow, but I don't think much of that. Will you get into my car and drive up to the office?"

Tretheway grinned, for there were twenty-three hours of truth ahead of him.

"You would n't think much of one fifteenth of yourself if you could see it, and I will not drive in your car. It would make me too proud to come back. I 'll go to the door with you, for I need a swallow of air."

A month of repression saw the thing nearly finished. The sitter came in intermittently, but with a growing interest in his own image. Beauty came often, but always at her visits the canvas was covered.

"It 's to be a surprise for you," said Tretheway. "It 's one for me already."

It was a hideous period, he reflected, unredeemed even by kisses. Always as he painted, the real man would stare at him out of the chair, and now and again Tretheway's hand slipped, and the real man stole out to the canvas, and the fishy eye winked from under the brush or the mean mouth tightened in pigment, and Tretheway, squeezing virtues out of a tube and violating his very spirit, cursed the truth that would not down, dabbed at and smothered it, and invested the gaze with a prophetic clearness, and the mean mouth with a genial lift in the corner.

"I hate to hide you," he thought darkly, painting desperately, "for it 's God's wish that I should make you on canvas what you are in life, and sell you to a shooting-gallery before you 're dry, and it 's I who would spend my last cent to plug you in the nose at fifty yards. You say you made yourself," he would mumble savagely, "but it 's I who am making you, and you 've left me a pile of work to do, and this picture is an insult to human perception." It was on account of something like this that, after half-way through the sittings, he concealed the canvas from the subject himself.

The final day came, and on the evening before, he kissed Beauty's ear, and told her to come with her father in the morning.

"You 'll sit quiet till I finish," he said. "I want you to be in at the death, and tell me what sort of run I 've made."

So it came that they arrived together, and Beauty sat behind her father, so that the gleam of her hair caught Tretheway's glance every time he looked up. And her father grew smoother at every touch.

Then of a sudden Tretheway looked to the back of the room, and in the far corner, out of sight from all but himself, stood Truth. She was tall and beautiful, and her hair was like night, and in her eyes were mysterious shadows, and behind these glowed the undying flame. He stared and stared, till clear as the stroke of a bell sounded his own eternal condemnation. "You have flouted and scorned me," came the voice, "and dragged your spirit in the mire. What I gave you was not for you alone, but for all men. You lie that you may grow fat, and you are a traitor to art. Beauty has no place in you, and that which you might have handed down as your legacy to the world will turn in on your own soul and consume it."

Now, this all happened in a flash, but to Tretheway, frightened and ashamed, it seemed to take hours.

"What is it?" said Beauty, smiling like a siren.

Tretheway hesitated, for a queer tingling trickled through him. His finger-tips became tremulous with nerves, and a strange impulse was battering in his breast. Every fiber of him began to palpitate, and he devoured Beauty's father with a searching gaze.

"Nothing at all," he answered, with a quiver. "I 've got an idea, that 's all, but it 's unusual with me."

"You 've also got twelve minutes," said a hard voice from the chair.

"It 's ample; it 's a lifetime." Tretheway seized his palette. "Don't move!"

He began to paint viciously, savagely, with a desperate abandon that set him breathing hard as though in a race. Quick, sharp strokes he used with delicate thrust and touches, from which his brush was jerked nervously away. In the twelve minutes he appeared to do as much work as in the previous month. And all the time his face was twisted into a new and bitter smile, and he grew paler and paler. Presently he threw down his gear and turned to them like a ghost that has come to a great decision.

"It 's all finished," he stammered, and threw himself face down on the couch.

The two stepped quickly round. There was Beauty's father, with the eyes of a dominant fish; the sharp, intruding nose; the tight-locked, rat-trap, selfish mouth; the pink pomposity; and the expression that proclaimed, "I 'm watching you, and you 'll get nothing from me." There he was, that self-made man, with his bank-balance and destroyed soul, seeming almost to breathe from the canvas.

And Beauty—Beauty gazed and gazed at the paternal figure she had watched all her life. The color mounted to her temples, and her lips parted in delight, and suddenly she threw her arms round her father's neck and exclaimed in rapturous amazement:

"Father—Father, is n't it marvelous? It 's you! it 's you! He 's a wonderful genius. I did n't think such a thing was possible. Why, Father, it looks alive!"

And Beauty's father stood and stood, while a slow smile of flattered self-satisfaction spread over his face, and his ears got a shade redder, and a cold gleam grew in his expression, for was not here the masterful, successful being, reeking with opulence, that he had always hoped to be? And the sharp nose meant an astuteness, and the piscine orbs meant financial daring, and the slit mouth meant decision; and were not these the qualities to which he had always aspired? So he dropped a heavy arm across the girl's shoulders and purring, "Admirable, admirable!" looked as pleased as an otter with a dead eel.

And Tretheway, when they turned to congratulate him—Tretheway was still on the couch, but shaking with uncontrollable emotion. His purple face was turned toward the wall, and he was stuffing a handkerchief down his throat.

Threshing

St. Michael's of the Azores

By HENRY SANDHAM

Illustrations by the author

"God planted a garden eastward"

HALF-WAY between the Norman's conquest of England and the Italian's discovery of America, the Azores sprang full grown from the land of fable into the arena of history. In the middle of the thirteenth century the Portuguese donatories crossed with their ship-loads of mixed humanity to make the Azorean people. There were Moorish slaves and Flemish colonists, African negroes, penitent Algerian pirates, Hebrews, Arabs, a few Spanish and Portuguese outcasts, a French soldier here, an English sailor there, the donatories, of course, and their high-born friends; and having no foes to subdue or neighbors to quarrel with, they slept among the flowers, dreamed, and forgot. Past them the fair-haired sailor of Genoa went his way to wake a new world to life, and later the swashbuckler arms of Raleigh, Leicester, Drake, Grenville, and Howard, with a host more of Elizabeth's sainted pirates, clashed by for the English laureate to sing of in after years; but the world slipped far, far away from them, and he who now goes to the Azores finds a people untouched by the world.

Grace and beauty are there with them still, but of bold daring and reckless bravery, alas! there is none. Marianna, the small maid-servant in the corner yonder, cried for two days because her only brother had been drafted into the army. We questioned her as to whether war had been declared. Ah, no! Marianna knows he will not leave the islands. It is not like the navy, and, yes, he will be paid every day, and will learn to read, yes, and when no one sees he can carry his shoes in his hand; but, oh, the illustrious Senhor Eng-

lish does not understand. He is so timorous, the beloved brother, so very cowardly! The Portuguese are so. Ah, pretty Marianna, are all your heroes so soon forgotten?

Yet she may be right as to her countrymen of the Azores. Even for them the sea, their only bridge to the outside world, loses few of its terrors with constant familiarity. Even the fishermen fish only in fine weather, and no boat is launched till it has been carried, flower-decked, to the church door, consecrated with holy bread and wine, and blessed by priest under the crimson banner of the Holy Ghost.

In a climate sent from heaven for an outdoor life, yachting, bathing, and all other violent exercises are catalogued by the Michaelenses among the idiosyncrasies of the "crazy English," and the Azorean of high degree, elegant of bearing and faultless of attire, leads the idle, vacant life of the cafés, while his *senhoras* presumably stay hidden behind those high, painted walls that make narrow lanes of the streets, and over the tops of which masses of flowers flash their color and perfume down into the road below. "In my father's time," you will hear, "a good Azorean woman left her home only three times: once for baptism, once to be married, and last to be buried."

The Azorean house, the cheerless barrenness of which explains the flight of the men to the cafés, is a house not only for a man and his family, but for his ox and his ass and all that is his, one roof covering all. When the animals—those poor, ill-used Azorean animals, all of whom, even sheep, dogs, and cows, must bear burdens and draw loads—are banished to stalls in the garden, one front door and one common entrance-hall still serves both man and beast. If one has an unreasonable antipathy to our dumb friends, he must be careful in accepting peasant hospitality for the night; for the morning light is sure to discover all the animals of the place nestling in and about his bed, from the huge, black pig and the tiny donkey down to cats, dogs, sheep, and calves, half-starved hens, clean, fat rats, and cosmopolitan fleas.

The gardens of St. Michael's are beautiful beyond description; the largest and finest are usually open to the public, and always free to the foreigner. Just why, in distant vegetable gardens and hidden orchards, shelter-walls are made of camellias or hydrangeas, paths hedged by heliotrope or blazing azaleas, tool-closets concealed back of pseudo-ferneries, waterworks disguised by spraying fountains, fish-stocked ponds, and palm-tufted islands, while tomatoes ripen on a long, trellised isle down the middle of the orchid-house, and pale-yellow roses are trained to mingle their petals with the purple bloom of the grape-arbor—just why such beauty where no eye but the gardener's ever looks at it is hard to explain, unless it is, like those exquisite under parts of Orcagna's shrine, for the "gods, who see everywhere."

The feasts of St. Michael's, thanks to the wealth of material and to the innate genius of the people, have a bewildering fascination for the new-comer. Occurring with but few exceptions in the spring and early summer, they are the dominant and quite the most insistent note of the national life. The majority are peculiar to the islands, though some are local to St. Michael's, and one, regarded as among the great Portuguese feasts, is the exclusive property of the city of Ponta Delgada. It is in honor of Santo Christo, a crude wooden statue that has acquired miraculous powers during its century or two of life, and makes one public procession yearly, clothed in its votive gems, amid oceans of flowers that tax even Michaelense resources.

Everything is a feast, from the passing of a railroad bill by the legislature to the killing of a pig. "We Azoreans are a *festa*-loving people" [*festa*, with the soft *sh* sound to the *s*], they sigh softly. As though one could doubt it after a week in Ponta Delgada, or blame them after a night of the Espirito Santo, that feast dear to Azorean hearts, when the narrow, lane-like streets are bright with myriads of softly colored lamps and fantastic lanterns; when aslant from every balcony

Boat-christening

great flags make Gothic arches of fluttering color against the deep sky of night, and from open windows golden embroideries and rich hangings cover stone palaces and plaster cottages. Festoons and arches of flowers mingle with the banners, the roadways are ankle-deep in rose-petals, a throng of people in brave array moves gently up and down, with dark eyes bright and watchful. For it is the love-time of the Azorean year; half-way down the street one of their rhythmic bands throbs out melody, now the plaintive Holy Ghost hymn, sole property of this feast; now the yearning, haunting *fado* Hilario, that legacy of a dead young heart to his country's youth. In the wonderful Michaelense night, with the flowers, the perfumes, the roses, and the lilies at your feet, the lights and music and subdued, but passionate, throb of life about you, you begin to understand why the Azorean is a festa-loving soul, even if you are old enough to know better, and Anglo-Saxon to boot.

Possessing many features in common, these multiple feasts of St. Michael's yet escape monotony. They are composed usually of a mass and a street procession, in the latter of which there is more or less pageantry. These processions are heralded by outbursts of sky-rockets,—for ebullitions of Azorean jubilation seem to find vent in rockets set off in bright daylight,—and enlivened by bands. The island bands are good and inconceivably numerous, with a special talent for playing cloyingly sweet melodies in remarkable rhythm; hence they are indispensable to festa processions, each feast having its own peculiar hymn.

At the head of the procession in the Espirito Santo, or Holy Ghost festa, may often be seen three quaint, semi-grotesque figures in scarlet robes and bishops' miters capering on to music of viola, guitar, and violin. The processions move to the church or place of pilgrimage down flower-strewn ways, amid prostrate throngs of spectators. Ordinary church services partake of the eternal festa air, as much through the people's supreme joy in the church as through the brilliant spectacle of color presented by the assemblage. The interiors of the churches are lofty, noble in proportions, and without seats, so that the people sit or kneel hour after hour on the bare stone floors, the women, in bright shawls and *lençoes* (gay head-kerchiefs), in the great central inclosure, for all the world like a monster flower-bed. At the nine-o'clock service of Sunday morning, known as the "Soldiers' Mass," the flower-bed in the middle spreads out into a border, to give place to the needier sons of Mars, though here and there an audacious blossom crouches within the inclosure. Organ and choir yield to the bugle, which conducts the entire mass, drowning even the priests' chant.

Even the gray Lenten season wraps carnival's domino over its sackcloth and ashes for these people whose grace turns all to favor and prettiness; only the inevitable statues of the tortured Christ remind one of the season, and soon wounds and bruises are hidden by violets, heliotrope, and pansies (*amores perfeitos,* they call them). To fast when one may feast is, in Azorean creed, lack of gratitude to a very good God, so Holy Thursday is a beautiful feast called Almond day, when one eats almond-sweets till he positively sickens at the shrill cry of almond-venders, which goes up from dawn till midnight.

RELIGIOUS REALISM

GOOD FRIDAY is supposed to be the day of mourning, and in the churches the closing scenes of the Calvary tragedy are enacted. The three crosses rise on a rocky mound before the veiled high altar, whereon life-sized dummy figures are crucified by aid of pulleys and ropes and mechanical devices. The entombment takes place at a side altar, converted into a garden for the purpose, where life-sized figures in armor represent Roman sentinels. The Saturday continues Friday's gloom and darkness with the aid of much dreary chanting, till just on the hour of noon, when the droning clergy, marching round the church, pause before the chapel of the tomb in an instant's silence, there comes

Pilgrims singing as they cross the mountains in early spring

a cry of wonder at the discovery of the empty grave, and simultaneously with the cry the veils fall from altars and pictures, and the black curtains from the windows, letting a flood of light pour down on the crowded, excited flower-bed. The long-silent organ, augmented by choir and orchestra, breaks out in triumph, the half-masted flags of the city run to the mast-head, and all the bells clash out their paean of joy.

POLITE AND TEAR-SHEDDING POLICEMEN

THE note of anguish is rare with these people, and the tears that usually lie near the surface, close to their laughter, are not always thrilling. The policemen sometimes weep when making an arrest—those mannerly police of Ponta Delgada, who raise their hats when you pass and never refuse a cigarette or wait till off duty to smoke it.

When a foreign ship is in port, they are busiest, these guardians of the peace; drunkenness is too great a crime among the Portuguese for an Azorean ever to be seen in a state of intoxication, and liquor is too plentiful and too cheap for a sailor on leave to be seen in any other state. So it not infrequently happens that the entire Ponta Delgada police force, nine men in all, is employed in using persuasion on one Celt or Saxon sailor, an act from which, being better diplomats than boxers, they will later pick themselves out of their several recently allotted places in the gutter to bind in sorrow the hands of their struggling guest, contributions of official neckties and handkerchiefs preventing chafe of inhospitable cords. If he be ever so slightly hurt, tears fall and hands are wrung in silent sympathy; all is done for his comfort as the dejected victors and unconquered captive start for the quay.

If a shower threatens, an overcoat is forthcoming, that the rain may fall evenly on the just and the unjust, and while awaiting the ship's boat, the whole legal company busies itself readjusting their guest's disordered clothing, and as he is lowered, still thanklessly kicking, into the boat, a soothing cigarette is lighted and put between his lips.

"But why on earth don't you gag him and throw him into jail?" is your natural inquiry, for the jail is the finest building in the city, and its officials show signs of speedy dissolution through lack of occupation.

"Oh, we never could do that, Senhor," is the reproachful answer, as they repair damages. "If we used a stranger so, what a memory he would have of our island!"

Two burned-out craters form the island of St. Michael's. The western and smaller one, Sete Cidades (Seven Cities), is the pride of the Michaelense heart, but interesting to the stranger merely for its incomparable view of sea and valley from the narrow knife-like edge of the summit; the eastern crater, called Las Furnas, contains the remarkable springs, first brought to notice by an American, which make St. Michael's famous.

It is up here in the Furnas, six hundred feet above the sea and two thousand below the lower mountain-peaks—here where the terrible Mouth of Hell vomits and belches thunderous dangers day and night, and where little stone cottages stand on ground that cracks and trembles, burns and steams, that the real life of the Michaelense peasantry is seen at its truest and best—a life of primal simplicity, of a race still in its childhood, with the beauty of other days about it, to which from earth's worn places the travel-stained will turn with eagerness.

The hills of St. Michael's are a temptation to the pedestrian which even his respect for Azorean opinion does not help him to overcome.

"Walk while the sun is up? Go out after sundown? Sleep with a window open, too, perhaps, eh? Ah, well, Senhor English, *this* year, yes; but next year you will sleep with the violets in the *cemiterio.*"

On the other hand, you cannot convince the "crazy English" that the Azorean is quite *compos mentis* on the subject of dampness and drafts, against both of which his chief defense is his umbrella, that trusty friend which protects from rain and sun and wind, from dew on moonlight nights, and from rocket-sticks in festa-time. But the senhor must know fresh air is not the only means of suicide. Ask for a fire some miserable winter day when the high ceilings and stone floors add bleakness to the dreary rain without.

"A fire? Ah, no; we love the *querido Inglez* too well. Listen. My beloved uncle had a stove, and all day long he sat over it and was careful, so careful, that never a door or window should be open. Then one day he went out to take a little fresh air, and it was cold. The rain came suddenly, too, and my poor uncle was very wet, and came home to his bed and died. *Mæ de Deus!* he who had lived ninety-three good years till that stove came! No, Senhor; never again a fire in my house!"

There is a palace in Ponta Delgada with a stove-pipe projecting from one of its windows, left as a monument to the folly of an octogenarian countess, dead these many years, who owed her untimely taking off to the stove she would have, though chimney there was none.

The Azoreans themselves keep warm by taking off their shoes and stockings and wrapping up their heads. A swathed-up head is the panacea for all evils.

Despite superabundance of clothing and wrappings, the people's cleanliness is above reproach; that is to say, the personal cleanliness. In other ways—ah, good San José, there is reasonableness, as in all else. To wash the outside of a milk pitcher when only the inside is used, to try to keep the kitchen floor clean when food touches only the spotless tables, and the floor will have its nightly scrub, anyway, after the donkeys and pigs are in bed, and to clean windows that are washed every

The Feast of the Matanças, or pig-killing

time it rains, are open in sunny weather, and unseen at night—such things are indeed foolishness to the Michaelense, and a senseless waste of time that might be given to dancing.

The fine old order of inherited service still pertains—service that keeps its ancient dignity of ministration, and the master's guests are the master himself. Forget and carry something up-stairs for yourself, and your host's servant meets you with damp reproach in his big eyes.

"Manoel does not like to see the senhor a servant. Manoel is his servant. Ah, but perhaps the senhor does not want Manoel to touch his things? Ah, *paciencia!*" and the sigh haunts you for days.

The land is tilled in terraces, rising one above the other to the mountain-tops. On this, in late autumn, one may see a solitary figure, perhaps, in dull-orange or somber-purple smock, flat against the brown hillside, with lean oxen and primitive wooden plow, crossing and recrossing, as the lonely first man may have toiled against the world's brown desolation.

They thresh with a flat stone-boat drawn by oxen around a smooth circle cleared on a hilltop, where the wind may help, and where driver, man or woman, may loom big and grand, as Millet loved to see the thresher.

To winnow, a girl stands vestal-wise on the door-step, with sieve held high overhead and grain pouring down to her feet, singing the one song she knows—a hymn to the Virgin.

To sift this same grain, an old woman, with the quiet mouth of age and the patient eyes of labor, sits cross-legged in a corner of the cloistered courtyard all day long, never once ceasing that skilful rotary twist that earns her six and a half cents a day. But do not tell her how much it is, please, for to her it is a hundred and twenty-five reis.

There are "touches of things common" even in the city below, in Ponta Delgada itself. Pass down a street in the late day as the shadows lengthen, and a door, opening suddenly, pours out an army of girls in *lençoes* and shawls, all of those indescribable colors that are not former bright colors faded, but hues that have always been soft and pure, like milk opals. Roomful after roomful of the loose blossoms and scattering petals come tumbling out and go dancing and fluttering down the road with bare, noiseless feet, making the walled and flower-topped street a narrow lane of throbbing color against the reddening sun. Imagine these dainty Azorean maidens of the big eyes and tender mouths as factory laborers, workers in the tobacco factory! Would they not shrivel and wither, these flower things, in the gray misery of Western factory life?

A capering, singing line of motley figures, with fruit and flowers, dances down the narrow pass. It is not a bacchanalian revel, but a senhor's servants returning with fruit from his *quinta,* or farm. The fruit-laden baskets on their heads are trimmed with boughs and scented leaves, their arms are full of hydrangeas and lilies; and, because music lightens a load and shortens distance, some one in front strums on a viola, that island cross between mandolin and guitar; and because feet must answer when music calls, the whole merry company comes dancing down the steep descent, a swirling, gladsome crew left over from the world's young days. At the edge of the town the music stops; the men fall respectfully back to the rear; shawls and kerchiefs are redrawn, to veil modestly figure and hair; the chaperon looks grave once more; and the nimble, bare feet slip into clogs, and walk decorously through the streets.

At night the padre goes by to carry the host to the dying, but not in the solitary, ominous haste we are used to. Half the village follows him, with chanting, bell, and book, bearing lighted tapers or quaint old lanterns, while all the while the church bell rings out its desertion, and along the route lamps or candles are set in doors and windows "to light *o nosso* senhor on his way"—the god that in less friendly lands must walk alone in the darkness.

You are lulled to sleep by feathery violas in some favorite song and the curious

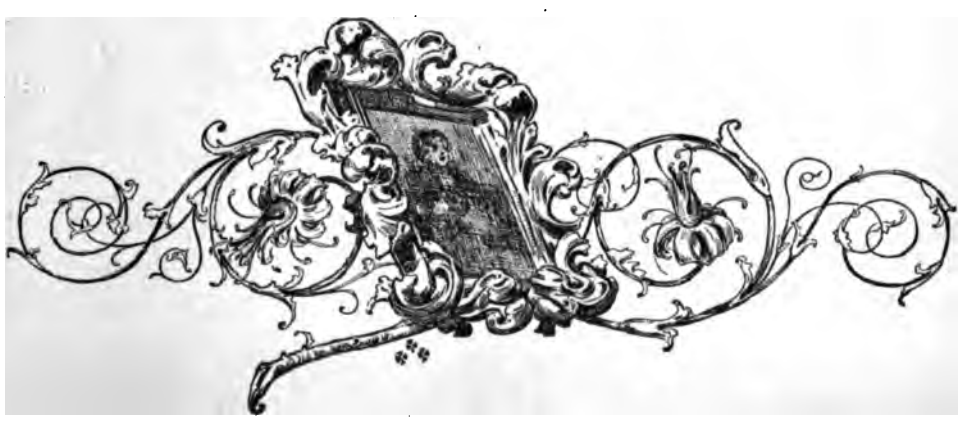
swish-swish of rhythmically dragged feet, and in the morning you walk to a funeral chant as the villagers, with flower-hidden coffin slung between them,—young girls carry the dead of their own sex,—troop after the padre through the high-walled street to the cemetery, a wavering line of gentle colors, unmarred by black.

In the gathering darkness weird forms dash past, bearers of fire, not stolen from heaven, but borrowed from a neighbor to cook the evening meal. And once, as you wander home in the evening, light from an open door makes you stop curiously, for within, bright against the night, kneeling figures cluster about a bed where amid the candles an old woman is dying. A dark girl in the darker background leans over to support the eager figure on the bed; other dim forms stand at the back. The kneeling ones pray with faces turned to the bed. You may enter and join them, too, if you wish.

"Mother of God! it is nothing; new lives come daily, and it is well for the old to die. Many candles are lighted, the padre has been in, and Our Lady is surely near, well pleased. A few aves help the dying and count to your credit." So they chatter between prayers in easy familiarity, robbing the sting of death with the warmth of human fellowship.

They have been variously described, these Azore Islands: the lost Atlantis, the home of the Hesperides, the Fortunate Isles, and the Blessèd Isles, of course. They are really the Islands of Desire, reached from the New World by sailing eastward in the path of the rising sun. In them dwell a rare and gentle people with no history other than the story of their hills and sea, who have seen their mountains belch fire, and their rivers rise in flood, and have uttered no protest, raised no wail, but recognized the voice of the Lord their God when it spoke, and planted their crops afresh. They flit by you, sweet, gentle colors fluttering past for the last time like flowers; now scarcely more than loose petals floating down the moonlight of dreams with fragrance of the world's lost youth about them still, creeping into your heart, and making heaviness there when parting comes.

There is a word in the Portuguese language, quite untranslatable, which Victor Hugo is said to have declared the most beautiful word in any language. Your dictionary interprets it as "tender longing," "sweet regret," "ineffable yearning." No, it is a sob, a lump in the throat, a pain, a memory, a grief. Ah, it is everything, *Mæ de Deus!* if one could explain! And they wring distressed little hands till you laugh perforce at such childish intensity. Yes, you laugh now, but later, when the seas and the years have intervened, when city noises deafen, and factory smoke chokes, and brick walls stifle, when street lamps spoil the night, and street traffic mars the day, your heavy heart steals across the seas to the Islands of Desire, and comes back to you again with *saudades*.



"The golden cock on the top of the *stadhuis* gleamed; his beak was open like a pair of scissors"

The Paper Windmill

By AMY LOWELL

Illustrations by Charles Cullen

THE little boy pressed his face against the window-pane and looked out at the bright sunshiny morning. The cobblestones of the square glistened like mica; in the trees a breeze danced and pranced, and shook drops of sunlight, like falling golden coins, into the brown water of the canal. Down-stream slowly drifted a long string of galiots piled with crimson cheeses. The little boy thought they looked as if they were roc's eggs, blocks of big ruby eggs. He said, "Oh!" with delight, and pressed against the window with all his might.

THE golden cock on the top of the *stadhuis* gleamed; his beak was open like a pair of scissors, and a narrow piece of blue sky was wedged in it. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried the little boy. "Can't you hear me through the window, gold cocky? Cock-a-doodle-doo! You should crow when you see the eggs of your cousin, the great roc." But the golden cock stood stock-still, with his fine tail blowing in the wind. He could not understand the little boy, for he said "Coquerico!" when he said anything. But he was hung in the air to swing, not to sing. His eyes glittered to the west wind, and the crimson cheeses drifted away down the canal.

IT was very dull there in the big room. Outside in the square the wind was playing tag with some fallen leaves. A man passed, with a dog-cart beside him full of smart, new milk-cans. They rattled out a

gay tune: *"Tiddity-tum-ti-ti.* Have some milk for your tea. Cream for your coffee to drink to-night, thick and smooth and sweet and white," and the man's sabots beat an accompaniment: *"Plop! trop!* milk for your tea. *Plop! trop!* drink it to-night." It was very pleasant out there, but it was lonely here in the big room. The little boy gulped at a tear.

IT was queer how dull all his toys were. They were so still. Nothing was still in the square. If he took his eyes away a moment it had changed. The milkman had disappeared round the corner; there was only an old woman, with a basket of green stuff on her head, picking her way over the shiny stones. But the wind pulled the leaves in the basket this way and that, and displayed them to beautiful advantage. The sun patted them condescendingly on their flat surfaces, and they seemed sprinkled with silver. The little boy sighed as he looked at his disordered toys on the floor. They were motionless, and their colors were dull. The dark wainscoting absorbed the sun. There was none left for toys.

THE square was quite empty now. Only the wind ran round and round it, spinning. Away over in the corner where a street opened into the square the wind had stopped—stopped running, that is, for it never stopped spinning. It whirred and whirled and gyrated and turned. It burned like a great colored sun. It hummed and buzzed and sparked and darted. There were flashes of blue and long smearing lines of saffron and quick jabs of green. And over it all was a sheen like a myriad cut diamonds. Round and round it went, the huge wind-wheel, and the little boy's head reeled with watching it. The whole square was filled with its rays, blazing and leaping round after one another faster and faster. The little boy could not speak; he could only gaze, staring in amaze.

THE wind-wheel was coming down the square. Nearer and nearer it came, a great disk of spinning flame. It was opposite the window now, and the little boy could see it plainly; but it was something more than the wind which he saw. A man was carrying a huge fan-shaped frame on his shoulder, and stuck in it were many little painted paper windmills, each one scurrying round in the breeze. They were bright and beautiful, and the sight was one to please anybody, and how much more a little boy who had only stupid, motionless toys to enjoy!

THE little boy clapped his hands, and his eyes danced and whizzed, for the circling windmills made him dizzy. Closer and

"The crimson cheeses drifted away down the canal"

"'Nursie, come quickly! Look! I want a windmill. See! It is never still. You will buy me one, won't you? I want that silver one, with the big ring of blue'"

closer came the windmill-man, and held up his big fan to the little boy in the window of the ambassador's house. Only a pane of glass between the boy and the windmills. They slid round before his eyes in rapidly revolving splendor. There were wheels and wheels of colors, big, little, thick, thin, all one clear, perfect spin. The windmill-vender dipped and raised them again, and the little boy's face was glued to the window-pane. Oh, what a glorious, wonderful plaything—rings and rings of windy color always moving! How had any one ever preferred those other toys which never stirred!

"Nursie, come quickly! Look! I want a windmill. See! It is never still. You will buy me one, won't you? I want that silver one, with the big ring of blue."

So a servant was sent to buy that one,—silver, ringed with blue,—and smartly it twirled about in the servant's hands as he stood a moment to pay the vender. Then he entered the house, and in another minute he was standing in the nursery door, with some crumpled paper on the end of a stick, which he held out to the little boy.

"But I wanted a windmill which went round," cried the little boy.

"That is the one you asked for, Master Charles." Nursie was a bit impatient; she had mending to do. "See, it is silver, and here is the blue."

"But it is only a blue streak," sobbed the little boy; "I wanted a blue ring, and this silver does n't sparkle."

"Well, Master Charles, that is what you wanted; now run away and play with it, for I am very busy."

THE little boy hid his tears against the friendly window-pane. On the floor lay the motionless, crumpled bit of paper on the end of its stick; but far away across the square was the windmill-vender, with his big wheel of whirring splendor. It spun round in a blaze like a whirling rainbow, and the sun gleamed upon it, and the wind whipped it, until it seemed a maze of spattering diamonds. "Coquerico!" crowed the golden cock on the top of the *stadhuis*. "That is something worth crowing for." But the little boy did not hear him; he was sobbing over the crumpled bit of paper on the floor.

England's Malady[1]

Why the Writer Believes that the British Political Party System is Responsible for the War

By COSMO HAMILTON

Author of "The Door that has No Key," "The Blindness of Virtue," etc.

ONE night, with the memory of the South-African War still stamped upon his leonine face, a little old man whose small eyes were charged with a kind of prophetism went into his study, threw down the notes of a speech that he had just delivered in the House of Lords, sank rather feebly into a chair, and burst into tears.

There were two younger men in the quiet room, tall, wiry men on whose faces and figures discipline had laid its restraining hand—soldiers both. Their sympathy was inarticulate. And then the old man spoke.

"Curse those fools!" he cried. "Curse them! They won't listen to me. I am a mere damn' soldier. I am talking facts, and they know it; but the system, that unique and criminal system of party politics, renders them absolutely impotent even if they desired to take advantage of the evidence that I have flung at their heads. I told them that the British army has only just escaped being whipped by a pack of farmers, that the flower of English manhood, unready because of these little clever people who sit at Westminster, has manured the wide stretches of the veldt, where their gravestones are meaningless. Will they take a lesson from this two-years' national disgrace? Will they organize the whole empire by a form of compulsory service to meet the menace of the great Teuton machine which every day is being perfected for its inevitable use? No; I tell you, no. And yet, by God! there are a few men sitting in the House of Commons not yet so warped and twisted by the dishonesty of the party system that deep down in what remains of their souls they *know* that my stammering words are true. 'Compulsory service? Yes, that is the solution,' they say; 'but what kind of fools shall we be considered by our friends if we sacrifice our political careers for the sake of patriotism?' No, it 's no use. Stop me ever from getting on my feet again. I am throwing pebbles into the sea. I am hurling my old body up against the brick wall of a political system that one of these days will place England under the feet of a determined, self-sacrificing, industrious, and brutal enemy."

That little old man was Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar.

Dinner was over; the servants had left. The thin smoke of cigars and cigarettes rose up to the gilt ceiling of the large, dignified room when the laughter and conversation of the men whose faces and figures formed the subject of caricatures in the English papers suddenly died away. The host, a bearded man with a high forehead and heavy bovine eyes, leaned forward. In his rather fine white hand he held a thick amber cigar-holder, which he used as a sort of baton to enforce his words.

"Gentlemen," he said in the peculiar

[1] See "National Safety and the Party System" in Current Comment.

guttural voice which was known and loved in many strange parts, "look out! I have asked you here on my return from Germany to say to you, look out! A colossus is stretching himself. Every great muscle of his arms is taut and hard. Every little cell of his great brain reverberates with two words only, 'Der Tag.' . . . We live in a false security here. We are a democracy which tolerates a monarch. You, gentlemen, are our autocrats. Each one of you is the king of England. What are your majesties going to do? Are you going to continue to play Canute and hold up your hands to the waves and say, 'Back!'? Are you going to continue to sit within the apparently impregnable walls of your party system? Because, if so, the security of this kingdom and your little crowns is not marketable. There are no bidders. I say to you again, look out!"

That man was King Edward VII of Great Britain and Ireland.

There was only one policeman outside that little, dull, unpretentious house in Downing Street in which much regrettable history has been made, and from which one generation after another has been misgoverned and misled by premiers and their satellites. On his chest were the ribbons of medals won in India and South Africa, and in his eyes there was the look of a man who fears that he is about to face unutterable disgrace.

He has watched one member after another of the British cabinet scamper up with white lips. From where he stands he can see the complicated system of wireless telegraphy on the roof of the Admiralty. He knows well, like every other man of the nation to which he belongs, that a message has been framed to be despatched from those wires to the great ships that lie waiting off the coast. He knows also that the hands of the army and navy are held by the grip of the party system, and that the agreements of his country with her allies may be broken, to her everlasting shame, by those frightened, panic-stricken men who have rushed up from their country houses to attend the cabinet meeting within.

There sat Mr. Asquith, the prime minister, with ashen face and hands shaking like a man with palsy. All round the table were seated the men who had trifled with their trust. Their teeth were chattering. They were face to face at last with the truth which they had dodged and refused to recognize.

"Why should we fight?" they stammered. "We are a peace-loving nation, unready for bloodshed. Let the others fly at one another's throats, and while they kill and devastate we will grow rich. Are we not a nation of shopkeepers?"

"Listen!" said Mr. Asquith.

From all parts of Great Britain and Ireland—yes, Ireland—there rose an ever-increasing rumble of passionate protest, like the breaking of huge waves upon rocks. Bugles seemed to ring out, and from every town and hamlet there appeared to rise up millions of hands. Near by a bell was tolling.

Mr. Asquith looked up and all round, catching the troubled eyes of his henchmen.

"Oh, my God!" he said, "our servants have become our masters. They demand that we shall fight. Gentlemen, the party system is dead."

The party system! The House of Commons is divided into two bodies. On one side of it sits the party in the majority, on the other side the party in the minority, and over them both the Irish. The House of Commons purports to represent a great country whose history gleams with the heroic results of individual effort. The constitution of all the men under the roof of that House is the same. Whether they call themselves Conservatives or Liberals, they are not there for reasons of patriotism. They have entered politics for the same reason that takes men to the stock-exchange and upon the stage—for money and for advertisement. On both sides there are men who own newspapers, run simply for the purpose of grinding their little axes, in which they may hurl sham invective at their fellow-conspirators and write columns of self-praise. On both sides there are law-

yers who have tacked on politics to their profession so that they may stand in the lime-light, pick up the plums, and manipulate commerce to their own benefit. On both sides there are bankers and publicans, journalists and company-promoters, city merchants and the poverty-stricken relatives of the great political leaders, who will obey orders, answer the party whip, and sell their souls for a mess of pottage. On both sides there are little creatures from the back alleys who have been educated to politics as a means of livelihood, and who are perfectly willing to assert that black is white or vice versa whenever they can gain by doing so. The majority are, ipso facto, the enemy of the minority, and the Irish hate them both; but the minority, majority, and Irish are all working together for their own ends. They may call themselves Conservatives, Unionists, Radicals, Liberals, Nationalists, Fenians, Anti-Vivisectionists, Little Englanders, or any one of the dozen meaningless names which have grown into the English language, but they remain mercenaries and parasites, the manipulators of a party system which is a cunningly built-up conspiracy to mislead the country, misrepresent its voters, and provide places for the incapable sons of peers and yearly incomes for specially chosen men whose integrity has been proved to be easily bought, and whose eloquence, like that of a criminal lawyer, is as ready to be used in defense as in prosecution.

In a word, the party system of British politics is the one corrupt thing in the constitution of that nation. The House of Commons has become the happy hunting-ground of a dozen great families whose members pass into it from time to time by the same right that men pass into the business firms of their fathers. They are all partners in a great swindle, and their clerks and henchmen, hired from the law, the universities, the factories, and the streets, vary only as their masters see fit. Those masters, nearly equally divided on both sides of the House, agree from time to time to take the reins of office, paying themselves large salaries, large pensions, giving places only to those men who have been most obsequious and most eagerly dishonest. They juggle with the votes of the country, with their tongues in their cheeks. They are past-masters in card-sharping and the three-card trick. There is not one man among them with the faintest gleam of imagination, patriotism, or understanding of the characteristics and spirit of the race whom they bluff by inheritance. Yes, there is one—the Mark Antony of the House of Commons, the little Celtic man whose name is Lloyd-George, who possesses the three gifts that go to the making of a great charlatan—a pair of wonderful eyes, a sense of impish humor, and that touch of exaltation which stirs men to hysteria. He is the Pied Piper of politics, the man whose little flute can draw from their dark places the laboring parties of the United Kingdom. He is the great democrat who has organized a bureaucracy more autocratic than anything in Russia. He is the king of charlatans.

England is a free country, a democracy which tolerates a monarch, and is governed by a royal family of hereditary politicians supported by a nation of slaves.

Let a young man enter Parliament big with a desire to get things done, imbued with honesty of purpose, honest enthusiasms, honest patriotism, and a great wish to devote his energies, abilities, and all his time to the amelioration of one or other of the evils which have been left coldly alone by the party system, and he goes into a mausoleum of broken lives over the portals of which is written the terrible legend, "Give up hope, all ye who enter here." The result of his temerity is inevitable. He has either immediately to sacrifice honesty to selfishness or to rush back into the world once more to breathe uncontaminated air and to hurl invective, unnoticed, uncared-for, at the men who year after year deliberately stand in the way of progress and with the utmost cunning lay stone after stone upon the great dam which holds back the waters of improvement and incloses in wonderful security the confidence-men who live upon the credulity of the British public.

The party system of Great Britain is responsible for the degeneracy of a great nation. It is responsible for the unemployment of its working-classes, for the tyranny of its trades-unions, for the sense of injustice which but for Germany would have seen insurrection in Ireland. Finally, it is responsible for the unforgivable devastation of Belgium and for all the bloodshed, for all the hideous waste of life, money, material, and for the chaos of civilization under which, in pitiful attitudes, the fathers of the next generation lie crumpled and dead.

Every widow, every orphan, every maimed man in Europe to-day; all those poor boys from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand; every Frenchman, Belgian, Indian, Russian, Italian, African; every man who has sprung to arms, left his civil work, his little patch, his quiet haven where the patter of children's feet has been the music of his life, has to thank the English party system for this war. Countries as crippled as their sons, who have crept back like whipped dogs to a kind of life, will for ten, twenty, maybe a hundred, years hence have to thank the English party system for this hideous, unnecessary, preventable war. If there is yet one spark of remorse in the little souls of the men who have sat so long at Westminster greedily taking their salaries for the non-performance of their duties, then the quiet lunatic asylums which stand among the silent poplars of English country-sides must soon be full. If not, if their long service to dishonesty has eaten into them, if they see no shame in having permitted their country to slip into unreadiness and inefficiency, these little, petty harpies, these hypocritical self-advertisers, may have the satisfaction of wallowing in a sort of triumphant pool of exaltation; may congratulate themselves on having achieved an act of incendiarism so frightful that the bloody glow of its flames lights up every corner of Europe.

Mr. Balfour, the theorist, the gentle, gentlemanlike university professor, upon whose gravestone will be carved the words, "Nothing have I ever achieved"; Mr. Asquith, his own worst enemy, whose famous, "Wait and see," will be forgotten and forgiven only when the beautiful towns of Belgium shall have risen once more; Mr. Winston Churchill, the inefficient hustler, who breaks, like a bull in a china shop, through the work of experts, and who will be remembered by posterity only for his comic hats; Sir Edward Grey, the imitation sphinx, who has never yet in all his political life understood the very rudiments of diplomacy; Lord Haldane, whose vanity is like that of the toad and whose credulity is no less than that of the bumpkin who goes to the race-course and falls an instant victim to the confidence-man,—these men, and all their satellites without one exception, have quietly, steadily, and persistently made it possible for German militarism, German chemistry, and German effrontery to cause England to be the one country on earth whose name can never be mentioned again throughout the ages without raising the bitter ire of her friends. Oh, my God! to think that the little old man, scarred and battered with the wars of his country, left alive surely by an all-pitying Deity so that his magic voice might sink into the hearts and brains of his countrymen to prevent the sacrilege of civilization, should have lived in vain! For he *has* lived in vain. His warnings and his appeals, which stirred the English nation from coast to coast, were scoffed at or ignored by the English politicians. The monthly reports of the secret services, all proving the criminal folly of the policy of laisser-faire, have been docketed away. The facts which have been plain to all the world, and caused France to strengthen her army and cut the terrible figures, 1870, on every one of her bullets, have been scorned by the English politicians. Instead of taking advantage of the anxious readiness of the country to subscribe to a system of compulsory service, they have steadily weakened the army and would have scuttled the navy had not their rudimentary knowledge of the nation's temper told them that such an act would have brought about a revolution. They *knew*

of Germany's settled intention of declaring war when armed to the teeth. They *knew* that the day was drawing ever nearer when the peace of Europe would be broken by the roar of artillery. Every conceivable piece of evidence that daily accumulated on their desks made that fact plain and unanswerable. How, then, did they intend to act when overtaken by the inevitable? Take one look at the journals subsidized by them and find the answer. Not caring for or appreciating the country's sense of honor and pride, they intended to break their treaties and stand aside. They were going to say: "Let them fight who care to; we are unready, unwarlike. We will provide the loans at a high rate of interest and the ammunition at a price." Therefore I cry out aloud the sentiments of all true Englishmen when I say that the English party system is responsible for the war; because, had we been able to place a great army in Belgium to resist the German assault, there would have been no war. It was only because Germany knew of England's unreadiness, and was in the counsels of England's politicians, that she sprang at Belgium's throat.

The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.

The germ of suicide would grow and grow in the brain of the thinking man did he not passionately believe that God does not intend this war to be just a hideous fracas, a blood-drunken orgy. The day will come when the warring countries, flung at one another by the leading villains of greed and selfishness and dishonesty, will flick the blood out of their eyes and ask one another the meaning of it all. The maimed and broken of all sides will look to see, in compensation for their lost limbs, the improving hand of the Master upon the churned-up earth. Out of her ruins France will rise with prayer upon her lips; Belgium, with her arms bared for the rebuilding of her smashed cities; and Russia with tears in her heart and brotherhood in her hands. In what manner Germany will be touched who can say? As for England, she, like a creature miraculously risen from the operating-table, will look out on the future with humbler eyes and a thankful heart. The cancer of the party system will have been cut out forever.

Looking through the smoke, I can see the House of Commons occupied by a small committee of unpaid men—business men, honest men. They would shudder to be called politicians. Their ambition is to earn the title of patriots. They belong to no party. They are the servants of the nation. They will not govern the country; they will guide it. They will pursue the same principles and methods for the restoration of her commercial strength as are employed by a committee of liquidation appointed by the court of bankruptcy to a broken business concern. They will run Great Britain in the simple way in which a great railway company is run, and their shareholders, the nation, will be content to read their statements of progress and receive their dividends. Phœnix-like from the ruins there will have risen honest men, and there will be no comfortable corner on this earth for those outcasts who once gambled with a nation's soul for money.

Army Reform[1]

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

Author of "The Note-book of an Attaché"

As an attaché at the American Embassy in Paris, during September, October, and November, 1914, Mr. Wood made four trips to the front. He saw parts of the battles of the Marne and the Aisne and the struggle for Calais. Later, for two months, he was a bearer of despatches between the American embassies in France, England, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and Austria. He saw French, British, Belgian, and German troops in action, and he has seen French, Swiss, Dutch, German, Austrian, and Hungarian troops in manœuvers.—THE EDITOR.

NO civilian, be he editor, college president, politician, author, or legislator, is qualified to formulate plans for our national defense or to hold any high military office. Officers who fill staff positions in a modern army have a rôle to play that requires more training, experience, and skill than that needed to make an astronomer, a surgeon, or a lawyer. The profession of arms is to-day one of the most intricate and technical in existence. Moreover, its errors are far more costly than those of any other profession. A surgeon who performs unskilfully and unsuccessfully a major operation has only one victim, while a brigade-commander who through lack of training makes a serious mistake sacrifices the lives of a thousand men and places his commanding general at a tactical disadvantage that is likely to prove even more costly. The incompetent politician who without any training attempts to plan out the details of a mobilization or to pass upon the efficiency of a naval unit jeopardizes the lives and prosperity of millions of people. Politicians are just as incompetent in military science as they would be without technical education in one of the learned professions. Only the high profession of politics seems to require neither training nor experience.

After committing myself to the verdict that no civilian is competent to give decisions in military matters, it becomes necessary to explain why I, a civilian, am hereby delivering myself of pronounced opinions on these same military subjects. In giving reasons for the immediate need of preparedness to defeat any attack upon our country, I stand on my own recent experiences in Europe, and need no outside prompting. In my mind are scenes—terrible scenes which constantly pass across my mental vision—crying out their warnings for America. When, however, we come to a discussion of the means by which such preparation can best be accomplished, or by what method we may soonest protect ourselves, I am absolutely depending upon expert military opinion. While in Europe, during the first seven months of the great war, I diligently gathered in every country I visited, from every battle-field I studied, and from every army-officer I interviewed, all data or information which might bear upon the situation and needs of my own country. The conclusions I drew from these observations, and the plans I am now outlining, were formulated only after I had submitted the material which I had gathered to the judgment of the army and navy

[1] See Mr. Wood's article, "The Writing on the Wall," in THE CENTURY for November.

authorities of the United States; only now that my own opinions and conclusions have been modified, revised, and approved by our highest military experts do I feel justified in presenting them for public consideration. Therefore, in outlining what seems to be the best method of military protection for our own country, I do not violate my own dictum that only military experts are competent to give advice in purely military matters, since I offer not my own opinion, but the verdict of competent army- and navy-officers whom regulations forbid to speak for themselves. None of us realizes our danger more absolutely than these experts; none would be more willing to instruct his countrymen; no others could be better fitted to show us our errors if they were not subjected to a censorship as rigorous as that which now prevails at the battle-front in Europe.

Our politicians, in order to protect themselves from the exposure of their numerous administrative blunders, which they naturally commit when they attempt to perform duties for which they are utterly unqualified, have muzzled our officers, and thus the only men who are thoroughly competent to reveal the woeful inefficiencies of our army and navy are forced to keep silence and even compelled to bear the discredit for blunders for which they are in no way responsible, and from which they would protect us if they were allowed freedom of speech. Occasionally their devotion to their country impels them to risk everything and to break through this senseless barrier, thereby injuring the reputations and the political careers of some of our well-known "statesmen." The recent fate of Admiral Fiske, who, when questioned before a congressional committee, dared to tell unpleasant truths about the present lack of organization in our navy, is the latest warning that indiscreet outbursts of truth and patriotism will promptly result in ruined careers. To muzzle our experts on national safety is almost as ridiculous as it would be to force the Doctors Mayo to keep silent on surgery, or to forbid Edison to speak about electricity.

It is often said that American officers are not altogether unselfish in their desire to see civilians removed from our ministries of defense. Even if this is true, can they be blamed? Would not a member of any other high profession be indignant if through political influence men untrained in that profession were suddenly to be made autocratic chief over him and all his fellows? Therefore I must maintain that no matter what system of defense we institute or how large a bond issue we declare, we can never have a safe and sound reorganization or enlargement of our army and navy until we have military and not civilian secretaries of war and marine as members of the President's cabinet.

No less an authority than Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley says, in speaking of our Civil War:

> . . . To hand over to civilians the administration and organization of an army, whether in peace or war, or to allow them to interfere in the selection of officers for command or promotion, is most injurious to efficiency; while during the war, to allow them, no matter how high their political capacity, to dictate to commanders in the field any line of conduct, after the army has once received its commission, is simply to insure disaster.
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> . . . In the first three years of the Secession War, when Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton practically controlled the movements of the Federal forces, the Confederates were generally successful. Further, the most glorious epoch of the Confederacy was the critical period of 1862, when Lee was allowed to exercise the full authority of Commander-in-Chief; and lastly, the Northern prospects did not begin to brighten until after Mr. Lincoln, in March, 1864, with that unselfish intelligence which distinguished him, abdicated his military functions in favor of General Grant.

In the United States we are not divided into pacifists and jingoes. All Americans desire peace, and differ only as to the best means of securing it, or disagree as to the degree of honor or dishonor with which we may buy that peace. In none of the

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Josephus Daniels, Civilian Chief of the Navy

wars of our history have we been the aggressors. At Concord that first shot which was "heard round the world" was not fired by the colonists. In 1846 it needed a horror like the massacre of the Alamo before our Government would face the necessity of dealing rigorously with Mexico. In 1861 the majority of the people in the North were still declaring that the South would never in any circumstances resort to arms when the cannon at Fort Sumter cut short their foolish predictions.

We have ever in the past had war forced upon us, and have ever been unprepared to meet it. We shall most certainly have wars forced upon us in the future. Shall we always be unprepared to meet them?

Due to fortunate combinations of circumstances, we have not, in four of the five wars of our history, reaped the full penalty of our unpreparedness. We emerged victorious from the Revolution and the War of 1812 because Spain and France sided with us and gave us vital aid, choosing those crucial moments to be avenged for old quarrels with England. We won the wars of 1848 and 1898 only because we were pitted against weak nations. Our one terrible lesson, the only lesson the penalties of which were commensurate with our neglect, was the Civil War. In 1860 our need, as demonstrated by contemporaneous exponents of preparedness, was for a compact standing army of not more than 100,000 men. To any one who studies the history of that epoch it must be evident that had we possessed such an army, the Civil War need never have been fought. Some military authorities even go so far as to state that a single efficient army corps of 30,000 men would

absolutely have prevented that war, in which a million men lost their lives. Our troops could have suppressed the disorder in the South long before it reached armed conflict, and forced the South to settle its differences with the Government at Washington by arbitration or compromise.

America is so large that she has no need to fight for more territory, as Japan and Germany have fought and will fight; she is so rich that she has no temptation to strive for indemnities; and she is too proud to indulge in quarrels over trifles. May she, however, never be unready to hold her boundaries against an enemy or to protect herself from invasion! May she likewise ever be prepared to defend the ideals for which she stands! A nation without vigorous ideals is a nation unfit, a nation doomed to destruction even more certainly than one that has been conquered. Conquered nations have sometimes regained their freedom, but no nation without ideals to defend, and the will and power to defend them, has ever survived.

If after the battle of Concord our colonial ancestors had voted peace at any price, we should now be taxed without representation, be ruled by a nation which would allow us no general manhood suffrage, and our territory would still be subject to huge land grants which reserved vast areas for non-resident nobility. By accepting the gage of battle, we won liberty and established a great nation. We even freed all England's colonies from the tyranny against which we fought, for by that bitter lesson we taught her the wisdom of granting autonomy to her daughters; in consequence of which the inhabitants of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa really enjoy more freedom than the inhabitants of England herself. As regards human liberty, we, by the Revolution, set forward the hands on the clock of time at least a century. We even did England herself a service; for in her present need she is supported by a group of strong and loyal colonies because she has long allowed them to share her privileges, opportunities, and ideals.

No price that can be counted in dollars, pounds, or francs is too great to pay for peace. No price that will build up an adequate navy and an efficient army is too great. We all desire that America may have as few wars as possible, but we must face the fact that we cannot always avoid wars. Even to-day one may perceive several causes pregnant with the possibility of future hostilities for the United States. Mexico is one; South America, coveted by Germany, is another; still a third exists in the fact that our Western labor-unions refuse to allow us to grant equal rights to certain Orientals because of racial dislike and because these Orientals are more industrious and efficient than the average American day laborer and are willing to work for lower wages. The labor-unions very justly make might their right, and have caused laws to be passed the object of which is to keep their own State for their own use by rendering it virtually impossible for the Orientals to compete with them. The might upon which this right is founded cannot go forever unchallenged. Sooner or later, in ten years or in ten decades, it must be tested by a trial of arms. If the case between the California labor-unions and the Oriental immigrants were to be submitted to fair and impartial international arbitration, it is probable that the Orientals would win the decision, but it is evident that our Government could not accept such a decision against the will of its own people.

Thus from time to time differences arise between nations which cannot be peacefully arbitrated; especially when a rich nation is politically weak, while a neighboring country is poor and cramped, but politically powerful, the latter will possess itself of the former's territory as inevitably as water runs down hill. The attack will come the more quickly if racial differences render the two nations antagonistic. It makes little difference whether the rich nation has become weak through race degeneration or through fatuous neglect of her defenses. The invasion of France by the Norsemen, the overrunning of the Roman Empire by the barbarians,

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Rear-Admiral Bradley Allen Fiske

Since his graduation, the second man in his class, at the United States Naval Academy in 1874, Admiral Fiske has been a faithful student and a successful follower of his chosen profession.

and the recent nibblings at China by many nations are conspicuous examples among many to be found in history.

In determining America's specific requirement for adequate national defense, we should first estimate the number of troops, together with all necessary supplies, ammunition, and horses, which could be landed by an enemy upon our coast within a given time. In this connection it is necessary to consider as a possible opponent every separate nation of the world, for history shows that the friends of to-day may be enemies to-morrow, or that enemies this year may be friends the next. Japan and Russia are to-day allies, who ten years ago were bitterest enemies, while Bulgaria and Serbia, who together defeated Turkey in 1912, have since that time already fought against each other in one war and are beginning another.

Before an enemy who attacks us can transport troops overseas, he must have almost complete control of those seas. Therefore, if we could be certain that no hostile war-fleet could ever deprive us of control of our oceans, we might dispense with military preparedness beyond that needed to protect our outlying possessions and our Canadian and Mexican borders.

Conversely, if we cannot be certain of commanding the two oceans, we must build up an army sufficient to discourage invasion. It should be remembered that since we possess *two* long and widely separated coast-lines, we cannot be even moderately certain of maintaining sea-control unless we constantly maintain a navy virtually twice as large and effective as the navy of any other nation. In the present war the second navy of the world has been unable to leave the shelter of its fortified harbors, and the war is being fought out entirely on land. The larger navy a country supports, the fewer nations or coalitions of nations will be able to deprive it of sea-control. Since it would be inadvisable, if not impossible, for us to maintain a navy twice as large as that of any other country, we must not depend for safety entirely upon our marine; geographical conditions compel us to possess adequate military forces.

Having determined that our navy cannot be counted upon to protect us from all attacks, we must next consider the scope of possible invasions and must try to determine the minimum means necessary to meet them with success. We find by calculations based upon well-known statistics that Japan, the most powerful nation on our west, using only half her merchant fleet as transports, could in four weeks land one hundred thousand men and twenty-five thousand horses on our Pacific coast, and, as additional vessels became available, could in each succeeding period of six weeks land another detachment of one hundred and forty thousand men and thirty-five thousand horses. Either Germany or Great Britain, the most powerful military nations on our east, could, by using half their marine, in two weeks land four hundred and fifty thousand men and ninety thousand horses on our Atlantic seaboard. And in each succeeding month either would be able to land an additional army of six hundred thousand men.

Above all, we must remember that international alliances have become the order of the day; that wars are now almost invariably fought by coalitions of nations. Thus France and Great Britain, although hereditary enemies, combined in the Crimea to support Turkey against Russia. To-day Russia, Great Britain, and France have temporarily united against their common rival, Germany. Bulgaria, Greece, and Serbia, who have long felt toward one another a ferocious hatred, temporarily combined to attack Turkey, their common foe. It is therefore highly probable that we may some day have to fight against a combination of two or more nations. If, after the present hostilities have ceased, Japan and Germany should both be antagonistic toward us, nothing could be more according to precedent than that they should temporarily compromise their present difficulties in order to deal more successfully with us. This is, however, only a possibility, and since I am pleading for the minimum of preparedness rather than for the maximum, I shall assume for purposes of discussion that we shall be in conflict with only one nation at a time.

An enemy, having fifty-five hundred miles of coast from which to choose a point of attack, would naturally not attempt to land near any one of our fortified ports, which reminds us that coast defenses are useless without a field army to assist them. Even the Dardanelles would have fallen in short order had the splendid forts not been amply supported by the Germanized Turkish field army. It is therefore self-evident that an enemy landing four hundred and fifty thousand trained and organized troops on our coast in two weeks must be opposed by an equal force that could be mobilized in the same length of time. We must be ready to match numbers for numbers, quality for quality, and speed for speed, up to the ultimate limit of the enemy's strength at the point of attack. Effectively to defend the Atlantic coast, we should be obliged within two weeks' time to mobilize and transport 500,000 men. In two months we should need to put into the field against the enemy's principal attack 1,500,000 troops. At least one million additional men would be necessary to guard against feints and raids, to protect

communications and arsenals from attack by spies and agents and to perform transport and base-line duties. Thus we arrive at a minimum total of at least 2,500,000 men necessary to defend us against the attack of a single great nation, or an army which would be ranked eighth in size among the armies of the world.

It is manifestly undesirable that we should ever attempt to maintain a standing army of this size. The objections which Americans have to great standing armies like those of Germany and Russia are well founded. How, then, can we ever be prepared to mobilize the needed number of trained and disciplined troops in so short a time? In answer to this question, our military experts unanimously advocate the adoption of a system of universal compulsory military service based upon and largely copied from the Swiss system and its counterpart in Australia. These offer us for adoption not an experiment, but a tried and adequately tested method of national defense.

The underlying ideas of the German standing army and of the Swiss military system are diametrically opposed. Militarism in the extreme type is overbearing, aggressive, and brutal. The patriotism it fosters is two-faced, for it inculcates hatred of neighboring nations quite as much as love of one's own country. In extreme cases it develops a patriotism gone mad, while it makes aggression easy and even necessary. By contrast the Swiss and Australian systems make no preparation for aggressive warfare, and therefore do not hold up before the minds of the young any ambition for conflict beyond their own borders or for the conquest of their neighbors. Adequate preparation for self-defense curtails aggression, and brings nearer and nearer the possibility of combined international action to curb truculent nations and to civilize barbaric races.

In the Australian system, military science and gymnastics, taught by competent official instructors, form a compulsory part of the education of every boy between the ages of twelve and eighteen; during those years he undergoes military instruction coincidently with his other studies, so that he reaches the age of nineteen a trained soldier. His military education is imparted to him at the most acquisitive age, and does not interfere with his later productive industrial occupations. When he reaches the age of nineteen he is enrolled as a soldier in the battalion of the region in which he lives. From that time he is in active service for two weeks of every year, practice which is intended to keep fresh in mind his military knowledge. He remains an active member of the battalion for eight years, until he reaches the age of twenty-seven, and throughout that period he is at all times liable for service in defense of his country. He cannot, however, be sent out of Australia unless he expressly volunteers for foreign service. The Australian army unit is a battalion of one thousand men. The country is therefore divided into units of population each of which contains approximately one thousand young men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-seven.

In Switzerland the young men, after having undergone this preliminary training in school, join their regiments in their twentieth year, and during the summer of that year undergo two months of continuous, intensive military instruction. For twelve years thereafter they are at all times liable for immediate service in defense of their country. During each of these years they perform two weeks' training in the field.

The system recommended by American experts for adoption by their country would begin with the training of all boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen in gymnastics, hygiene, the manual of arms, rifle practice, and platoon and company formations. In the summer of his nineteenth year every boy would be assigned to his regiment and begin his active service, with two months of intensive training in battalion, regimental, and brigade manœuvers, and afterward be enrolled for service in his regiment for four years until he is twenty-three, his service in time of peace being limited to two weeks spent in camp every summer. At

twenty-three the young man would be mustered out of his regiment and placed in the reserve, from which he could be called to active service only in case of dire need. This system would eventually furnish the United States with an active army of 2,500,000 men under twenty-four years of age, and with a reserve of nearly 8,000,000 trained soldiers between the ages of twenty-four and forty-five who could be called upon in case of a long war.

Military training and service would be completely finished by all men before they reached their twenty-fourth birthday, thus interfering as little as possible with their productive life. In the event that war were thrust upon us, the casualties would be borne by men who for the most part had not yet acquired families or reached positions of great responsibility.

It should not be forgotten that the adoption of a system of preparedness *in no way* increases the liability of the individual to serve as a soldier in the event of war. If we have a big war in the near future, the draft will be instituted and enforced, and our citizens will all have to fight, whether they like it or not. Preparedness makes such an eventuality less likely, and makes it improbable that if we do fight, we shall have to die in vain.

It will not be necessary for the United States to institute new units of population, since she already possesses such units in her national congressional districts. Every district could be called upon to furnish a mixed brigade composed of two regiments of infantry, two batteries of field artillery, a squadron of cavalry, a transport train, a signal-corps detachment, a company of engineers, and a field-hospital. Certain Western districts would be called upon to support brigades composed of cavalry regiments and a battalion of horse artillery.

The brigades thus formed would be organized into divisions, corps, and armies under the supervision of the general staff at Washington, presided over by a *military* secretary of war. The standing army would be limited to staff-officers, instructors, and engineers; to a certain amount of infantry, cavalry, and field-artillery for foreign garrison duty in Alaska, the Philippines, Hawaii, and the Panama Canal Zone, and for manning in part our coast defenses; to a number of line-officers sufficient to supervise the training in our schools and to maintain the reserve munitions; and to certain highly trained crack regiments, especially of mountain, siege, and field artillery, by which the experimental work necessary to determine the proper standard of military efficiency would be carried on. West Point, the army service schools, the garrison regiments, and the crack artillery regiments would all be used as means of training professional officers for staff appointments and for high commands in the national field forces. All the company officers and a certain number of the field officers of the line regiments would be civilians who had voluntarily undergone special training and won promotion by marked ability.

In addition to their protective value, such military systems yield educational and economic benefits which at least equal their defensive importance. The result most generally obtained, and the one which would be of the greatest importance to the United States, is the fostering of that sense of mutual responsibility which is promoted between the state and the individual by such a constructive system of universal military service. Even if there were no need of national defense and no rumors of wars, the Swiss system would more than repay its cost to any nation adopting it in the increased physical vigor and improved mentality of its citizens. It inculcates promptness, obedience, exactness, self-control, and truthfulness. It teaches discipline, hygiene, and unity of action. It tends to mold the heterogeneous elements of a nation into homogeneity, a result sorely needed by the conglomeration of assorted nationalities assembled, but not yet blended together, under the American flag. Her military system has made of modern Switzerland a fearless and united country, notwithstanding the fact that her population is made up of French, Ger-

mans, and Italians, speaking three languages and acknowledging two religions.

If such a system were adopted by the United States, every boy would be constantly under inspection by trained surgeons and military experts. His physical weaknesses and mental defects would be considered and, as far as possible, remedied. It is now well recognized that a large proportion of the ineffective, criminal, or insane members of society suffer from physical defects that could so far be modified during childhood as to make useful citizens out of potentially dangerous persons. Many defects which cannot be detected by superficial inspection become very evident during military training, which not only provides the instructors with an opportunity to study deficiencies, but furnishes also the means and time for applying the remedies.

Military training, outdoor life, and expert supervision by men who understand crude boyish impulses would do much toward converting lawless energy into disciplined power. The women of Australia at first so strongly opposed the adoption of compulsory military training that they retarded and nearly defeated its adoption, but within two years' time the wonders which it had wrought in their boys converted them into its most ardent advocates.

One of the strongest arraignments of our American civilization is the great number of inefficient, unmoral, or criminal persons in whom the state takes no interest unless they have been labeled paupers, idiots, or criminals. We make no effort to diminish by protective measures such wastefulness of a nation's best asset —its citizens. Another serious defect in our national life in America is the lack of loyalty for or sense of duty toward the Government. Europeans declare us to be the most unpatriotic nation in the world.

Military training rapidly develops civic consciousness. It teaches the young to revere their flag. Their patriotism is kindled at the susceptible age, and abides with them all their lives thereafter. It becomes no longer a phrase, a song, a momentary emotion, but the mainspring of their civic life. It grows with their growth, they breathe it in with every inspiration; as their country makes herself responsible for their well-being, they, in return, feel responsibility for her safety and prosperity, and that it is the right and duty of every citizen to defend his country; they learn that if the need arises, they must even make the supreme sacrifice of dying for it. It is a wholesome thought, which teaches them to make cheerfully the thousand smaller sacrifices of good citizenship.

If any one of us questions whether it is worth while to make the supreme sacrifice of dying for the ideals and the safety of his native land, the best authority to accept in answer to this question is the man who is actually making that sacrifice; as, for instance, a mortally wounded soldier. It sometimes happens that fatally wounded men lie without pain and with clear minds for several hours before they die. They realize their approaching fate with a certainty which comes only to men who feel that the very foundation of life has crumbled. They live a very long time in those last few hours. They review minutely their whole lives, weighing and considering. They are detached and unprejudiced, as only men can be who have absolutely nothing more either to gain or to lose. They can justly estimate what is of true value and what is not.

In France I have talked with many such men, have taken down their last messages; have, in answer to their craving for human companionship, sat by them until they died. They were not philosophers, they were not officers, but only simple soldiers who before the war had been clerks or farmers; and yet each and every one of them was filled with a sublime and radiant contentment because he was dying for his conception of right, for his *patrie*, for his ideals.

Their faces wore beatific smiles, and their eyes shone with a light of great happiness. Never again can one who has seen such heroic deaths ask himself that coward question, Is it worth while to make the supreme sacrifice in defense of one's ideals?

Notes of an Artist at the Front

By WALTER HALE

War correspondent for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE with the armies of northern France

Illustrations by the author

Part I

June 26, 1915.

THE whole beautiful Aisne valley lay spread out before us, vineyards and fields in the foreground, winding roads with sentinel-like trees, wooded copses, the glint of a stream, the landscape shimmering in the June sunshine. Stretching from east to west, framed in by the trees beneath the ridge, ran a long white line, broken in places where it disappeared beyond a knoll—the French trenches. In the distance, extending across the whole stage from one proscenium-arch to the other, a second white scar marked the German positions on the Craonne Plateau. The land beyond that second white scar was also France—that part of manufacturing and coal-bearing France that is now in the hands of the enemy. A puff of white smoke arose—shrapnel. A yellow cloud showed where an explosive shell came in contact with something. Other white puffs appeared farther away on the slope, but with no sound of firing. The wind was behind us, and it was so quiet in the drowsy sunshine that we could hear the hum of insect life in the garden.

We walked on a few yards, then looked to the northwest. Rheims lay basking in the sunlight, the twin towers of the cathedral and the broken chimneys silhouetted against the clear sky.

It was only yesterday, I thought, that I had last driven my car from Metz westward over that same white ribbon of road to Rheims. Now the road lay almost midway between the French and German positions, and was daily swept by a murderous shell-fire. And the cathedral! But to the naked eye, from this distance, the damage done to it was negligible. The roof was partly gone; except for this the graceful outlines were unchanged. The towers and belfries still soared majestically above the town, apparently undaunted by the engines of war now sweeping the wide expanse of the Aisne and Vesle valleys. Brought nearer under the field-glasses, we could see plainly the great white blotch on the façade where the stone became calcined by the flames that followed the first bombardment by the Germans on the seventeenth of last September.

We had some difficulty in getting closer to Rheims. There were four motors in our expedition, each with two drivers. The chauffeurs were for going directly down the hill and meeting the main road to the city below. They were ordered back by our staff-captain.

"I am not responsible for you correspondents," he said, "but I must be careful of my own men."

That thought for the men was always uppermost. A sudden shower, as we slipped through country byways, found only one of the chauffeurs on our car with a raincoat. The captain offered his own to the other. These drivers were very intelligent men, attentive and respectful and exceedingly solicitous about our welfare. A few days later, when our *tournée* was ending and we were about to take the train back to

Paris, Owen Johnson, Arnold Bennett, George Mair, and I discussed the advisability of making up a little purse in appreciation of their kindness. We fortunately took the precaution first to ask our staff-captain about it. We hastily withdrew our hands from our pockets when we found that in peace times one owned a factory employing 350 hands, another was a book publisher in Paris, a third managed a hotel on the Riviera.

We made a detour to avoid the exposed portion of the road, then a short dash into Rheims. Nearing the town gates we called on the brigade commander, a fine grizzled type like one of our old Indian-fighters, such as Lawton or Crook. His quarters were not imposing—the four bare walls of a low-ceilinged office room, dingy windows; large scale-maps, plans, and official papers strewn over a table; the clump of the hobnailed boots of the sentries in the hall outside and the tinkle of a telephone bell in the adjoining room as reports came in from distant batteries raking the Aisne valley. The staff-captain who took us in charge said that he had followed on the heels of the Germans when they were driven out last September, and that on one occasion since over three thousand shells had been fired into the city during the short space of twenty-four hours.

That was easy enough to understand once we had reached the cathedral and the devastated district behind it. What had appeared from a distance to be minor damage became real havoc on closer acquaintance. On the splendid west front the hundreds of little statues set in their niches are all damaged, some minus hands and legs and arms, and others swept away entirely. The stained-glass of the great rose-window is wrecked, many of the columns supporting the smaller arches are twisted or cracked by the fierce heat, the gargoyles shot off, and the splendid portals, inside and out, so badly damaged that it is unlikely they can ever be restored.

The white scar that sweeps up the northwest tower tells better than words the graphic story of shell-fire and conflagration. It is one of the wonders of the world that Rheims Cathedral, desecrated, shot at continually for months, preserves its majesty unimpaired, its towers rising above the grass-grown cobbles of the square serene and unconquerable.

On one side of the *place* the Grand-Hôtel has a hole in its second story big enough to accommodate the traditional coach and four. The hotel awakened old memories. I thought of it as I had known it in the early days of aviation, when Farman and Lorraine and Cockburn made it their quarters, and the courtyard echoed the explosions of the motors coming in at all hours from the flying-field of Bétheny. Now a ditch extends across the flying-field of Bétheny. In front of it are barbed-wire entanglements and chevaux-de-frise, and in its shadows are men in Joffre blue, with rifles and hand-grenades, who burrow farther into its depths when they hear the warning crackle of a shell from the direction of the Craonne Plateau.

On the other side of the *place* is the Hôtel Lion-d'Or. Gone are its American bar and the little French Canadian who made the only worth-while cocktail in France outside of Paris. The windows are gaping holes, the shutters blown away. There is debris heaped up in the rooms and courtyard, and the walls are punctured with holes where the shells have ricochetted off the cobbled pavement.

Back of the cathedral is a dreary waste: houses gutted, outer walls swiped off as though a curtain had been raised in a theater showing the intimate interior—the wall-paper of the different rooms, the broken rafters, fragments of beds and tables, fireplaces, bric-à-brac, and tattered curtains blowing in the wind. The Rue de l'Université, the Rue des Cordeliers, the Rue Eugène Desteuque looked like the streets of Salem after the fire. In many cases the people insist on returning to their homes. One little old lady was calmly knitting in the broken doorway of her house, though the corner of it was crushed back like the bow of an ocean steamship after a collision.

In all the devastation in or near the cathedral, Dubois's statue of Jeanne d'Arc in front of the great doors is yet (June 26) untouched. The legs of the horse are chipped by fragments of flying shell, but the maid rides serenely above. In her hands she holds the tricolor, and at the foot of the pedestal had been placed wreaths and fresh flowers. The people of Rheims look upon her invulnerability as a good omen.

Returning to Epernay for the night through the dusk, we passed companies of infantry moving up to relieve those at the front,—the French trenches at Bétheny are only a little over a mile outside of Rheims,—and motor-transports and wagons waiting at the depots to carry up their supplies to the lines under cover of the darkness.

We spent a restless night in an uncomfortable little hotel kept by a very pretty landlady. There was a glow in the sky over Rheims, and through the wakeful hours sounded the drone of an aëroplane on patrol duty over the town.

June 27.

Our staff-captain waked me at dawn. Through a crisp, dewy morning we drove back over the same road to Rheims. The cars were halted at the gates. There was some doubt about our being allowed to pass in. The French had captured some trenches in the Argonne, and the Germans had retaliated by a Sunday-morning bombardment of the cathedral; the shelling had begun at daybreak. After a little discussion, our Indian-fighter of the day before relented, and we went ahead. This time the cars did not bring us up to the cathedral doors; we left them in a more sheltered spot in a narrow street near at hand.

Borne down on the wind, which had changed to the northwest, was the crackle of artillery fire and the noise of explosive shells from the plateau and the valley. We walked about the cathedral. A six-inch shell had dropped in the little sheltered spot in the rear and torn a hole in the ground; except for this, the salvo was without result. We went inside. Sainsalieu, the architect, and the others did not remove their hats. I wondered why. It was because the sanctuary had been violated and the sacrament removed; the great cathedral was no longer a house of God. It was Sunday morning, but there were no services, no priests intoning the mass, no heavy roll of the organ, only the echo of our muffled voices in the vaulted spaces above.

Sainsalieu, who has been working steadily inside the building on his plans for its restoration through so many weeks of bombardment that the whistle of shells means nothing to him, gave me his chair and table to aid me in my drawing; then he gave me a key. The cathedral is carefully locked up at all times. There is a gate in the fence beyond the sand-bags that protect the sculpture at the base of the building, and a small wooden door in place of the heavy one in the right portal. The same key opens both, and also another little door on the right as you enter. This little inside door is as tempting as the one that led to Bluebeard's closet for his headless wives. I was asked to give my word of honor that I would not open it, for it leads to the stairway that climbs up through the southwest tower to the roof. No one is allowed on the roof, so careful are the French authorities that the Germans shall not be given the slightest excuse for bombarding the building under the pretext that it is being used for observation purposes.

Sainsalieu made me promise not to give the key to any one, but to keep it until I met him at *déjeuner* at the Hôtel du Nord. Then he went with the others to Bétheny, and I locked myself in. It was awesomely quiet within the great building as I went on with my work. The desultory fire of the guns to the north was muffled. It was apparently no more threatening than the cooing of the pigeons in the vast dome overhead. There was a flutter of wings when a shell exploded in the direction of the Place Royale, and I started when a shower of glass, loosened from its setting by the wind, crashed

down on the flagstones of the nave. This was the only interruption. When I left, I carefully locked the door, then I closed the gate, and locked it behind me. A man who had apparently been waiting outside asked me for the key to the cathedral. Remembering my promise, I refused to give it to him. He was willing enough to engage me in conversation, but this was no place, I thought, for a parley. The *parvis* was strangely silent, and, except for us two, deserted. There was a profound stillness in the town, the midday lull in the firing while both sides were at dinner; but there was never any telling when the racket might start up again.

I went on through lonely streets, past houses with broken shutters, windows agape, walls spattered with shot-holes, and chimneys leaning precariously over the street, to the rendezvous at the Hôtel du Nord, the only hotel now open in Rheims. Sainsalieu was not there. We were almost through luncheon when a hasty courier arrived in the person of a boy on a bicycle, who, clothed with the proper authority, begged that the American gentleman give him the key to the cathedral.

Afternoon found us scooting along the road to Soissons, the same *route nationale* I had known in my motor-tours that had carried me westward to Compiègne, Beauvais, Rouen, and Havre. Long lines of poplars shot by in a blur; the roar of the motor echoed in the *swish, swish* as we rushed past the boles of the trees. A flock of sheep turned out of a lane, an incongruously peaceful note in an atmosphere of big guns and destruction. We left the main road shortly, and edged our way toward the front through protected byways or between the walls of old, gray villages. We climbed a slope, interviewed another brigade commander, left the cars in a protected place, and walked into the depths of a thickly wooded forest. From the outside it looked peaceful enough—a mass of dark green on a ridge above a slumbering hamlet. There was nothing to suggest that within its shadows bristling guns were sunken in well-concealed emplacements, that the heavy foliage hid the position of the 41st Battery of Artillery. They had the usual complement of "75's," with an anti-air-craft gun and a huge "caterpillar," with its gray nose pointed down into the ground to avoid detection by the watchful Germans on the hills beyond.

The stables were cunningly hidden in the thick of the wood. The stalls were covered with green boughs. The battery has been in the same position since last November, and every horse had its name over the stall, like an old-time fire-engine house in New York—LeBeau, Victoire, L'Hermite, Marie Louise.

The quarters of the men were in well-protected underground huts covered with timbers and saplings. They had rough sketches on the walls and flowers in vases. In cages were magpies and small song-birds, and a musician had rigged up a xylophone by hanging wine-bottles containing different amounts of water on a sapling suspended between two trees. On this he played selections from the operas. Near by, almost at his feet, was the grave of one of his comrades.

On the grave were fresh flowers and a wreath, and an inscription roughly cut with a knife on a piece of board, "François, our friend, dead on the field of honor." The artilleryman tinkled the "William Tell" overture on his musical glasses. He wore a tight-fitting jacket like a Zouave's, and as I stood listening to his concert I was reminded of that splendid story of the Zouaves I had just heard in Paris. A regiment of them overreached itself in a charge in the Argonne. It was cut off by the enemy, and virtually wiped out. The Germans, adopting tactics that have been unheard of in modern warfare, costumed themselves in the uniforms of the dead men. As they moved back to attack the French lines, they pushed a few of the survivors in front of them. From the trenches the missing regiment of Zouaves appeared, straggling along the hillside. It closed in until, as it was almost upon them, the French

heard a voice from the advancing host shout, "In the name of God! Fire!"

The name of the soldier who died in the volley from his own lines is unknown. His exploit was read to the armies in the order of the day.

It was a quiet afternoon along this part of the front. It was quiet, rather, until, as we were looking at a blue-gray "75," with its muzzle pointed out of a bough of leaves, an order came by telephone, and a shell was slipped into the timing mechanism. A dial was set; in a few seconds the shell was withdrawn and locked in the breech of the gun, and an officer pulled a lanyard. There was a report,—not so loud a report as I had expected,—a whiff of smoke came from the breech, and the shell had gone on its mission to an invisible enemy beyond the slope, while the leaves overhead, hiding the gray muzzle, settled back into place.

I read the story of a correspondent who boasted that five shells were fired for his special benefit. I prefer to think that this one was fired for France.

June 28.

Sweaters and raincoats were needed in the morning, for a cold wind out of the northwest brought with it a dismal rain —a day more like October than June. We were up near the front an hour after we had left the hotel. With the general and his staff we were perched on the observation-platform at division headquarters. The general, with the aid of a large scale-map, which he held down with difficulty in the wind, described the fighting in his sector. A mist hung over the valley in front of us. Little white puffs rolled back from time to time as the curtain lifted—shrapnel exploding over the French trenches close to the river.

At our feet were the extensive stables and courtyard of an old farmstead, not unlike the fortified *manoirs* of Normandy. The yard was filled with cavalrymen grooming their horses. One seldom sees horses so close to the front lines. Directly below, with a guard watching nonchalantly over them, was a group in the peculiar gray-green of the German infantry. They were prisoners from that other France across the river Aisne. They seemed to accept their new environment philosophically, and with the resignation of stoics they went methodically about the unmartial task of sweeping out the stable-yard.

IN SOISSONS

ONLY once in my motor-tours had I driven through Soissons. I had a hazy memory of a sleepy little town, of staring white houses, of narrow streets with unsteady chimneys above the tiled roofs, a lime-bordered market-place, a partly ruined abbey, and a fine old cathedral—a town at peace with the world after a strenuous history, prosperous, but not aggressively so. In the present war Soissons has suffered far more than Rheims, its neighbor to the east. Again, as at Rheims, there is a wide swath cut in the line of the German fire. Again, part of the former prosperous business section is laid waste. In the Rue du Commerce, the Rue de la Congregation, the Rue du College, and the district to the northeast near the river most of the houses are mere shells, and fires are smoldering in the debris.

To make a ruin out of a ruin seems a waste of time. A shell, with only its twin towers and part of its thirteenth-century cloisters remaining, St. Jean des Vignes could serve no strategic purpose. The reason for the heavy fire directed at it is incomprehensible. In the war of 1870 the façade was damaged by the heavy German projectiles and the points of the arches were calcined by the flames. In the present series of bombardments there has been a more systematic effort to demolish what was left of the structure. A part of the stone shaft surmounting the left tower has been carried off, and there are ragged gashes in the arched openings. The top of the tower on the right has been shot away, and the hammering of shells and incendiary bombs has left its marks across the entire façade. The little statue at the central apex of the arch is gone, the platform supporting the arched portals

badly cracked, and the tiles smashed into powder.

The wreck of the cathedral is more appalling. A solid old pile, it dates from the twelfth century, and is an excellent example of combined Gothic and Romanesque design. It has withstood many sieges, but its massive construction was no proof against the assaults of modern guns. Eighty shells were thrown into the building by high-angle fire in the first few days after the enemy was established on the plateau to the north. The fine stained-glass of the Gothic windows is smashed, and the tombs are crushed in. There is an enormous hole in the roof of the apse, through which a flood of sunlight streams across a fallen column. Though every stone of it is separate, the column still preserves its outline, with the carved capital intact, like a fallen giant.

The French particularly resent the devastation of Soissons. In the Franco-Prussian War, when the Germans entered the town after a four days' siege, they shot up some of the citizens,—a monument to their memory stood in the Place de la Republic,—but the damage they inflicted on its ancient monuments was comparatively slight. Though civilization has advanced nearly half a century since then, this time the Germans have spared neither the civil population nor the ancient monuments.

In the present case the threadbare excuse of military necessity falls flat. In Paris, the minister of fine arts, M. Dalimier, particularly called our attention to the fact that the cathedral tower and the Abbey of St. Jean des Vignes would be useless for observation purposes for the simple reason that a ridge higher than their highest pinnacles intervenes between the northern edge of the town and the German lines.

July 7.

After the long Allied line that begins at Ypres and stretches south until it turns eastward above Compiègne was straightened out, the heaviest fighting centered about Arras and the surrounding country. The Germans have again and again attempted to drive a wedge through the Arras sector. They have been hammering away with a definite object in view, namely, to turn the left wing of Maud'huy's 10th Corps and cut off the British army to the north, leaving it with an overwhelming German force in front and with only the channel ports behind it.

The drive has not succeeded. But what of Arras in the meantime? It would take the imagination of Doré to visualize the saddening ruins of the former capital of Artois.

We approached the town from the direction of Doullens, where our headquarters had been established. We clung to the *route nationale* for only a short distance, because for virtually all of the thirty-six kilometers it comes within range of the German guns.

So after a short dash we turned off to the left, to edge our way forward through sheltered country byways. We passed through Lucheux, a little hamlet with a picturesque arched stone gate standing in the roadway.

I had no sooner remarked upon the peasants working in the fields and the farmers' carts in the inn courtyards before both disappeared. In their places appeared the tents of the farriers' camps, Red-Cross trucks, commissary-wagons, military motors, artillery batteries in reserve, repair-shops, horses, men, and munitions—all the numerous cogs that fit into the vast organization behind the actual fighting-line of the army.

Other small villages passed. We drove into little valleys and out again, or crept along embankments where the road had been cut deeper to afford protection. The crackle of the guns, which at first was only a distant roar, was growing nearer. Our motors advanced in a series of charges, dashing past an open space at cup-race speed, slowing down in a ravine or where the walls at the roadside sheltered us, then shooting ahead again. I was becoming accustomed to these short spurts, but I never ceased to wonder why we were not as likely to run into a shell as to be caught on the wing by one.

A blight had fallen upon the landscape, and the sun had disappeared, when, beyond Dainville, we crept gingerly back to the *route nationale*. At the end of the long white road ahead a fierce bombardment was in progress. Straightened out on the highway, we waited for a signal, and then rushed through the zone raked by the enemy's fire up to the town gates of Arras.

A sentry stepped out of the box at the octroi and demanded the password. The sign-posts of the Touring Club of France, "Doullens 25 kilometers," "Amiens 60 kilometers," still marked the distances along the road, but the blue of the signs was faded, and the lettering indistinct. The tire and chocolate advertisements on the sign-boards lining the roads still remained, scarred with shrapnel and full of shot-holes.

We went in, the cars turning aside from time to time to avoid the debris of toppled walls and chimneys that littered the streets. The cobbles were strewn with rusty fragments of shell, grass grew in the interstices and in the cracks between the paving-stones, and broken telephone and telegraph wires hung in festoons from their fastenings. There was no sign of life, unless you call the clatter of shells overhead a sign of life, until, after leaving the cars in a protected spot, we went to headquarters to pay our respects to the general in command. He was a cheerful, stout man, so like General Joffre in appearance that my photograph of him might easily pass for one of the generalissimo himself.

He complained of the spies. His headquarters had been moved two days before, and already the Germans knew the whereabouts of the staff. In proof of this he showed us a large cavity in the garden at the rear where a "marmite" had exploded that morning. He also showed us a shell-hole in the wall of the house. The shell had swept down the cut-glass chandelier, loosened the plaster of the walls, and demolished a mahogany sideboard, a beautiful mahogany table, and mahogany chairs. Still undamaged, the old-rose window-curtains moved gently in the breeze that came in through the opening.

The general took us to his sleeping-apartment in the cellar. A very cool and pleasant place, he said, but he had to bolster up with sand-bags the grating upon which he depended for light and air because of the flying shrapnel in the street outside.

In a drizzle of rain we crossed a desolate little square. Arras was like a city of the dead: it gave one something of the sensation of walking through the ghostly cairns of Pompeii, or St.-Pierre, Martinique. Lowering clouds and the yellow smoke of incendiary bombs hung like a pall overhead. Despite the intermittent crackle of gun-fire, we unconsciously lowered our voices. A leaning chimney, all that remained of the one-time residence of some prosperous merchant, toppled over as we looked at it. A cloud of dust rose as it crashed into the ruins below. Through the wet blanket of rain the outlines of broken walls and blackened roof-trees were hazy and indistinct.

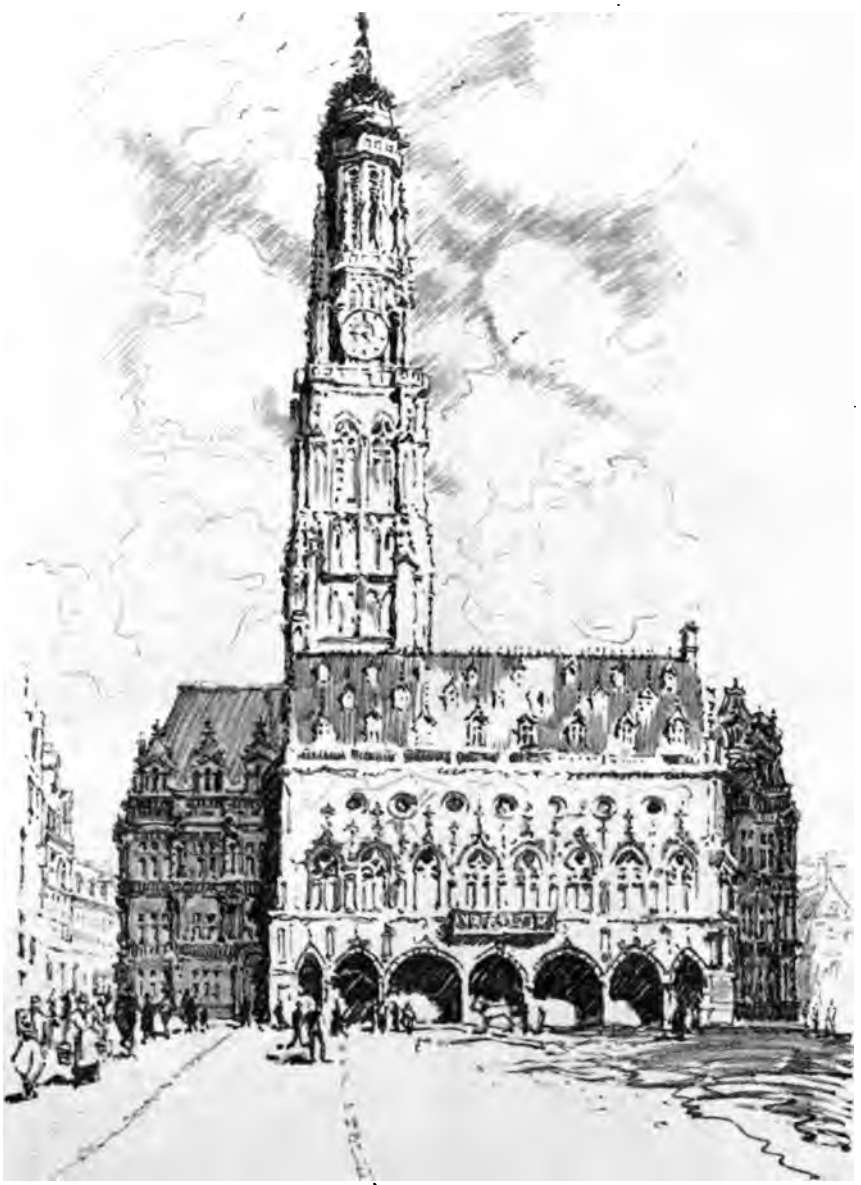
At the end of a cul-de-sac, the shells tearing through the narrow street had blown out the walls of a house from beneath its roof. Beyond the gaunt opening tottering chimneys and blackened rafters showed through the yellow haze in the distance. Underneath, in the smoking ruins, window-blinds, doors, stairways, old bed-posts, and bits of furniture were shuffled up with bricks and stones in artistic confusion. Above, the red-tiled roof, undamaged, and with a little white curtain still hanging in the dormer-window, hung suspended like a bridge from the walls on each side.

There was a sudden lull in the cannonading, as though both sides, breathless, had stopped at a given signal. We could hear the echo of our footsteps on the cobbles. We came out into the district of shops. An *épicerie* displayed tins of American canned goods in its broken windows; there was not a whole pane of glass in the city. The grocer conducted his business in the cellar. In a narrow street a few vegetables and some fruit

The hostile lines enveloping Arras converge at Blangy, where, July 7, they were only twenty yards apart, nearer than at any other point from the channel to the Vosges. The Germans occupied the outbuilding shown above the sand-bags on the left, the French the rest of the brewery

FOUR DRAWINGS MADE AT THE FRONT

1. In the brewery at Blangy
2. The hôtel de ville, Arras, July, 1914
3. The hôtel de ville, Arras, July, 1915
4. Bombardment of St. Jean des Vignes, Soissons



WALTER HALE
1915

were on sale, with little price-marks sticking in the trays. Women and small girls were standing at the side of the market-carts. It was a pitifully meager market, but the women were undismayed.

A turn out of the little Rue de Jérusalem brought us up to the cathedral. It had been violently bombarded since early morning. There was an enormous new "marmite" hole in the northern façade, some of the cornices had been shot away, and many of the columns were smashed into a shapeless mass of stone. A cloud of tawny smoke rose from the interior; beneath it was the crimson glow of many small fires started by incendiary bombs. Soldiers had laid lines of hose, and were playing streams upon the ruins. They might as well have tried to put out Vesuvius. As fast as a blaze would be smothered in one part of the building, a bomb dropped, and started another somewhere else.

A tired-looking group of townspeople —there are a thousand of its twenty-five thousand inhabitants still remaining— whispered together as they watched the destruction of the cathedral. A priest stood in the rain with bared head.

The devastation was complete in whatever direction we turned. The girders of the enormous steel train-shed at the railway station were broken in, and every skylight was smashed. The arrival- and departure-platforms were covered with debris, and grass three feet high grew over the tracks of one of the greatest railway centers of northern France. In the Rue Gambetta, near by, the beautiful Ursuline chapel was badly damaged. Pieces of its tower had been shot away, and in its irregular outlines it somewhat resembled an unsteady spiral staircase of stone.

Following the Rue Douai, in the environs toward Blangy there is nothing left of the town at all. There was not a house standing intact, and only a few of the chimneys. Trees, hewn off as if by an ax, were flung across the streets; everywhere were great holes in the cobblestones where shells had torn up the pavement. One house was gutted, but its green-tiled fireplaces, one on top of the other, were as carefully polished as though their owners had just left them. Farther out was a little cottage that brought us to a stop with a catch in our throats. Its walls were blown out, and in the rear the ceiling of the second floor had fallen over the kitchen range. The front bedroom remained, with its outside wall swiped off; in it were a little white bed, a table with a reading-lamp, a pair of slippers, a wardrobe hung with women's clothes, with some hat-boxes above. The door-jam underneath was supported by the only part of the front wall still standing. Set in the bricks at the side was a neat brass plate, with the sign, "Madame Houdain, Modes." The story of Madame Houdain would seem to need no further telling.

We were leisurely crossing the square by the railway station when a picket rode out on a bicycle. The open place was directly in the line of the German gun-fire, he said, and he begged us to hurry. We hurried. The fire arrived with us as we entered the Grande Place. We winced at two loud detonations in the low clouds above, and the soldiers in the shelter of the arcade thought it very amusing. It would have been funnier to me, I am certain, had I been under the arches with them.

These arches run completely around the Grande Place, a relic of the Spanish occupation. The troops were bivouacked under them, their guns stacked, and the smoke of their mess-stoves rolling out into the mist. They were passing their moments of relaxation in playing cards or lolling about until dusk, when the time came to relieve their comrades in the trenches just outside the city walls.

VICTOR HUGO says of Arras: "There are two curious squares with scrolled gables in the Flemish-Spanish style of the time of Louis XIII. In one of the squares, the smaller, there is a charming town hall of the fifteenth century adjoining a delightful house of the Renaissance."

I well remember the town hall. Its

splendid belfry towered above the city, and was the first landmark to be sighted as one approached by motor. It was supposed to be the finest Gothic edifice in northern France. At the top of the tower was a crown, below were three bronze clocks, and in the belfry was an enormous bell the people called "La Joyeuse." This was a shining mark for the German guns. After they had been driven out beyond the walls of the town in October, and placed their batteries on the hills to the east, they began the endless bombardment of Arras, with the belfry of the town hall as the bull's-eye on the target.

The first shell fired at the town hit the tower, and little by little it was shot away until it was only slightly higher than the near-by housetops. Military necessity might again be offered here as an excuse, for the top of the tower undoubtedly afforded an unobstructed view of the surrounding country-side; but one must look for a better reason in a war where scouting aëroplanes and captive balloons have superseded more stable methods of making observations.

An excuse as logical as any other can be found in the amazing statement of a German officer. Following the shocked protests of the neutral countries after the German devastation of last autumn, Major-General von Ditfurth thus expressed himself in the "Hamburger Nachrichten" of November, 1914:

> It is of no consequence if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, and all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world were destroyed, if by their destruction we promote German victory over her enemies. The commonest, ugliest stone placed to mark the burial-place of a German grenadier is a more glorious and perfect monument than all the cathedrals in Europe put together. Let neutral people cease their talk about the Cathedral of Rheims and all the churches and castles in France that have shared its fate. These things do not interest us.

I had been in a way prepared for it, yet the complete destruction of the *hôtel de ville* was a more distressing picture than any I had imagined in my sordid dreams. The irregular arches at the base were still standing, badly cracked, punctured with holes, and covered on the left by huge piles of broken masonry. Of the Renaissance building on the same side only a single jagged fragment remained; that fell before a shell the next afternoon. On the right, the building retained something of its former outline, but it was gutted inside, and the elaborate details—columns, lintels, arches, and portico—were smashed out of all semblance to their former graceful beauty. A huge pile of powdered white stone was heaped against the lower walls; against it an automobile, evidently struck during the first bombardment, stuck out of the ruins, its bonnet smashed, and its upholstery and tires burned off.

There was only a shapeless mass of calcined stone left, like a jagged tooth, to suggest what had been the famous tower in the center. White plastered walls behind, bits of broken furniture and wainscoting burned to cinders, great holes in the masonry, the points of the arches broken, and the remnants of the sculptured detail crushed beyond recognition—that was all. It was a ghastly sight. The rain increased as we stood in the Petite Place; the thunder that followed was almost drowned by the roar of artillery from the German and French positions to the east, and the occasional explosion of a shell against the gabled houses.

I began a sketch from the left arcades of the Petite Place, but there was a sentry after me in a moment. It was a *"mauvais côté,"* he said, and he pointed to the marks of shrapnel on walls and window-shutters and to the flagstones littered with fragments of shell. Later, from a more sheltered spot beneath the arches at the far side of the *place*, we saw a bomb swipe off the tiles and part of the chimney of that same old gabled house. It was, as the sentry had said, a "bad side." Toward dusk, as the artillery fire slackened, we made our way through

"At the end of a cul-de-sac, the shells tearing through the narrow street had blown out the walls of a house from beneath its roof"

tortuous, deserted streets back to the motor-cars and slipped through the mist to our headquarters at Doullens over the way we had come.

LATER.

Blangy is a suburb of Arras. I had never seen the name in print before the war, but whenever I read in the brief *communiqué* "that there has been counter-mining and hard fighting with grenades in the environs of Arras," I think of Blangy. We crept gradually up to it late in the afternoon. The *boyau,* or communicating trench, began in the rear of a very much shot-up factory building on the edge of the town. So gradually we approached, in fact, that we were well within the trenches before we realized that we were in the actual front line.

We encountered tired-looking soldiers coming out after what might be called a hard day's work. Others followed us in, carrying long poles on their shoulders, suspended from the middle of the pole a steaming earthen pot of soup for the evening meal. There were others with pick-axes, intrenching-tools, and sand-bags to bolster up a threatened spot. The air was charged with moisture, and as we stumbled forward,—the trenches were rough and slippery with mud,—we were sprayed with drops of water from the red poppies hanging over the edge of the long ditch. At irregular intervals, either ahead or behind, my ears caught a muffled sound like the spit of a firecracker exploding on a wet pavement. This was the report of the modern French rifle. It seemed a very mild affair when I thought of the kick and heavy detonation of the Springfield "45" of my militia days. There was little noise, no smoke.

The trenches were exceedingly roomy, and they were so high that we could keep well below their upper crust without stooping. We felt secure and reasonably well protected; it seemed incredible that only a short distance away prying German eyes were watching the line for the slightest movement.

As we emerged from the *boyau* we had to bend nearly double; then some dead walls intervened, and we could stand upright again. There was more whining of shells as we followed a circuitous route, taking advantage of a hedge or a garden wall wherever possible, up to the brewery at Blangy. At this point, I believe, the trenches are closer together than at any other in the long line from the Vosges to the channel. To be exact, they are twenty yards apart. The Germans occupy a small outbuilding, the French all the rest of the establishment. It is the only recorded case where the Germans ever occupied a brewery, and then were forced to give it up again. When they were driven outside the walls of Arras, they fell back on Blangy. Bit by bit they yielded in the street fighting, the lines so close together that the German artillery, enveloping Arras on three sides, was powerless to come to the aid of its infantry.

With hand-grenade or bayonet they were backed out of Blangy until they were clinging by their toes to the battle-scarred outbuilding in the far corner of the brewery. These brewery buildings are like a Chinese puzzle—a confusion of vats, store-rooms, sub-cellars, broken walls, rafters burned to a crisp, sand-bag intrenchments, corrugated iron bomb-proofs, ditches, and crumpled brick and stone. Such a maze it is that the French themselves do not know it. The field-hospital is in a protected spot in a sub-cellar behind a brewer's vat. For the benefit of those who carry the wounded, at every doubtful turning the way to it is marked on the walls by a red cross with a red arrow beneath it.

Near the far end of the brewery is an old house. The dormer-window is blown out, leaving a gaping hole, and the tiles on the roof are shot off. We climbed up to the garret by a rickety stairway littered with discharged cartridges and broken bits of plaster. We stooped low, to avoid being seen as we passed the opening where the dormer-window had been. A soldier had cut a larger hole in the interstices between the boarding. Through it we could glimpse a gray ditch sixty yards away, wagons in the ditch as a barricade, shell-torn houses on each side, a clump of trees beyond, and round white puffs of shrapnel hanging close to the hills in the distance. There was no sign of life in the German line, but you had that mysterious feeling that thousands of unseen eyes were watching you. Then, apparently without the slightest excuse, for there was no one at all in sight, there would be the spit of a rifle in the French trenches at our feet.

I carefully poked my camera through the hole between the boarding, and pressed the bulb. Then we dived under the opening where the dormer-window had been, and quietly made our way down the rickety stairway.

A little farther on we reached the point where the French and German lines al-

most meet. There was a hush over everything. We were cautioned to whisper and to walk on tiptoe. The sand-bag barricades somehow gave us an abnormal sense of protection. There were, to be sure, the desultory reports of rifle-fire from both sides, and occasionally a soldier immediately in front of us would launch a hand-grenade, just as a boy would swing a crab-apple off the end of a stick. Beyond the topmost line of the trench a shattered gable, with skeleton chimneys and blackened rafters, showed through the drizzle of rain. This was the German line, not farther away than the width of a city street, so close that we felt almost as though we could reach out and touch the enemy. The *Poilus,* with their heads against the butts of their rifles, were alert and watchful. But I experienced a greater feeling of security here than in the garret with the narrow slits between the boards and the open space where the dormer-window had been.

(To be continued)

Last Lines of the Poet of Suma

(Japan)

By CALE YOUNG RICE

A BROKEN bell
Under a rent thatch tower
Beside a ruined temple
Of Suma Mountain.
To it each hour
The mist comes like a priest,
But cannot sound it.
Ever anear I dwell.

For so my heart,
Broken by age and sadness
And twined about with ruin
And death, is hanging.
And if dim gladness
Comes like a silent wraith
And seeks to sound it,
Only the tears start.

The British Foreign Policy and Sir Edward Grey

By ARTHUR BULLARD

Author of "Are We a World Power?" etc.

"WHY do the Conservative papers never attack Sir Edward Grey?" I asked an English friend a few months before the outbreak of this war.

Partizan politics in England were at their worst: Mr. Lloyd George was being hanged in effigy; several members of the Asquith cabinet were being charged with scandalous manipulation of the Marconi shares; the Tory newspapers were vehemently and often scurrilously attacking the policies and personalities of the Liberal ministers, but there was never a word against the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, though to me he seemed the one man in the cabinet who was most vulnerable. I was told that it was a tradition of British politics not to drag foreign affairs into the quarrels of domestic politics.

The word "tradition" has a peculiar charm to Englishmen. They like to label as "traditional" anything of which they approve. This idea, that international relations must not be mixed in with home disputes, is comparatively new. Foreign policy was the prime issue in the party fights between Gladstone and Disraeli.

But whether it should be called a tradition or a recent policy, it is the present practice of the British not to criticize the foreign minister. The leaders of the opposition are informed of all important developments in international politics, and so the "outs" share responsibility with the "ins" in the relations of Great Britain with the rest of the world. It results that whoever happens to be foreign minister is shrouded in mystery. Other members of the cabinet have to submit to hostile discussion of their acts; on the floor of the House of Commons and in the newspapers their policies are threshed out in open debate. There is no official criticism of the conduct of foreign affairs.

Now and then an individual member breaks away from "party discipline" and asks an embarrassing question. The foreign minister, or the premier, speaking for him, makes a few eloquent and platitudinous remarks about the grandeur of the British Empire; the party whips are snapped; the loyal party-men on both sides of the house cheer wildly, and proceed to the next item of business.

Sir Edward Grey has filled his office protected by this comfortable tradition. The interests that he represents are so stupendous that he is placed above personal criticism. To embarrass him would be considered treasonous. There is no other person of like importance in British public life who is so little known.

From many sides we are assured that Sir Edward is a typical English gentleman; but this is a most uninforming description. This war has tended to make us think of the various European countries as units. In times of peace we knew that they, like ourselves, were all houses divided against themselves. In France the nation had been forced into two camps by the passionate struggle between church and state; in Russia there was desperate warfare between the czar and his subjects; we knew that in imperial Germany there was a growing Social Democratic party which already cast four million

votes; and in no country was the division clearer and the two sides more evenly balanced than in Great Britain. Is the foreign policy of Great Britain directed by a typical English Tory or a typical English Liberal? It is an important question for us in America. In the first case we may expect continual friction; in the second, we can look forward confidently to wholehearted cordiality.

The English, in their dealings with us, are inclined to rely overmuch on the proposition that "blood is thicker than water." We have too often seen this mystic liquid heated to the point of vaporization. Most American historians are agreed that if the British Government in 1776 had been in the hands of a Liberal we would not have revolted. But the bull-headed, ruthless Tory Lord North was in power, and we found him unbearable.

During the long struggle with Napoleon three great figures arose in English politics. They have furnished the "types" of British statesmanship. Pitt stood for the reaction, for conquest, for force; and helped by the sinister passions which war always raises, he won. For a generation the anti-democratic forces held high revel in England. Opposed to him was Fox, the most brilliant product of the spirit of progress in England. And between them wavered Burke; eloquently liberal on behalf of the American colonies, he was venomously hostile to the French Revolution; always changing color with the circumstances, he was the opportunist *par excellence*. Since then Britain has been ruled sometimes by the spiritual descendants of Fox, sometimes by the intellectual offspring of Pitt or Burke. Almost all English statesmen have resembled one or the other of these three.

The most recent example of this oscillation—and of its effects on Anglo-American relations—was the South African War. The crushing of the Boer republics was Pittism, and the great majority of Americans were anti-English. The descendants of Fox came into power in 1906. The organization of the South African Union was one of the proudest achievements of English political genius. There have been few nobler examples of the practical gain of a sincere effort at justice. The contrast between the success with which a liberal policy gained the loyalty of the defeated Boers and our clumsy and cruel Reconstruction policy after the Civil War is a glowing example of what is most admirable in the English mind. And as soon as it became evident to us that a really Liberal government was in power in London, the relations between the two countries, which had been strained, at once became cordial again. Blood, and its varying degrees of thickness, has little to do with it. The people of the United States are not pro-English; they are pro-Liberal.

Our own internal politics ought to help us to understand the struggle in England between the Foxes and the Pitts of our day. With them, as with us, the old party lines are largely meaningless. Each party, there as here, has its old guard and its quota of forward-looking men. Many of the Unionists are more progressive, from our point of view, than some of those who call themselves Liberal, for there are followers of Fox and of Pitt in both parties; but it is of the utmost importance for us to know all the time whether the actual foreign policy of Great Britain is typical of the England we admire or of the other England against which we revolted.

This tradition of shielding the foreign minister from criticism makes it extremely difficult to judge the personality of the man in the office. One can only estimate the character of the minister by the course of events and by such White Papers as he sees fit to issue. We know next to nothing of Sir Edward's motives; we can judge him only by visible results. They have not been altogether happy.

When he entered the Foreign Office, under the Liberal ministry of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in 1906, he inherited from his Tory predecessor, Lord Lansdowne, a foreign policy that, with few minor exceptions, he has continued. There is little in his administration which is of original conception.

The Conservatives, in the face of the general hostility caused by the Boer War, had given up the tradition of splendid isolation. The Entente Cordiale had been signed with France. King Edward and Lord Lansdowne had already committed Great Britain to the anti-German block in European politics. Sir Edward could not easily have backed out of this engagement. He was not even free to tell his own people of the "secret annex" by which he found himself bound. And the Entente with Russia was the logical and necessary outgrowth of the understanding with France.

The Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907 was, like the Entente Cordiale, on which it was modeled, eminently pacific in its wording. It was a colonial agreement by which Britain and Russia liquidated their outstanding quarrels in Asia. Both gave up claims which they had formerly said they would fight to maintain. Europe was not mentioned in the published text. It was not necessary to do so. The amiable arrangement of these subsidiary colonial disputes allowed Britain and France and Russia to form a group which could counterbalance the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy. It was hard to determine whether the intent of this arrangement was offensive or defensive. The point is hardly worth discussing. Both groups suspected the other of malignant designs, and each took measures of defense that appeared offensive to the other.

The best construction that can be put on the British policy of ententes—and personally it seems to be the most probable—is that its object was to marshal a force which the Triple Alliance would be afraid to attack. This is certainly the way the Liberals—and they were in power—understood the matter. And I do not believe that Sir Edward and his colleagues of the British cabinet were secretly planning an armed aggression against the Germanic group. The nation certainly was not. But the Germans, not without plausible reasons, feared attack. If the British intentions were as pacific as claimed, it was poor diplomacy to allow them to be so thoroughly misunderstood. Telling the truth is only half the job; it is necessary to tell it convincingly. Sir Edward failed to be convincing.

There is not much serious Liberal criticism of this policy of the ententes of making friends. The only other alternative was for Great Britain to accept the monstrous military expenses which alone could have made isolation splendid. From the Liberal point of view the criticism against Sir Edward in the years preceding the war was directed at his methods of applying this policy.

The Liberals of Britain, as of every other country, want the influence of their Government in foreign affairs to weigh on the progressive side of the balance. An English Liberal wants British diplomacy to be everywhere a force for the advance of civilization and the progress of the race. Sir Edward's policy has everywhere strengthened the least liberal element on the Continent.

The German fear of British aggression has tended to throw the nation more and more to the side of the military party. Just as with us the question of how large an army we need depends on the likelihood of our being attacked, so in Germany the more they felt themselves surrounded by hostile nations, the more readily they voted military taxes.

In France, Sir Edward's policy played into the hands of the Colonial party, which was forcing the republic, in the face of the opposition of all the parties of the left, despite the often-counted majority of the Chamber of Deputies, into the discreditable Morocco adventure. And in Russia, when the struggle of the people against their despotic Government was at its height, when all the liberals of that country were looking to England for inspiration and help, Sir Edward signed his pact with the czar. It was a crushing blow to the liberal aspirations.

But it is in Persia and the Balkans that Grey's diplomacy has been most offensive to our friends, the Liberals of England.

Not until the archives are opened, many

years hence, will the public know the real course of the Anglo-Russian negotiations in the shabby history of the Persian affair. Some of the diplomatic correspondence has been published; not enough to clear up the situation, but enough to indicate a fairly clear policy—to let Russia have her way. Sir Edward seems to have feared that he might lose Russia's support in the greater game of European politics if he took any sort of firm and Liberal stand in less important colonial matters. In every dispute which arose over the Persian Agreement Britain gave way before Russia. The czar's government quickly realized the situation. Whenever a crisis arose in Europe which emphasized the value of close coöperation among the Entente powers, Russia launched a new aggression in Persia. At least once, and apparently oftener, Sir Edward overrode the advice of Spring-Rice, the British diplomat on the spot, and issued peremptory orders not to oppose the Russians. As Spring-Rice has since been advanced to the embassy at Washington, it is not probable that his chief distrusted his judgment. Apparently Sir Edward's guiding principle was not to offend Russia. By insisting on a loyal observation of pledges or by protesting against atrocities he might have weakened his European *bloc*. In fear of losing Russian aid in Europe, he was willing to sacrifice in Persia not only legitimate British interests, but also all that English Liberals would call common decency. From a humanitarian point of view the British record in Persia is the blackest in recent history. It is on a par with their Chinese opium war and their ultimatum to Portugal in 1890.

The policy of Sir Edward in the obscure intrigues of Balkan diplomacy seems to have been the same. The unhappy peninsula was recognized as a Russian sphere of influence. Great Britain was disinterested. There is a certain poetic justice in the present situation. If the powers of the Entente had fostered the Balkan Alliance, the one hope of a decent Liberal solution of the near-Eastern problem, the Dardanelles would not have been closed. But Russia did not approve of Bulgaria, and, at the czar's suggestion, Sir Edward withdrew his patronage from Bulgaria and made a new friendship—which by this time has become traditional—with Russia's protégé, Servia.

The justification of this subservience to Russia in Persia and the Balkans depends on the reality of the German menace. Professor Gilbert Murray in his pamphlet, "The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey," thinks that he was justified in sacrificing all ideals of British Liberalism in the near East because the threat from Germany was so menacing. It is a doubtful sporting proposition for the foreign minister of a great empire to buy safety for his own people at the expense of a weak and struggling nation like Persia, but it is of course in accord with the traditions of diplomacy.

Professor Murray, the most eminent Liberal defender of Sir Edward's policy, writes, "I do not feel any enthusiasm for our Persian record," but he holds that this policy was imposed on Sir Edward by the sinister necessity of consorting with people who were not gentlemen, of working with sorry tools, in order to preserve Europe from the catastrophe of German domination.

But this is a boomerang defense. It brings matters to an unfortunate dilemma. If Sir Edward was so aware of the German menace that he felt justified in holding the ring while the Cossacks were massacring the liberals of Persia, why did he not warn his own people of this danger? The Liberal ministry to which Sir Edward belongs explain their lack of preparedness on the ground that they did not take the German menace seriously.

Sir Edward Grey seems to lack the sharp definition of either Fox or Pitt. He is more nearly akin to the chameleon Burke. A country gentleman by birth and tradition, he holds office in a Liberal ministry. In order to oppose what he and his party felt to be a wave of military reaction in Europe, he played the even more reactionary politics of the czar in Persia and the Balkans. To insure the

cordial coöperation of the French Republic, he encouraged the enemies of Liberalism in France.

So we in America must not be surprised if one day he speaks to us in the voice of Fox and the next day acts after the manner of Pitt. But we must with care avoid the error of identifying Sir Edward with the great nation he represents. There is an immense amount of true Liberalism in England—on which we can hope to build an ever-increasing friendship—even if it does not always show in their foreign policy.

When we turn to a consideration of British foreign policy since the outbreak of the war, we must remember that civil government has nearly ceased to exist. The generals and admirals do the acting, and there is little left to diplomats except the thankless task of trying to explain these acts. But here again the mystery which surrounds the British Foreign Office makes it quite impossible to *know* how much real power and responsibility is left to Sir Edward. There are rumors afloat in London—plausible rumors—of discord in the cabinet, quite like the reputed disagreement between the German chancellor and Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. It is more than probable that Sir Edward has disapproved of policies he has been forced to defend. But as long as he remains in office and maintains the veil of secrecy, he must be considered responsible. And British foreign policy since the outbreak of the war does not seem to have been inspired by a descendant of Fox.

The outstanding diplomatic fact of this first year of war is that Great Britain, while she won great popularity among all the neutral nations by entering the conflict, has lost friends everywhere. Announcing herself in August, 1914, as the defender of the rights of small nations, she is now in diplomatic conflict with all of them. Her navy has committed acts of war in the neutral waters of Chile and Norway. Her expeditionary force in the Mediterranean has occupied some of the Greek isles, on the same principle that necessity knows no law which led the Germans to enter Luxemburg. As a reprisal against the unpleasant means of warfare adopted by the Germans, she has interfered with the neutral rights and non-contraband trade of Holland and Sweden and Switzerland. A year ago the small states of Europe were glad to be protected against German aggression. To-day a growing public opinion is asking if the cure is not worse than the disease.

The relations between Britain and the United States illustrates in a small way the situation of the European neutrals. In normal times less than ten per cent. of our production of wealth is exported overseas. So the various bizarre blockades that the English have busily invented have not affected us with anything like the gravity they have had for such maritime nations as Norway or Holland. But despite our small interest in the sea trade, the policy of Sir Edward has noticeably decreased English popularity in America; it has turned many former friends into outspoken enemies.

In the matter of cotton the British policy has been anything but straightforward. They have tried to pay us with words. At the outbreak of the war they decided to buy our sympathy with a great bribe. Out of consideration for our feelings, they would not put cotton on the contraband list. For this we were expected to be very grateful, and to recognize the entire justice of their cause. Then they set to work to stop our cotton trade with Germany without declaring it contraband. The horrid word was to be avoided, and this turned out to be the extent of the "concession."

The *Dacia* incident was an amusing example of the English effort to accomplish a result without seeming to. "See how friendly we are!" they said. "We are going to let you sell your cotton to Germany." But the one possible way to get a cargo of cotton to Europe was to buy or charter a ship. Half the world's merchant fleet was in hiding or engaged in auxiliary war-work. The only ship available for the cotton trade was the *Dacia*.

And when at last the *Dacia* sailed,—

some one being naïve enough to believe that the English did not object to our selling cotton to Germany,—British warships trailed it across the ocean. They did not interfere with it,—that might have led to hard feeling in America,—they arranged to have a French cruiser pick it up. The theory of this operation was that their ally was not bound by their promises. In London this was considered a very clever solution of a delicate situation. We were expected to admire the finesse with which they had passed us a bad coin.

Sir Edward insists that it is entirely neutral—in fact, the real essence of neutrality—for us to help them against the Germans by selling them the munitions they are unable to make for themselves; but in his view it is hideously unneutral for Sweden to sell anything to Germany. Britain has not declared war on Holland, and so of course is not blockading the Dutch ports; but the Dutch, the most neutral nation in Europe, having many good friends on both sides, ask what the difference would be if a real blockade was instituted. Under the threat of financial and commercial boycott, by stopping all ships entering or leaving her unblockaded harbors, Britain has forced Holland to promise not to trade with Germany.

If Sir Edward is surprised that this sort of juggling with words makes enemies, he is quite as weak in diplomatic psychology as those Germans who believed that all British colonies would revolt as soon as England became involved in war, and that we would grasp the opportunity to try to annex Canada.

Now, it is sometimes necessary and even noble to make enemies. Sir Edward cannot be seriously criticized for having done so if he can show any compensating result. This feeling of sullen enmity—most of the nations he has offended are too weak to defend their rights—has been caused by the British effort to starve Germany into submission. But the German armies, after a year of this starvation, do not seem to be noticeably underfed. The conviction seems to be growing, even in England, that the war cannot be won by naval action alone. It will be necessary to fight.

The central aim of British foreign policy is the control of the sea. This is a real tradition which goes far back into the history of the nation. Quite aside from the broader question of whether or not it is well for the world to have Britannia rule the waves, it is certainly important for the British Empire. The proud boast that the sun never sets on the Union Jack implies a grave danger. The empire could no longer exist, as at present organized, if it became impossible to despatch troops at any minute to any corner of the world. And future British opinion in regard to Sir Edward Grey will probably hinge on the question of whether this sea control was strengthened or weakened under his administration.

And any such judgment will be inherently unjust to him. It is difficult to see what he could have done about it. At most statesmanship might have postponed for some years the fate which was inevitable. The resources by which the English dominated the seas have been weakening these many years. And the last generation has seen a great access of power to those who were inclined, or might become inclined, to dispute her position. The progress of science by itself would sooner or later have made it impossible for one nation to hold the empire of the seas.

It is unsound to push too far the analogy between navalism and militarism. The two things can never be quite the same. Control of the sea may help to dominate the land, but it is inherently different. Nobody lives "at sea." The ocean is a sort of social vacuum. Every one upon it, except yachtsmen, is straining every effort to get to land. While imperial dominance over the nations can be realized only by military despotism, it is possible to conceive of absolute control of the sea based on general consent. As long as it is fairly just, few have any interest in disputing it. The British Naval Empire has to a large extent been of this kind.

While every effort to subdue the Con-

tinent of Europe has implied continual war, England has only occasionally had to fight to maintain her sea-rule. The uninhabited waves do not revolt.

The free use of the seas is a vital necessity to the English. They have tried to secure this by force. At times their navy has been strong enough to face all the world combined, but those times were long ago. For a while they had a tradition that their sea-force must equal any two other navies combined. But this "two-power standard," which they have found too expensive to maintain, would be utterly insufficient if any strong third power had joined the hostile combine. For many years Britannia has ruled the waves because the rest of the world did not object.

Far-sighted Englishmen have always realized that their maritime interests demanded a policy which would reduce the amount of hostility to their sea-rule to a minimum. What they really want is security for their immense mercantile fleet. It is manifestly to their disadvantage to offend other people unnecessarily in attaining this end. It is hard to find any seafaring nation which their recent policy has not offended.

The "phantom blockade" has immensely increased the unpopularity in Europe of the British sea-rule.

If the war should end to-day, the British admiralty would have to take into account the possibility that the Scandinavian countries and Holland, Spain, and Greece might join in any hostile naval combination. None of these nations has a strong fleet, but their sum is considerable. Regarded as a purely European problem, England's use, or misuse, of her sea-power has largely increased the number of her ill-wishers, and this will be reflected in the size of her future naval budgets.

The situation in regard to the United States may become even more serious. Nothing would seem more stupid than for Britain to make us dissatisfied with her manner of controlling the sea. Since 1812 we have had few serious conflicts on the water with our ex-mother country. We certainly do not want trouble. We are in no sense of the word a rival in naval matters, as we have no ambition to rule the waves. But without doubt peevishness at England's arbitrary actions in this war, nominally to punish Germany, has strengthened the hands of our navalists. And every battle-ship we lay down is an added menace to British supremacy at sea —a new unit to be reckoned as a possible element in an anti-English naval coalition.

It has happened that whenever vexation has run high against England in this war, Germany has committed some worse stupidity, like the sinking of the *Lusitania,* and has relieved the tension. But Sir Edward can hardly claim credit for this.

The British sea-rule is threatened from another quarter. During the course of the war it is manifestly to the interest of all her allies to have England rule the waves. So far her naval action has been her chief contribution to the struggle. But as soon as the common aim is attained,—the defeat of Germany,—the situation changes at once. France and Italy are maritime and colonial powers. If the Dardanelles are opened, Russia becomes a Mediterranean power. They are as much interested, aside from the abnormal circumstances of this war, in the freedom of the seas as Holland or Germany.

England can regain her old position only by convincing her possible rivals that she will rule the waves as much in their interests as in her own. It will be hard to do. For, under Sir Edward's administration, the ententes, while maintaining their vigor as fighting pledges, have become decidedly less cordial. Britain seems doomed to share the expense—and glory—of sea-rule with some allied maritime nation.

While such a decentralization of naval power, a step toward the internationalization of the sea-routes, will be welcomed by the rest of the world, it will be a bitter pill for the imperialists of Britain. Sir Edward could not have prevented it, but he will go down in history as the foreign minister under whose administration the empire of the seas passed from the British.

Children of Hope[1]

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

CHAPTER IV

THE FATES LEAD THE GRACES TO THE PENSION SCHWANDORF

ON the first of June the Goodchild family left Paris for Switzerland. They entered a land where the sky was filled with amethyst and silver peaks, where lakes spread green ripples between steep heights of verdure, where steamboats released one into villages clinging round the skirts of precipices, the chalets shaded by a row of chestnut-trees, the casino a-twitter with flutes and violins, and, clustered behind the church, some graves adorned with wreaths of metal pansies encircling a photograph. They saw the Falls of the Rhine, the Lion of Lucerne, the bear-pit at Bern. They peered through the clouds on Rigi-Kulm, shaded their eyes from the splendor of the Matterhorn, or, in the thin air of the Brünig Pass, bought from a mountain-child bouquets of edelweiss.

Then they descended into different country. The rounded hills, which all seemed sloping to the south, were covered with vineyards. The German station-signs gave place to French. As the train curved down through a meadow of spring flowers, all at once Lake Leman spread its sheen afar, while high above three motionless felucca sails, that nearly melted into the scintillations of the water, Mont Blanc sent forth lambence, like a daytime moon. Geneva was close at hand.

But Thalia, staring out across Lake Leman, thought, "Every change of landscape separates us more and more!"

Meanwhile, she reflected, the black-haired young woman of the Cherbourg tender was no doubt in Paris still, continually seeing him, laughing at all his jokes, and able, if she learned of his behavior in the music-hall, to tell him he was forgiven! And Thallie pictured to herself the attitudes of such a reconciliation—sweetly magnanimous gestures which even ended, maybe, in a caress?

Her thoughts were scattered by the shout, "Gare de Cornavin!" The train had reached Geneva.

The blue Rhone, tumbling beneath its bridges, separated long quays lined with whitish buildings and avenues of trees. From the balconies of a pension in the Rue des Alpes one looked across the lake-end toward a park behind which ascending roofs and spires fringed the panorama of the snow-caps. In the evening, when Mont Blanc reluctantly withdrew its glimmer from the sky, the shores of Lake Leman were defined by miles of twinkling lights, and from the courtyard of the pension there rose, with a scent of dewy foliage, the quaver of a wandering minstrel, whose impromptu ballad, just as in the days of Bonivard, meandered through a tale of piety and patriotism, imprisonment and lingering death.

The pension was inhabited by some pleasant, quiet gentlewomen who seemed

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to have wandered over Europe half their lives. The after-dinner talk was about dressmakers' prices, towns where peculiar laces could be bought, the relative merits of pensions in Switzerland and Italy. All agreed that the nicest place in Florence was the Pension Schwandorf, kept by an old lady who had once seen better days. Aglaia made a note of the address.

She begrudged the time she had to spend in wandering about Geneva, in visiting Coppet, Lausanne, Montreux, Chillon. As soon as she was attired for the day, she slipped into the parlor, seated herself at the pianoforte, and uttered, full voice, a phrase from "Madame Butterfly." At her first pause the crystal chandeliers gave forth a clash: some one up-stairs had jumped violently out of bed. But Aglaia went on singing till Thallie, Frossie, and Mr. Goodchild bustled in.

The father wore his loose black cutaway coat with wrinkled tails; a string-tie of black satin was negligently knotted underneath his bushy beard; his pearl-colored trousers descended in baggy folds to his Congress gaiters, and he was ready to clap over his high, pallid brow the wide-brimmed black felt hat which his daughters could not persuade him to abandon.

"Have you got the Baedeker, Aggie?"

"Aggie, are my new gloves in your room?"

"Please, Aggie, see what 's the matter with my waist."

"Come, children! We 'll have to hurry if we 're to do the art museum, the cathedral, the town hall, the Russian church, and catch the train for Ferney!" For that afternoon they were going to inspect Voltaire's château.

At Ferney they passed through a gateway into a fine estate, the landscape tinged with that melancholy which pervades the site of a departed greatness. Here he had wandered in old age, reaching out his clouded cane, nodding his wig, and showing his sardonic, gentle smile! The girls, as though the spring breeze had been wafted to them from the eighteenth century, seemed to see, at the end of leafy *vistas,* ladies whose silken gowns could be passed through finger-rings, whose small heads, covered with curls, turned slowly at the sighs of gallants in black satin coats embroidered with forget-me-nots. But far down the *charmilles,* a tall modern, approaching at a measured pace, head lowered and hands clasped behind his back, drove all those charming ghosts away. He drew near, and raised his face. It was "Mr. Holland," whom they had seen in a New York restaurant!

With impersonal courtesy, he raised his hat and stood aside. But Aurelius Goodchild, finding in this strange land one face that he had seen before, was as much delighted as though he had met a long-lost friend.

"You have forgotten me?" he exclaimed, eagerly holding out his hand.

The stranger's glance, amiable, but puzzled, passed from Aurelius to Aglaia, to Euphrosyne, to Thalia. He replied in his quiet voice:

"The Hotel ——, New York, May second, 12:30 A.M."

"How small the world is!" Mr. Goodchild cried. "But my daughter Thallie was the one to realize that fact when she insisted that we 'd run into you again somewhere over here."

Mr. Holland had no trouble in identifying Thallie by her blushes.

He, on his every visit to Geneva, made a pilgrimage to Ferney. He knew the place well, and offered to guide them through it. As they set out toward the château, the girls scrutinized Mr. Holland furtively from head to foot.

He wore an outing suit of tweeds, a cloth hat to match, a soft collar pinned under a cravat of knitted silk, gloves of dogskin, tan boots covered with dust. He had walked to Ferney from beyond Coppet, a distance of fifteen kilometers. On the garden terrace he tried to point out that route, but the three Graces kept looking up sidewise at his face.

That was the countenance of a man who had lived forty years in self-respect—a visage at once fine and rugged, not in the slightest handsome, yet capable of expressing as much gentleness as sternness.

None of them could imagine him flying into a rage or flushing from shame or giving way to despair. He irradiated calmness, strength, success. Surer than ever that he was in some way famous, they hung upon his speech in hopes that he would let fall the enlightening word; but Mr. Holland went on talking of Voltaire.

The château explored, he seated them round a tea-table on the garden terrace. He took off his gloves; again they saw on his left hand the gold ring set with a graved carnelian. Aurelius admired the stone, which bore, in intaglio, two classic figures, one riding a ram, the other falling into waves.

"See, children, it is Phrixus and Helle! Am I not right, sir?"

Mr. Holland, glancing at him sharply, assented. The seal had been dug up in Asia Minor; indeed, he had found it himself.

An archæologist? But they had imagined archæologists as absent-minded old fellows in snuffy coats, with spectacles pushed up on their foreheads, and frowzy sheafs of manuscript protruding from all their pockets.

Mr. Holland remarked that there were some extraordinary intaglios in the Naples Museum. Aurelius announced that in two days he and his daughters would be in Italy themselves. Aglaia, he explained, was anxious to take up her singing-lessons, Euphrosyne her novel-writing, Thalia her painting.

"And I may be moved to do something of my own with pen or brush. I have a feeling that Florence will inspire me." His mild eyes burned suddenly with their old-time fire as he raised his sensitive face and added: "Look at Titian! Look at Mommsen! An immortal picture, a great history, can be conceived only by a mind that has had time to ripen." Aurelius took a great gulp of tea, passed a trembling hand across his beard, and gazed earnestly at Mr. Holland.

The latter smiled a sympathetic, grave assent, while his eyes, by the faintest gleam, betrayed his pleasure in the novelty of this encounter.

But the girls were more interesting than their father. Aglaia, in a dainty foulard gown the hue of autumn leaves, leaned back in her chair, her emerald eyes half-veiled. Her copper-colored tresses nearly matched the burnt-straw of the outing-hat which she herself had made after seeing the original in a show-window of the Place Vendôme. Her thin lips, which looked at the same time satirical and ardent, failed to express her thoughts; but her repose was pervaded by the subtle tension of a woman who is never off her guard.

Euphrosyne sat erect, her hands clasped, in the attitude of an hieratic statue. This pose, her firm young features, her eye-glasses, the prim arrangement of her bright-red hair beneath a violet toque, gave her a look of gravity. But hers was a natural, if somewhat stiff, composure, a rigidity that confessed a moral no less than a physical sedateness.

Thalia leaned forward, her plump elbows on the table-top, her fingers knotted before her milk-white throat, of which the double rimple showed between the ruffles of her corn-yellow gown. Everything about her seemed fluffy, soft, and yielding, impregnated with a vernal sweetness. Rich auburn ringlets were tumbling down before her ears. A peach-like flush extended over her cheeks clear under her small chin. The whites of her wide eyes were still faintly tinted with the bluishness of childhood. And her parted lips, "like rose-leaves filled with snow," seemed made to surrender to the first ravishments of love.

Mr. Holland, contemplating that eager, naïve face, all at once looked sad.

"Where do you stay in Florence?"

They turned to Aglaia, who replied:

"The Pension Schwandorf."

He approved of that choice. He had known Mme. von Schwandorf for nearly twenty years. "Ever since I was young," he added, with a smile at the three Graces.

A warmth of satisfaction tinged Aglaia's pallor. Here was another who did not suspect her thirty years!

All together they walked back to the gate, between the trees that had spread their shade for the creator of *Zaïre*. The girls wondered if this meeting was due to fate, if some solid benefit was not likely to result from it. A man of this sort, so polished, so impressive; who seemed to know all countries, who was undoubtedly acquainted with the most brilliant people!

He took train with them for Geneva, and even saw them to the pension door. Did this mean that he desired to call? Timidity prevented them from inviting him to do so.

"So you leave day after to-morrow?"

"Oh," laughed Aglaia, "our plans are always hit or miss. We may find ourselves still here next week."

"By that time," said Mr. Holland, "I may be back in this neighborhood."

Stooping to pick a scrap of timothy from her skirt, she bit her lip.

"At any rate, tell Mme. von Schwandorf that her old friend John Holland sends his love."

He shook hands with Aurelius, with Aglaia, with Frossie, with Thallie. So, after all, he had divined the sisters' relative ages! They watched him walk across the Quai du Mont Blanc, toward the landing-stages for the lake-boats.

Two days later they passed through the Simplon Tunnel down into Italy.

They tried to pronounce the new wayside names, which they found romantic and sonorous—Domodossola, Pallanza-Fondo Toco, Stresa, Arona. They called one another's attention to mountain shrines, rustic pergolas, marble-quarries, lush fields where peasant-women straightened their sturdy figures and stared. They rounded a lake, near the shores of which three islets bore up chrome-yellow masonry surrounded by cypress trees, like the bright little realms of fairy-tales where the lovers live happily ever after. At dusk, they rumbled into a station that echoed the cry, "Milano! Milano! Milano!" The Goodchilds, believing they saw on every side the Camorra, the Mafia, and countless independent assassins, hardly drew breath till they found themselves safe in the nearest hotel. That night Thallie's sleep, disturbed by the rattle of tramcars, was full of stilettos and shrieks.

In fourteen hours they viewed the cathedral, the castle, the parks, and the cemetery, bought gloves, tramped the picture-galleries, ate a *risotto,* praised the "Last Supper," tried on some hats, mailed post-cards to far-off Zenasville, watched a religious procession, a dog-fight, a parade of soldiers, a runaway, a performance of "Il Trovatore" at La Scala. In that opera-house Aglaia recalled Mme. Bertha Linkow. With curling lip, she reflected that some fine day, when she, too, was a famous singer, the volatile prima donna would manage to remember her very well —would even pretend, no doubt, that she had discovered her!

Meanwhile, with this endless sight-seeing, how many precious hours were going to waste! But at last, without having witnessed a single murder, they took the train for Florence.

At first they thought they were going to have the second-class compartment all to themselves; but just as the train was about to start, there scrambled in a swarthy, lean, shabby man, with mustaches brushed straight up from his flat, vermilion lips. He threw himself into a corner seat, spread a newspaper, and, over the page, kept staring at the sisters with the eyes of a vagabond who watches, between the half-drawn curtains of a great house, a supper of pheasant, truffles, pine-apples, and champagne. When sunshine flooded the car, to their horror they saw on the ragged cuff of his shirt a blood-red streak! Whom had he killed?

They sat perfectly still, cold tremors running over their heads, not daring to look again lest he realize they had discovered his dreadful secret. They pretended to admire the landscape; their voices died in their throats; at every movement made by the stranger their nerves contracted. At last the conductor made his rounds, accompanied by a carbineer in a three-cornered hat. And the Goodchild family, shrinking back against the cushions, awaited the moment of recognition, of

frantic resistance, of mortal combat. They opened their eyes. The conductor and the carbineer had passed on to the next compartment. With a glittering jack-knife the desperado was cutting an item from his newspaper.

At Piacenza he hailed a passing waiter and bought a small cup of black coffee. At Parma he finished the news, and again inspected his neighbors. At Modena he asked permission in English to light a cigarette. The spasmodic effusiveness of Mr. Goodchild's assent caused the stranger to respond with some genial remarks.

He, too, was a foreigner, a Greek. He envied them their first sensations in Florence, a city with which he was well acquainted. "And what a city that is! A *bijou*, a cup of gold, a gem!" He rolled up his large, thickly fringed eyes, while a well-pretended smile of ecstasy altered his face. What sinister trick did this politeness foreshadow?

The warm weather notwithstanding, he had on a brown plush waistcoat with marbled buttons. His broken collar was held together by a flowing tie, below which, as the breeze made it flutter, there showed on his shirt a round spot, the color of the streak on his cuff. All at once they realized that these were wine-stains!

Mr. Goodchild felt an immense remorse. What a wrong he had done this man; how well he had been punished for that injustice! "It is not often," he thought, "that retribution is so prompt." He discovered in this poor fellow-traveler's face an unexpected goodness. In the ensuing conversation, Aurelius far exceeded his usual expansiveness.

He disclosed to the stranger the reasons for their invasion of Europe, the hopes they had built on Florence, the name of the pension where they expected to stay. The Greek could not recommend the Pension Schwandorf. One ought to enter some nice Italian family, learn the language from daily conversation, and at the same time "penetrate the soul of the country." He wrote an address on a dirty scrap of paper which he took from a pocket-book swollen with newspaper clippings. Also, he named a singing-teacher much better than Valentino Mughetto, who, to be perfectly frank, was a charlatan! Florence, in fact, swarmed with swindlers of all kinds; especially one had to be on guard against foreigners who pretended friendship. He, for example, had been robbed that very morning in Milan while lighting a cigarette in the station. A chance acquaintance had taken out of his pocket not only some ninety francs, but also his card-case!

Mr. Goodchild made haste to produce a visiting-card of his own. By way of exchange, at the other's direction he wrote in his note-book, "Monsieur Constantine Farazounis, antiques, curiosities, commissions, box 387, general post-office, Naples."

At Bologna rather reluctantly Monsieur Farazounis rose, gave Aurelius a sticky hand-clasp, bowed low to the sisters, alighted, and marched away arm in arm with a burly fellow whose shepherd-plaid trousers were badly soiled round the bottoms.

"What an awful tramp!" exclaimed Thallie.

"His eyes," Frossie volunteered, "with all those oily, thick lashes, were positively indecent!"

"I think, after this," Aglaia remarked, "we 'll travel first-class." To herself she added, "And keep dad from telling the story of our lives at least to people like that!"

"My child! A good plain man, after all—"

"A good plain sharper! My first impressions are always right. We 'll be in luck if this one does n't make some bad use of your card."

They arrived in Florence. They had imagined a town of the sixteenth century, made up entirely of famous monuments and landmarks, in every part ready set for a comedy of Boccaccio or a tragedy of Dante. But as the cab conveyed them toward the northern quarter, they still saw long blocks of commonplace dwellings, with closed shutters, and avenues all

narrowing to the same mediocre vistas. Not a palace, not a loggia, not an antique fountain! Besides, since it was then the hottest hour of the afternoon, Florence seemed a city of the dead!

In a clean, wide street, with two rows of trees extending its full length, the cab stopped before a corner house, beside which a garden was confined by a tall iron fence. From the vestibule there ran out to them an agile, smiling little man in the gray mohair livery of a door-porter. And they read on a brass plate fastened to the wall, "Pension Schwandorf."

A wide hall, dim and cool, running back to a dining-room with crimson walls, was lined with book-cases and divans. On all sides appeared a dim confusion of ornaments: framed water-colors of gondolas and ruined towers, plaques of china and brass, strange weapons in papier-mâché, tufts of pampas-grass, faded photographs, and sea-shore souvenirs. Through a door to the left showed the outline of a pianoforte covered with Venetian brocade. To the right, behind glass portals, a large round table was littered with periodicals. The perfume of roses, diffused from bouquets placed here and there in vases, mingled with the perfume of old fabrics. The three Graces remembered Zenasville.

In the silence one heard, far off, the clatter of a bell, a faint cry of *"Arrivi!"* and presently foot-falls that echoed across long reaches of invisible bare floors. But suddenly, from a door in the wall, Mme. von Schwandorf entered.

Well past sixty, but with pale-yellow frizzes encircling her wrinkled brow, she showed a keen, kindly face in which remained a hint of Scandinavian, rather than Teutonic, beauty. From her salient nose, her still delicate mouth, her twinkling, faded eyes, one might have read the history of a crowded life, beginning in fervent enthusiasm, now drawing toward its close in resignation. A loose gown, decked with many dangling points of lace, exhaled a strong scent of bergamot. From among the ruffles of her sleeve a blond Florentine poodle stretched out his muzzle toward the strangers.

Aglaia said at once:

"Mr. John Holland—"

"John Holland!" cried Mme. von Schwandorf in the eager, liquid voice of Northern races, that seems when most amiable always close to tears. "That dear man! How long since I have seen him! But he is not here in Florence, or he would have called. I shall show you the room he had nearly twenty years ago, with the very same writing-desk. Indeed, it is part of a suite that will do so nicely for you."

She led the way through the crimson dining-room, then, through a glass corridor, across the garden, then into another building, and up two flights of stairs. A maid threw open some windows.

The two rear bedchambers overlooked the garden; the front room faced both garden and street. The high ceilings were painted with mermaids, griffins, and harpies, in the style of the Renaissance. The walls showed flowered paper of the gayest hues and most bewildering designs. The floors, of broad red tiles, were bare. In each apartment stood a stove of green-and-yellow porcelain. And the chintz covers of the chairs and sofas were grotesquely printed all over with camels, poppies, monkeys, pomegranates, butterflies.

But instantly the Goodchild family found themselves at home. These eccentric decorations were not able to dispel their feeling that they had reached at last a long-sought spot, where many influences, still unknown, were predestined to expand their souls.

When they had thrown their hats upon the iron beds, they leaned over the balcony of the front room. Already the broad, clean street, with its double row of trees, had a more friendly look. A breeze rustled the leaves; a few shutters swung ajar. A velvet-eyed lad lounged by, singing to himself a plaintive, wavering song. As his voice died away, a sweet, half-melancholy peace enveloped them. So Florence began to weave its spell.

The perfumes, the silences interrupted by melodious, distant sounds, the riotous

"**And Aglaia . . . knew** that she was not only more adroit than he, but also stronger"

hues that covered old masonry and the trunks of tropical trees, combined with the fervor of the Southern sun to loose in them sensations that the warmest seasons of the North had not aroused. As their young tissues eagerly drank in this ether of Italy, their hearts expanded to a subtler elixir still—the drowsy ecstasy, the passionate and soft delight, which is communicated from a place that has known many centuries of beauty, inspiration, and love.

Aurelius, standing on the Ponte Vecchio beside the bust of Cellini, let his eyes rove down the left bank of the river Arno, where old buildings rose on joists as in the Medici days. A fair face appearing in a casement full of flower-pots suggested to his mind the subject of a tragedy in verse. Fearful lest that inspiration pass, he jotted down some notes on the backs of hotel-bills already scribbled over with pencil-sketches—of flower-stands, porticos, beggars huddled on the steps of churches. Passing on, with lowered head, he bumped into pedestrians and donkeys as he reflected: "Her name should be Fiammetta and his Rodolfo. There is no reason why the Alexandrian meter would not be an excellent medium, if interspersed with prose dialogue in the comic relief, as in Shakspere's Italian plays." Then his daughters called his attention to the New Market, and, with the look of a somnambulist, he exclaimed: "Perfect! In this porch, at midnight, I will have Rodolfo set upon by the bravos of Piero de' Medici!"

When they returned to the pension from their explorations, the Goodchilds often saw Mme. von Schwandorf sitting in a little cubbyhole, half boudoir and half office, beside the vestibule. The poodle asleep in her lap, she was reading Anatole France, while a ribbon of cigarette smoke curled out between the persiennes of the window.

"And what nice things have you seen to-day, my dears?"

As they recounted the details of their excursion, her faded eyes grew soft beneath the yellow frizzes.

"Ah, these first impressions, these precious enthusiasms of youth! It is like love: repetition may bring deeper emotions, but never again the so delicate delights of the first kisses!"

And when she raised her eyes toward the painted cupids of the ceiling, one seemed to catch a glimpse of the girl she had been long ago, glowing, emotional, responsive, surely, in every fiber to the hot sunshine and the ardors of Italy.

The sisters, gathered round her chair, were mute. Thallie, stooping to touch the poodle's silky head, concealed her clouded face. Frossie stared at the page of Mme. von Schwandorf's novel, those paragraphs of French no more a puzzle than the loves which they undoubtedly related. But Aglaia's speculative eyes grew sharp as there came from the parlor a sound of music. Some one was playing on the piano a passage from "Tosca"—the "Vissi d'arte."

Once more she inquired of Mme. von Schwandorf:

"And Signore Mughetto?"

"Still at Montecatini."

Indeed, the "last master of the true *bel canto*" was hardly expected back in Florence before the autumn.

On the other hand, Thallie had heard of a painting-teacher, a middle-aged Frenchman, who was ready to begin instructing her at any moment. As for Frossie, her "novel of the time of Henry of Navarre" was half mapped out.

"For all my eagerness," Aglaia thought, "I am the one who must be balked!" And she wondered why her ambitions should seem to Providence less important than her sisters'.

In an access of will, she promised herself to pass, by hook or crook, every obstacle that fate threw across her way. She even vowed to attain her full desire before the others had finished their apprenticeship. But the notes of the piano, clear, strong, and accurate, reached her again, like the assured defiance of a rival. She went to see who was playing the "Vissi d'arte" in the parlor. It was a young man, a new-comer to the Pension Schwandorf.

Slender, long-limbed, dark-haired, showing, as it were, the profile of a neurotic younger brother of Julius Cæsar, he sat limply before the piano in a rumpled Norfolk jacket, and struck the keys with his white, bony hands. Suddenly, in caprice, his fingers ran from one end of the keyboard to the other, beat out half a dozen crashing chords, were still. The innumerable knickknacks of the parlor gave forth a long vibration. He turned, saw Aglaia in the doorway, and at once stood up.

"Want to play?" he inquired, in a high, nervous voice.

"This," she thought, "must be a real Englishman at last!"

"Not after you," she responded in a natural way, though thrilled all at once with a peculiar exultation. For her voice, habitually low and steady, seemed the absolute complement of his irregular, staccato tones, just as her pale, still beauty seemed to balance his dark restlessness, and her calm gaze to quiet his unstable eyes. Many men and women meet for the first time alone with a very subtle and perhaps unconscious crossing of the swords of sex—a feint, a parry, a swift instinctive test of strength, the issue of which may determine the outcome of all their common future. And Aglaia, even when those words and glances crossed, knew that she was not only more adroit than he, but also stronger.

As she realized this, her shoulders drooped the lower, she seemed to grow smaller, wistful, and appealing, while her eyes, raised to his, expressed the sweet humility of the traditional weak woman in the presence of the "dominant sex."

"How well you play!" she sighed.

"That? Just fooling. Fancied every one was out."

He was younger than she had thought, maybe twenty-seven or eight.

"You 're a musician?" she asked, while letting a look of hero-worship dawn in her green eyes.

"Goodness, no!" His expression told her that she had made an error, that he did not think very highly of musicians.

"But you?" he asked, with a tactlessness that nearly made her smile.

"I should believe I were if I could make that kind of music."

He laughed, trying not to show that he was flattered, but looking at her more warmly.

"You sing, though?" he stammered. "If you 'll try a song, I 'll manage the accompaniment."

"To-morrow."

For she had heard her sisters in the hall, and she wanted to complete the impression she was making before he met the others. With a timid smile she drifted from the room.

Going straight to the guest-book, she read that he was Cyril Bellegram, of Twelve Chimneys, Devonshire, England. That name, that place, seemed to Aglaia curiously congenial, and as familiar as if the words had passed before her eyes innumerable times in dreams.

CHAPTER V

THERE 'S NOTHING LIKE BRASS BUTTONS, AFTER ALL!

AGLAIA, in all the sentimental phases of her plans, saw herself the dominating partner. For her, man was the adversary who must be conquered and despoiled, though none the less desirable in his subjection. And she had for a long time believed that any woman of determination and intelligence could dominate any man.

Nearly all her life she had studied them from beneath her pale-fringed eyelids, spying out their weaknesses, divining their lines of least resistance, and in the end forming of their defenses a low opinion that was mixed with exultation. By putting forth her wiles in earnest, she might have held in Zenasville at least two youths, either of whom could have given her a home of mediocre comfort. But she had let them go, while her thoughts went forth from the little yellowish frame house to far-off places, where women no more adroit than she had won world-famous triumphs over men.

And now she had encountered Cyril

Bellegram of Twelve Chimneys, Devonshire, England.

Despite his rumpled jacket and his tousled hair, he had managed to appear distinguished. His speech and behavior had evidently been acquired in excellent society. Moreover, he seemed a person who would be at ease in a far finer place. One may find certain men sheltered by a modest roof, yet feel sure that they have in their pockets the keys of palaces. Even to Aglaia, Cyril Bellegram suggested the traditional young prince who has disguised himself to seek adventures through four hundred pages of a romantic novel. She would not have been surprised to learn that he was related to the English nobility. Perhaps there was a copy of Burke's "Peerage" in the pension.

Next morning, fully dressed before her sisters had sat up in bed, she descended to the main hall, and explored the bookshelves.

Her search was fruitless.

She wandered into the reading-room, through the glass doors of which she could observe the hall. In the last number of a Paris newspaper for Americans she read that a certain lady's Pomeranian was dead, that an aviation meet was to be held at Rome a few weeks hence, that the minaret-skirt was out of fashion, that Mme. Bertha Linkow had at last recovered from her broken leg. Was this the reason why the prima donna had not returned to them in Paris? "We may have misjudged her," Aglaia reflected, and determined to send off that very day a letter of condolence.

Suddenly cheerful, she went into the parlor, sat down at the piano, and began to play softly the "Vissi d'arte." All at once an Irish terrier tried to scramble into her lap, and Cyril Bellegram entered, wearing knickerbockers and a salmon-colored cravat, his damp hair dangling over one eye, his thin nose high, his teeth glistening.

"Don't stop."

"Such a weak attempt at imitation was n't meant for you to hear. What a nice dog!"

"Not bad. Shake hands with the lady, Bristles."

Bristles, raising his long face, which was ornamented with mustaches and a little beard like tufts of hemp, laid his paw in Aglaia's rosy palm. Stooping gracefully, she embraced his wriggling body, and his sharp bark was smothered by the perfumed ruffles at her breast. When he managed to lick her chin, she did not object.

"He does n't care for strangers as a rule," said Cyril Bellegram, looking at her approvingly, and putting his brier pipe back into his pocket.

She learned that he was bound for a tramp in the country. The hills round Florence were "not bad," but one gathered from his tone that there were finer hills in Devonshire. He would be gone till dusk, lunching at whatever village inn he found when he was hungry.

"How splendid to be able to walk all day like that!"

She gave him a frank, measuring glance which seemed to add, "You must be very strong!"

"Really? At home even the girls think nothing of it."

She shook her head wistfully.

"I could never do it. Five miles would probably finish me."

Evidently, he did not think less of her on that account; rather, her confession made her different from the girls at home, more interesting than before.

He maintained, however, that a mile of picture-galleries was more exhausting than a dozen on the road. They discussed the city's treasures, all of which he seemed to know by heart. It appeared that he understood Italian; he offered to lend her his copy of Dante in the original. She demurred:

"Before I could read it intelligently you 'd surely be gone from Florence."

"There 's no telling. I may stop anywhere a week, a month, or more. What old chap was it who said he 'd write 'Whim' above his hearth, or something to that effect? I knock about and suit myself."

"It must be wonderful. And you never get lonely?"

"When I do, I toddle home for a while. Drop it, Bristles! Come here, sir!"

The dog stopped mumbling Aglaia's fingers, crept to his master, allowed a leather muzzle to be strapped around his nose. Then he scampered off into the hall, made the marble vestibule resound with yelps, clawed the front door, reappeared in the parlor, fawned round Aglaia. Catching him by the collar, she kissed the terrier between his gleaming, tawny eyes.

"Good-by, Bristles!"

Thoughtfully she returned to her bedroom.

The others were already dressed in expectation of a visitor, the painting-teacher.

M. Alphonse Zolande was a Parisian in exile, once on a time a promising young artist resident in Rome, since then sunk gradually into obscurity. Lean, hollow-cheeked, leathery, dapper in a threadbare sort of way, he was just finishing half a century in which chagrin had far exceeded satisfaction. His gray mustaches, imperial, and pompadour suggested photographs of the painter Gérôme. His restless fingers were stained by nicotine; his vaguely effeminate costume exhaled a strong scent of cigarettes and chypre; in the silver ring on his right thumb the stone was replaced with a daub of sealing-wax.

He had a studio in Via de' Bardi, across the river Arno. There he received "more pupils in winter than at this time of year." One of his patronesses was Princess Tchernitza, now unfortunately away at some seaside resort. It was Princess Tchernitza—since one had mentioned her—that had sent him a young Bulgarian to whom, after a year of instruction, he had been forced to say, "I can teach you nothing more!" That extraordinary youth was now in Durazzo, executing a portrait of the new King of Albania.

Mr. Goodchild ventured an inquiry concerning the style of painting favored by M. Zolande.

"But all styles, Monsieur! It is for the intelligent master to permit one's individuality to flourish. No two real artists can be made out of the same mold. One must see for himself, one must choose for himself, one must be himself. It is my affair to show mademoiselle how this one and that one did so and so through the whole history of art; but what method mademoiselle herself will follow is for her to say."

All were sufficiently impressed except Aglaia. When the Goodchild family found themselves alone, she said:

"In my opinion, your M. Zolande is a big bluff."

"Since I 'm satisfied with him," retorted Thallie, "it 's all that 's necessary."

"How is he going to teach you anything, not speaking English better than that?"

"I shall soon understand his French."

"Even so, suppose you find out at last you 've wasted your money and your time?"

"Then I 'll come to you and say again I 'd rather have studied in Paris."

That day Thallie bought a brand-new painting-outfit, and next morning, escorted by Mr. Goodchild, she presented herself at the studio up four flights of stairs in Via de' Bardi, across the Arno.

In a large room, with plaster walls and a tiled floor, half a dozen kitchen-chairs, and as many battered easels, were set in a semicircle round a model's platform. A Japanese screen stood in the corner beside a divan, and through a half-open door one discerned a coffee-pot on a metal wash-stand. But one's gaze was arrested by a mammoth canvas portraying, in a smooth and gloomy manner, "The Defeat of Cyrus by Tamyris, Queen of the Massagetæ." It was a relic of the painting-teacher's optimistic youth.

M. Zolande, a bunch of pansies in his buttonhole, managed to explain that the last of his summer pupils had just departed for the country.

Aurelius persuaded himself that this was fortunate; the master could now give

all the more attention to Thalia. And after he had admired the "Defeat of Cyrus," peeped out through the north light, inhaled to the full the studio odors that he loved, he embraced his daughter, with a moist eye, and departed. He was much moved by the thought that Thallie's journey toward celebrity had begun at last in earnest. He was unaware that a European father, for reasons not related to the arts, would have disapproved of his immediate confidence in the Parisian.

M. Zolande, however, was most businesslike. Lighting a fresh cigarette, he examined Thallie's English paints, pearwood palette, and formidable sheaf of brushes. Then firmly he thrust everything underneath the divan. He found a wine-flask, stripped off its straw casing, laid it against an album, demanded that she draw it.

What a humiliating anticlimax to her expectations!

It was all the worse because even at this trivial task she did not suit him. She drew the flask first instead of the spaces visible about it; she paid attention to the outlines rather than to the masses. At last he sat down to sketch the objects in the proper way, and Thallie realized that she did not know how to draw a wine-flask and an album!

Her long labors in Zenasville, despite her father's guidance, had been futile. All that while she had gone on daubing in the uncritical enthusiasm, the blind self-complacency, of those whose work seems good because it is their own. Now her ignorance was revealed, as in a flash of lightning, by the comparison of these two simple studies; and suddenly the precious future seemed so far removed that she was no longer confident of attaining it.

Her pose relaxed; she stared down at her clasped hands; tears trembled in the corners of her eyes. M. Zolande, looking somewhat alarmed, exclaimed:

"But courage, Mademoiselle! One cannot be a Michel Ange immediately! It is the will to learn that is important. Come, next time we will draw it better."

And over her second sketch he waxed enthusiastic. It appeared that such quick receptiveness as Thallie's was unique in his experience. And he prophesied that in a fortnight she would be painting in full color from a model. Taking heart, she gave him a shy smile of gratitude.

Six days a week, Mr. Goodchild brought her to the studio at nine, and called for her at noon.

As the days passed, Thallie began to droop, but less from the July weather than because of an increasing sense of loss. In this summer Italy of heat and vivid hues and sensuous echoes, one could not, even by oil-paint, efface the images of love. "Where is he now?" she wondered, the palette sunk upon her knee, her eyes staring blankly at the canvas, and seeing there the face of the young man of the boat-deck.

A knock sounded on the door. The model slipped behind the screen. Aurelius entered, beaming. Walking home, Thalia scarcely heard her father's chatter.

Every day Mr. Goodchild, wandering through the city, found more delightful things to talk about. Besides, he was busy with his tragic poem of *Fiammetta* and *Rodolfo*.

It began as follows:

Where runs the Arno through the heart of Florence-town,
And out of palace windows beauty still looks down,
In Fourteen ninety-four, or somewhere thereabouts,
A damsel from her casement gazed with anguished doubts:
Along the Ponte Vecchio she could not espy
The object of her maidenly esteem draw nigh!
"Just Heav'n," she faintly cried. "If that foul Medici band
Has laid Rodolfo low with an assassin's hand!"

Aurelius now wrote his verses at a table of the Café Hirsch, in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. It was a resort of painters, sculptors, journalists, where every known artistic periodical seemed to be on file, and

where a *demi-tasse* of coffee cost four cents.

An awning shaded the tables on the sidewalk, but did not darken the interior. Here one might sit in comfort by the hour, gazing out through the plate-glass windows at the square, or watching the patrons come and go, their heads reflected in mirrors that ran round the walls. Aurelius soon learned to covet a particular corner. His waiter was a German-Swiss named Otto.

Short, fat, with glistening bald head and ruddy jowls, Otto made one wonder how a man with features all designed for jollity could look so woebegone. At first glance, one took the perspiration on his cheeks for tears.

He spoke English.

"Black coffee, Otto, if you please."

"Black coffee," moaned Otto, and dragged his heels across the floor to the buffet. Returning, he laid down the tin tray, with its cup and saucer, battered pot and sugar-holder, like one who relinquishes his last poor treasure at the order of a cruel conqueror.

"What a day, Otto!"

"Ah!" A groan of despair.

"The sun of Italy on Italy's monuments!"

"Ugh! Italy *und* her monuments, Mr. Gootschild! I can vish I have never seen them. Yes, I can vish I have never been alive." And finally he told his tale.

He had begun as omnibus in a hotel-pension at Vitznau, had spent two years as waiter in a London chop-house, had fallen heir to three thousand francs, regained Switzerland, married, opened a tea-room on the road to Arth. His passion had been to own, on Lake Lucerne, such a hotel as is honored with a star by Baedeker, motor-cars before the terrace, a string-band playing in the winter-garden, *soirées de gala* every Thursday night. But luck had been against him. His wife dying, he had gone bankrupt. Long service in neighboring countries had failed to yield sufficient capital to start again. Following his will-o'-the-wisp to Italy, now he was carrying pots of coffee, at four cents each, to patrons of the Café Hirsch. Nevertheless, he felt he had been cheated of his proper destiny. Off duty, he passed the doors of fine hostelries with the sensations of a man who watches interlopers flourishing in a mansion which he should have inherited.

Mr. Goodchild cast about for words of comfort.

"My dear friend, all your troubles seem to come from wanting something you are not sure would make you happy. As Epictetus said, 'It is not poverty that causes sorrow, but covetous desires; nor do riches deliver from fear, but reasoning. If, therefore, you acquire a habit of reasoning, you will neither desire riches nor complain of poverty.'"

"Ha! All very nice, Mr. Gootschild, for them who has no ambitions! But me!" Otto thumped the coffee-stained plastron of his uniform. "Me, who feels in here so sure, if I had got a chance already, I vould be great in my profession! Alvays it eats me up, that feeling. I might have turned avay millionaires in the high season; yet all I must do is to get penny tips from artists!"

Aurelius could not help sympathizing with fine dreams in whatever form.

"It 's true," he responded gently, "that fate seems to have been cruel to your aspirations. But have faith! Here or hereafter, we shall all rise to our ideal. Besides, the sky is often darkest just before the sun breaks through. Take my own case."

He described the coming of the legacy which had so changed his life and the lives of his three daughters.

When he pronounced the words, "a hundred thousand dollars," the other stared as if seeing him then for the first time. That day the waiter's farewell bow was more profound than previously. From the threshold of the café, Otto watched the tall figure in the rusty cutaway clear across the square. Four cab-horses stood in line before the arcade. Mr. Goodchild fed to each a lump of sugar—the four pieces which had been served him with his coffee.

He arrived at the pension toward dinner-time. Frossie and Thallie had not yet returned from the churches and the lace-shops; but Aglaia, as fresh as a flower in her evening gown, sat under the palmetto palm, deciphering Dante in the original, and, without seeming to do so, watching the glass corridor.

Cyril Bellegram usually regained the pension at this hour.

In the moonlit garden, where fireflies twinkled through the foliage, and blossoms spread a stronger perfume than by day, he and Aglaia had come to consider the bench beneath the palmetto as theirs alone, by right of nightly use. Here it was that she, with the shadows lending to her visage an ambiguous loveliness, drew from him confessions never made before —of youthful dreams which he had forgotten till now, of fancies that come to one in solitude, of the inclinations, lying deep in the heart, that direct the whole seemingly erratic progress of a life. What he did not disclose she managed to guess.

His father was a baronet; he had been to Oxford; he was now an idler. Still, he felt at times a strong desire to do something that might bring him fame, yet not be unseemly in an English gentleman.

He could write Latin poetry, draw horses and dogs, play the piano, speak Italian, French, and German, ride, shoot, fence, dance, mix a punch, name the popes and the kings of Europe backward. In his opinion, these accomplishments fitted him for nothing but the diplomatic service.

"Why don't you!" exclaimed Aglaia.

She saw the staircases of royal palaces, lined with lackeys, giving upon vast halls, where the wives of attachés, themselves attired like queens, made deep courtesies before a throne. She saw ball-rooms full of epaulets and jewels, a monarch halting to pay compliments that would thenceforth distinguish one from all the rest. She saw a shaded lamp above a desk inlaid with tortoise-shell, a despatch-box opened by a confiding husband, papers embellished with broad seals—the secret treaty, *the cipher* code, the ultimatum. For there were women who attained such moments, who held at their tongues' ends the secrets of a nation.

But the wife of a diplomatist would hardly be permitted a career in opera?

Nevertheless, she said softly:

"What you need is an incentive, an inspiration."

Life in the pension had already been reduced to a peaceful monotone. Every morning, in answer to their ring, the maid, Giannina, wearing the same smile, brought into Aglaia's bedroom the same tray of rolls and coffee. She was a stocky, strong-looking woman, prematurely past her youth, with sallow skin, large, mischievous black eyes, and the mouth of a comedian. Her husband was Federico, the middle-aged waiter whose long, smooth-shaven face would have looked more at home beneath the Jolly Roger than in a dining-room. It was Federico who served their formal meals, arrayed in a dress-suit of antiquated pattern, and white cotton gloves.

Even the foods, over which one had exclaimed at first, began to lose their tang. The *minestrone*, the *polenta*, the *risotto*, the *zuppa Inglese*, were just like other dishes now. The Goodchilds asked one another if the table was n't failing.

But now they would have missed intensely the roses of the garden, the bizarre chair-covers in their rooms, the amiable greetings of the servants, even the calls of the vegetable-hucksters, that woke them every morning. Sometimes they said, "It 's a disgrace that we have n't run down for a few days to Rome or Perugia or Siena!" Yet they kept putting off even the least arduous of those excursions, so well were they imbued already with inertia of Italy in summer, and with the feeling, still half unconscious, that the Pension Schwandorf was every day more like a home.

Toward mid-afternoon, the doorway of the Nobles' Club on Via Tornabuoni was usually graced by half a dozen spick-and-span young men. Among them one often saw some army officers. The latter wore tight blue-black jackets, with magenta

collars and cuffs, light-gray trousers, black caps with patent-leather vizors, swords caught up, by the hilt, in the crook of the left arm. Occasionally they appeared in brazen helmets, the cross of Savoy emblazoned on the front. They belonged to the Magenta Cavalry, a regiment of lancers.

One day when Frossie passed alone only one of them was lounging in the doorway. She stole a glance at him.

Her own height, with the lean figure of an athlete, he seemed about twenty-eight years old. His skin was of a creamy pallor. Small black mustaches were brushed straight up from his lips. His eyes reminded one of ink-wells, with the sunlight shining into them. His hand poised a cigarette half-way to his lips; his face—the face of a young knight in a fourteenth-century fresco—displayed a look of homage startling in its intensity.

Frossie's knees grew weak. No one had ever looked at her like that!

She found herself a block away, proceeding as sedately as before, but trembling all over. Mechanically she turned into the Lungarno, which extended northward toward the pension.

Why had he given her such a look, so passionate, yet so respectful? It was not the stare of a philanderer, but of one who took a serious, almost solemn, interest in her. It was not the expression of a stranger, but rather of one who had seen her many times, had thought about her still more often. Of course that was impossible.

Farther on, she paused, pretended to contemplate a show-case, glanced behind her. He was there, two hundred feet away, slowly sauntering now, and gazing innocently at the sky!

She felt frightened, then furious. "And I thought that he at least looked decent!" She marched all the way home without once turning her head. But safe in the pension, she peeped out through the curtains of the parlor window.

From the opposite corner he rapidly scrutinized the house. Then, wheeling, he departed with a quick, lithe stride.

That night, in her dreams Frossie tramped innumerable miles of streets,—through Florence, Milan, Geneva, Paris, New York, Zenasville,—all the while aware that his eyes were focused, like twin burning-glasses, on her back. Or was it the rays reflected from the silvered buttons of his tight blue-black coat, as if from a double row of tiny search-lights?

If only he had n't worn them!

CHAPTER VI

A TOUCH OF THE SUN IN VIA TORNABUONI

FOR a week Frossie avoided the neighborhood of the Nobles' Club. Even at the pension door she looked round her nervously. But at last, as her expectancy died away, she was aware of losing a certain stimulation. Life suddenly seemed so humdrum, her work so futile! One night, on impulse, she jumped out of bed and tore up her manuscript. When Thallie woke at the sound, she explained:

"It would never have been a success. Perhaps I was n't meant to succeed in literature or anything else."

"What wicked nonsense!"

"Never mind, Babykins. Go back to sleep and forget it."

Euphrosyne had long been used to seeing admiration pass her by for Aglaia and Thallie. She had long believed that her time for romance would not come till the others were married, since simple flowers, that seem charming when viewed by themselves, may lose attractiveness if flanked by more vivid blossoms. But now a young man's expressive eyes had appeared to say, "There is something about you that I have n't seen before—something so congenial to me that I must know who you are." It was hard for Frossie to give up that sensation of pride, to feel she had been mistaken.

"His idea of killing time on a dull afternoon! And, still, he seemed different from the rest."

The worst of it was that he had seemed different from the rest.

She scorned herself for having remem-

bered his creamy pallor, his crisp, black hair, his muscular hand, his lithe figure. How had she ever noticed so much in a second's glance? Undoubtedly the novelist's eye for details.

Every morning Frossie sat down to work at nine o'clock sharp. She put on her horn spectacles, spread a sheet of paper, and poised her fountain-pen. Then for a long while she stared across the old writing-table, out of the open window, at the palmetto palm. Giannina, the maid, passing through to Aglaia's room for the breakfast-tray, made a grimace of pity, and cried in her loud, hoarse voice:

"Always studying, Signorina! It 's not good for the young to labor so hard."

"Better to labor than to think idle thoughts."

For Frossie was rapidly learning to speak Italian.

In the cool of the afternoon she often went out, exhausted by a long day of vain effort. She wandered down into the city. One day, in Vieusseux's Library, while looking over the catalogue, she read:

" 'The Six Cæsars,' six vols., John Holland, author of 'Primitive Latin Religions,' 'Roman Literature,' 'The Etruscan and Lydian Languages,' 'Mycenæan Excavations,' 'Baal, Dionysus, and Mars,' etc."

John Holland was a historian!

She took home a volume of "The Six Cæsars" and showed it to Mme. von Schwandorf. The latter, in her office-boudoir beside the vestibule, was sitting at ease, her yellow frizzes neatly arranged, her wrinkled face well powdered, her ample form arrayed in a mauve satin house-gown garnished all over with lace.

"Ah, yes, my dear. What a thorough, brilliant, valuable work that is! I 've always meant to read it. But at my age, you know, one falls asleep less quickly when Pierre Louys is describing the ancients—for instance, in 'Aphrodite.' "

Madame threw her cigarette out of the window, laid down a yellow-backed novel entitled "Histoire Comique," and put the Florentine poodle off her lap. With her *points of lace* all scattering bergamot, she crossed to a book-shelf which held a long row of ponderous volumes.

"Behold! They 're all here, including the one that captured the Nobel Prize. Now, you are young and strong; you shall read them from cover to cover, and tell me what they contain. I have made my door-porter, Domenico, cut all the pages. It 's always best that the pages be cut, at least, in the books of our friends. Eh, little book-worm?"

She questioned Frossie satirically with her keen old eyes.

"I 'm afraid I shall have too much work of my own to do."

"And I am afraid you 'll never find time to play. But wait till the autumn! I 'll see to it then that you play. Only yesterday, when I drove to church, three friends of mine stormed the carriage to ask when the dances are going to begin again at the Pension Schwandorf. Three young men as dashing as ever you saw in your life, and all aristocratic enough for even a stanch little democrat! In fact, the Magenta Cavalry gets all its officers from the aristocracy." She cackled craftily at her thoughts. "Your work, indeed! I 'll settle your work for you, Mlle. de Staël!"

Next day, while she and Aglaia were strolling far from the Nobles' Club, Frossie met him again, face to face.

Though she looked away at once, she felt that she had turned pale. This fault, however, was instantly remedied by a burning blush. Staring before her, she marched on faster and faster, while tears of mortification filled her eyes. Aglaia, who was wearing new shoes, inquired:

"Are we catching a train?"

"That officer back there."

"That whipper-snapper in the tight little coat? If I bothered about every insect like him!"

Frossie pressed her lips together, then uttered coldly:

"I only suspected he might try flirting with you."

"Well, what if he did? I don't think he 'll try it again."

"I suppose he gave you a long, solemn

"Why did she want to learn painting, anyway—to spend her life daubing colors on a piece of cloth for folks to stare at?"

look, as much as to say, 'Oh, how I respect you!' "

"You evidently saw him at work."

"Not to-day," Frossie shot forth. "He 's tried it even on me when I 've been alone."

"Then perhaps that dying-calf expression was meant for you this time, too."

"Hardly, with you along."

They returned to the pension in silence. There they found Cyril Bellegram sitting with Bristles beneath the palmetto. His boots were dusty, his jacket was rumpled, his black forelock tumbled over his brow; but still the rascal managed to look distinguished. His face, too finely drawn, —the sharp-featured face of some neurotic young emperor on a Roman coin,— wore a frown of impatience and boredom. His walks in the country were shorter every day. It was he who now came first to that trysting-place, where Aglaia plucked a rose for his coat-lapel and fed chocolates to Bristles.

Through those languorous afternoons and soft evenings Aglaia had studied Cyril Bellegram with care. Against his faults she had set out his talents, had finally asked herself, "Could I overcome the defects, and bring out the virtues, sufficiently to make such a venture pay?"

He was indolent, irresolute, deferential; yet he woke to vigor at the call of amusement, was stubborn beyond belief at certain points, and his air of modesty, as is often the case, concealed an egotism greater than that which is openly shown by less complex men. The fact is, Cyril Bellegram had somehow got in his nature a generous share of temperament. Aglaia had not expected to find her first Englishman high-strung and sentimental.

"One could use the sentimentality first," she reflected, "and the rest in its turn." For now Aglaia was picturing herself as a diplomatist's wife.

She wrote to London for books on the British diplomatic service—its special requirements, its scheme of appointments, its private politics. Meanwhile she drew from Cyril some hints about his relatives at home. The brother of his uncle's wife was ensconced in the Foreign Office. It looked like fate.

Yet the future might easily offer a better marriage—and one more favorable to her operatic career? When she had peered long and earnestly in the mirror, she snapped her fingers at her thirty years. After all, if she wished, she could safely wait a while longer.

Indeed, she had never looked so alluring as now. Her emerald eyes were more brilliant; her fair skin seemed well-nigh luminous; her copper-colored tresses had taken on a fresh luster. When she entered the garden, her slender body undulated at every step. When she picked a flower, her gesture was a poem of blended grace and decision. When she turned her small, drooping head, her profile, against the leaves, was like a cameo. She appeared to be a new creature, whose secret intentions were reinforced from deep reservoirs of attractiveness, hitherto unknown.

In the evening, when she leaned back on the bench beneath the palmetto, the odor of mignonette from her gown seemed mingled with an incorporeal sweetness, as though from the shadows were stealing forth invisible ministers to her will. They slipped close, with sinuous movements. They uttered round the silent young man such sighs as might perfume dim places full of rose-leaves, golden dishes gleaming on purple cushions, cups of enchantment pulsing in answer to the last note of a lute. The air of the Southern night passed over his face, like those caresses one longs to feel apart from a dream. He had a sensation of eagerness and terror. But, as he hesitated, Aglaia said in an ordinary tone:

"Come, let me tell your fortune."

She took his cold hand in hers, turned it up to the starlight, leaned forward. Her breath passed over his palm. She smiled thoughtfully, as if nothing had happened.

"Your fingers are lean, with rounded tips. That denotes simple tastes, a quick mind, mixed talents. But this thumb is not energetic: you 'll have to be urged,

it seems. Your palm is long and thin. You are guided by the ideal, the sublime, the soul; you desire high conquests. But here is lack of motive power again, unless something comes along to arouse you. There, down the palm, are gifts and good luck. The line of fortune shows success, but only from earnest endeavor. Under the little finger I see political tendencies, under the first, diplomacy." She looked closer, then dropped his hand, with the words, "Bah! your heart line is nothing more than a chain of flirtations!"

"Never!"

"Flirtations, flirtations, flirtations! Which reminds me I have a dozen pages of music to read to-night." Softly laughing, she rose to her feet. From the doorway of the glass corridor she called back to him in Italian, "Good night, good repose, Don Juan!"

One morning Mme. von Schwandorf told her that Valentino Mughetto, the singing-teacher, was back from Montecatini. That same day Aglaia presented herself at his house, in the other end of town, near the English graveyard.

A man-servant, wearing a yellow-striped waistcoat, ushered her into a parlor shaded against the sun, floored with mosaic, where pieces of old brocade were stretched on the walls. For ten minutes she gazed at the Donatello bust on the mantel-shelf, the six antique chairs with raveled coats of arms on their plush, the bunch of peonies in the majolica vase. A Maltese cat appeared, examined her scornfully, stuck his claws in the table-cloth fringe, ran under a chair. Aglaia perceived in the doorway a big man with the figure of a half-deflated balloon, with a ruddy, pear-shaped face, a hooked nose, and a curly beard, dyed black, spread over his coat-lapels like a fan. From his small, keen eyes there leaped forth at her a glance which seemed, in an instant, to scan her from head to foot, appraise her attire, her body, her thoughts, and penetrate to the inmost recess of her heart. But immediately a conventional smile appeared on his lips.

She said:

"I 've come to take lessons."

He cleared his throat, with a rumble thrown back by the walls like a peal of thunder.

"Why?"

"I wish to become a dramatic soprano."

"Indeed? You sound like a contralto to me."

"A contralto! Impossible! I 've always sung soprano."

"In that case you 've probably ruined your voice. Step into the music-room."

With a sensation of fright she entered the adjoining apartment, a yellow chamber bare except for a black pianoforte, a stool, and a chair. Through the lattices of four French windows one saw a gay flower-garden ablaze in the sunlight.

Valentino Mughetto let down his balloon-like shape upon the piano-stool, spread his hands on the keys, and stared into space:

"Sing something."

She lowered her head till the pounding of her heart had abated, then straightening her slender form, she announced defiantly:

"The 'Vissi d'arte' from 'Tosca.' "

The barest hint of a grin crossed his face.

"All right."

He struck the keys. She sang. In ten seconds he stopped, shrugged his shoulders, remarked:

"A contralto, badly damaged."

Aglaia stood motionless, gazing at him in horror.

"Sit down, Signorina," he suggested in kinder tones. And when she had sunk into the chair, the maestro explained.

Her ambition, or bad advice, had ignored the facts in her case. All this while she had forced a contralto voice to sing the soprano register till it had grown so scratchy and thin that there was small chance of restoring it. "Unless, young lady, you put yourself faithfully into my hands."

"But—a contralto!"

Gone all the visions of Aglaia as *Tosca*, as *Madama Butterfly*, as *Marguerite*, *Elizabeth*, and *Isolde!* He smiled like an

old philosopher who hears for the thousandth time a childish complaint.

"Tell me, then, what is shameful about a contralto voice? Bessie Palmer had one. Marianne Brandt had one. Schumann-Heink has one. But, understand, I 've not promised that you will ever become like them. All else aside, one does n't become a Schumann-Heink without owning a great big heart. For all I know, you may have no more heart than rib-space. Why, in Heaven's name, do all you young women sink your chests, and stick out your stomachs, and breathe with the top half-inch of your lungs? What have you got, after all these years of such poses, to force a long, steady column of air up through the vocal chords? Besides, let me look down your throat." He thrust a laryngoscope into her mouth. His comment was: "The formation itself is not so bad. You smoke cigarettes? Never? Then your accursed soprano practice has made all this chronic irritation."

He advanced his ruddy face, which seemed to her, with its fan-shaped beard and nose like a beak, as terrible as the visage of an Assyrian despot pronouncing a sentence of death. He rumbled:

"At this moment you think: 'He is mad. I will go to some other man, who 'll say that my voice is soprano.' Hark to this, Signorina! In Italy are hundreds of teachers who, for the sake of the money, will tell you whatever you wish to hear. Only I promise you that five years hence they will have killed your last note. Now, then, if you choose to rely on me, you will not sing so much as a scale for three months, or even speak in loud tones. At the end of that time, if you return to this room, I shall tell you whether or not your voice can be saved."

Her limbs were weak as she rose from the chair to go.

"In three months!" she gasped.

"At your service, Signorina—if you obey my orders."

Aglaia found herself in the street.

She returned to the pension on feet *that* seemed weighted with lead. When she entered her room, she saw Mr. Goodchild, stripped to his shirt-sleeves, beaming with pride, and striking an attitude of burlesque triumph beside a brand-new piano. The instrument had appeared that morning the moment Aglaia was clear of the pension. It was his gift on the eve of her great career, a surprise that had given him anticipatory delights for a month. Aurelius had even rummaged his trunk for the tools of an abandoned vocation, and, in a frenzy of haste, had tuned every key afresh.

For the first time in many years Aglaia stifled a sob on her father's breast.

The rest received her news in a blaze of revolt. She a contralto? That Greek, in the train, had been right about Valentino Mughetto: he must be a charlatan indeed, an ignoramus, an imbecile. But presently they remembered a time when her voice had seemed purer. Such things had happened before. Mr. Goodchild could not help recalling a similar case, an anecdote from the life of Manuel Garcia.

Again he took his pale daughter into his arms.

"My dear, in a moment like this one sees the true value of optimism." He quoted in trembling accents from his favorite sage: "'What 's to be done? Make the best of what 's in our power, and take the rest as it happens. And how is that? As it pleases God.' Come, now, as Mr. Mughetto suggested, you would n't mind a future like Schumann-Heink's? Who knows you won't make contralto singing the rage? Composers, when they 've heard you, may start to write all their main rôles for contraltos! Think what it would be to revolutionize the whole operatic world!"

"Poor old dad! And if my voice is gone?"

"Gone!"

A unanimous hoot of derision.

But all agreed that the new piano had better stay locked for three months.

One day soon afterward, Aurelius, in the Café Hirsch, read that Mme. Bertha Linkow, with other song-birds, was visiting Montecatini, scarcely two hours away!

Here was his chance. He would go to Montecatini, find Mme. Linkow, ask her whether Mughetto was to be trusted. Better still, he would take Aglaia along, in order that the famous singer herself might give an opinion. But wait! Suppose the prima donna, not so far-seeing as Valentino Mughetto, should say, "My poor child, I can give you no hope!" At last, he was even afraid to tell his daughters that she was at Montecatini.

Aurelius found it hard to be secretive. Whenever the girls spoke of Mme. Linkow, his conscience smote him, as if his silence constituted a lie. Then, too, he was troubled because that amiable celebrity was so near, yet so far. By her aid he had come into contact with the fair world that he would have liked to inhabit.

Well, he might enter those regions yet; his tragedy of *Rodolfo* and *Fiammetta* would make a perfect libretto.

On his walks through Florence he had not failed to discover some theaters. One, behind the Palazzo Vecchio, was called the Folies-Bergère. Another, out by the cavalry barracks, was named the Alhambra. Both seemed given up to variety shows; yet he passed them with the same excitement that he had felt in his youth while viewing through a shabby doorway the world of behind the scenes. Their lobbies were plastered with gaudy signs—of saturnine gentlemen taking rabbits out of glass bowls, of acrobats forming a pyramid, of dancing-women attired like odalisks. Before the Folies-Bergère, the largest sign portrayed a languishing brunette in a *bersagliere* hat and a spangled skirt, with the legend:

Prossima! Prossima! Prossima!
L'incomparabile
NELLA TESORE!
Stella Internazionale!!!

Why not bring the girls to see the magician, the acrobats, the odalisks, and this "incomparable Nella Tesore, the International Star"?

He returned to the pension. Beside the piano stood Frossie, hatted, just in from her outing, her figure stiffly drawn up, a dazed look on her face. Before her bowed a handsome cavalry officer, of a creamy pallor, with crisp black hair and short mustaches brushed straight up from his lips. Beside these two hovered Mme. von Schwandorf, completing the introduction. Her eyes, beneath the yellow frizzes, glistened with relish; her wrinkled mouth displayed its most mischievous smile. Then she saw Aurelius in the doorway.

"Mr. Goodchild, permit me! Lieutenant Olivuzzi, of the Cavalry of Magenta. I had his mama's acquaintance when she was a little marchesina in pinafores, and used to visit the Buondelcampi, to whom I was governess. So this good boy sometimes comes to bring an old woman a message, and stays for a cup of tea. Just now, while he was telling me how he admires America, in walks a certain young lady who knows more than I about sky-scrapers and cow-boys. In revenge, she shall make him relate the war in Libya. You notice these two little ribbons on his coat?"

Lieutenant Olivuzzi thrust out his hand.

"Ah, Madama Svandorp!"

"Tut, tut! The blue-and-crimson one is given for Tripoli service, the plain blue for valor. Nevertheless, you see, he 's still modest."

In fact, his clear skin was suffused with a blush. His large black eyes expressed a reproach that seemed genuine. Then he knitted his brows, stiffened his face, stared down at his sword-hilt. But abruptly raising his eyes, he caught Euphrosyne's glance, which said, "What a boy you are, after all!" Her gaze flinched from his face, for an instant clung to the blue and red ribbons on his coat, then plunged into space. Between the ebony what-not and the brass plaque from Benares, Frossie discerned yellow sands, bursting bombshells, the dust of a savage melley, a young lieutenant in pearl-gray trousers and tight blue-black jacket driving his sword through the heart of a dervish.

Her father was saying, with stately courtesy:

"It 's a great pleasure, Lieutenant, to

meet the Italian army. Your traditions, you know, are very much like our own: the struggle for liberty, Garibaldi, Cavour, and so on. I presume you speak English, sir?"

"A lit-tle, sir," Lieutenant Olivuzzi replied in a clear, soft voice. "I spick—" He frowned anxiously; then his face lighted up—"I read, yes; I lis-ten, yes; but spick?" He shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, raised his eyes, made a mouth of humorous helplessness.

"He is really very well grounded," purred Mme. von Schwandorf, "but he has no ways to practise. He ought to exchange Italian lessons for English."

Olivuzzi stole a look at Euphrosyne. She was staring out of the window with studied indifference. But Aurelius, straightway falling into that trap, suggested cordially:

"Lieutenant, you ought to get my daughters to help you. I 've thought myself how fine it would be to learn Italian while walking round town."

"But, my dear sir," protested Mme. von Schwandorf, "in Italy young ladies and gentlemen must n't do that!"

"What, then, ma'am?"

"One calls, perhaps, if the chaperon is at home."

"Indeed," Mr. Goodchild exclaimed, "what more charming school-room could there be than the garden!"

And his long-pent hospitality gushing forth, he called for tea beneath the palmetto.

Mme. von Schwandorf dexterously withdrew. Euphrosyne, after casting about for some decent excuse, surrendered, her head in a whirl. Federico, the piratical-looking waiter, brought the tray with profound respect. From a window overhead, Giannina, the maid, stared down. The gray mohair frock-coat of Domenico, the little door-porter, kept flitting through the glass corridor. To the servants this ceremony conveyed but one thought: the lieutenant had come to ask for the hand of the Signorina Frossie in marriage!

Olivuzzi sat straight in his chair, his knees and feet together, carefully poising the tea-cup under his chin. Not a hair on his head was out of place; not a wrinkle marred the fit of his uniform; not a speck dimmed the luster of his long, narrow boots. On his collar of stiff magenta cloth were fastened two silver stars. His gray trousers, strapped under his insteps, had double magenta stripes down the outside hems. In his sword-guard was stuffed a pair of white chamois-skin gloves. Could it be, Aurelius wondered, that this immaculate youth had gone to a war, been mixed up with smoke and blood, and maybe taken a life?

"So you helped to carry the eagles back to the ancient battle-fields! Old Scipio Africanus, at Zama, must have occurred to your mind. No doubt it seemed to you that the ghosts of Roman legionaries rose on their elbows to cheer you forward. Marvelous! Really romantic! And yet, as our General Sherman said—"

While Aurelius rattled on, the lieutenant, who caught perhaps one word in a dozen, kept uttering respectful sounds of assent. Frossie imagined that if her father should say, in the same tone of voice, "The Italian army gives me a pain," the young man would go on eagerly nodding, as though to reply, "Me, too!" That thought—one of those bizarre ideas which flash through an overwrought mind—nearly cost her an hysterical snort. She felt her lips twitching; she knew the panic of those who are tempted to laugh in a church; for an instant she feared that the only alternative was to flee from the garden. But she saw Aglaia and Thallie approaching through the glass corridor.

Aurelius presented the stranger. Jumping up, clapping his spurred heels together, Lieutenant Olivuzzi made two bows, uttered twice a phrase in Italian. Alas! why did Aggie have on that new gown of yellow French print, with the panniers of golden brown, and the silken slippers to match! And why did Thallie, in apple-green and white, seem so much like a rosebud all dewy above its leaves! More acutely aware than ever was Fros-

sie, now, of her wrinkled crash outing-dress, her dust-powdered shoes, her damp forehead, her tumbling curls. But even if he had caught her dressed for the evening, she would n't have looked like them.

At last the tea-cups stood empty, and he was taking his leave. "You must come again," Aglaia said. With a gentle, wistful look she put out her hand in a movement that changed for the better the pose of her willowy form. Thallie's smile expressed an unconscious, yet even sweeter, allurement. He turned to Euphrosyne. She decided bitterly that her sisters had been seductive enough for all three.

"Good afternoon."

A painful modesty kept her from extending her hand. Indeed, throughout his call those words of farewell were the only ones she had uttered!

He walked to the gate, turned round, bowed again, departed. Aglaia remarked:

"I must say, Frossie, you might have been more polite!"

"If I did n't gush enough, you surely made up for it."

"Children!"

"One moment, Dad. Let me tell you something, Frossie. Because you imagine he tried to flirt with you once in the street, you need n't have given him a frost when he was our guest. Be as prim as you want by yourself, but don't interfere again with our social chances. I understand these cavalry officers know the best people in town. Who is he, anyhow?"

"His mother," said Frossie, "is a marchioness. You might even yet call him back and give him a flower for his buttonhole!"

"Soldiers don't have buttonholes, my dear," drawled Aglaia, calmly.

"Too bad! Sticking flowers in buttonholes is one of the best things you do."

Leaving the rest aghast, she took herself off to her room.

She went straight to the looking-glass. Her hair had never seemed so flagrantly red. The strong sunshine of Florence had brought back all her freckles. The pince-nez clips had cut deep marks in each side of her nose, and she believed that the constant use of glasses had made her eyes smaller. If only she were better-looking, —not beautiful,—just comely enough to be sure! If only she knew how to smile on young men like Aglaia, or else, at least, escape her unfortunate awkwardness! Her sister was right: she had given him an impression of disapproval. And now he would never come back, never know her as she had meant to be!

That night more than once Thalia heard Frossie rise from her bed to sit by the window. Was this restlessness due only to the throes of literary production? Or could it be that steady, sensible Frossie was falling in love? Thallie knew that a sign of love was to lose one's sleep. Of late she had lost so much sleep herself!

In fact, Thallie had also lost weight. Her coloring was less brilliant, and under her sky-blue eyes were drawn two tiny violet streaks. Nowadays she was listless, too, and often fretful. Her appetite had failed. When Federico brought round the *risotto,* the *spaghetti,* the *zuppa Inglese* she made an involuntary gesture of disgust.

Mr. Goodchild believed it was the heat. He awaited anxiously the thunderstorms, already overdue, on which the Florentines depended for relief in August. Meanwhile it might be well for Thallie to interrupt her painting till the autumn? He knew from experience how high a toll was demanded of vitality by "creative effort"! But Thallie cried:

"If I did n't have something to occupy my mind, I should go crazy in this place!"

She found a bitter satisfaction in suggesting that the others were to blame for her distress, that life in Florence was a martyrdom for her. Yet when Aurelius, in desperation, asked her where she would rather be, Thalia could not say. To her eyes all prospects appeared desolate, without the promise of one thrill of joy. Even Paris had ceased to be desirable; for of course the young man of the boat-deck was no longer there.

Or else, tossing on her hot bed, she

would mutter: "No more nonsense! I have my work to do, my name to make. Is n't it enough that I 'm going to be another Rosa Bonheur?" But it was not enough that she was going to be another Rosa Bonheur.

Besides, if that hope should crumble, too! At such apprehensions, so plausible in the deep silence of the night, her brow became cold and moist. All at once she saw her canvases with a stranger's eye: their errors expanded to efface their merits; in mocking contrast there closed round them the masterpieces of the Uffizi and the Pitti Palaces, noble falls of drapery, gestures of an inspired grace, torsos that swelled with life, heads that mirrored living souls. Contemplating in memory the flesh of Titian's "Flora," the eyes of Rubens's wife, the hands of the clavichord-player attributed to Giorgione, she moaned, "I still know nothing, nothing, nothing!" And time was fleeting, and already she was nearly twenty-one!

Still, at nine o'clock every morning, she entered the studio of M. Alphonse Zolande, which had taken on the melancholy of a place where one has known only disappointment.

The painting-master had got his varnished boots resoled. He wore a new coat of purple velveteen already highly scented with Virginia cigarettes and chypre. His gray mustaches somehow looked less elderly these days. One morning, after staring for a moment, Thallie realized that he had shaved off his imperial. For the summer months, no doubt?

She had learned enough French to understand most of what he said, and even to reply. He, praising her accent, made her repeat a sentence. His eyes, small and sharp, surrounded by yellowish sclerotics, were focused on her young lips, ripe, vivid, moving with exquisite self-consciousness as she pronounced those unaccustomed sounds. "Brava!" he cried, and sprang up with a strained, gay look. But while he paced the floor, with neck bent, wriggling his fingers, his leathery, jaundiced visage was gradually distorted by a supreme dejection. When at last he returned to her easel, M. Zolande declared in tones unnaturally harsh:

"Mademoiselle, how many times must I tell you the supreme test of paint is a luminosity extending even to the shadows! Regard Bronzino! His flesh-tones are so because he made first a clean white underpainting, with very little oil. In Andrea del Sarto's portraits the shadows are painted light, on cool *grisaille;* the successive glazes give them depth, together with transparency. But when I say luminosity I do not mean these shiny whites, so easy to slop on, which remind me of that animal of a Bouguereau! Did the golden age of Titian stoop to them? No, Mademoiselle! Only moderns—these lazy, ignorant confectioners! True art has no subterfuges, no evasions, no labor-saving tricks. True art does always the large thing, the thing vastly difficult, that appears to those who do not know so simple!"

He brandished his fist; his wiry figure became tense and vibrant; he looked upward, as if glimpsing for an instant a fair mirage not seen since youth; his crackling voice resounded through the bare studio like a conjuration. The model followed his gesture with the dull gaze of a hypnotist's subject. But Thallie could not respond to-day even to that cry. She began to have a sense of unreality, as if all this were extraordinary, mad, and futile, like a dream. Bronzino, Andrea del Sarto, Titian! Why did people work so hard to imitate them? Why was she here, taking lessons from an eccentric "old man of fifty," to whom no other pupils ever came? Why did she want to learn painting, anyway—to spend her life daubing colors on a piece of cloth for folks to stare at? A knock rattled the door. M. Zolande was called into the corridor.

The visitor, a man whose face Thallie never saw, came often, like that, for a moment's conversation. On the landing he and the painting-teacher wrangled in French and in Italian. At times the latter's voice rose indignantly. One heard, "What, the same for a Correggio? But the panel alone costs fifty francs!" Or:

"Six weeks for everything! Are you asking me to ruin my reputation?" And from the unknown, suavely, but with a quiver of spite, "In Florence, you know, I might even find some one else!" Thallie wondered where she had heard a voice like that.

In the afternoon, since the chatter of the others now increased her irritation, Thallie went out alone. Many beautiful objects and perspectives she passed without a glance while on those solitary walks; for emotions filled her deeper than any satisfaction from esthetic things—the ecstasy of sentimental misery. "Why can I not forget him?" she asked herself, while knowing in her soul that such oblivion could not repay her for the pleasure of these pangs. Indeed, she nursed his memory in her heart as a priestess might nurse the fire in a sanctuary, because, at each recollection that she was in love, there returned to her a feeling wonderfully sweet, for all its bitterness, of melancholy pride. "I shall never again be the little girl I was!" And something of the majesty of great historic passions, of famous amorous heroines, raised her above the passers-by.

In Via Tornabuoni, toward five o'clock, the sidewalks filled, the tea-rooms began to buzz, the fashionable hour struck. One day as Thallie was passing through this crowd, a figure appeared on the step of a tobacconist's shop. Her heart gave a dreadful leap. He—the young man of the boat-deck!

There he stood, in light flannels, smart, debonair, superior, watching the Florentines as who should say: "They amuse me, these people. Everything amuses me. The world was made expressly for my amusement." He was happy. He had not suffered. He had even forgotten her existence; for when he caught sight of her, his was the stare of a stranger.

But his brows contracted. And now, without evincing half enough surprise, he was approaching, hat in hand, his blond hair glinting in the sunlight. Once more, at last, she saw that instinctive smile of his, half mocking and half tender; once more she heard the pleasant, clipping speech that had sounded through so many dreams:

"Fancy meeting you down here in all this heat!"

She echoed mechanically:

"Fancy meeting you down here!"

She had a touch of vertigo.

"I say, how pale you are!"

"The sun," she uttered.

"You don't feel like fainting?"

"I don't know."

She thought, "Is that what 's happening to me?" and immediately everything whirled round. Then she found that she was walking quickly, that his hand clasped her arm, that he was saying: "Buck up! Get hold of yourself! Here we are!" Gloom surrounded her. She sank into a chair. Dark faces, golden-brown with olive shadows, appeared behind tables covered with white linen; women's hats were bending over counters laden with pastry; a boyish waiter, with the profile of a Ganymede, gracefully inclined his ear. They were in Giacinta's tea-room. A cup of tea stood before her.

"Drink it now."

Submissively Thallie gulped the scalding tea. It burned her all the way down, and she found that pain delicious.

"Now, then, sit still and don't think."

A long silence. He lighted a cigarette.

"Smoke bother you?"

She shook her head.

"Better?"

She nodded.

"That was a near thing, what? Your people must be a bit batty to have you here in this weather."

"I 'm all right now," she faltered.

"I should n't have known where to take you."

She was able to smile faintly while replying:

"In case I have a relapse, I live at the Pension Schwandorf."

"I won't forget that."

"As you did once."

For a second he seemed as much startled by that exclamation as she. Then, simulating penitence, he protested:

"I know; but listen to my excuse."

And he invented rapidly a complicated tale of good intentions and disappointments.

The friends with whom he was traveling had dragged him straightway down into the château country. On returning to Paris, he had started three times—no, four—toward her hotel. But some one had always crossed his path, and when he was free the hour had passed for calling. "Besides," he added, at a flash of inspiration, "I don't yet know your name!"

"Nor I yours."

"Reginald Dux."

She missed his uncontrollable tone of satisfaction—the accent with which conspicuous persons, still bound to vanity, identify themselves. She did not know that in his world "Reginald Dux" was synonymous with wealth, social prominence, eligibility. Nevertheless, those syllables descended, one by one, deep into her breast, like priceless jewels into a coffer that would hold them for evermore. When she pronounced her own name in return, it seemed that she gave him something of herself: she felt a thrill, as though this mutual revealment were a subtle consummation of her hopes.

Looking down, she ventured:

"You 're still with those friends of yours?"

He and Hector Ghillamoor had come down for an aviation meet at Rome, scheduled for the morrow. Setting out on the spur of the moment, they had paid for their impulse with innumerable discomforts. He related whimsically the story of their journey. "So far as miraculous survivals go, the three chaps in the fiery furnace had nothing on Ghillamoor and me!" Mrs. Ghillamoor and her daughter had done well to stay in France.

The black-haired lady had been abandoned! Thalia raised her head, glanced in the mirror on the wall, and saw herself aglow.

She had on a little straw bonnet, garnished with blossoms, the shadows of which still further softened the contours of her cheeks. Bright ringlets, curled tight by the heat, lay close to her temples, just where her peach-like flush grew vague. Her large eyes were bathed in the liquid radiance of supreme occasions; her full lips, that still suggested childhood, were parted in a ravishing curve; her lace collar, falling open at the neck, revealed the milk-white throat, ringed with its double rimple, so smooth, so fragrant of her youth, its tissues pulsating from the beating of her heart. He gazed at her with the attention of a precocious connoisseur of beauty. He displayed the look that he had shown for a moment on the boat-deck. Leaning his elbows on the table, he inquired:

"How long are you staying in Florence?"

"We 're living here. I 'm studying my painting."

"That 's so. You were going to be an artist, and paint my portrait."

"You remembered that!"

"But I remember everything," he responded warmly, leaning nearer. She stirred as a rose stirs in all its petals at the voice of Hesperus.

Then, looking up quickly, at a subconscious twinge of guilt, she saw Lieutenant Olivuzzi, strolling with two brother-officers past the table. The Italian bowed deeply, gravely, as it were reprovingly. Drawing back quickly, she caught up her gloves.

"I ought to go!"

On the sidewalk Reginald Dux demanded:

"A friend of yours?"

"A friend of my sisters. These Italians," she stammered, "don't understand American ideas. Now he 'll think I 'm very queer."

His face cleared.

"Silly asses!"

"Are n't they? As if—"

All too conveniently an empty cab drove up beside her; and just because it was there, she blundered into it. She was shocked when he took off his hat to say good-by. But he was drinking in her pure young loveliness, in the sunshine more wonderful than in the shadowy tea-

room or on the starlit boat-deck. He came closer. He rested his hand on the cushions beside her arm.

"Will you be here when I come back this way from Rome? It 's *au revoir,* then?"

"Au revoir."

Her voice was of a bird-like liquidity, all ready to break.

As she was borne swiftly homeward, she saw at last how beautiful, how dear a place this Florence was.

(To be continued)

To the Child of a Revolutionist

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

CHILD, you were born with fighting in your blood,
Your first breath was a struggle, sharp and swift;
Yet from the tumult and the darkening flood,
Child, you must lift.

Splendid it is to hurl against the strong
Bulwarks of ignorance, a stronger stuff;
Splendid to challenge prejudice and wrong—
But not enough.

Yea, when your angry faith defeats the foe,
And, when the last, deep, thundering growl is stilled,
With the same arms that stabbed and brought them low,
Child, you must build!

Yet you shall hear the soundless bugles call;
And there shall be fresh wars and no release.
And you shall fight the hardest fight of all—
Even in peace.

There shall be little rest and great delight;
And, struggling still, your banner shall ascend,
Battling for Beauty—that exalted fight
Which has no end.

The Fruit of the Tree

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Illustrations by George Wright

ALL along the river road folks called Esau Unger meaner than quack-grass and twice as aggravating. Quack-grass just hogged the goodness out of the land and said nothing, but when Unger took what lay to his hand, he made a noise about it, brazenly, and a jest of the victim. Unger knew the things that were said about him, and cared not. They were never said to his bristling beard, both because of his ruthless strength and his power in money, and it gave him covert satisfaction that men did not dare to speak their minds.

On the morning before Christmas, Unger sat by the stove in his comfortable kitchen and worked a new pair of laces into the high rubber shoes that went on over his thick leggings of felt. It was just after breakfast, and Martha Unger, worked lean and somewhat submissive by twenty years of Esau, moved from table to kitchen sink, clearing away the dishes. Esau knew, although she had not spoken, that there was something in her mind seeking for words. He was ready to put a stop to it, for, to his thinking, almost anything that his wife might suggest would be foolishness.

"I 'm going to chop on the spur of the mountain to-day," he said after a time. "You might as well put me up some lunch; it 's a waste of time to come back for a warm dinner."

"Yes, Esau."

Martha spoke in her most conciliating tones as she turned hurriedly from the dishes and began to prepare the lunch. Esau gave barely enough thought to her to realize that she was on the point of broaching some unwelcome subject. Working in a stiff new pair of leather laces was an important matter.

"To-morrow 's Christmas." Her voice was a trifle strained.

"Uh-huh."

"The church folks in the village is planning to do quite a little this year."

"Then the fools ain't all dead yet." He spoke calmly, but with the strength of a conviction that had been his until it had become part of his life.

"The women are a-going to try and give a Christmas-tree to each one of the famblies around here that can't afford it." She hurried her words a little. "Some is going to furnish one thing, and some another."

"Encouraging shiftlessness," commented Esau as he stamped his feet into the rubber shoes.

"I thought mebbe I might be able to give a tree." She turned and faced him, unconsciously twisting up a bit of apron in her work-hardened fingers. "One of that little clump of young spruces up in the back pasture would do first class. They ain't good for nothing else."

Esau grunted and stood up. Despite his contempt for Martha's notions, these rare scenes were unpleasant to him. They made him feel as though his wife thought

he was not a good provider. He knew that he was. Martha never wanted for the best food and the warmest clothes.

"I need all them trees to make sled-stakes out of," he said shortly.

Martha's lip quivered. It irritated him that it should be necessary to say anything more about the matter, but he waited for her to speak.

"It does seem as though you might spare one, Esau. I was figuring on fixing mine up for Nahum Phinney's fambly. His wife ain't well, and they 's six young uns, and I don't believe they 've got more 'n enough to eat, if they have that much."

"That good-for-nothing little runt!" Esau snorted out the words. "I had n't ought to of rented him fifty acres last fall. The first quarter of rent is due to-day, but he won't never be able to pay it; and if he don't—"

Esau paused abruptly as he put on his Mackinaw jacket, and took the lunch-pail from his wife. He feared she would guess what he had left unsaid, and his fear was justified.

"It would n't seem jest Christian to turn him out of his house in this kind of weather, Esau," she protested.

Martha had struck on the two subjects just then most powerful to stir Esau to wrath, Christian and Nahum Phinney. He turned, with his hand on the door-knob, and glared down from his six feet three of self-sufficient strength.

"Christian!" he grunted. "Tomfoolery! Your Christianity is like spoon victuals—mushy and soft for them that 's too old or too young to eat reg'lar. It ain't for men and women; not if they 've got any sense. Christmas and Christian and Nahum Phinney go together."

"That don't make no difference." Martha had flared up at last. "The Phinneys is human critters, jest like we be."

"Human nuisances!"

He swung out of the house, his cap brushing the top of the doorway. He was too big to be deeply angry with a woman, but he was deeply disgusted. Every year at Christmas Martha was taken with notions more or less like this. He honestly tried to make allowance for her, and that was more than he did for any other living thing.

Unger stopped at the woodshed and picked up an ax, curling two fingers around the very tip of the helve. Then he raised his arm slowly and held the ax out straight. There were few men in the township who could do that. Suddenly he lowered the ax, and turned at the sound of footsteps crunching over the hard snow. He was a little abashed that any one should have caught him at his prideful display of strength, but when he saw the peaked face and stooping shoulders of Nahum Phinney his embarrassment turned to anger.

Phinney came up and stood before him for all the world like a scared rabbit, Unger thought. He looked scornfully down at the smaller man, who was plainly suffering from the intense cold despite many wrappings of patched clothes. Phinney dispensed with the customary greetings and remarks about the weather.

"I come over to see about my rent, Mr. Unger," he said nervously. "I sold my hay all right enough, but they ain't come for it on account of the deep snow. Mebbe next week they can draw it, and then I 'll have a check that 's jest as good as cash money. I 'll turn it right over to you, and I can cut wood enough to pay the rest inside of a month, certain sure."

Although he had no leaning toward mercy, Esau Unger reflected a moment before replying, for Mrs. Unger and Phinney together had stirred him to thought on a matter that ordinarily he would have settled mechanically. The world was full of Nahum Phinneys, never more than holding their own and often needing help. They were a drag on the strong.

"The rent is due to-day," said Unger. "If you can't pay it, you 'd better pack up and move to-morrow, like a man, instead of whining about it."

"But to-morrow 's Christmas!" Phinney's eyes widened with growing apprehension.

"It 's the twenty-fifth of December," corrected Unger, grimly.

Phinney swallowed two or three times and fumbled his hands together before he went on.

"Little Emmy, one of my young uns, is sick," he said, rather dragging the words. "She was getting kind of worse when I left home, and it don't seem like it would be right for to make us get out and move with a sick young un, specially on Christmas."

It was the reiteration of Christmas that further hardened Unger. Otherwise he might have yielded a few days in order to be rid of the matter and to get to work.

"I did n't make the young un sick, did I?" He threw the ax over his shoulder preparatory to moving away. "'T ain't my fault you ain't more forehanded, is it?"

Phinney made Unger think more and more of a rabbit. Now, as he struggled with some inward difficulty, he looked like a rabbit that had just been shot.

"Won't you please—"

"No!"

If Phinney had stood up and defied Esau Unger, the little man would have been physically safe, and he might possibly have won his case. It was not in Unger's code to strike a man smaller than himself, and he liked grit. But this weakness made his very stomach turn.

"Why did n't you look ahead?" he demanded. "A feller that 's renting a farm is a naturally shiftless cuss, or he would n't be renting; he 'd own a place. Why be I well fixed? Because I pay every dollar the day it 's due. And I calc'late to make other folks do the same. I ain't asking no favors, and I ain't giving none. Them 's my principles."

He wheeled sharply, and walked away without once looking back. His Mackinaw jacket was flapping open, and he drew deep breaths of the air. To him the clear cold was a stimulant, and he wanted to breathe out the feeling that Christianity and Christmas and Nahum Phinney had raised in him. He plowed upward through the snow that covered his fat acres to the foot of Old Roundtop, rising in somber grays and greens against the winter sky. Between him and the mountain there was understanding.

Unger halted at the base of one of the steep sides of the spur, covered with sturdy second- and third-growth timber. He was chopping primarily for fire-wood, but he planned to cut the ground over clean, selling the larger and better-grown trunks for lumber. In a moment his jacket and mittens were off. Then bracing himself at the foot of a young maple, he swung the ax in a long arc, with all the power of his taut muscles, and sent its blade deep into the body of the tree. The ax-head bit in almost to the helve. Two skilful jerks tore it loose, and again it came glittering down. This time thick chips flew, and a clean, wedge-shaped cut appeared. A day's work was well begun.

A few minutes later the maple tottered, and Unger stood aside as it went crashing down through the undergrowth. Dripping with sweat, but breathing evenly, he took no rest. He worked up the slope, chopping out underbrush when he had to, and sending tree after tree swaying mightily downward to await either the chains of the log-team or the process of working up into four-foot lengths. Esau Unger was like a perfect machine, operating with a magnificent ease of which he was unaware.

Well up the side of the spur there was an oak of considerable size, forking out in two branches not far from the base. The axman set himself to it with a certain zest in the conquering of its thickness, but it was some time before he stood pridefully back and looked at a deep notch scarring into the heart of the tree on the downhill side. On the upper side there was another and smaller notch, with its apex higher in the trunk. A few more well-placed blows, struck with a good arm, would bring the tree down.

Unger took a fresh grip and swung his ax. The first blow sent a quiver throughout the length of the oak. At the second there was an ominous snap, then a chorus of little cracking noises. For the third

"'Christian!' he grunted. 'Tomfoolery!'"

time he drove his steel downward. Then came a mighty rending of wood, and Unger, snapping the ax free, looked upward.

He saw death coming down upon him. He had chopped accurately enough to fell the tree straight down the slope, but one of the great branches had caught in the top of a smaller tree and swung the oak out of its course just as it tottered over. Unger sprang backward, and might have saved himself had it not been for the stump of a little bush no bigger than a man's finger that he had lopped off not half an hour before. His foot caught; he tripped and fell, and rolled over, with the roar of the falling tree like an avalanche of sound against his ears. As the man's muscles tensed for a desperate spring, it seemed that the heavens and earth thundered together. The breath went out of his body in one gasp.

Esau Unger, face downward in the snow, tried to rise, and could not. On his back and loins there was a weight that mocked him. He twisted and wriggled, digging his bare hands into the snow, until he could turn his head and glance upward. The rough trunk of the oak loomed above; a little hollow in the ground had saved Unger's life. His body lay wedged into this depression by a weight that, given a few more inches to fall, would have crushed flesh and bones to pulp. He could move his legs and arms, but otherwise he was held powerless, save that by great expense of strength he was able to lift his head and shoulders a little way.

Unger was not hurt so far as he could tell, but at the end of a few seconds his feeling of relief passed. It was no small matter to be pinned down by a tree. His hands grew cold, and it was only after considerable exertion that he drew them together and washed his stiffening fingers in snow. A sudden chill went through him, and he remembered that a flannel shirt and an undershirt were all his protection against a temperature well below zero. The heat of exercise had passed, and sweat was congealing in his hair. Already there was a mound of ice along his beard. Grudgingly he admitted to himself that it was necessary to call for help, only to realize, with cold striking into his heart, that there was no one to hear.

The nearest house was Esau Unger's own, down on the river road, and beyond that lay the house that Phinney rented. The strongest voice could not reach to either of them from the mountain-side. He had told Martha not to expect him for mid-day dinner. At best a searching-party could not be expected until well into the evening, and Unger knew that he would be frozen long before nightfall. He was no coward, but at the thought of death creeping slowly upon his helplessness, he raised his voice and bellowed a call for help that went echoing away from the granite cliffs of Old Roundtop. Again and again he shouted, and the echoes drifted back in feeble cries.

Unger was now beset by panic, and after a little time he ceased to call out and began to struggle, for if there was any chance of getting free, it behooved him to find it before his strength waned. Long since sensation had left his feet, and now his fingers were growing numb. He raised himself, turtle-wise, and pulled and jerked at his cumbered body. The muscles knotted across his shoulders, and he strained until faintness touched him, but it was all without result. He dropped back and lay panting, with his face against the snow.

That desperate effort for freedom had taught the imprisoned man one thing: he could keep alive as long as he had strength to struggle, for the exercise had stirred his blood again. So he began to twist and squirm, and in that way worked up a little glow of heat. It seemed to him that he had been rolling his head and working his arms for indefinite years when a dead branch cracked. Unger braced himself to the difficult task of lifting his head. Twenty feet away, Nahum Phinney was standing on snow-shoes, watching his writhings.

For a brief time the men looked at each other in silence. At first Unger was

"'I ain't asking no favors, and I ain't giving none. Them 's my principles'"

in a measure stunned by the shock of sudden deliverance, and then his heart misgave him that perhaps this was not deliverance, after all, for Phinney did not speak or stir. He stood and looked. Something of disinterestedness in his air chilled the man on the ground more than the cold. But although Unger was shaken, he was not afraid, and a part of his old contempt for Phinney returned.

"Get me out, man!" he ordered. "I 'm almost froze'. Can't you see what 's happened?"

Nahum Phinney did not move. He continued to look down at Unger with expressionless eyes.

"Little Emmy 's purty sick, and I 'm hurrying 'cross lots to the village after the doctor," he explained. "Don't believe I got time to get you out, Mr. Unger. It would take quite a spell."

Esau Unger gasped with astonishment. He had never besought help of any man before; but never before had he been unable to help himself. For a moment he hardly knew what to say.

"You ain't going to leave me here?" he asked. "I 'll die!"

"You knowed the tree was going to fall, did n't you?" Phinney looked almost accusing.

"Course I did," growled Unger. "It twisted round, and then I stumbled over a cussed root."

"It ain't my fault you wa'n't more foresighted, is it? I did n't put the root there, did I?"

Suddenly Esau Unger realized that he was being mocked with words out of his own mouth, and by a little man whom he had mentally compared to a rabbit. He was not as angry as he might have been, for cold and dread had worn him down. Then, too, there was amazement at the failure of his own self-sufficiency. So it was not hard to speak calmly.

"You ain't mad about this morning, be you?" He made an attempt to laugh. "Well, the joke 's on me all right. You get me out of here, and you can have all the time you want; say two or three months, if you got to have it."

He expected that this would settle the matter.

"Much obliged, Mr. Unger, but I don't want no time," the little man's voice droned monotonously. "I see Peter Sayre after I left you, and I 'm figuring to move on to his place to-morrow—Christmas. I ain't asking no favors, and I ain't giving none."

Phinney stooped and carefully tied the thong that bound one of his snow-shoes. Unger struggled with a growing belief that the other intended to leave him to die. He would have to beg, but it was a bitter pill to swallow.

"Phinney," he began, "I—I 'm kind of sorry about this morning. Mebbe I ought to of been easy on you. Tell you what I 'll do: I 'll give you a hundred dollars, cash money, to get this tree off me."

Then Nahum Phinney straightened up and increased in stature until he was no longer like a rabbit. With blazing eyes he pointed one mittened hand at Unger.

"You ain't fit to live," he thundered. "You ain't so good as that tree you jest cut down. A tree don't go ag'in' its kind, like you do. What 's God or Christmas or kindness to you? You was going to turn my sick baby outdoors like I would n't turn a sick dog out. It 's wuth more to get the doctor quick for my little Emmy than it is to help a feller such as you be. God Almighty ain't got no use for critters that turns sick babies into the snow. Nor I ain't. Freeze, damn ye!"

Phinney turned, and started off with swinging strides. Unger, dazed and sickened and despairing, listened as the flap of the snow-shoes grew fainter and finally died away. He was doomed. A groan of impotence and self-pity shook him. Then the meaning of all that Nahum Phinney had said began to take shape in his mind until it stood out as sharp and clear as the snow crystals before his eyes. For the first time in his life he wondered if God and such things did make a difference. He tried to summon back his old resolution, but it failed him utterly, and he let his face fall into the snow. He was alone with death.

Unger did not know whether minutes

"'You ain't going to leave me here?' he asked. 'I 'll die!'"

or hours were passing, but he lay quiet, and waited for the end that he could feel descending upon him. He was too weak to struggle now. He did not blame Phinney much. His greatest concern was for Martha, his wife, and that concern took hold upon trivial things. It must have hurt her when he compared Christianity to "spoon victuals," for that was the most contemptuous comparison he knew how to make. There were other things, also; and so full was his mind that when the flap of snow-shoes first came to his ears he doubted that the sound was real. Then his head was lifted, and the voice of Nahum Phinney spoke in its accustomed tones.

"I 'm awful sorry, Mr. Unger," it said. "I did n't understand jest what I was a-doing, going off and leaving a human being like that. It was an awful' mean thing to do, and I hope you won't lay it up ag'in' me. It wa'n't Christian, nohow."

Esau Unger said not a word as Phinney spread a coat beneath his head. The pinioned man was trembling from cold and exhaustion, but these were not what kept him silent. He was thinking with a kind of awe of the thing that had brought Phinney back to the aid of an enemy when his child lay ill. This thing would have been foolishness to him a few hours before, but now it began to take hold upon his feelings and slowly upon his understanding.

"It ain't nigh so bad as I figured, Mr. Unger," announced Phinney, cheerfully,

as he pulled off his mittens and picked up the ax. "You jest keep your courage up, and I 'll have you out in two shakes of a lamb's tail. You was hit by one of them two big limbs, but it 's a mercy you wa'n't killed, jest the same. Guess I can cut a pole and pry it up all right. Ain't no bones broke', be they?"

"No," answered Unger. Phinney's patter of encouragement was wonderfully grateful to him, and he marveled at his own thoughts. Christmas and Christianity and Nahum Phinney went together, he had said to his wife that morning. Now he remembered the words with astonishment at their new meaning. He heard the chug of the ax with a warmth in his heart for the despised little man.

Talking and working with equal rapidity, Phinney, now freed from his snow-shoes, kicked the snow away from the limb between Unger and the fork. Then he put down a part of a thick branch that he had cut, and over it worked the end of a strong pole until that end was well under the limb that held Unger imprisoned. The pole acted as a perfect lever.

"If I was as big and strong as you be, I 'd jest take one hand to this and pull you out with the other," chattered the rescuer; "but I ain't, nowhere near. S'pose you can crawl out when I pry on the limb, Mr. Unger?"

"Yes," replied Esau Unger, and shut his teeth with the grim realization that he must drag himself out or most likely perish. Phinney threw his small weight and strength on the end of the lever, the limb yielded and moved upward ever so little, and Unger, digging his clumps of hands into the snow, prayed for the first time in all his life for that which he had believed was inalienably his—strength. His great arm and breast muscles contracted. Slowly his body moved, while the little man at the end of the pole bore down, panted, and clawed for a foothold in the snow. Unger drew himself up to his hands and knees only to fall again. But he was free.

It was minutes before Esau Unger could stand upright, and half an hour before he could walk without an arm flung over the shoulder of Nahum Phinney, who had gossiped cheerfully as he kneaded life into the legs and arms of the man he had saved.

"You better change all your clothes jest as quick as you get home, Mr. Unger," he advised, "and soak your feet in mustard water to-night. If it wa'n't for little Emmy, I 'd go clear home with you. I 'd jest as lief go, anyway, if you want me."

"You hustle right along after that doctor!" ordered Unger, with a touch of his old manner.

"Well, I guess mebbe I 'd better," replied Phinney.

He hurriedly bound on his snow-shoes and started up the slope of the spur.

"Much obliged, Nahum!" Unger called out. "Almighty much obliged!"

Phinney turned, and waved his hand, and there was something shining in his face that the other man had not seen there before.

Unger tightened the belt of his jacket and went down toward the valley that he had thought he would never see again. The chill was rapidly going from him, and his blood warmed. He drew deep, grateful breaths as he climbed the fence into the back pasture. There at hand stood the clump of small spruces one of which Martha had wanted to make a Christmas-tree for Nahum Phinney's children.

Esau struck off a tree with a blow, and went on toward home with the green limbs dragging behind him in the snow. Sight of the kitchen door was pleasant, and he remembered that Martha had wanted to have it painted the fall before. He felt sorry that he had not let her buy the paint, and as he made ready to go into the kitchen, he carefully kicked the snow from his feet. The little hardnesses of his soul were melting.

Martha Unger had just finished baking, and Esau glimpsed many brown loaves and fat pies on the broad pantry shelf. His wife turned from the stove and gazed at him.

"What 's happened?" she cried. "What

brought you home at this time of day, and all over dirt?"

"Nothing much," he answered awkwardly. "I brought down that Christmas-tree you wanted for the Phinney young uns."

"Good Land of Goshen!" The pie-knife slipped out of her hand and clattered to the floor.

"Jest as quick as I change my clothes," he went on doggedly, "I want you to pack up some pies and truck and go over to Nahum Phinney's with me. Might take along a hunk of beef, too. One of the little gals ain't very well, and Nahum 's gone for the doctor."

It was plain that Martha Unger's world was trembling. She sat down limply in a chair.

"Esau Unger, you 're sick!" she cried. "You better go right straight to bed!"

"I ain't sick, neither." Esau bristled, but he avoided his wife's eyes. "Ain't a man got a right to help his neighbors, I 'd like to know? Ain't they human critters jest like us?"

New Mexico

By FLORENCE POYAS JOHNSTON

HERE the great waters of the deep have gone.
These rocks and sands lie 'neath the desert glare,
Like some fresh sea-beach gleaming clean and bare
From quiet, warm salt tides that ebb at dawn.
The mountains, as if taking breath full-drawn
And deep, fling high their hoary heads for air,
A striving learned through ocean eons, where
In twilight depths sea-monsters move and spawn.
Now dun-gray mesas, valleys, mile on mile
Sweep out to far horizons; and the sky
Bends down, enfolds them with the brooding smile
That once it gave the sea. The homeless cry
Of sea-born winds, lost on these sands, the while
Makes silence deeper, moaning ceaselessly.

The Only Child

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

Author of "The Boy Who Goes Wrong," etc.

FOURTEEN years ago a boy was born of prosperous New York parents. His arrival was exceptionally welcome, for his father and mother had been living in dread that theirs would prove a childless marriage. They had fervently promised themselves that if their fondest hope was realized and a child granted to them, nothing that loving devotion could accomplish would be left undone to secure for the little one the best possible start in life. As a first step in the fulfilment of this promise they decided, soon after their son's birth, to remove from New York to an "exclusive" residential suburb, where fresh air abounded, and where the adverse environmental influence of the crowded city streets was utterly unknown.

Seemingly no decision could have been wiser; seemingly no child could have been brought up amid more favorable surroundings than their boy enjoyed in the splendid home they provided for him on a beautiful slope crested with pines. Yet, despite all the love lavished on him, despite the prodigious efforts to shield him from unfavorable influences, he did not thrive.

Before he was seven he displayed "nervous" symptoms that threw his parents into a panic. He suffered from "night terrors," he became excitable and irritable. The eminent physician to whom he was promptly taken made the flattering diagnosis that the only trouble with the boy was an unusually sensitive nervous organization; prescribed sedatives, advised outdoor exercise, warned against overstudy, and so forth. Unhappily, he did not also emphasize the necessity for simplification of the child's environment as a preventive of nerve strain. Nor did he dwell on the supreme importance, to physical no less than to moral welfare, of sedulously cultivating in the little fellow the virtues of courage, self-control, and self-denial. Perhaps he did not think it needful to speak of these things to such evidently well-bred and well-intentioned parents; perhaps he did not think of these things at all.

In any event, while acting on his advice as to stimulating animal activity and retarding brain function, the father and mother continued to minister to their son's every whim, and eternally busied themselves devising amusements and distractions for him. In time the "night terrors" were no longer in evidence; but the excitability and irritability persisted, and presently other unpleasant traits appeared, notably a tendency to conceit and selfishness. Naturally this did not make the poor youngster any too popular among the few playmates with whom his parents allowed him to associate, and naturally the parents blamed the playmates for not appreciating the "sensitiveness" of his disposition. Thus matters continued until his twelfth year, when his father suddenly

awakened to the fact that intellectually the naughty playmates were considerably ahead of the good little boy. For the first time common sense scored a distinct triumph over excessive parental love; the governess who had been unable to handle her self-willed pupil was dismissed, and the boy was sent to school.

There he has been painfully gaining the discipline—the lessons in self-mastery—that should have been given him in the nursery. Lately he has profited much by reason of business interests that took his parents to Europe for many months, and put him more completely under the control of the school authorities. But he still is lamentably arrogant and selfish; he still finds it difficult to get along with other boys. Whether his schoolmates will take the trouble to help him overcome the handicap of his early rearing is questionable; and however this may be, it is scarcely likely that the character defects unnecessarily acquired during his childhood will be wholly rooted out.

Now, this boy's case is by no means exceptional. Rather, it is typical of the plight of most "only children," who, no matter what their advantages of birth, too often reach manhood and womanhood sadly handicapped and markedly inferior to other children. In a vague way, to be sure, parents with only one child have long realized that they are confronted with special problems in child training; but there is abundant proof that in the great majority of instances they signally fail to grasp these problems clearly and work them out satisfactorily.

Every-day observation supports this statement, and it is confirmed by the findings of modern medical, psychological, and sociological investigation. Statistically its most impressive corroboration is forthcoming from the results of a census of "only children" undertaken a few years ago by the psychological department of Clark University in consequence of certain suggestive indications noticed in the responses received to a questionnaire on peculiar and exceptional children.

Of the one thousand children described in these responses, it was observed that forty-six were specifically mentioned as being "only children," although none of the queries in the questionnaire asked directly or indirectly about such children. The presumption was that a number of the remainder were also of the only child class; but even if such were not the case, the total of forty-six was surprisingly high, since, according to reliable vital statistics, the average progeny of fertile marriages is six, with an only child average of one out of every thirteen fertile marriages; that is, a proportion of one only child to every seventy-eight children, as contrasted with the proportion of one in fewer than every twenty-two of the "peculiar" children described in the questionnaire reports.

Moreover, on dividing these reports into three groups based on the "advantageous," "neutral," and "disadvantageous" character of the peculiarities mentioned, it was found that while considerably less than half of the total number of children fell into the disadvantageous group, two thirds of the "only children" had to be put in it. Naturally this suggested the desirability of a special investigation with reference to the only child, and accordingly a second questionnaire was issued, with queries relating to age, sex, nationality, health, amusements, intellectual ability, moral traits, etc. In this way, from school-teachers and other disinterested observers definite information was obtained as to nearly four hundred "only children"—information which, as finally tabulated and analyzed by the director of the investigation, Mr. E. W. Bohannon, is of great significance to the parents of every only child, and to all interested in individual and racial improvement.

The age average of those whose age was given—nearly three hundred—was twelve years, including about sixty ranging in age from seventeen to thirty-five. About four fifths were of American parentage, while the proportion with regard to sex was, roughly speaking, one third male and two thirds female, a disparity

doubtless attributable in part to the circumstances of the investigation. About one hundred were said not to be in good health, and another hundred to be in outright bad health. In one hundred and thirty-three out of two hundred and fifty-eight cases the temperament was described as "nervous." Precocity was another often-mentioned trait; but on the average the beginning of school-life was from a year and a half to two years later than is usual, and in the performance of school-work the questionnaire responses also revealed a marked inferiority on the part of many "only children."

In their social relations only eighty were reported as "normal," while one hundred and thirty-four out of a total of two hundred and sixty-nine got along badly with other children, usually because they were unwilling, or did not know how, to make concessions, and were stubbornly set on having their own way. Of two hundred and forty-five in attendance at school, more than one hundred were recorded as not being normally interested in active games, sixty-two of these scarcely playing at all.

"If left to their own devices," Mr. Bohannon infers from the reports on the inactive sixty-two, "they are pretty sure to be found in the school-room with their teachers at intermission. A number of the boys prefer to play with the girls at strictly girls' games, such as keeping house with dolls, and generally come to be called girl-boys."

Effeminacy, in fact, is a frequent characteristic of the male only child, and was noted in case after case described in the replies to the questionnaire. Selfishness was set down as the dominant trait in ninety-four "only children" of both sexes, and many others were described as being unusually bad-tempered, vain, naughty, or untruthful.

These depressing findings have since been confirmed by other investigators, some of whom have contributed specially to our knowledge of the state of the only child in adult life. Thus the well-known English psychologist Havelock Ellis, studying the life-histories of four hundred eminent men and women, found the astonishingly low percentage of 6.9 for only children, indicating unmistakably the persistence of the intellectual inferiority brought out by the Bohannon questionnaire. There would also seem to be no doubt that egotism and social inadaptability characterize the adult only child no less than the immature one.

"In later life," affirms the American neurologist A. A. Brill, who has made a special study of the only child from both a medical and a psychological point of view, "he is extremely conceited, jealous, and envious. He begrudges the happiness of friends and acquaintances, and he is therefore shunned and disliked." Besides which, speaking from wide experience as a practising specialist in New York, Doctor Brill insists that the only child, at any age of life, is peculiarly liable to fall a victim to hysteria, neurasthenia, and other serious functional nervous and mental maladies; and his belief, as I happen to know from their personal statements to me, is shared by other observant neurologists, such as Doctors James J. Putnam and I. H. Coriat of Boston.

This is a point of special interest, for the reason that recent medical research has made it certain that the maladies in question are one and all rooted in faulty habits of thought, usually resultant from errors of training in childhood. Chief among these errors, according to all modern neurologists, is an upbringing which tends to develop excessive occupation with thoughts of self. But this is precisely the kind of upbringing given the majority of "only children." Here again the Bohannon investigation affords impressive evidence. One of the queries included in the questionnaire bore on the treatment accorded the only child when at home, and it is indeed significant that in about seventy-five per cent. of the replies received it was stated that the policy of the parents was one of extreme indulgence.

"Had her own way in everything," "Her parents gratify her every whim," "She is surrounded by adults who indulge

her too much," "Humored," "Petted," "Coddled," are some of the expressions frequently employed to describe the parental treatment. Many of the replies sent to Mr. Bohannon also testify to an overanxiety with respect to the child's welfare that might easily give rise to undue feelings of self-importance and to an unhealthy habit of introspection. "His mother was always unduly anxious about him when he was out of her sight," "She is thought to be quite delicate, and great care is taken of her; she is kept in a warm room and seldom allowed to go out," "His home treatment has made a baby of him," may fairly be cited as typical statements returned by Mr. Bohannon's respondents.

Is it any wonder that the average only child grows up deficient in initiative and self-reliance? Is it any wonder that, under the stress of some sudden shock, he reacts badly, allowing himself to be overwhelmed by it, even to the extent of becoming a neurasthenic wreck? In short, can it be doubted that the handicap under which he too often has to struggle through life is not a handicap imposed by nature, but is solely of his parents' making?

Sometimes this is all too clearly appreciated in later life by the child himself, and the parental error is bitterly resented; or, if the sense of filial piety be sufficiently strong, is splendidly excused. As in this fragment from an autobiographical statement by an only child:

> Of the selfishness of which a frank woman accused me my parents were up to that time quite as unconscious as I. She had asked my mother to drive with her to the home of a friend in a neighboring town, where the two were invited to spend the night. My mother declined, on the ground that I, at that time about nine, could not comb my hair and pin my collar properly for school in the morning; and as we then had no maid, and my father could at best only have buttoned my frock, the objection seemed insurmountable. But the family friend called me by the ugly title of naughty, selfish little girl, and chided mother for allowing me to monopolize her time, contending that she was making me selfish and dependent.
>
> Perhaps she was. But I protest that it could hardly have been otherwise, considering that she had in full measure the world-old desire of mothers to spend themselves for their children, and only one child to spend herself on. It had not occurred to my mother, I am confident, that her habit of ministering to me constantly was pampering; nor had I, in going to her for services that I might easily have learned to perform for myself, made demands in the manner of the arrogant spoiled child.

The compelling power of mother-love and father-love must, of a truth, be recognized in extenuation of the spoiling of the only child. But the fact of the spoiling remains, and the fact also that when the spoiling is achieved, the parental pride and joy will be turned to grief and bitter lamentation. The pity of it is that the only child, simply because he is the only child, ought to grow up healthier, wiser, and more efficient than other children.

For, as psychologists are insisting more and more emphatically, the health, happiness, and efficiency of adult life depend preponderantly on the home influences of early childhood; and, obviously, in a home where the parental attention can be concentrated on a single child, better results should be attained than when the work of training involves a division of the attention among several children. Unfortunately, when it is a question of training an only child, too many parents seem to take it for granted that training is entirely unnecessary, that their child is innately so good that he will develop of his own accord into one of the best of men.

In reality, as modern psychology has made very clear, every child at the outset of his life is much like every other child, a plastic, unmoral little creature, exceedingly impulsive and exceedingly receptive, readily impressed for good or evil by the influences that surround him. Childhood, to repeat a truism hackneyed to psycholo-

gists, but seemingly unappreciated by most people, is preëminently the suggestible period of life. It is then, when the critical faculty still is undeveloped, that whatever ideas are presented to the mind are most surely absorbed by it, to sink into its subconscious depths, and there form the nucleus for whole systems of thought afterward manifesting as habits. Herein lurks the special peril to the only child afflicted with over-loving, over-anxious parents.

Their perpetual solicitation for him, acting as a suggestion of irresistible force, tends to engender in him a mental attitude out of which may afterward spring, according to the subsequent circumstances of his life, a cold, heartless, calculating selfishness, or a morbid self-anxiety perhaps eventuating in all sorts of neurotic symptoms. If, as a boy, he is too closely and constantly associated with his mother, the force of suggestion again, acting through the imitative instinct, may lead to a development of those feminine traits frequently characteristic of male only children, and often involving pathological conditions of dire social as well as individual significance. Further still, by restricting unduly the intercourse of only children with playmates of their own age, as is often done, one of the finest agencies in development through the power of suggestion is left unutilized. There is a world of truth in the lament of the only child from whose autobiography I have already quoted:

All this carefulness kept me uncontaminated by the naughtiness of little street Arabs, but it also limited my opportunity to imitate where imitation is easiest—among those of my own age; it stunted the initiative and inventiveness that might, in normal conditions, have developed in me; and it left me lacking in adaptability. I sometimes disloyally wonder if my chances of being a tolerable citizen might not have been as good if I had been permitted to "run wild," and thus secure for myself the companionship I could not have at home.

Of course association with other children means at least an occasional hard knock, and hard knocks are above all else what the doting mother wishes to avoid for her darling boy. She forgets that they are certain to be experienced soon or late, and that the earlier her boy is fitted to withstand them, the better they will be withstood. She forgets, too, that if the suggestions emanating from playmates are not invariably suggestions for good, they may easily be counteracted, without sacrificing the advantages to be gained from association with playmates, by proper training in the quiet of the home.

Always, let me repeat, it is the home training—the force of parental example and instruction—that counts for most. If the only child turn out well, the credit must go to the parents; if, alas! he turn out badly, if he become a monster of selfishness or a neurotic weakling, the blame must likewise be theirs.

To a Lion

By OLIVER HERFORD

WHY are you called a lion? If I might
From a safe distance venture to inquire,
You do not dance, or twang the tuneful lyre;
Your voice is rough; you cannot even write.
What boots it that your circus antics trite
Win clownish praise? What hostess would conspire
To lure you to her salon? Who 'd desire
To meet you off the stage? Who would invite
You to a week-end party? Nevertheless,
There is a certain something in your air
Not wholly wanting in impressiveness,
A sign of pseudo-culture that you share
With lions of our social zoo — Ah, yes,
I have it now! Of *course!* It is your hair!

CURRENT COMMENT

The Christmas Curse

NO, you need not be shocked. There is a very distinct curse upon Christmas, and these reformers who are "getting into everything nowadays" have the right of it in the thankless campaign they are waging. They are out to "reform Christmas." How patently absurd! you say. The very idea of Christmas is in itself an idea of spiritual reformation, for the time being at least. Whether Christmas means to us the deepest significance of the Christian religion or merely, as Arnold Bennett puts it, "The Feast of Saint Friend," it means to "me" (with New Year's day that follows it) my yearly spiritual housecleaning, my yearly return to the fundamental humanities in thought and deed, where the magnate and the tramp or the "society leader" can find such very valuable common interests. I was the better for last Christmas, or I *shall* be the better for this Christmas. That is your idea.

But if the Christmas spirit is only a genial sentimental glow, with no actual renovation of heart and mind to reinforce it—certainly, you knew what I was going to say. Well, I *do* give you credit for the best intentions in the world. You want to do something? Why not remove the curse of Christmas?

Ah, we 're coming to it now. The time-honored method of expressing the spirit of Christmas is in your giving. So you give. You are generous,—we are all generous,—and you give lavishly, perhaps, at least with that generous glow permeating you, up to the limit of your means. But it is the way in which you give that is wrong. There lies the curse of Christmas, a very mean little viper tightly coiled in the fragrant center of the rose of generosity. Let me leap from flowery phrases right into the midst of those facts commonly known as "hard and cold." You had better come along. You have come this far.

I know a girl who has been "behind the counter" in a big store during the Christmas "rush." She has written what follows. But she has omitted many things. In the first place, she has been very taciturn about such human weaknesses as backache and black spots before the eyes in the midst of checking and packing at an hour when the benevolent Christmas purchasers are comfortably chatting around the evening lamp after dinner or refreshing themselves with pleasant dreams after a hard day. In the second place, she has omitted to mention how it feels to stand up through a day of the Christmas rush before the onslaught of frantic shoppers, their unbelievable whims and vagaries, their insistent indignation at the slightest delay, their unceasing flow of foolish inquiry and heedless impatience, their—well, as a choleric person, I am afraid I should call it shortly "their utter inhumanity"; yes, and I should imagine her feeling must approximate that of a soldier in the trenches under fire from some of those

huge howitzers. But she is more kindly. This is all she says:

The custom of keeping retail stores open during the evenings for a week or longer before Christmas is happily decreasing every year. The season is again near when it will be in the power of every shopper to uphold the stores that have declared against this practice, and to make certain that those who continue to keep open will not find it profitable. As a matter of fact, the margin of profit on the business done, compared with the increased expenses of lighting, etc., would be so small as to be negligible if the employees were paid for overtime. Supper, or supper money, is not an adequate payment for an evening's work. It should be remembered by the shopper that every employee has a certain amount of work that must be accomplished when the store's doors are closed: the rearrangement of stock, the bringing up of fresh supplies, the filling out of sales-slips and requisition-pads, the special orders that must be verified in every detail. These duties vary with the store systems, but few employees escape with fewer than from two to four hours of them, whether the work remains to be done after six o'clock or after ten. And this is a vital matter to the clerk.

As things have been in the past, much of our Christmas giving has been at the expense of untold time, energy, and ingenuity on the part of the clerk. It is no uncommon thing for a clerk, long identified with a gift department, to be telephoned a message such as this: "Oh, Miss Blank, this is Mrs. Dash. I have forgotten a gift for a cousin of mine. He is a doctor. Pick out a good book, one he will like, not over ten dollars. And write a card, 'With love from Belle.' Send it to this address, and charge it to me. And wait a minute! My sister says to pick out one for her to send. Charge it to her. You know the address. Now, Miss Blank, can I *rely* on you to get those out to-night? And take out the price-marks." Twenty or thirty such messages during the rush hours of the day provide several hours' work after the store is empty except for tired clerks, irritable delivery-boys, and over-worked packers.

The slogan adopted by the Consumer's League, "Do your shopping early!" applies equally to the day and the hour. In November every store has its full equipment of stock and its extra force of clerks on hand. Many of them are on probation, and therefore willing to take any amount of trouble to please customers. After December 10 not only has the stock been handled, fresh items usually impossible to obtain, but every spark of conscience has been trampled out of the clerk. Her acquiescence means nothing. "Certainly. I 'll see it goes to-night. Yes, I 'll put it in a fresh box. I 'll send one fresh like this, only not handled." All personality is submerged, and she sees the crowds as they are, "bandar log" who are to be satisfied with anything that can be thrown to them.

Preach it and practise it—shopping early! Carry home a few things, and lighten all the elaborate routine of checking, wrapping, counterchecking, signing, and sending. Don't try to have things held for you while you make up your mind whether or not you want them. Send for the White List published by the Consumer's League, showing just how the big department stores treat their employees in the matter of overtime, extra pay, etc. And try to realize that it is only by the slow addition of one thinking person to another that anything is ever accomplished!

Well, will you?

National Safety and the Party System

COSMO HAMILTON, who writes "England's Malady" in this issue of THE CENTURY, has served his country in the present war with skill and devotion. He has sickened of a disease which is attacking many good citizens in America. A pessimist might claim, with some reason, that we have in America the exact counterpart of the evil party system which has inspired Mr. Hamilton's scorn. Like

him, most of us were "born to" a certain form of government; but few of us actually participate in framing our governmental system.

The native-born American citizen of today is confronted with a ready-made system of government. As a youth he studied and thrilled over the wisdom, courage, and dogged principles of his forebears. He achieved a certain reverence for the American Constitution, and a pride in the numerically and economically great nation which has grown up under it.

But a big nation has, among many others, the defect of bigness. Thus any American citizen finds such a complexity of interests and standards, such a bewildering field of governmental activities, such an unwieldy machine to do the work for one hundred millions of people, that his individual participation in shaping his country's policies is reduced to the ghost of a suspicion. He may see public corruption, inefficiency, and stupidity rampant; he may see his supposed birthright dragged in the dust; he may feel that his very life and property, and even the honor of those whom he holds dearest, are exposed to vivid peril: but he can do little or nothing. He may swarm with those who feel as he does; he may preach, write, implore and rave; he may point morals, quote history, and adorn tales; form societies, adopt platforms, make propaganda, and argue with his complacent fellow-men: he can do nothing. His system of government was made for him before he was born. It provided that the wisdom of the land, in grave national affairs, should shine through a body which is often more concerned with its own success or local popularity than with acting for the American nation, its honor, and its safety.

So Mr. Good American grows tired and discouraged, and he decides that *sauve qui peut* is the only doctrine, after all. Yet we express surprise in the press and on the platform that there is a lack of dutiful patriotism! A government, to be respected and loved, must be strong and wise; in the present world crisis the American Government is neither.

The End of an Era?

MODERN civilization seems to have reached its height of mechanical efficiency in the weapons and appliances of modern war; and that is true although it is by our proficiency in the arts of peace that we have achieved the submarine and the aëroplane and the armored battle-ship and the big gun. It is a curious parallel of history that the "era of handicraft" of the Middle Ages was a similar era of peaceful industry, and history (in the person of Professor Thorstein Veblen) remarks that "the most finished productions of workmanship which that era has to show" are in Europe's museum collections of armor and weapons.

But history also notes that it was by virtue of these weapons that the era of handicraft in continental Europe ended in bankruptcy and collapse. The Italian cities of the Renaissance were the first commercial republics of that era, and all *their* achievements of art and industry, of science and commerce, were wasted in the wars that overwhelmed them. The Low Countries and the cities of southern Germany followed next in the path that led from industry and trade to wealth and dynastic ambitions and competitive state-making and the ruin of war. Central Europe, the Netherlands, France, and the German states made the same rake's progress, and it was chiefly because of the isolation of England that she was able to keep her soil free from predatory quarrels of conquest, to work through her period of handicraft to the industrial revolution of the modern machine economy, and finally to achieve the commercial supremacy of the British Empire.

Now the British Empire has been caught in a war that threatens to end Europe's latest period of industrial prosperity. Germany, under an ambitious absolutism, has built its railroads for strategic purposes, has constructed its har-

bors as naval bases, has organized its agriculture, its industry, and its commerce to make itself a self-supporting unit for defense or aggression, has launched itself against the civilization of its time with the perfected weapons of that civilization, and is rapidly reducing itself and all its neighbors to the verge of bankruptcy. Only America is left to the isolation that once saved England, and it is an isolation that is not merely physical. The American mind does not easily entertain the national envies and animosities that divide Europe, and without such animosities neither princely ambitions nor commercial rivalries can procure the ill-will that usually precedes conflict. England, we are told, was saved not only by her insular position but by "the inability of her princes to draw a reluctant industrial community into the traffic of dynastic intrigue that filled the Continent." And the United States, as President Wilson has said, envies no nation's prosperity and covets no nation's trade. If the end of an era has come to Europe in disaster, it need not arrive here. We can work out our future in the comparative security that made England possible, and perhaps conclude with something in our museums more memorable of the twentieth century than a specimen of the kind of torpedo that sank the *Lusitania* or the sort of shell that wrecked the cathedral at Rheims.

Why Not?

IT is awkward to be caught on a Fifth Avenue bus with only a five-cent piece and a ten-dollar bill, for neither is acceptable ammunition for the shiny little gun the conductor points at you. The other day the writer found himself in this predicament, and was politely told he would have to get off; and it was not the man in front, but the young woman on the seat behind him, who came to his rescue.

"Please let me," she said cheerfully. "It 's a nuisance having to get off!"

And the writer found himself accepting the aid in the same spirit he would have met it coming from a man. To have insisted on means of repaying it, or to have been over-effusive, would have spoiled what was a novel and rather refreshing incident. And it was only when the brisk young figure in a tailor-made suit alighted a few blocks farther on that he glanced over the bus to look gratefully and admiringly after her. He rather hoped she was for woman suffrage, because somehow in her carriage and her pleasantly impersonal manner she seemed to typify the cause's best intentions. And the only concession he made to sex was when he raised his hat.

What Barnum Said

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

REMEMBER what the late P. T. Barnum said? Well, Howard Pierce was not thinking of either the great showman or his sayings when he strolled into the police court; but later— However, we shall come to that presently. It is first necessary to know a little something about Pierce.

He was a young lawyer in need of a client—a paying client. It did not much matter what the client paid, so long as he paid something. Anything was better than nothing. Yet the invasion of the police court was not made in expectation of finding a client there. Pierce would welcome one with money, even a very little money, of course, but those with money usually had lawyers already engaged, or were quickly annexed by shysters who would stoop to practices of which he would not be guilty. He did not care for police-court practice, anyway,—he had a much higher ambition than that,—but he had become so lonely in his little office that he had to go somewhere for company, and—well, why not go for it where there was at least a possibility of making a few dollars?

"At that," he reflected, "the best I 'm likely to get, if I get anything at all, is an assignment by the court to defend somebody who has n't even a collar-button."

He had had just that luck on a previous occasion.

"Most of these people," he went on musingly, "are better off without a lawyer than with one. There is n't anything on which to base a fight. The law and the facts are so clear that a lawyer can do no more than gum things up without affecting the result. So what 's the use? I don't fit at all. I like to feel that I 'm doing my client some good; that is, I should like to feel so, if I had a client."

Nevertheless, he lingered, awaiting the opening of court. It was a rest from reading law in a lonely office, anyway.

Tim Corey sauntered in, gave him a careless nod, and exchanged friendly greetings with the clerk. Corey was older and more experienced than Pierce, very much more experienced in police-

court matters. Still, Pierce knew enough to grasp the significance of the brief conference at the clerk's desk. Corey was learning where there might be opportunity for him in the business presently to come before the court. He would get such information as the clerk could provide, and then he would interview the desk sergeant in the next room. Very likely he would go down to the cells and talk with a few of the unfortunates there. Anyhow, he would know to whom it would be worth while to offer his services, and it was quite immaterial to him whether he could render any real service or not. The main thing was that the client thus secured should be able to pay a fee, either in cash or other valuable consideration. Corey would take anything that could be turned into money.

Pierce would not resort to such practices. As a matter of fact, he could not, even if he would, for he could not command the necessary favors from police and court officials. And he could not take the last penny from some poor devil in hard luck, even if the circumstances made it possible for him to render any adequate service. Corey could and would, and on this particular occasion fortune favored him.

There was a man locked up below who had money and no lawyer. He had not much money, but enough to make the case worth while financially. It was distinctly not worth while in any other way, but that was unimportant. Corey took the case and the money, and he made a great noise when the man was arraigned. He bullied the few witnesses, and he delivered himself of an impassioned argument when the evidence was in, citing the law learnedly, although his quotations had no particular application to the case.

"Sixty days," said the magistrate when the argument was ended.

The man never had a chance on the evidence, and, as far as Pierce could see, the tactics of Corey had no other effect than to make the judge impatient. Pierce had always had a good deal of contempt for Corey, whom he knew slightly, and he had more than ever now. The man deserved his punishment, of course, but no one but a shyster would take money from him for putting up such a farcical and utterly useless defense.

Later, when Corey dropped into a seat beside him for a moment, Pierce could not restrain a taunt, although he veiled its sharpness with an air of good-natured badinage.

"Rather a hot one for your client," he suggested.

"Oh, yes, I was expecting that," returned Corey, carelessly; "but I did the best I could for him."

"Possibly," conceded Pierce; "but it did n't seem to me that your talk made much of a hit with the judge."

"With the judge!" exclaimed Corey. "Heavens, no! But it did with the prisoner, and that 's what counts. I was n't talking for the judge."

"Oh," murmured Pierce, "I see. But don't you think the prisoner would have got off easier if he had pleaded guilty?"

"Very likely," replied Corey; "but what kind of chance would I have stood for a fee if I 'd given him any such advice? You know what Barnum said."

Pierce recalled the remark most frequently attributed to the great showman, and nodded.

"Well, there you are," declared Corey. "Barnum knew. This fellow thinks he 'd have got six months if it had n't been for the fight I put up, and he 's dead satisfied; but if I 'd got him off with thirty days by pleading guilty, he would n't have thought it worth a plugged quarter."

Pierce pondered this as he strolled back to his office, and he was able to see that there was some truth in it, from a police-court point of view.

"Yes," he decided, "that fellow wanted action; had to have action and noise, a fight, or he would n't have thought he was getting anything for his money. But I could n't do that sort of thing. I simply could n't do it; so perhaps it 's just as well that I don't want any police-court business, anyway."

To his surprise, he found some one

awaiting him at his office. This was so unprecedented that he thought for a moment a mistake had been made—that the girl who served him and two others as stenographer, telephone-girl, and office-girl had sent the caller to the wrong room. But she had not. The man waiting in his little cubbyhole of a private office really wanted to see him. Moreover, he was a client, or would be one if handled properly.

This man, who gave the name of Bauman, had been referred to Pierce by a friend, and he was a client worth having. He had money. He might not have much law business, but he would be good and prompt to pay for what he had. And he was considerably excited, not to say angry. He had a claim of $900 against a former business associate, and it was disputed; that is, the amount was disputed. It was not denied that some money might be due as the result of several interrelated and rather complicated business deals, but nothing like the amount stated.

Pierce listened to Bauman's story, and regretfully decided that he had a weak case. It was based upon verbal understandings that, as frequently happens, had become verbal misunderstandings, and there was no conclusive evidence either way. Moreover, there was ample opportunity in the circumstances for an honest difference of opinion.

"Compromise it," was his advice, reluctantly given. There is no such money for a lawyer in a compromised case as there is in a contested one, and Pierce needed the money.

"Compromise it!" exclaimed Bauman.

"That 's the best thing to do in the circumstances," asserted Pierce. "If you can get fifty per cent. without a fight, that 's more than you 're likely to get clear after a legal battle, even if you win."

"Fifty per cent.!" repeated Bauman.

"That 's the minimum, of course," Pierce went on. "I should judge, from what you tell me of Rigdon's attitude, that we may be able to get more; but fifty per cent. is better than a fight, with your case."

"Fifty per cent.!" Bauman's temper flared. "Let that old pirate get away with half of what 's coming to me! Well, I guess that will be about all for you!"

"Of course, if you want to fight—"

"That 's a plenty for you!" He turned away in disgust.

Pierce, impelled by necessity, mustered sufficient courage to suggest that he was entitled to a fee for his advice.

"Fee!" roared Bauman. "How 's there any fee coming to you? What have you done? You advise me to make Rigdon a present of four hundred and fifty dollars, and then want a fee from me! From me! Rigdon 's the man that ought to pay you a fee. I don't give up money for nothing, anyway."

Bauman stormed out, and Pierce leaned back in his chair with a disconsolate sigh. He was entitled to a fee, and he needed it. He had advised Bauman conscientiously, to his own disadvantage, and he knew that the advice was good. If followed, it would save Bauman money; and a modest, extremely modest, fee would have been satisfactory.

Pierce took some odd change from his pocket, and gloomily counted it. This merely emphasized what he already knew: that he had lunch money, and virtually nothing beyond that.

"I 'll send him a bill," he decided truculently; "I 'll send him a bill for twenty dollars for legal advice. He asked for it, he got it, and I 'm entitled to the money. I 'd have let him off for five if he 'd been decent,—I 'd have handled the negotiations with Rigdon for ten or fifteen,—but I 'll stick him for twenty now. And I 'll make him pay, too!"

He made out the bill, but he did not mail it. There was no hurry. He meant to have that money, of course; but—well, he would have sold his chance of getting it for two dollars, and there was no chance at all of getting it quickly. So there was no hurry. He would think it over at luncheon. Perhaps there was a better way of handling the matter.

Bauman was a frugal man by nature; Pierce was frugal from necessity. Thus

it happened that the same inexpensive restaurant appealed to both. Bauman went to it when he left Pierce's office, and Pierce followed him there about ten minutes later. Neither was looking for the other then, neither had any particular use for the other then, but, the restaurant being crowded, Pierce was put at Bauman's table.

Pierce nodded, Bauman scowled. Pierce would not let Bauman see how much that fee meant to him, but Bauman had no such reason for concealing his real feelings.

"You ought to be dining with Rigdon at his club," growled Bauman.

"Unfortunately," returned Pierce, "I don't happen to know Mr. Rigdon."

"Well, you 're a pretty good friend of his, anyway," asserted Bauman; "or perhaps it 's easier to hold a man up for nothing than it is to earn the money."

Pierce smiled now. He was raging inwardly, but there was no money in losing his temper, and there might be some advantage in keeping it. Besides, this tolerant air further exasperated Bauman.

"Evidently, Mr. Bauman," he said, "this is a matter of personal hostility rather than a mere business misunderstanding."

"I don't let anybody swindle me," returned Bauman, "not even a lawyer."

"Do you really think," asked Pierce, ignoring the apparent reference to himself, "that Mr. Rigdon is trying to swindle you?"

"Of course he is," asserted Bauman.

"That had n't occurred to me," commented Pierce, thoughtfully. "Knowing Mr. Rigdon's reputation, although I am not acquainted with him personally, I gained the impression that it was a mere business misunderstanding; and I shall have to say, Mr. Bauman, that you did not make the points upon which you base your belief very clear to me. Would you mind going over those details again?"

Bauman hesitated a moment, but he was too full of the subject to require much urging, and whatever doubts he entertained were soon dispelled. Pierce gave him the closest attention, frequently nodded his head approvingly, and occasionally interjected a question that had the effect of emphasizing some point in Bauman's favor.

"I think I understand the situation now," said Pierce when Bauman had concluded. He did understand it, but his present understanding of it differed in no particular from his previous understanding of it. "It is quite clear as to the facts," he added, "but there are one or two points of law that I should like to look up. Would you mind going back to the office with me?"

Bauman, now entirely mollified, was very willing to go back, and he felt well repaid for the return.

There was really no question of law that Pierce had to look up, but there was plenty of law that he could look up and read and explain; and this he did, to the considerable mystification, but very great satisfaction, of his client.

"That 's something like!" declared Bauman. "You somehow did n't seem to get busy on the case before."

Pierce quoted some more law. It is easy to quote law that is superficially applicable to a case, but has no real bearing upon it.

"But you understand," added Pierce, "that I can't guarantee anything. No man living can ever be sure what a judge or jury will do."

"Of course," acquiesced Bauman, cheerfully.

"The best that any lawyer can do," pursued Pierce, "is to show the law and the facts, and the application of one to the other, and then hope that there will be sense enough on the bench or in the jury-box to decide the matter correctly."

"I understand," returned Bauman.

"And it will take a little time."

"Naturally. I know the law is slow, but we 'll jar this Rigdon some before we get through."

"He 'll certainly know he 's been in a fight," agreed Pierce. "Now, if you want me to take the case—"

"I do," put in Bauman.

"I shall have to have a retainer," concluded Pierce, trying hard not to show the trepidation with which he made this suggestion.

"Fair enough," assented Bauman. "I don't ask anybody to work for me for nothing. How much?"

"Fifty dollars."

"And you 'll get after him when?"

"As quick as I can get over to the clerk's office with the necessary papers."

"That 's the way to talk!" approved Bauman, producing a pocket check-book. "I 'll pay you the retainer right now."

"With twenty-five additional to cover costs," prompted Pierce.

Bauman nodded.

Ten minutes later, Pierce, again alone, was looking thoughtfully, almost incredulously, at a check that lay on his desk—a check cheerfully given after a refusal to pay anything at all for far better advice; a check that was merely the beginning of the cost of a contested case.

"In time," he reflected, "a jury will probably give him $168.17 or some such crazy sum; but he would have it that way!"

He recalled Corey, the man who talked for the client rather than for the judge, and that reminded him. Yes, Barnum had a deep insight into human nature.

An Indignation Dinner

By JAMES D. CORROTHERS

Dey was hard times jes 'fo' Christmas round our neighborhood one year;
So we held a secret meetin', whah de white folks could n't hear,
To 'scuss de situation, an' to see whut could be done
Towa'd a fust-class Christmas dinneh an' a little Christmas fun.

Rufus Green, who called de meetin', ris' an' said: "In dis here town,
An' throughout de land, de white folks is a-tryin' to keep us down."
S' 'e: "Dey 's bought us, sold us, beat us; now dey 'buse us 'ca'se we 's free;
But when dey tetch my *stomach,* dey 's done gone too fur foh *me!*

"Is I right?" "You sho is, Rufus!" roared a dozen hungry throats.
"Ef you 'd keep a mule a-wo'kin', don't you tamper wid his oats.
Dat 's sense," continued Rufus. "But dese white folks nowadays
Has done got so close an' stingy you can't live on whut dey pays.

"Here 't is Christmas-time, an', folkses, I 's indignant 'nough to choke.
Whah 's our Christmas dinneh comin' when we 's 'mos' completely broke?
I can't hahdly 'fo'd a toothpick an' a glass o' water. Mad?
Say, I 'm desp'ut! Dey jes better treat me nice, dese white folks had!"

Well, dey 'bused de white folks scan'lous, till old Pappy Simmons ris',
Leanin' on his cane to spote him, on account his rheumatis',
An' s' 'e: "Chilun, whut 's dat wintry wind a-sighin' th'ough de street
'Bout yo' wasted summeh wages? But, no matteh, we mus' *eat.*

"Now, I seed a beau'ful tuhkey on a certain gemmun's fahm.
He 's a-growin' fat an' sassy, an' a-struttin' to a chahm.
Chickens, sheeps, hogs, sweet pertaters—all de craps is fine dis year;
All we needs is a *committee* foh to tote de goodies here."

Well, we lit right in an' voted dat it was a gran' idee,
An' de dinneh we had Christmas was worth trabblin' miles to see;
An' we eat a full an' plenty, big an' little, great an' small,
Not beca'se we was dishonest, but *indignant,* sah. Dat 's all.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

"And the cutlass clanged with
a hissing whir
On the lashing blade of
the rapier."

From the painting by John Wolcott Adams

(*Illustrating "The Hemp: A Virginia Legend"*)

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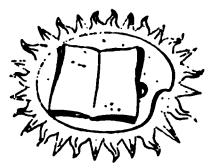

The Nation on Trial 1860-1916

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

Author of "The Writing on the Wall," "The Note-book of an Attaché," etc.

IN my last article, which appeared in THE CENTURY for December, it was stated that the best technical authorities of Europe and America believe that for the United States reasonable military preparedness can best be attained by the adoption of a system of universal compulsory service based on the Swiss and Australian methods, comprising military training as an essential part of the education of every boy of twelve years or more, and the enrolment in a Federal army of all men during the years from nineteen to twenty-three, when their military duties would consist in several weeks' training every year. Such a system would eventually result in our possessing an active army of 2,500,000, and a reserve of 8,000,000 trained civilians between the ages of twenty-four and forty-eight, which could be drawn upon in case of dire calamity.

A citizen army so trained, while not powerful for offense, for defensive action would rank among the great armies of the world, and give any nation pause before it decided to attack the United States. To the American people the great virtue of this system is that it does not create a spirit of militarism or invite the many evils that fasten on any country which maintains a large standing army.

To-day seven or eight nations already possess armies of far more than two and one half million men. An army of that size is for us the irreducible minimum. No steps which fall short of that mark will be of use except as they lead logically toward it as an ultimate result.

Such a system cannot suddenly be put into full operation; legal and political obstacles must first be overcome, and even when this has been accomplished, the system will give us an effective army only after it has been in operation for several years. It is imperative that in the interim we make some immediate provision for national safety, for an international crisis may confront us at any time.

The one effective means of thus quickly protecting ourselves is to adopt and put into immediate operation an extensive program of naval construction, calculated to give us a mighty fleet in the shortest possible time. This would involve a procedure totally different from that now advocated by Secretary Daniels, which will not result in any essential increase in the relative effectiveness of our navy. Our immediate needs involve the laying down of at least ten super-dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers, together with a proportionate number of cruisers, destroyers, and auxili-

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aries, and their completion in the shortest possible time. Such a program is of course too extravagant to be made a permanent custom. It is urged as the only effective temporary expedient that will tide us over until we attain the Swiss system in full operation. It would double the battle efficiency of our navy within two years.

Its necessity becomes quickly apparent when we consider the condition of our armies. At the present moment the only adequately trained and organized mobile troops stationed east of the Mississippi are two regiments of regular cavalry and two regiments of regular infantry, a total of about four thousand men. These constitute the sole mobile forces now in that wide area having sufficient tactical cohesion and enough experience in the art of war to withstand the shock of battle.

It would be utterly impossible to place our state militia organizations in any sort of fighting trim in less than six months. Good marksmanship and uncoördinated bravery are in the conflicts of to-day very much at a discount before efficiency and organization. At the beginning of the present war Great Britain's territorial battalions were probably better trained than any of our militia regiments, and yet despite the desperate need of reinforcements at the front, no territorial organization could be brought to a state of efficiency that permitted its use in battle in less than eight months. It is an axiom in both the German and French armies that troops which have had less than a year's preparation are literally worse than useless, their addition to a weak army only tending to make it still weaker. From the days when Alexander's crack little army smashed the unnumbered, but untrained, Persian hosts, down to the immediate present, when the Germans, with comparatively small losses, have in a little over a year inflicted six million casualties upon Russia's unwieldy and disorganized hordes, reliance upon mere numbers has ever been a delusion and a snare.

The lay mind grasps the significance of these facts slowly and with difficulty. It does not immediately perceive that since we have 5500 miles of coast line, we have no troops to protect the wide gaps between our isolated coast defenses. Our field-army is, as a matter of fact, so insignificant that it could not even protect the flank and rear of our permanent forts. We have therefore no single fixed gun which is safe even from a raiding party landed from a hostile fleet.

Two seasoned army corps of 40,000 men, once landed on our shore, could work their will with us for at least six months. There are several great nations any one of which could within two weeks land twelve such corps upon our coast. We must therefore make such a landing as improbable as possible until we have adopted the Swiss system; this can be accomplished only by an immediate and systematic extravagance in naval construction.

Let us consider the various steps which would lead upward toward the adoption of the Swiss system and the attainment of our irreducible minimum of military preparedness. We find at the very start that our present system is fundamentally wrong and that we must have not only an increase in quantity, but a radical and basic change in kind. To begin with, the only firm foundation of efficiency in defense and the necessary first step toward any subsequent progress is the appointment as secretary of the navy and secretary of war of trained professional men selected for special fitness and proved ability. These most important offices are now conferred as political rewards for having assisted in electing a President. No matter how great his ability or how wide his experience in political fields, no statesman lacking special training in the profession of arms is fitted to act as director of the army or navy.

Without question Abraham Lincoln was the greatest statesman and the noblest patriot that our country has yet produced. No one ever questions his supremacy as a leader or his preëminence as a man of wide and intensely practical knowledge of human affairs. Would that we possessed a man half as able as the victor of 1860 to

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood On the parade-ground at West Point

lead us in the campaign of 1916! If any untrained civilian could ever by any possibility have successfully directed military affairs, President Lincoln, coöperating with Mr. Stanton, the least incompetent of our long line of secretaries of war, would certainly have been successful. What were the facts? Colonel G. R. F. Henderson, one of the foremost authorities on our Civil War, writes that "In assuming control of the Union armies, Lincoln and Stanton made the Confederates a present of at least 50,000 men." Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley says: "In the first three years of the War of Secession, when Mr. Lincoln and Mr.

Stanton practically controlled the movements of the Federal forces, the Confederates were generally successful . . . the Northern prospects did not begin to brighten until Mr. Lincoln, with that unselfish intelligence which distinguished him, abdicated his military functions in favor of General Grant." In Grant's memoirs we find the following illuminating passage:

In my first interview with Mr. Lincoln alone he stated to me that he never professed to be a military man nor to know how campaigns should be conducted . . . but that pressure forced him into issuing his series of military orders. He did not know but they were all wrong and did know that some of them were.

He submitted a plan of campaign of his own, which he wanted me to hear and then do as I pleased about it; he pointed out two streams which emptied into the Potomac, and suggested that the army might be moved in boats and be landed between the mouths of these streams. We would then have the Potomac to bring our supplies and the tributaries would protect our flanks while we moved out. I listened respectfully, but did not suggest that the same streams would protect Lee's flanks, while he shut us up. I did not communicate my plans to the President nor did I to the Secretary of War.[1]

If Abraham Lincoln, great genius that he was, proved himself incompetent to direct armies in warfare, what would happen to us in case of a conflict if our defenses had to be organized by the petty politicians of to-day?

It has been said, "The fool never learns at all, the average man learns from experience, the wise man learns from the experience of others." Let us in the present case try to learn from the experience of others. Germany, in preparing for the present World War, selected as executive heads of her army those of her general staff-officers who were thought to be most capable. Results have certainly vindicated her judgment. The very first step deemed necessary by Great Britain after declaring war on Germany was to make Lord Kitchener her minister of war. In France, General Joffre, in the midst of war and before he dared begin the Battle of the Marne, had to threaten to resign his command in order to force the removal of an interfering and incompetent minister of war. After fifteen months of unsuccess-

[1] Written after Lincoln had abdicated his military powers.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

On the heights above West Point

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

At West Point. Looking toward Newburg

ful campaigning, France has been reluctantly compelled to admit that her difficulties have been largely due to civilian interference, and in consequence, after deposing the civilian incumbents, she has appointed General Gallieni minister of war and Rear-Admiral Lacaze minister of marine. Germany and Italy, the two countries that have most consistently left war preparations to soldiers, are also the countries that have had to undergo fewest defeats and submit to the smallest measure of invasion.

Let us therefore learn by the experience of others and remove the chieftainships of our army and navy from the category of political plums. Not only is such a step the first toward better things, but it is one which can be made at once. No antiquated legislation needs to be removed, no new statutes must be passed. Nothing intervenes but the will of a single man.

There are numerous other changes which can be made almost as quickly and which tend logically toward the attainment of reasonable preparedness. Not the least of these would be to transfer the command of our state regiments from the hands of the governors to the Federal Government. This would result in the nationalization of the militia, and would be a distinct step in the right direction. It would allow the militia of the various States to serve their country directly and without the services of forty-eight middlemen. It would result in unification and standardization and in a more efficient body of trained civilian officers. To make the militia a national army would be a step toward making it a national army of the Swiss and Australian type.

To secure for the militia the best element of our population, the hard-working, clear-thinking, and truly patriotic citizens, two changes in our present methods are absolutely necessary: first, we must pay adequate wages to our militia when in service, and, second, we must cease to demand of our state regiments that they render strike duty. This last is the chief obstacle to enlistment, for the better class of working-men will not volunteer for a service that may at some time oblige them to shoot down their fellow-workmen. To be a good citizen, a man must be a good soldier in time of war, and he must be an active participant in political and economic discussions in time of peace. But if he fulfils the second of these two requirements, he is and should be partizan; and if he is forced to perform the duties which properly belong to a state police force like the gendarmerie of France or the Royal Northwestern Mounted Police of Canada, he either hesitates to suppress his confederates or oppresses his antagonists. A good citizen may logically be a soldier or a policeman; he cannot justly be both at once. This is recognized in European armies, which have their own police forces, which as a rule do no fighting.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Commencement at West Point—coast-defense drill

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Commencement at West Point—target practice with the six-inch guns

The enlargement of West Point would be a distinct step in the right direction, for it now furnishes us with only one third the officers needed for even our present diminutive army. It would help matters if the entrance tests were less severe and the "trying out" during the first year more crucial, eliminating undesirables by real rather than by artificial tests for military aptitude.

Secretary Garrison's plan to establish a volunteer continental army of 400,000 is impractical. In addition, it is founded on false principles. It is not only the right, but the duty, of every citizen to defend his country. In the present day and generation one cannot defend one's country unless one has been suitably prepared and trained. Therefore such preparation should be general and compulsory. Pericles said, "If ye would save your country, you must go and stand in the ranks yourselves." It is as unpatriotic and undemocratic to hire men to fight for us as it would be to hire them to think and vote for us. The only good that can be said of the Garrison plan is that anything is better than what we now have.

It is to be hoped that the party at present in power will not continue to support the policy which brought us many disasters in 1812 and which was responsible for the occurrence of the Civil War. If it decides to continue in this policy, it will, in order to hold its prestige, be forced by public sentiment at least to seem to do something. It must create the impression that it labors in the cause of preparedness in order to lessen the chance that its opponents in the next election will make preparedness the dominant issue. In order to steal the thunder of its adversaries, it may increase our present standing army by a few thousand men, and be able to point with pride to its efforts in the cause of preparedness.

It is perhaps too early to determine whether the present administration is really trying to bring about a state of adequate preparedness, or whether its leaders, asleep to the needs of the country, are merely embarking upon a voyage of compromises and subterfuges. Results are always the final test. As far as Mr. Wilson is concerned, his sincerity cannot be doubted. His sole aim appears to be to

give the nation what the nation wants. The nation is much more on trial than he. The other members of the administration do not thus command public confidence; one especially mistrusts those who belong to the Bryan faction, of whom Josephus Daniels is only one example. He is an exceedingly shrewd and expert politician. It is a mistake to measure his general political ability by his ignorance of naval affairs. Few political tricks are unknown to this man who was a faithful follower of Bryan during sixteen unfruitful years.

He is to be suspected of several clever ruses the object of which is to abate the public clamor for preparedness. During the last decade our naval policy has been renewed year by year. In that time we have built battle-ships at a rate of approximately two and a half a year, and we find that no single Congress has ever received credit for authorizing more than three capital ships. The keen political mind of Daniels evidently perceived a chance to befog the issue of 1916 by placing before Congress a bill demanding the building of twenty battle-ships in the next eight years. He thus creates the impression that he is about to construct twenty battle-ships when, as a matter of fact, he is simply perpetuating for ten years to come the totally inadequate rate of the last decade!

His demand for fifty small so-called coast-defense submarines is equally inadequate. The day of toy submarines is past, and the era of submersible cruisers, which attack the enemy's battle-ships upon the high seas and voyage unaccompanied from the Kiel Canal to the Hellespont, has begun. Even Mr. Daniels must know that until we possess an adequate army the only way to protect ourselves from invasion is to dominate the ocean between us and our possible enemies, and that once our fleet has been sunk or driven into harbors, no number of small submarines can prevent a landing from being made somewhere along our 5500 miles of coast line. Germany's fleet of submarines has yet to sink a British transport carrying troops to the ports of Calais and Boulogne, and even

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

The academic board of the West Point Military Academy

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Cadets receiving their diplomas at commencement

if transports had been sunk, the landing of other troops would not have been prevented, for it is a soldier's duty to take risks. Moreover, the safe bases of the German submarines would within a week be destroyed by British landing parties were it not for the German army, which protects them.

Great Britain has been saved from invasion not by submarines, but by capital ships which control the seas. The same reasoning applies to America.

Dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts are technically classed as capital ships. These carry at least eight modern high-power big guns, and are able to steam twenty-one or more knots an hour. Of such ships Great Britain has forty-three, Germany twenty-six, and Japan twelve. We have only twelve at present in service. Sea control absolutely depends upon the possession of such ships. Our obsolete battle-ships, which carry four old-type guns and steam only seventeen or eighteen knots, can in no way affect sea supremacy. Such ships are useless except to a navy which already controls the ocean, in which case they are of service for patrol or blockade duty. The reason that capital ships are necessary to maintain sea control is explained by the simple fact that in battle a ship having great speed and long-range guns can choose and maintain just that distance which will permit it to pound a smaller ship to pieces, while remaining itself outside the range of that enemy's less powerful guns.

Although we possess some first-class capital ships, these would be almost hopelessly handicapped on account of our lack of proper auxiliaries. Four foreign nations each own battle-cruisers which carry eight high-power guns and can steam more than thirty-one knots an hour. We have no battle-cruisers either built or authorized. We have no scout cruisers less than ten years old. In the Battle of the North Sea the cruiser *Blücher* was sunk by the British because she could not exceed twenty-six knots an hour. We have no cruiser that can approach twenty-four. Although our navy-list contains the names of sixty-two destroyers, a score of these were built fifteen years ago, and we have only three which can make more than thirty-one knots an hour. The enemy's battle-

cruisers could run them down as a wolf runs down sheep.

Nine voters out of ten, however, are to-day fooled by such clever sophistry as that of Mr. Daniels. This will, we trust, by November, 1916, no longer be the case, for even to-day thousands of men of prominence and power who less than a year ago were indifferent or opposed to any increase of army or navy are to-day joining the general cry for an adequate defense which shall be in proportion to our wealth and population, and numbered with due regard to the dangers which now walk abroad. Six months ago any one who talked about a foe invading America was considered sensational; to-day the majority of our most thoughtful, educated citizens are ready to accept the possibility of war, and are eager to make due preparation to prevent it. They realize that the reconstruction of our army and our navy, even though it is attempted with vast appropriations of money and countless numbers of men, will not of necessity give us an effective army or an efficient navy. They are remembering that all the wars in history have proved that it is always organization and discipline that win against numbers. At this moment preparation for defense has already become in the minds of the majority the one great national problem, the rational solution of which will in the next few years elect Presidents, develop statesmen, and undermine many a popular politician. Even now laggards are running to cover or hastening to enlist in the popular cause.

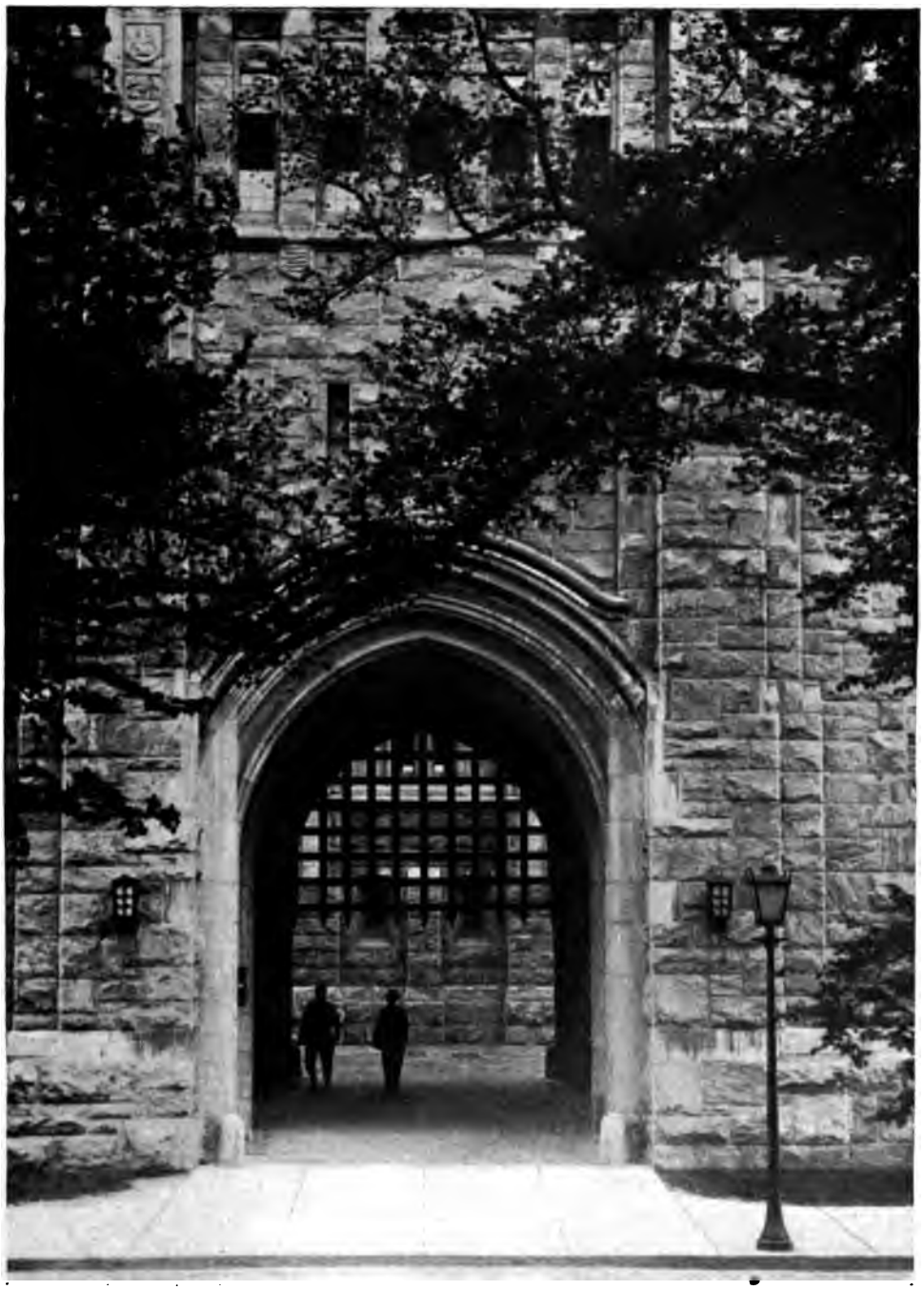
In the early forties, my great-uncle, George Bradburn, the anti-slavery orator, was often pelted with rotten eggs and cabbages because he spoke for abolition. On such occasions he used to cry: "Gentlemen, if you wish fame, join us now; to-morrow the cause will have grown popular, and even the rascals will be with us. The mob will then cheer what they now hiss." It is for our public men to concern themselves with the question of national defense now while their help is all important; to-morrow all creation will cry "Prepare!"

It is not alone the politicians who must concern themselves in the matter, but the citizens of the nation. National defense is every man's business and every man's duty. The fatal mistakes that Congress has heretofore made in managing military affairs, and the reckless waste of public funds voted for military equipment, would not have been possible if the public had taken greater personal interest in the army and navy and kept informed as to the use of national appropriations. Our army costs one hundred times as much per man available for defensive duty as the Swiss army, and is far less efficient and less ready for emergencies. For this the nation is now on trial.

If our present leaders will not make any of the basic moves which might lead to better things, if they will not national-

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Secretary Garrison reviewing the cadets at West Point



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Gateway to the Administration Building

ize the militia, if they will not treble the capacity of West Point, if they will not give the heads of the army and navy the privilege of the floor in the House and Senate, if they will not abolish strike duty for militia, if they will not abolish some forty useless and expensive little army-posts, which were established and are maintained for pork-barrel purposes, if they will not appoint proper ministers of

At West Point—marching to the mess-hall

war and marine, and, above all, if they persist in subterfuges, then they must not be allowed to remain in power. They must be overwhelmingly defeated in 1916. That election will then be the first since 1860 upon which has depended the fate of our native land.

I am advised by legal authorities that the eighth Article of the Constitution, which empowers the National Congress to raise and support armies, gives Congress, by virtue of subsequent interpretations, all the authority necessary to institute in the United States the Swiss system of general compulsory service, or any other system, without the delay of referring the matter to the vote of the individual States.

This fact has a most vital bearing on the fate of the United States. It signifies that if one of the contending political parties, in the Presidential election of 1916, makes the question of reasonable military preparedness its platform and wins a decisive victory, the congress then elected can, and may, within one year pass all enactments necessary for the institution of general military service, adequate national defense, and valid peace insurance.

As matters stand to-day, our nation is doomed to irretrievable disaster in its next war. No sacrifices made after the hour has struck will avail to save us. It is not upon the battle-fields of that war that our national existence is to be saved, but in the next Presidential campaign.

Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!

Penny Wise

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Author of "Diantha," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Hutt

PENELOPE always knew when Stuart was going to borrow. He rang his aunt's door-bell oftener, telephoned her for one merry reason or another, sent her postals illustrated with quaint little Egyptian drawings of his various dilemmas. Dr. Mary herself never foresaw; she laughed her fat, kind chuckle up to the very moment when Stuart, a little brighter and straighter and gayer than necessary, came in with an "Oh, by the way" air, and asked to see her half a minute. She would usually be a bit depressed that day, but by the next she had forgotten. Certainly she did not suffer over the business—not as Penelope did. Her nephew was the one bit of romance in her life, and his sunny affection repaid her for all he might cost. When Penelope made her rigid young demand that even an artist go without that for which he could not pay, she had an indulgent "Ah, they 're different from us, Penny!" that made the girl physically ill with sheer, helpless protest.

It was coming again, and Penelope, as she bent low over her desk, was saying to herself:

"I can't help it; I 've got to speak! It 's none of my business, and he 'll tell me so, and hate me; but I can't sit here and see it happen again. I can't bear it."

Dr. Mary Wise had a large practice, but no one knew better than her secretary how little money it meant, and what small provision had yet been made for the old age that was not far off. That others should abuse her kindness had become a matter for exhausted resignation; but not that Stuart should. That scorched.

"If I can just keep angry enough, I 'll say it," Penelope prayed, her arms tight across her chest for courage.

Usually Stuart was the young morning personified, gleaming with vitality; but to-day he drooped. Even his cherished little mustache hung limp. The first time he had waxed its points he had rushed over to show Penelope, twisting them with foreign grace and talking strange languages. When he had taken to tortoise-shell eye-glasses, he had come in to show her those, too, and she always had to see his work, from the first sketch to the finished decoration; but he usually avoided her during his financial crises.

"Dr. Mary is n't in," she told him, offering him his fair chance to escape, and in her shrinking heart hoping that he would. Every one praised and petted Stuart; but she, because she loved honor more, must hurt him.

Perhaps she had misread the signs, for Stuart, as always, sat on the corner of her desk and wanted to know all about herself. He really wanted to know,—that was one of his terrible charms,—how her mother was, how the work was going, if Buster had said anything funny lately. He often drew pictures for the little brother, and then he asked her next time how Buster had liked them. Oh, he was most lovable! Penelope's defensive arms tightened. A thin layer of college edu-

cation had given her a cool and scholarly surface to face the world with.

"And how are things with you?" she asked, deliberately going to meet trouble.

He swung a gloomy leg.

"Rotten," he sighed. "That old Persian garden party is going to cost four times what I expected it to. It 's a bore, anyway; I shall be glad when it 's over. The studio is a mess."

That pleased her; it sounded as if he were beginning to learn.

"Well, you don't really have to give a party every five weeks, you know," she suggested.

"Yes, I do, Penny. I get so confoundedly lonely that I can't work, and I have to have people in to cheer me. Besides, they stimulate me, give me ideas. You 're coming, are n't you?"

"No."

"O Penny! Why not? Oh, look here, I want you! Don't you like my parties? What 's the matter?" He was so grieved, so concerned, he whose way was strewn thick with lovely girls who did n't judge him, that Penelope's heart seemed to break audibly before her task. She dropped her head.

"When something hurts you, seems to you wrong, sooner or later you have to make a protest, don't you?" Then she realized that she was almost pleading with him, and she violently flung off her weakness. "How can I come?" she demanded, looking straight into his face. "I think you have no right to give parties, and borrow money for them—to spend as you please, and then make a woman who is n't rich, and who works day and night, take the consequences. Borrowing is hideous! When I see you working up to it, I am so unhappy I could die. Why can't you realize that nothing you gain is worth—that price?" It was out. She had uttered the mortal insult, and now, if it must be, she would lose him. She braced herself to meet white-hot anger, but, to her amazement, Stuart turned to her with a glow of eagerness.

"I 've always known you felt something like this," he exclaimed. "It is the only thing about you that I have felt was n't—big, was n't worthy of you. My dear girl, you don't take a broad-enough view about money."

A spark of temper came to her aid.

"About spending other people's money? No, perhaps I don't," she said.

Stuart was marvelously patient.

"Listen, Penny," he urged. "An artist's life has to be built up as a whole; it is n't so much a day. I could never have got where I am without Aunt Mary, and the first really big commission I land, don't you suppose she is going to get it all back, and more?"

"I think you will mean to pay her," said Penelope, all the more steadily because she so longed to give in; "but the minute you earn, you spend—always."

He nodded.

"I have to be happy," he told her gently. "That is the only way work goes. I must be happy and see beauty. But suppose I get a commission like the Utica library,—I only just missed that,—there will be thousands of dollars in a lump; and all I want is a hundred dollars to tide me over. Can't you see my point?"

They were speaking different languages. Penny's arms dropped.

"O Stuart Wise, Stuart *Wise,*" she burst out, "how did you ever get that surname?"

"Penny-wise—that 's your right name," he returned, and then, the full significance of the title reaching him, he laughed the big, exultant "Ho! ho! ho!" that always filled the house. "Penny-Wise!" he cried, and rocked, and hit his person in various places, then pulled himself sober to see how she was taking it. Penny had drawn her ledger to her, and was making a careful entry. Stuart ducked his head to look into her face, but only a cool line of cheek was visible. "Don't you think it 's funny? Are n't you laughing a bit?" he begged.

"I am convulsed with amusement, but I have wasted all the time I can spare this morning," was the severe answer. "I wish you would go away."

Stuart slowly rose, lingered, laughed

"'I 'll give a Roman party for you some day,' he said suddenly"

again, then went; but he evidently met Dr. Mary on the steps. Penelope heard them come in together and go into the consulting-room. Ten minutes later Stuart came out and hurried away, and at luncheon Dr. Mary's kind face wore the familiar shadow. She did not care about the money, but she had a guilty fear that it was not good for Stuart to get it.

Penelope felt with a sick conviction that when he came to think over what she had said, Stuart must be alienated; but three days later a cheerful, "Hello, Penny Wise!" greeted her from the doorway. It took all her college education to hide her heart's response.

"Hello, Pound Foolish!" she returned without looking up. He could see only the coppery braid that wreathed her small, fine head. A note of laughter answered.

"Darned if I don't call him that!" said Stuart. She turned then. A young bulldog, white, with one drab eye, and beaming general friendliness, was straining at the leash Stuart held.

"Well, who is that?" she demanded.

"He 's a parlor boarder." Stuart brought him in with the fussy pride of a young parent. "Shake hands with the lady, old boy. Oh, here, don't kiss her! That 's a liberty. Is n't he a beauty? Look here, Toodles, if you chew the rug, you 'll get 'panked. Understand? Sit down and act like a little gentleman. Not that you are one." Stuart took the corner of the desk and shone on both dog and Penny. "Is n't he a peach?" he insisted.

"He 's a darling! Tell me about him."

"Well, he belongs to a poor chap named Simpson who 's lost his job—blew in night before last with the hardest-luck tale you ever heard. He s-stam-mers, t-too; t-took him half the night to get it t-t-told. He 'll get on his feet again; he 's a good little fellow. At least, you don't like him much, but you 're so darn sorry for him. So he and Toodles are sleeping on the studio couch, though Toots prefers my chest, don't you, old boy?" He stooped to seize and shake the blunt jaw. Penelope was looking at him with a starry fixity.

"Have you known this man well—long?" she asked.

"Never saw him more than six times in my life," was the oblivious answer.

" 'Man and woman created He them,' " was running through her head. "Oh, I like men best!" "That is beautiful of you!" she said breathlessly. She had heard many such tales from Stuart, and they always moved her to the depths.

He looked up into her moved face.

"Why, Penny, it was all you," he said. "I was sort of wishing the poor devil would clear out, and then I thought, 'What would Penny do?' And so, of course, I made him stay. I always ask that when I 'm up against a new proposition—'What would Penny do?' You 're so kind, so bully!" Before his straight look, frank and unaware as a boy's, her eyes fell.

"I can be kind like that," was her swift thought. "I can learn to be. Oh, I must be as kind as he thinks!"

"What I came in about," Stuart continued, "is my party to-morrow night. I want you to come. It 's the biggest thing I ever gave; the studio is going to be a dream. Now you 've made your protest, —I understand just how you feel about it,—you 've done your duty by me." He smiled unresentfully, indulgently even. "So come on and have a good time. P-lea-se, Penny!"

She was silent, smiling a little, as though she looked on a tempting prospect; but what she actually saw was Stuart, as beautiful as the morning in his Eastern robes, with the houris fluttering round him, laughing, luring, mercifully untrammeled by a conscience or a college education: Stuart sunnily kind to every one alike, and seeing to it that Penny had partners! She shivered.

"I don't feel up to it," she said. "You 're dear to want me, but I 'm working so hard. May I come in on my way home to-morrow and see the studio?"

Stuart was enchanted, and made her set the exact moment of her coming, that he might have the lights on and give her the whole effect at once.

"Bring Aunt Mary if you can," he added as he hurried off. Penny's expanding heart closed with a snap. She went back to her work with a vicious energy.

"I hate men; they 're stupid!" she said between her teeth.

Dr. Mary did not come home in time the next night, though Penny waited a conscientious five minutes. The studio was at the top of a ramshackle old building without elevators, and given up to many varieties of occupation. To-night the last flight displayed a carpet and palms, and Stuart's door was opened by a colored servant in gorgeous costume, who bowed silently before her, then lifted a curtain for her to pass into the studio.

It dropped behind her, leaving her in another century. Light fell from high lanterns, ruby and sapphire and gold, on rich couches and hangings, on a draped balcony, golden latticed, and a little playing fountain. Under a canopy shining with moon and stars lounged a turbaned figure in crimson and blue, drawing long breaths at a hooka, and gazing dreamily before him under drooped lids. He did not move an eyelash at her entrance, and for a moment Penelope stood alien and forlorn in her modern clothes. Then color and incense and the beauty of the still figure seemed to break open her heart like some sacred vial, letting its precious contents stream out. She dropped the hat that hid the coppery wreath of her hair and the cloak that blurred her slender grace and went slowly toward him. The sleepy eyes never moved, the hooka sent up its deliberate white puffs. Penelope knelt, and touched her forehead to the hand on his knee.

He started, then laughed out the familiar "Ho! ho!"

"Like it?" he asked happily. "What do you think of the fountain? I made the whole darn thing myself, and that lattice, too. Did you recognize the Potters' butler? Nina lent him, costume and all; he adores it. Now don't you wish you were coming?"

Penelope had sat down beside him, letting her head droop against an indigo cushion. She smiled a little, but said nothing. Stuart showed off his various achievements with the enthusiasm of the creator, and wanted much advice about the coloring of his skin and the arrangement of his turban. His eyes kept returning to the pale brightness of her head against the dark cushion.

"I 'll give a Roman party for you some day," he said suddenly.

She tried to laugh.

"Roman matron?" she protested.

"You have the kind of head they find on lovely old coins," he explained. "I like it a lot better than all this sloppy Persian stuff. Oh, don't go yet!" Penelope was rising.

"Why not?" she asked oddly.

"Because it 's so nice having you here," was the jubilant answer. "You 're such fun!"

The swift resolve, "Oh, I will be fun!" went through her like new life.

"It was great, the way you came in," he went on, shining down on her. "I never dreamed you 'd play up like that. It gave me a queer feeling for a minute. You 've got such a darn proud little head; I did n't suppose it could duck even in joke. And the way you dropped off your cloak,—I could see you,—that was stunning."

"It was n't only my cloak I was dropping," she said slowly, picking up the garment.

He stood like a young lord of Eastern romance in his gorgeous color and borrowed jewels, but it was happy intelligence that gleamed in his eyes, and he spoke with the voice of young America:

"I know; I get you. But we can't do it, can we? We 're always the same old —penny." He laughed again. "Well, Toodles, be still!" he broke off sternly. A whimper had come from behind a closed door. As Toodles still wept, he went to enforce discipline. Penny listened, smiling to herself, he was so happily parental. "Now you 've got a nice bed, and you 've had a lovely bone," she heard; "I can't have any row. I mean it, Toodles. Don't let me hear from you

again." He brought back a paternal face, pseudo-stern, with twitches of amusement. "Simpson 's got a job and gone, but he sold me old Toots," he explained. "I only paid forty dollars for him, pedigree and all."

The light faded from Penelope's face. "Forty—dollars!" she murmured, and turned to go.

"Now, look here, Penny!" He planted himself in her path. "I 've just got fifty dollars that I never expected to see again, —I lent it to a fellow in trouble a year ago, and, by George! he brought it back, —so I sha'n't miss the money. And the dog makes me happy. You don't know what it 's going to mean, having that little chap for company. I 'll stay home more, work more. My dear girl, you 've got to get a broader view of these things." He was not angry, only patient and earnest and unchangeable. She dropped despairing hands.

"Oh, it 's no use!" she cried. "I can only see that you might have given fifty dollars back to Dr. Mary. It was hers. All this gorgeousness and expense and time—I can't see anything but Dr. Mary's tired face and old shoulders. I never heard her say she had to be happy." Tears burned her eyes. "Let me go! I have no use for you, Stuart Wise; I won't have anything more to do with you!"

She brushed past him and went out, carrying a last vision of him, grave, thoughtful, only mildly troubled. She did not go home, but turned back to Dr. Mary's little old house. The doctor had come in, and was preparing herself for dinner down in the office. Her weight made her shirk the stairs whenever possible.

"Forget something, Penny?" she called, with her unfailing interest, her voice richly ready to be sorry or amused or to show any sympathetic quality that was wanted. Then, coming out with a towel between her hands, she saw the white passion in the girl's face. "My dear!" she exclaimed.

"Dr. Mary, I want you to promise me something." Penny's body might shake, but her voice was quick and hard. "It is none of my business, but I can't help that. I want you to promise me that in no circumstances whatever will you lend Stuart another dollar. I can't stand it. He is giving the craziest party yet, and he has just paid forty dollars for a dog. You 've got to stop. If he has n't the decent honesty—I know your affairs and I know his. Dr. Mary, you must refuse."

Left to herself, Dr. Mary might have excused the party and even chuckled over the dog; but Penny's stern young righteousness could not be denied. She sighed uncertainly.

"I know you are right," she admitted, and tried to temporize; but Penny would take nothing less than a promise. Dr. Mary reluctantly gave it. "I always did hate doing what I ought to," she grumbled.

"We shall probably see less of him," Penny's bitterness flung out. Dr. Mary wanted to keep her for dinner, but she hurried away.

Ten days dragged by—bleak, empty days that had to be lived through one by one. All Stuart's good qualities shone out to oppress Penny, his charm tortured her; but money laxity was the ugliest sin of all. Her spirit was glad that she had cut him out of her life, even though the flesh daily wasted. Dr. Mary watched her with compassionate amusement.

"You don't want to forget that Stuart is a good boy," she said one day, without preface. "As men go, he 's an extraordinarily good boy."

Penny did not look up from her work. "You promised," was all she said.

Stuart came that morning. His quick, light step passed her door without pausing for the first time in all these years. At his heels pattered the dog—the forty-dollar dog. Penny's righteous anger needed a goad just then. After a few minutes Dr. Mary's door opened again; but instead of going by, Stuart came into the office, standing before her like one who has no time to waste. Penelope, looking up, saw him thin, pale, deeply concentrated.

"Some one caught her up and carried her bodily out into the merciful air"

"Listen, Penny,"—he spoke as though nothing had happened,—"the night of the Persian party I got a perfectly corking idea, an Arabian-Nights scheme. It hit me all in a moment. There was a long line of girls—well, I can't stop to tell you; but it was stunning. I could hardly wait for the party to get out. I worked all the rest of the night, and pretty nearly day and night ever since, and I 've got out the stunningest set of cartoons you ever gazed on. Glory! but they mean something! I took them to Whittaker and Smith, who are doing the Sheppard house, and they went right up in the air —crazy about them. They want them for the old man's library. We 're going down to see him; he 's in Boston. It will be a ten-thousand-dollar job, but I 've got to have at least twenty-five dollars to go on, and Aunt Mary says she has promised you she won't give me any. Now, will you let her off?" He was not angry or humiliated or anything but intent on the business in hand. And all these days, while she had been agonizing over his wound as well as her own, he had not known that she existed. The flame that had burned him thin and fine had taken him beyond the reach of her judgment. She felt little and weak and hopelessly insignificant as she silently nodded her head.

"Thanks. I 'm leaving Toodles here," he added over his shoulder as he hurried off. A few moments later the front door banged after him.

Dr. Mary's kind eyes came nearly to an open twinkle that day when she found Penelope nursing the sprawling Toodles in her lap while she wrote over his head.

"He howls to go home," the girl explained in a tried tone.

"Old nuisance!" Dr. Mary assented. "I wish you 'd take him with you for the night. I 've got enough howling babies on my hands."

"Of course I will," said Penelope, quickly.

Her attentions kept Toodles resigned until late the next afternoon; then, seizing the chance of an unguarded door, he vanished. Penelope, having searched the house, threw on hat and coat, and started after him. She knew very well where he had gone.

"Old nuisance!" she silently scolded, trying not to be glad of an errand that took her to Stuart's door.

She did not at once get there, for in the lower hall of the old building there was a faint haze of smoke. It was probably of no importance, but, after knocking in vain on doors closed for the night, Penelope felt obliged to go out and get a policeman.

"Just to see that it is all right," she apologized to him.

He opened a door in the black depths of the hall and went down a step; then, springing back, he passed Penelope on a run that meant trouble. Something was shouted back at her, either to "get out" or to "get 'em out"; but she was already flying up the stairs to pound on every door. Not a voice answered or a head was thrust out. The silence and the thickening smoke were frightening; but there was a door at the top that she must reach. Door by door she earned her right to give that warning.

She had forgotten the dog until, at the end of her journey, breathless and choking, she found a white object pressed tightly against Stuart's door. That proved him not yet home, but she knocked to make sure, then caught the welcoming Toodles by the collar and started down.

There was commotion below and in the street. Steps were racing up through the thickening smoke. It came rolling up so heavily that on the last flight Penelope, still holding the dog, buried her face in her arm and crouched blindly down for breath. Toodles broke away, and at the same moment some one, mounting, caught her up and carried her bodily out into the merciful air. He crossed the street with her, setting her down in the shelter of a doorway; then, with an amazed gasp, picked her up again and kissed her, holding her close. Penny's blurred eyes, clearing, looked up into Stuart's.

"All right?" he asked, then pressed his

cheek to hers and kissed her again and again. He did not seem in the least aware that he was doing anything unusual. When Penny made a faint movement of protest, he put her down on the steps, seating himself beside her. Toodles climbed joyously over them both, and they watched in silence while the helmeted men streamed through the building and the great hose went snaking in at the front door. When, after ten minutes of anxious work, the second engine and its crew were sent away, Stuart leaned back more comfortably.

"I 've got about fifty thousand dollars' worth of borrowed rugs up there; have n't had time to return them," he observed; but he was not deeply concerned. In his thoughtful gravity there was a growing astonishment. He turned now and then for a long look at Penny's immovable profile, resting on her clasped fingers. At last he spoke:

"Why on earth don't we get married, Penny!" Her lips moved as though she caught her breath, but she did not answer. "Why, look here,"—he was growing excited,—"I 've got a ten-thousand-dollar contract, and of course I love you. Why, I 've always known you were the finest girl in the world; only I suppose I have n't been thinking much about marriage." His arm went about her; his radiant face bent down to look into hers. "Penny, I love you!" he exulted. Then, as she held rigidly away from him, his voice dropped to pleading: "Ah, Penny, p-lea-se! I do love you!"

"Oh, I don't see why!" she burst out. "I carp at you and judge you; I condemn you. You know I do." Her fierceness demanded that he meet her with her own candor. "How can you love me?"

"Well," he thought it out, "yes, you come down on me; but—I don't know—I like my bath too cold and my towel too rough and my food a bit sharp; I 've always turned to things that hit me. And when you do approve—well, you 're pretty sweet, you know. Most people are soft with one, and then one gets tired of them. You feel sort of good, Penny. You 're foolish about money, but, hang it! I even love you for that!" Then suddenly they were laughing together, she helplessly, protestingly, with tears just beneath.

The hose was drawn out, the crowd drifted away, but still they sat in their shadowy doorway, the dog against their knees. Suddenly Penny burst out again:

"Oh, it 's so hard to understand! Out of the party that you had no right to give, you 've got a big commission; and if the forty-dollar dog had n't run away home and brought me after him, so that I gave the alarm in time, your whole place would have burned up. But it was wrong just the same, Stuart; you had no right to the party or the dog."

He only laughed.

"Have it your own way—Penny Wise," he teased her.

She was looking ahead with shadowed eyes. Yes, he would make her suffer; but, compared with the suffering of a life without him— She pressed closer, lifting her face wholly to his.

The Hemp

(A Virginia Legend)

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

THE PLANTING OF THE HEMP

CAPTAIN HAWK scourged clean the seas
(Black is the gap below the plank)
From the Great North Bank to the Caribbees
(Down by the marsh the hemp grows rank).

His fear was on the seaport towns,
The weight of his hand held hard the downs.
And the merchants cursed him, bitter and black,
For a red flame in the sea-fog's wrack
Was all of their ships that might come back.

For all he had one word alone,
One clod of dirt in their faces thrown,
"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"

His name bestrode the seas like Death.
The waters trembled at his breath.

This is the tale of how he fell,
Of the long sweep and the heavy swell,
And the rope that dragged him down to hell.

The fight was done, and the gutted ship,
Stripped like a shark the sea-gulls strip,

Lurched blindly, eaten out with flame,
Back to the land from where she came,
A skimming horror, an eyeless shame.

And Hawk stood upon his quarter-deck,
And saw the sky and saw the wreck.

Below, a butt for sailors' jeers,
White as the sky when a white squall nears,
Huddled the crowd of the prisoners.

Over the bridge of the tottering plank,
Where the sea shook and the gulf yawned blank,
They shrieked and struggled and dropped and sank,

Pinioned arms and hands bound fast.
One girl alone was left at last.

Sir Henry Gaunt was a mighty lord.
He sat in state at the Council board;

The governors were as naught to him.
From one rim to the other rim

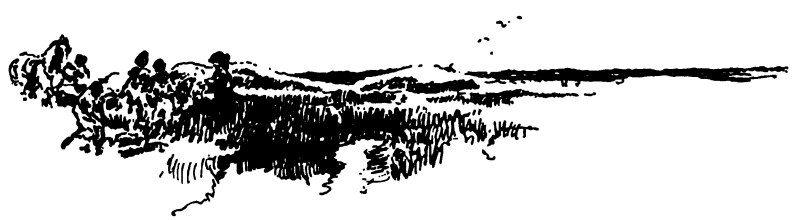
Of his great plantations, flung out wide
Like a purple cloak, was a full month's ride.

Life and death in his white hands lay,
And his only daughter stood at bay,
Trapped like a hare in the toils that day.

He sat at wine in his gold and his lace,
And far away, in a bloody place,
Hawk came near, and she covered her face.

He rode in the fields, and the hunt was brave,
And far away his daughter gave
A shriek that the seas cried out to hear,
And he could not see and he could not save.

Her white soul withered in the mire
As paper shrivels up in fire,
And Hawk laughed, and he kissed her mouth,
And her body he took for his desire.



THE GROWING OF THE HEMP

Sir Henry stood in the manor room,
And his eyes were hard gems in the gloom.

And he said, "Go dig me furrows five
Where the green marsh creeps like a thing alive—
There at its edge, where the rushes thrive."

And where the furrows rent the ground,
He sowed the seed of hemp around.

And the blacks shrink back and are sore afraid
At the furrows five that rib the glade,
And the voodoo work of the master's spade.

For a cold wind blows from the marshland near,
And white things move, and the night grows drear,
And they chatter and crouch and are sick with fear.

But down by the marsh, where the gray slaves glean,
The hemp sprouts up, and the earth is seen
Veiled with a tenuous mist of green.

And Hawk still scourges the Caribbees,
And many men kneel at his knees.

Sir Henry sits in his house alone,
And his eyes are hard and dull like stone.

And the waves beat, and the winds roar,
And all things are as they were before.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And nothing changes but the grass.

But down where the fireflies are like eyes,
And the damps shudder, and the mists rise,
The hemp-stalks stand up toward the skies.

And down from the poop of the pirate ship
A body falls, and the great sharks grip.

Innocent, lovely, go in grace!
At last there is peace upon your face.

And Hawk laughs loud as the corpse is thrown,
"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"

Sir Henry's face is iron to mark,
And he gazes ever in the dark.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And the world is as it always was.

But down by the marsh the sickles beam,
Glitter on glitter, gleam on gleam,
And the hemp falls down by the stagnant stream.

And Hawk beats up from the Caribbees,
Swooping to pounce in the Northern seas.

Sir Henry sits sunk deep in his chair,
And white as his hand is grown his hair.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And the sands roll from the hour-glass.

But down by the marsh in the blazing sun
The hemp is smoothed and twisted and spun,
The rope made, and the work done.

THE USING OF THE HEMP

CAPTAIN HAWK scourged clean the seas
(Black is the gap below the plank)
From the Great North Bank to the Caribbees
(Down by the marsh the hemp grows rank).

He sailed in the broad Atlantic track,
And the ships that saw him came not back.

And once again, where the wide tides ran,
He stooped to harry a merchantman.

He bade her stop. Ten guns spake true
From her hidden ports, and a hidden crew,
Lacking his great ship through and through.

Dazed and dumb with the sudden death,
He scarce had time to draw a breath

Before the grappling-irons bit deep,
And the boarders slew his crew like sheep.

Hawk stood up straight, his breast to the steel;
His cutlass made a bloody wheel.

His cutlass made a wheel of flame.
They shrank before him as he came.

And the bodies fell in a choking crowd,
And still he thundered out aloud,

"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"
They fled at last. He was left alone.

Before his foe Sir Henry stood.
"The hemp is grown, and my word made good!"

And the cutlass clanged with a hissing whir
On the lashing blade of the rapier.

Hawk roared and charged like a maddened buck.
As the cobra strikes, Sir Henry struck,

Pouring his life in a single thrust,
And the cutlass shivered to sparks and dust.

Sir Henry stood on the blood-stained deck,
And set his foot on his foe's neck.

Then from the hatch, where the rent decks slope,
Where the dead roll and the wounded grope,
He dragged the serpent of the rope.

The sky was blue, and the sea was still,
The waves lapped softly, hill on hill,
And between one wave and another wave
The doomed man's cries were little and shrill.

The sea was blue, and the sky was calm;
The air dripped with a golden balm.
Like a wind-blown fruit between sea and sun,
A black thing writhed at a yard-arm.

Slowly then, and awesomely,
The ship sank, and the gallows-tree,
And there was naught between sea and sun—
Naught but the sun and the sky and the sea.

But down by the marsh where the fever breeds,
Only the water chuckles and pleads;
For the hemp clings fast to a dead man's throat,
And blind Fate gathers back her seeds.

The Hopes of the Hyphenated

By GEORGE CREEL

Author of "A Way to Industrial Peace," etc.

WHATEVER else the hyphen may do, at least it is a thorn in the bed that has aroused the country to a realization of the imperative nature of the immigration problem. In the activities of hyphenated societies and a foreign-language press, expressed by seditious attacks upon the Government and bold disruptions of industry, there is plain evidence that the melting-pot has not been melting. The bland assumption that we are one country and one people has been given a rude shock by bitter statistics filled with proof that great masses of aliens have failed to transfer their allegiance, a domestic peril that threatens the permanence of American institutions as gravely as any menace of foreign foe.

In the last decade, 1905 to 1914 inclusive, over ten million immigrants entered the United States with presumed intent to make this their home and the land of their devotion. Three millions returned to Europe after completing varied terms of labor, and of the seven millions remaining, only two and a half millions have given formal evidence of any desire for citizenship.

Two thirds of the seven millions have never learned the English language with any degree of mastery, nor is the money earned by this army of foreigners invested in the United States or even deposited in American banks. In some years the amount sent abroad by aliens has reached the huge total of $300,000,000.

One third quitting the land that was to have been their home, two thirds holding aloof from citizenship and common interest, two thirds unable or unwilling to learn the tongue of their adopted country, and the great majority rushing their savings back to Europe! No record of failure was ever written so plainly.

At other times, when upheavals have developed the lack of a process of quick

and wholesome assimilation, it has been the habit to put entire blame upon the ignorance, incapacity, and ingratitude of the alien, holding steadfastly that all fault is to be found in the material that comes to the melting-pot, and none in the pot itself. But is this true? Can it be said that our treatment of the immigrant has been of a kind calculated to win his permanent allegiance or to convince him of the desirability of a complete Americanization? In a day of crisis, is it wise to cling to old prejudices in the face of new facts; in plainer words, to save our face rather than to save American institutions?

At almost every port of entry the immigration buildings are old and inadequate, the equipment outgrown, and the working staff so small that inspecting officers have frequently been compelled to labor thirty-six hours without a rest. As a first experience in the land of promise, aliens undergo detention in packed rooms and crowded hospitals, and wearisome delays exhaust health, strength, spirit, and money.

Eliminating the Hebrews, fully seventy-five per cent. of the immigrants come from the agricultural districts of Europe, yet a scant ten per cent. ever reach the land in America. The problem of employment presses heavily upon these new arrivals, for eighty-three per cent. have less than fifty dollars, and since the Government possesses no machinery of distribution, the starvation-scared immigrants make a rabbit rush for the nearest warren the moment the gates are opened. While the rich acreage of the West lies idle for lack of labor, hundreds of thousands of farmers and farm-laborers are forced into the industrial centers of the East, adding to the congestion, dragging down the standard of living, and demoralizing the labor market generally.

In one year, while six thousand peasants were going to the fertile lands in Washington, Kansas, Oregon, Texas, South Dakota, Wyoming, Arizona, Idaho, and New Mexico, over two hundred thousand were herded into the mills and factories of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Illinois. Ignorance and necessity drive them there, and ignorance and necessity keep them there. Three fourths of the immigrants in the United States have never been able to move away from the covert that first received them. Rooted in the dead soil of isolation, poverty, and illiteracy, there is no hope of wholesome growth.

Just as the Government does not operate any agency of distribution, so is there lack of the protective machinery that might guard these bewildered strangers from the exploitations of the fake employment-bureau, the labor-agent, and the padrone. Such as escape the tenements, the mill, or the mine, are huddled in remote construction-camps, where they live in filthy box-cars or vermin-ridden barracks, removed from churches and schools and without other recreation than the inevitable saloon.

Commissaries rob them, contractors cheat them, and even when they have sufficient courage to appeal to the law, attorneys' fees and court costs prevent them from prosecuting admittedly just claims. The records of the labor-bureaus in the various States are thick with instances that prove it to be virtually a custom for a certain type of employer to take advantage of the ignorance and poverty of helpless aliens.

Much emphasis is laid upon the fact that the immigrants huddle in tenements, group by themselves in sordid colonies, and live in a fashion repulsive to American ideals. This is true enough. The investigations of the Immigration Commission brought out the fact that fully one half of the alien population use all of their rooms as sleeping-rooms, and that the number of persons to a room runs as high as eight or ten. The slightest study, however, discloses the fact that this overcrowding is not due to inclination, but to economic necessity.

The average annual earnings of a male alien total $385, quite obviously a sum that does not permit the maintenance of a family in a decent, sanitary environment. Women, forced into industry to help the

men, lend themselves even more readily to exploitation, two thirds of them receiving less than $300 a year. When wages are pooled, the resulting $685 still falls short of the $900 that federal experts have fixed upon as the annual amount necessary for the support of a family. Since the wages of both man and woman are not sufficient to maintain an independent, self-respecting form of family life, the children are put to work, and the sleeping- and living-rooms of the house are packed with boarders in order that the family income may be brought up to an existence level.

This low-wage scale is not so much due to lack of industry and capacity as to the alien's ignorance of the English language, and his consequent unfamiliarity with American methods and institutions. Not only this, but there are many immigrants who cannot read or write even in their own language. The census report for 1910 showed that in the preceding ten years 1,918,825 illiterates over the age of fourteen were admitted.

Owing to compulsory education laws, the question of illiteracy is not one of great importance in the second generation; but what of the adult alien without the education upon which he must depend for protection and prosperity? Little or nothing is done for him, and as a result he huddles with those of his own nationality, remains the victim of padrones, and if he does become naturalized, it is at the instigation of some ward boss eager for the control of another vote.

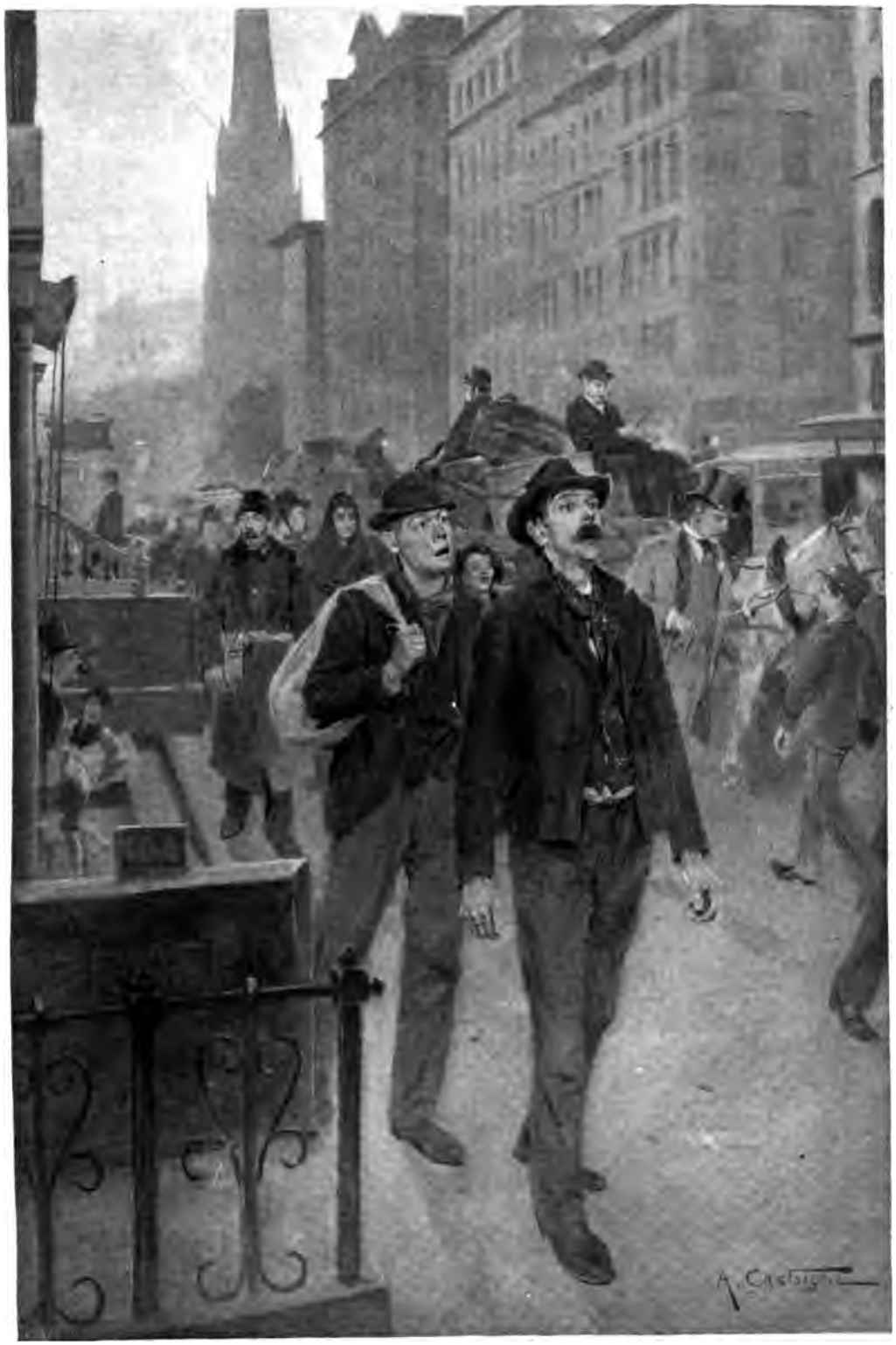
Night schools, conducted by private organizations, are not the answer. After a day of drudgery, the mind of the immigrant reacts to the fatigue of the body, and as if this was not obstacle enough, these classes take no account of cultural, racial, and class differences. Some of the aliens are bright, others stupid, some illiterate and others highly educated in their own tongue, but all are bundled into one group, with the result that the dull are discouraged and the educated disgusted. Without a knowledge of English the alien is loath to leave his own people, unable to get a position in the skilled trades, barred from the unions, subjected to injustice and oppression, and forced into the monotonous drudgeries that break body and spirit.

Every survey yet made of immigrant colonies proves that increased earning power and the acquirement of English are quickly followed by better homes, social ambition, and a larger civic interest. The Ford increase in wages, for instance, resulted in an almost immediate improvement of living conditions, showing that the aliens were not huddling in tenements from choice.

It is not only the case that America has been guilty of many sins of omission in connection with the immigrant, but there are also crimes of commission. The attitude of the average native-born American is one of superiority, contempt, and even hostility, making it difficult indeed for the immigrant to free himself from isolation or to gain direct contact with American life. In the textile towns of New England, the factory districts of the Atlantic seaboard, and the various mining communities, the immigrants are forced into colonies, and barred from participation in native affairs by a very definite wall of dislike and contempt. Even the churches make small effort to break down this barrier behind which the alien crouches, gazing sullenly at the land that has failed him in its promise of freedom and fraternity.

In view of these indisputable facts, is it possible to insist that the failure of the American melting-pot is the fault of the alien entirely? If the hyphen persists as a menacing feature of American life, does the blame lie at the door of those expectant thousands who come to the United States in hope and faith or in the cruel neglects and exploitations that flow from the greeds and indifferences of the native-born?

It is a problem that must be faced, nor is there any likelihood that it will become less acute. The defeat of every attempt to establish a literacy test is proof conclusive that the American people are opposed



Drawn by A. Castaigne

The first freedom in the New World

to the restriction of immigration, and while the inrush of aliens will be checked during the progress of the European War, peace will witness their coming in greater numbers. History does not sustain any other prediction. The Napoleonic wars, the revolutions in Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, and Germany, the Prussian campaigns against Denmark, Austria, and France, the Russo-Japanese War—all were followed by an increased immigration to the United States. Burdensome taxes, shattered families, ruined fields, and economic severities, the inevitable results of war, are bound to turn eyes to the one country that does not rest under the baneful shadow of militarism.

The question for the United States to decide is whether the same old policy of neglect, stupidity, and oppression shall be pursued, or whether a new and sincere approach shall be made to the task of assimilation. In this connection, let it be borne in mind that while the immigrant seems to suffer and die in seeming helplessness, he works his revenge upon society in a thousand ways. Out of his ignorance and despair he drags down the wage-scale, acts as a strike-breaker, lowers the American standard of living, and adds the note of actual ferocity to the competitive struggle. Out of the slums where aliens fester in dirt and disease come the defectives and delinquents that fill our jails and asylums, and their ignorance and lack of civic interest make them easy prey for the unclean political influences that prosper by municipal maladministration.

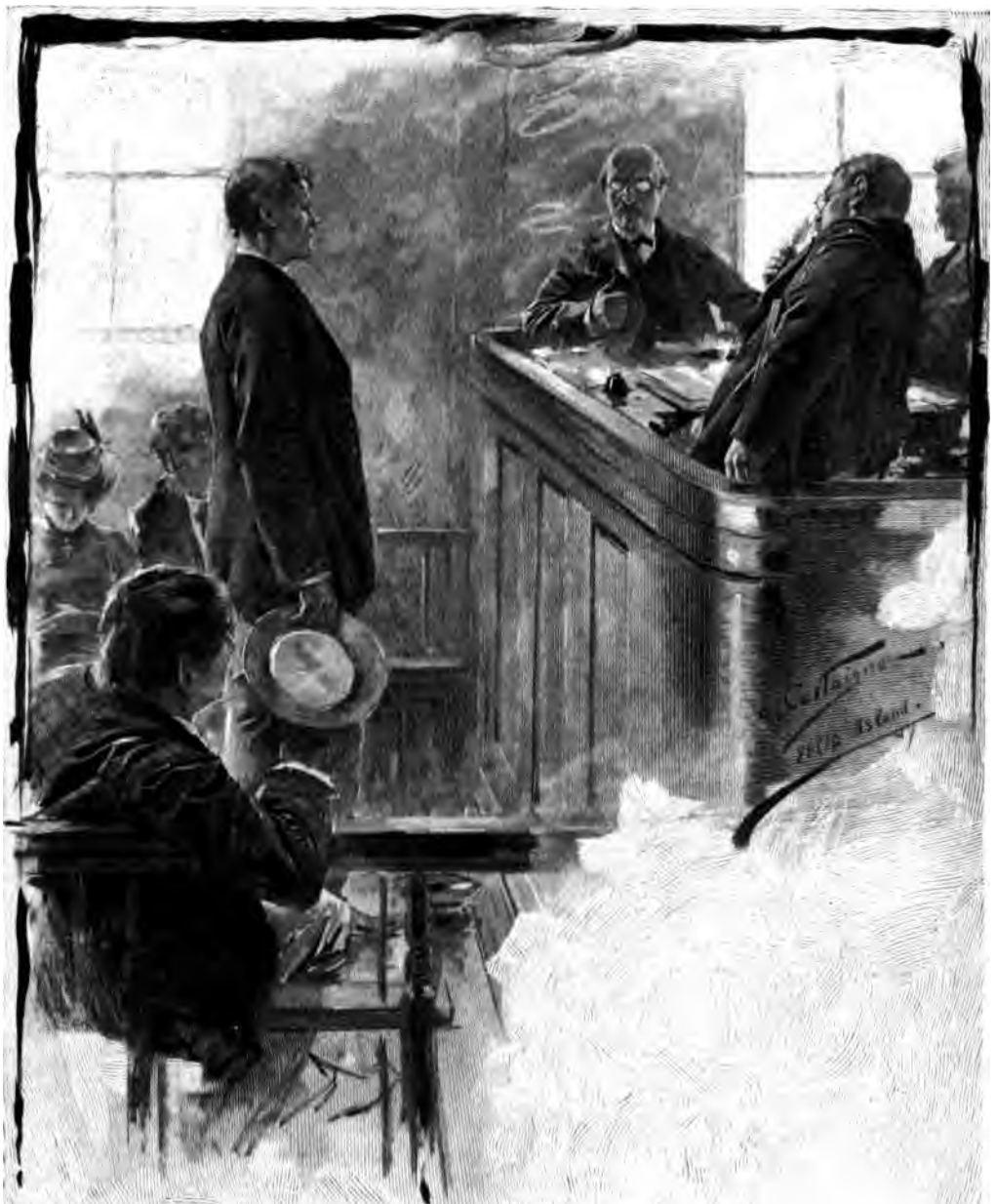
Ludlow, Calumet, Lawrence, Paterson, Cabin Creek, and other revolts of oppressed aliens have cost millions in actual loss and scarred whole States with hatred. Even if justice to the alien contains no appeal, there is the instinct of self-preservation to compel drastic changes.

Certain steps are already being taken in the direction of reform. Mr. Caminetti, Commissioner-General of Immigration, has vitalized the division of information so that it is truly aiding the immigrant in making the choice of a home, and is doing a splendid work in connection with the employment problem. Also, by an arrangement with Mr. Claxton, Commissioner of Education, the names of all immigrant children of school age are sent immediately from the various ports of arrival to the school authorities at the point of destination.

Several cities, notably Cleveland, have established immigration bureaus that guard the immigrant from the time of his arrival, watching his education, protecting his rights, promoting his interests, and helping him in the advance to naturalization. Of the States, California has moved to the front with a statute providing teachers to work in the homes of immigrants, instructing children and adults in education laws, labor laws, sanitation, and the fundamental principles of American citizenship.

The North American Civic League for Immigrants is a powerful volunteer body that attempts the promotion of helpful legislation, the positive work required to protect the immigrant, and the teaching of the English language. Through the medium of the Baron de Hirsch Trust, the Jewish immigrant receives far larger consideration than that accorded to any other nationality. The trust maintains distributing agencies at all points of entry, and not only is the alien placed in the business or job for which he has been trained, but in event of his poverty he is loaned the money necessary for transportation and equipment.

These activities are praiseworthy indeed, but they do not by any means contain the solution of the immigrant problem. The work that is to be done cannot wait upon private generosity or individual initiative, nor will the true answer ever be given by cities or States acting by themselves. The task of assimilation is national. It is the Federal Government that lets in these millions from other shores, and it is the Federal Government that must accept the responsibility for their protection, development, and Americanization. The one policy that carries with it any certainty of success is a policy that will regard every alien as a ward of the nation, to be



Drawn by A. Castaigne

The board of special inquiry, Ellis Island

guarded, aided, and protected from the very day of arrival to the day of naturalization. Until they have mastered the language, become acquainted with their rights as well as their duties, and gained a sense of belonging, these strangers within our gates are as children, and must be so treated.

Such a policy, taking account of the muddles and maladjustments of the past, will invent machinery of distribution that will end the disastrous stupidity of farmers huddled in industrial centers, tradesmen and professional men herded in mills and factories, and skilled labor wasting itself in unskilled drudgeries—a machinery that will place every immigrant to his own advantage as well as to the advantage of the state.

In the growth of the unemployment problem, and the increase in involuntary poverty, may be seen the evil results of the theory that has insisted upon government as a sovereign power rather than as a working partnership with the people. In the formulation of a sane immigration policy there is the chance for the Government of the United States to put off its purple robes of aloofness and put on the overalls of empire-building.

Government lands and state lands lie idle while the business of pioneering is turned over to promoters who are concerned only with their profits, caring nothing for the human element that figures in their close bargains. Where is there larger promise of happiness and prosperity than in the transportation of immigrant agriculturists, in community groups, to this public land, together with such equipment as will enable them to make a flying start in their conquest of the soil? It is not a new idea, or radical, for other countries are using the twenty-year-loan system to put people upon the land.

In those isolated cases where immigrant groups have succeeded in getting into agriculture, the result has been industry, thrift, sobriety, education, and Americanization. Italians are growing cotton on the Mississippi delta, fruit in the Ozarks and Louisiana, and raising garden-truck in the Atlantic Coast States and New England, either rendering worthless land productive by their toil or else developing supposedly waste tracts.

The Poles are lovers of the land, ninety per cent. of them that come to the United States being eager to engage in agriculture, and the small number able to achieve their ambition have only stories of success to tell. The Polish farmers of Wisconsin, Illinois, Texas, and Kansas are not behind the native-born in their contributions to the general good, and the Bohemians are others who have done well wherever their feet have touched the soil.

The investigations of the Immigration Commission proved that all of those thus brought into contact with opportunity were grasping it, taking out naturalization-papers, Americanizing in every way, and playing their proper part in municipal, state, and national affairs.

A second necessary step is the creation of a federal system of public employment-bureaus which may minister to the needs of the native-born as well as of the alien. Individual States have failed abjectly in this respect, for even the nineteen commonwealths that have created free employment-bureaus have done little more than to pile up records of inadequacy. Federal control would cover the whole country, supplementing and assisting the work of existing organizations, regulating private agencies, and bringing together definitely the jobless man and the manless job. Here again it is a matter of imitation rather than innovation, for Great Britain and Germany have for years been operating national labor-exchanges successfully.

The United States must follow the example of European countries, which meet the difficulties of poverty by the advancement of transportation costs, and also guard against class control of the machinery by providing that both workers and employers shall have representation on a governing committee.

Justice must be made swift and inexpensive, and this cannot be done until the

Four Scenes from Ellis Island

By
A. Castaigne
and
G. W. Peters

Drawn by A. Castaigne

Registry department

Drawn by G. W. Peters

The New York detention-room

Drawn by G. W. Peters

The registry desk

Drawn by G. W. Peters

Serving soup to immigrants on the roof garden

simple and innumerable disputes of the industrial world are removed from the wearisome processes of traditional jurisprudence. As long ago as 1806, France created industrial courts, and the example has been followed by Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Belgium. A president, who represents the public, and an equal number of workers and employers sit as a jury rather than as a court. Lawyers are barred; the parties to the dispute take turns relating grievance and defense, and in consequence of this simplicity, ninety per cent. of the cases are adjusted without formal hearings. In event of threatened strikes or lockouts, the courts have the power to sit as boards of arbitration, and it is only in rare cases that satisfactory agreements are not reached.

Compare the simplicity of this procedure with the American method of frequent trials, frequent appeals, reversed decisions, remanded cases, court costs, lawyers' fees, and months of delay, a gantlet that no poor man dares to run. The dollar out of which an alien is cheated may mean to him the difference between a bed or a park bench, and certainly his sense of injustice will not inspire him with respect for democratic institutions.

The processes of education must be quickened, and greater emphasis should be put upon the preparation of human beings for the business of life. Immigrant adults, as well as immigrant youth, should have the privilege of instruction in the English language, national, state, and municipal government, industrial laws, customs, and ways of American life, hygiene, sanitation, and all other allied subjects that will fit them to be intelligent, useful American citizens.

Germany, through a compulsory system of continuation schools, has control over a youth until his eighteenth year; and although the system has been in force since 1891, it is only now that the United States is taking timid, tentative steps in the same direction.

Federal standards of education must be raised, and the established principle of federal aid to the poorer States should be carried through to the point where illiteracy will vanish, whether the illiterate be a native-born child or an adult alien. Not the least vital task of the public-school system is to serve the immigrant during his struggle for prosperity and citizenship.

Health is no less important than education, and authoritative investigation has shown that adult delinquency and dependency are largely due to neglect in connection with the physical defects and deficiencies of the growing youth. Not alone is it necessary to have medical inspection and dental clinics for every child that passes through the public schools of the United States, but particularly in the case of the immigrant and the poverty-stricken native-born there is need of infant dispensaries, model kitchens, milk stations, visiting nurses, and a program of preventive medicine.

While new machinery in large measure may be necessary for the doing of all these things, the plant for its housing is already at hand. The school-buildings of the United States offer themselves for the purpose in full perfection of convenience, economy, and effectiveness. As it is today, the schools, which represent the largest single investment of the people's money, are in use a scant seven hours a day for an average of one hundred and forty-four days a year.

The neighborhood is the group unit next in importance to the family itself, and the school-building is the center of the neighborhood. What reaches every child in the United States can reach every parent, and not only does the wider use of the school plant hold out its rich promise to the alien, but to the native-born as well.

In every building serving its neighborhood group may be placed the official representative of the federal system of immigrant distribution, the branch office of the federal employment-exchange, the industrial court, the medical inspection-bureau, the dental clinic, the milk station, the visiting nurses, the infant dispensary, the free-legal-aid bureau, the health office,

and the juvenile court. Here is the natural and suitable place for the instruction of the adult alien in English and citizenship, for the art gallery, for the branch library, for the model kitchen, and for the development of the play instinct.

Night use of the school-buildings strikes at the very heart of the leisure-time problem. In cities thousands of little children play in the streets, menaced alike by evil environment and the police court, and in the country life is admittedly dull and stagnant. Growing girls are forced into the dance-hall, men into the saloon, and women either gossip across stoops and fire-escapes or become fungous growths in kitchens. In competition with the reckless greeds of commercialized amusement, the social center offers amateur theatricals, debates, dancing-parties, moving-picture shows, receptions, gymnasium games, all in a clean, inspiring environment, subjected to the wholesome restraints of the family group and neighborly friendship.

The immigrants can be tapped for their rich store of folk-songs, games, and traditional customs, so that not only will the native-born be enriched and broadened, but the alien given that absolutely essential sense of belonging. To watch an interracial pageant in a New York school-building, shared in by twenty nationalities, happy, laughing, proud, and friendly, is complete answer to the question of assimilation.

The school-building should be the polling-place, and through the medium of the social center it is possible to effect the self-organization of voters into a deliberative body that will always be in session, the school-house its headquarters. Would not this be more inspiring to the alien than the location of voting-booths in livery-stables, barber shops, and sheds, or the gathering of voters in some saloon-connected room or in a hall paid for by interested parties out of mysterious funds?

With specific reference to the alien, the school-principal employed by the educational authorities to look after the children of immigrants may also be employed by the immigration authorities to care for the adults as well. His should be the position of neighborhood guardian of these wards of the nation, looking after their inclusion in the proper classes, acquainting them with the services rendered by employment-bureau, health-office, free-legal-aid bureau, and visiting nurses, and drawing them into the night play of the social center. In thickly settled communities, where a principal would not have the necessary time, an assistant or assistants might be appointed.

A beginning has been made. Wisconsin, Indiana, Massachusetts, Kansas, New York, Washington, New Jersey, and the District of Columbia are in possession of a law that permits the people to use school-buildings, aside from school hours, for the purpose of meeting and discussing "any and all subjects and questions which in their judgment may appertain to the educational, political, economic, artistic, and moral interest of the citizens." Out of it has grown the new profession of social secretary.

All that is necessary is the adoption of a federal policy that will give unity, purpose, and dynamic direction to what is now isolated and sporadic, and the task of immigrant assimilation is a sound base for such a policy. Fortunately enough, the money for the work is at hand, and what is more, it is money provided by the immigrant himself. To-day, in the United States Treasury, there is a balance of $10,000,000 in the head-tax fund contributed to by every new arrival. There is no question that this income was primarily intended as a sacred trust fund, for the law of 1882, levying a tax of fifty cents on every immigrant, provided that "the money thus collected . . . shall constitute a fund to be called the immigrant fund, and shall be used . . . to defray the expenses of regulating immigration under this act and for the care of immigrants arriving in the United States, for the relief of such as are in distress, and for the general purposes and expenses of carrying this act into effect."

In 1894 the head-tax was raised to one

Drawn by A. Castaigne

"Deported pen," Ellis Island

dollar, in 1903 to two dollars, and in 1907 to four dollars. In 1909 the immigrant fund was abolished, and the head-tax receipts were dumped into the Treasury, the regulation of immigration being forced to depend upon such annual allowances as Congress saw fit to make. The $10,000,000 balance belongs to the immigrants, and even if their need were less bitter, it would still be unfair and dishonest to divert a trust fund from its avowed object to purposes that were never intended.

The dreadful European conflict will not have been without its service if the United States, alarmed by the persistence of the hyphen in American life, adopts an immigration policy that in its essence will be a policy of hope, justice, aspiration, and progress for all the oppressed and unhappy, whether they be native-born or strangers within the gates.[1]

[1] (The illustrations accompanying this article are reprinted from THE CENTURY for February, 1898, and March, 1903.)

Trees

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "Barn Doors and Byways," etc.

Illustrations by Walter King Stone

AS far as possible, all of us demand trees about our dwellings, for their shade, we say, or their charm, their protection, their architectural value. But at bottom, I believe, all our reasons are the same: we demand trees about our dwellings because deep within us—deep, perhaps, as the primal instincts of the race—is a great and trustful affection humorously akin to the dog's trust in the table beneath which he lies, whether to escape the heat of summer or the Fourth of July fire-crackers. For all the centuries of upward development, for all our tall cities and snug dwellings, we are close to the ancient mother still. Go out some day into the wild places, let night come on, or a storm, and see how you turn like a homing bird to the shelter of the hemlock thicket! Even on my own little place of a few acres there is a grove of pines near the house, murmurous like the sea, and beside it three gnarled old apple-trees which put a green roof over that bit of the lawn; and to them I return a dozen times a day out of the sunshine or the moonlight on the garden, as a man returns to the welcome of his roof and hearth.

"The sycamore . . . is large, dignified, masculine, and totally unaware of the picturesque effect created by its tortuous branches"

Trees, of course, are the most beautiful as well as, perhaps, the most useful of growing things, not because they are the largest, but because they attain often to the finest symmetry and because they have the most decided and appealing personalities. Any one who has not felt the personality of trees is oddly insensitive. I

cannot, indeed, imagine a person wholly incapable of such feeling, though the man who plants a Colorado blue spruce on a trimmed lawn east of the Alleghanies, where it is obliged to comport itself with elms and trolley-cars, is admittedly pretty callous. Trees are peculiarly the product of their environment, and in a natural state their personalities have invariably a beautiful fitness.

Take the white pine, for example, noblest of all our common North American trees. The pine by nature is gregarious in the extreme. One old patriarch, if left alone, will in a few years breed about its feet a family of seedlings half an acre in extent, and this little stand of seedlings, if they, too, are left alone, will in turn, in a single generation, begin to breed more seedlings out to windward, and thus in a hundred years the patriarch, the grandfather of the forest, will perhaps be almost hidden in the depths of an extensive wood. As they begin to grow, the young trees are crowded thickly together, and very soon their lateral branches begin to touch, completely shading the ground beneath. As soon as this happens, of course, all the lateral branches below the upper layers are shaded, too, and begin to die. Only the tops of the trees get the sun; so they give up the natural effort to spread, and devote most of their attention to racing upward after more and more sunshine. The weaker trees, crowded in between the strong, sooner or later give up the struggle and die; but the strong ones keep going up and up, till all signs of their lower lateral branches have completely disappeared, and the lofty trunks tower as straight as ruled lines for fifty, seventy-five, and in primeval forests even for one hundred feet in air, before the trees throw a single limb. It takes many generations to make such a forest, though, alas! only a few months to destroy it.

What man who has ever entered the hushed cathedral aisles of a mighty pine grove, fragrant with that indescribable incense, murmurous overhead with the whisper of surf upon a lonely shore, mysterious with the tiny patter of pitch, illumined through vistas that look like blue daggers of light between the solemn uprights, can ever forget it? It is like nothing else on earth. Yet the isolated pine, which has not fought upward in the crowded phalanx of its fellows, but has expanded laterally as well, is a totally different tree, with a totally different personality, a very noble and sturdy personality, too.

How characteristic of our Northern mountains is the ragged upland pasture, where the cattle wander through hassocks of grass and sweet-fern, and by some bit of gray stone wall a single pine stands up alone, its branches extended in angular parallels like a cedar of Lebanon, broken and stunted on the side toward the prevailing winter storms, streaming away more gracefully to leeward, and the massive trunk, comparatively short and gnarled instead of tall and mast-like, inclined a little from the winter gales, as if it had stood its ground and taken their buffets for a hundred years without more than bending backward from the hips when the blows rained thickest! I know such a pine on a hilltop which has been carved by the storms of a century into a quaint and splendid replica of the Winged Victory, and there is no passer who sees it but pauses a moment to admire its rugged beauty, its suggestion of triumphant, dogged strength. To deny that pine personality is to prove one's utter lack of imagination.

The American elm is another common native tree possessing both great beauty and a strongly marked personality. It is recognized as the standard for town planting because its personality so exactly comports with geometrical street vistas, with the formal lines of architecture, with the orderliness and dignity of university campuses and civic squares. The elm is essentially a self-sufficient tree. It does not thrive in groves. It has a standard type of its own, and it either attains this type or is lost to view. The elm which comes to maturity is usually the one which has lodged in a favored spot where there is no competition, such as a river meadow, where the spring freshets have dropped

"These same trees [the elms] are scarcely less beautiful in winter"

the seed on fertile soil, and the roots can get down to water.

We all know the type, the noble trunk of massive girth tapering very gradually upward to the first spring of branches, and then dissolving in those branches as a water jet might dissolve in many upward and out-curving streams, till the whole is lost in the spray of the foliage. Like many other trees that grow alone, it

develops an exquisite symmetry; but with the elm this symmetry is not only one of general contour, but of individual limbs. Not only is the silhouette symmetrical, but the skeleton also, branch balancing branch. That is what gives it its remarkable fitness to comport with architectural lines, with geometrically designed vistas. It has a formal structure and a consequent dignity which make it the logical shade for a village street, a chapel, a library, the scholarly procession in cap and gown. Add to that dignity its arched and airy lightness and its splendid size, and you have the king of urban trees.

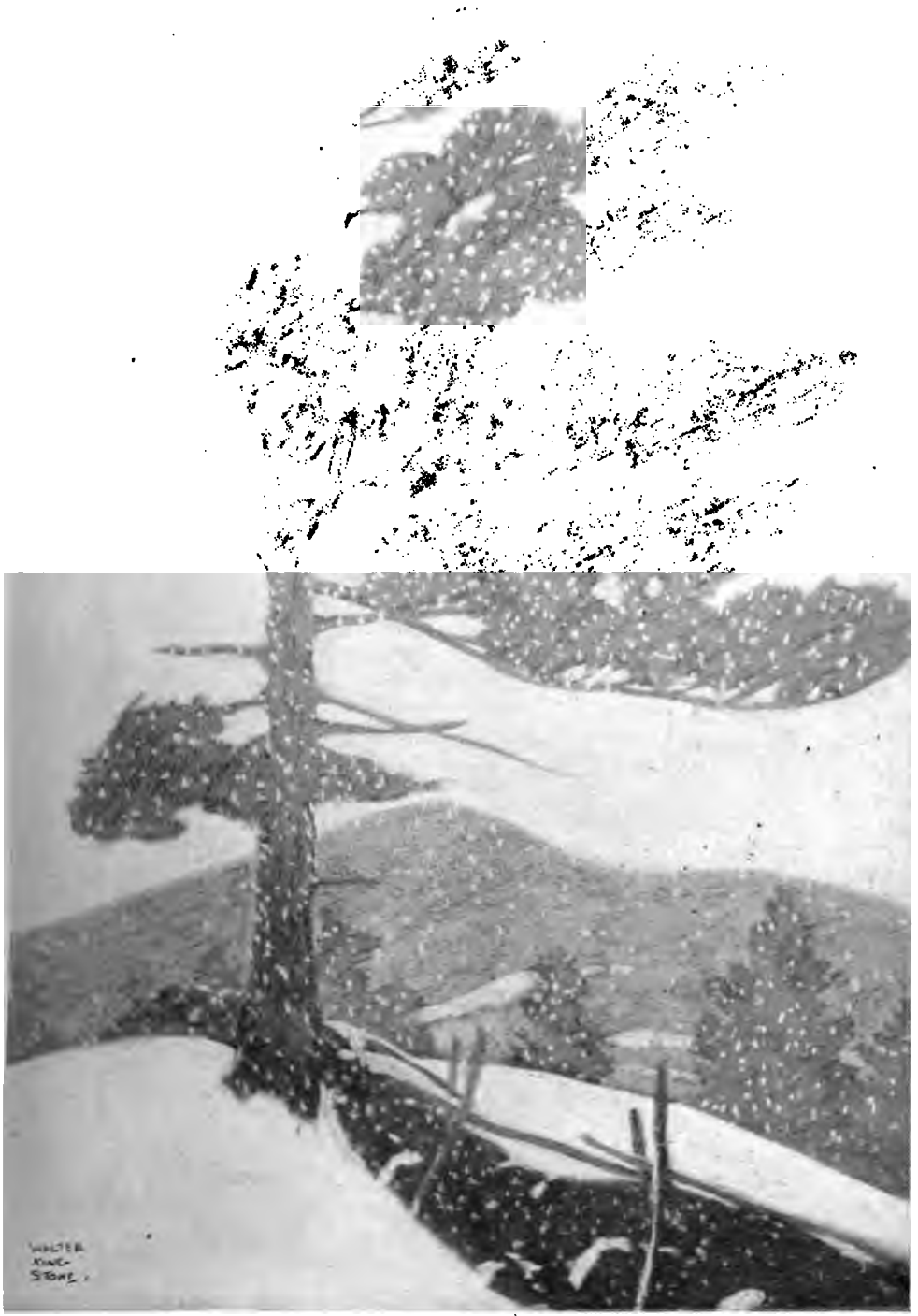
Yet I sometimes think the elm is never so lovely as when it grows along the river bends where nature planted it. We all know such river bends; every American cherishes in memory the picture of a green intervale, of browsing cattle, of a winding stream, with vervain and wild cucumber on the banks, and now and then, rising like graceful green fountains, or like great vases on slender stems, the noble elms, the wardens of the peaceful landscape. The valley of the Housatonic, in the Berkshire Hills, is peculiarly rich in splendid trees of many kinds, especially willows. Yet its elms stand out with a certain aristocratic aloofness, and demand, or, rather, compel, the chief attention. Over the well-kept village streets they spread magnificently, with the spring of a Gothic arch in their massive limbs, and oriole-nests depending like tiny platinum ear-drops from the outer twigs. But along the river you see the whole tree; you are not aware of it as the under side of an arch, but rather as a complete and beautiful design, a mammoth vase rising on its graceful stem from the emerald meadows. There are five such elms in a row near my home. They grow along the bank of a swale close to the river, with space enough between them to permit each tree its standard of form; and yet each, too, has conceded a little something to its neighbor, and made up for the loss by a fringe of foliage close about the trunk, as well-fed elms sometimes do. They are of almost exactly the same height and girth, and yet, if you look closely, no two are really alike. They differ as the great doors of Notre Dame in Paris differ—individual, yet harmonious. When the bulwarks of willow around the river bends are turning to soft, grayish silver in the low afternoon light, when the shadows are creeping like long amethyst fingers over the grass, these five trees rise in radiant lightness against the west, every detail of their lovely symmetry outlined sharply against the sky. They are like a row of figures by Botticelli arrested in a lacy dance.

These same trees are scarcely less beautiful in winter. Some lovers of trees, indeed, delight in the body more than in the raiment. A nude tree may be pathetic in its suggestion of vanished summer, but it is seldom or never unlovely. Did not Ruskin somewhere speak of the wonderful *life* in the line of a twig or branch? Certainly no line in nature is so vital, whether it be the straight taper of a Norway spruce trunk or the radiating forked lightning of an aged locust top.

Did you ever look carefully at an old, neglected apple-tree in winter? Of course it always makes the arms of the true agriculturist yearn for a pruning-saw, as Grizel's arms rocked for a sponge and water when she saw a dirty baby; but, forgetting farmers' bulletins for a moment, did you ever pause to admire the veritable spray of "suckers" such a tree has sent up, like a shower-bath nozle turned upside down? The pattern they make is tangled and formless, but what a testimony they are to the vitality of the tree, what eloquent witnesses of its will to live! The end of a dead limb may have rotted back to make a flicker's or a bluebird's nest, the trunk may be ringed with the sapsucker's bores, the tree may be lopsided, perishing with scale, but all over it sprout the suckers, its symbol of continued struggle. The poor old apple-tree beside some abandoned farm-house, or cellar hole where perchance no house has stood for generations, still fighting for life, still striving to function, is to me a brave and beautiful thing.

"The elm is never so lovely as when it grows along the river bends where nature planted it"

"The birch which rises by the edge of the frozen stream"



"A pine on a hilltop which has been carved by the storms of a century into a quaint and splendid replica of the Winged Victory"

"The red cedar . . . seems . . . to clasp the rock with crooked hands,
as an eagle might hold a ball in its claws"

The trees of the hills and rocky pastures have a different character from their fatly nourished brothers of the plain, and, as among men, they are often less beautiful and more interesting. The red cedar, which starts life as a tiny seedling in the sediment of a rain pool on top of a boulder, and survives by sending its roots down around the very rock till it seems, in the course of a century, to clasp the rock with crooked hands, as an eagle might hold a ball in its claws, usually develops a rough sturdiness of trunk and very often a twisted formation of growth which suggest almost human qualities of aggressiveness and tenacity. Such a tree seems actually to have wrestled with its environment, and put its enemies underfoot. It is to the upland hard woods, too, that all boys know they must go for nuts. Did not the finest chestnuts always grow on a hill? And what man is so poor in memories that he cannot recall those golden October mornings when there was frost in the air, and the pungent smell of dried sweet-fern, and up among the boulders the gray hickories, still flaunting a few yellow leaves, had shed their store? The nut-tree has a certain rough, scraggly quality, a clean, hard, wiry, knotted character, that exactly comports with boulder-strewn pastures, a keen October sky, and the autumn wind piping over the hilltops.

The canoe birch, too, is essentially an upland tree; it does not thrive near sea-level, at any rate in Massachusetts. Farther north it creeps down nearer the coast. The birch, above all our American trees, delights in theatrical effects. And if that sentence is objected to on the ground of "pathetic fallacy," we will commit the whole sin at once, and add that it is the most feminine of trees. In earliest spring, when the hepaticas are pushing up last year's leaves, and our Berkshire mountain-sides are donning their frail, delicate veils of color, the young birches are conspicuous for the startling brightness of their new foliage, a green so much lighter and more vivid than all the other greens that it would arrest attention even if it were not borne on a snow-white stem. Your young birch has all the daring of a débutante. Later, when the summer thunder-storms come, the birch has another trick up its sleeve. Some afternoon a dark, gun-metal thunder-head will mass behind the crest of a hill, and suddenly an old birch on the summit will leap into startling prominence, so that it focuses the entire attention, like a single splendid streak of chalk-white lightning. Again, in midwinter, when the birch by rights should be protectively colored and inconspicuous, it is the other trees we do not notice, and the birch which rises by the edge of the frozen stream, perhaps, or against the dark wall of the pines, and displays all its snowy limbs to best advantage against evergreen or sky.

Only the sycamore has a bark which can rival the birch for showy effect; yet how different are the two trees! It has never occurred to any one to call the sycamore a feminine tree. It is large, dignified, masculine, and totally unaware of the picturesque effect created by its tortuous branches and its great mottled patches of grayish-white bark alternating with brown. When all is said, the birch is a vain tree; but we must also admit it has a right to be, and we cannot scold it, either, it wears its white betimes with such an air of virgin innocence.

Many years ago a lover of trees in the village where my boyhood was passed prepared a little booklet describing and picturing a score or so of the finest trees in the township. Only the other day I came across a copy after the lapse of more than two decades. I sat down to its pages as to a feast. Yes, there was the old Cap'n George Bacheldor sassafras, the largest in the State, sixty-two feet high! How familiar it looked! How my tongue could taste again the aroma of the chips hacked with a jack-knife from its roots! And here, on the next page, was the Deacon Emerson oak, growing between the barn and the house, and throwing mottled shadows over both, a mighty spread, indeed. I could hear the horses stamping in the barn, I could smell the hay, I could

"The elm . . . does not thrive in groves"

savor again the coolness of the shade as we dropped beneath it on our way home from the swimming-hole. That oak and the old Emerson homestead were unthinkable apart. If I, who merely had lived a mile or more down the road, could so thrill to a picture of that tree in after years, what, I reflected, must be the affection in which an Emerson holds it? Is it still there? Surely it must be, for the oak outlives our little spans, and that any one could lay an ax to it is inconceivable.

So I lingered through the book, greeting each picture as I would greet the likeness of a boyhood friend, each bringing back to me not only its own image, but what a wealth beside of associated memories! Surely every man holds certain trees thus warmly in his affection—trees he planted, or his father or his grandfather planted, trees which gave him shade and shelter, trees which were an integral part of his home, trees which had some grace of limb or charm of character which forever endeared them to him through the subtle channels of esthetic satisfaction. "Trees have no personality?" I said, as I closed the pamphlet. "Then there is no such thing as the influence of line and contour on the mind, and no such thing as affection for the inanimate, which is nonsense."

But one tree this pamphlet did not picture. It was a great chestnut, fully five feet through, storm-torn and lightning-scarred, which stood high upon a windy summit, the shepherd of a hundred hills. They were little hills, green and rolling, and from the first great limb of the chestnut, a limb as big as a barrel, they looked like a patchwork quilt stitched with stone walls. Over them the cattle browsed, or the reapers clicked their midsummer locust song, or just the breeze passed whispering. And four feet dangled from the great limb of the chestnut, and four eyes looked out across the little hills to a far pond and the misty horizon, and two hearts sang a song as old as the hills themselves. When the sun declined, the shadow of the great tree swept out eastward, the cattle filed down to the bars and lowed, the leader shaking her bell protestingly, one pair of arms must needs be raised to

assist the more encumbered climber down to the top of our ladder, which was a huge piece of broken limb propped against the trunk, and then again be raised from the ground to swing a burden all too light to earth. Then there must follow a little ceremony—the cutting of a tiny notch in a deep and secret recess of the bark to signify one more day of happiness spent in that protecting shelter, and sometimes a warm pink cheek was laid against the furrowed trunk, and a voice whispered, "Nice old Grandpa Chestnut!"

That was many years ago. I wonder if that noble old tree is standing yet, or whether the chestnut blight, the ax, or the lightning has robbed the little hills of their shepherd? I shall never know; I shall never count again the little notches in a secret recess of the bark, or hear the sweet, silly secrets the old tree would not betray. I could go there now, to the very spot, yes, on the darkest night; a memory in the soles of my feet would wake and tell me the path. But I shall never take the risk. Some memories must never be dusted, some paths never retrod. For me that storm-scarred grandfather of a tree shall forever stand shepherd over the little hills, the little, green rolling hills where the cattle browse and the wind whispers to the mullen-stalks, and against its hoary bark a soft pink cheek is pressed, and I am twenty-one again.

A Look

By HELEN HOYT

WHO shall declare a look?
It may not be spoken;
Not in many a book.
A symbol, a token,
Of more than all words can say;
A whole knowledge compressed,
A whole soul expressed
In one moment's play
Of the mouth, a glance of the eye.

What the mind could hardly descry,
What the words of the mind would tame,
Finding its name,
A look can tell
And foretell
Perfectly, beyond art,
Immediately into the heart.

Les Travailleurs de la Guerre

By ARTHUR GLEASON

Author of "Young Hilda at the Wars," etc.

Pictures by Harry Townsend

THE boy soldier is willing to make any day his last day if it is a good day. It is not so with the middle-aged man. He is puzzled by the war. What he has to struggle with more than bodily weakness is the malady of thought. Is the bloody business worth while?

I SAW him first, my middle-aged man, one afternoon on the boards of an improvised stage in the sand-dunes of Belgium. On that last thin strip of the shattered kingdom English and French and Belgians were grimly massed. He was a Frenchman, and he was cheering up his comrades. With shining black hair and volatile face, he played many parts that day. He recited sprightly verses of Parisian life. He carried on amazing twenty-minute dialogues with himself, mimicking the voice of girl and woman, bully and dandy. His audience had come in stale from the everlasting spading and marching. They brightened visibly under his gaiety. If he cared to make that effort in the saddened place, they were ready to respond. When he dismissed them, the last flash of him was of a smiling, rollicking improvisator, bowing himself over to the applause till his black hair was level with our eyes.

And then next day as I sat in my ambulance, waiting orders, he trudged by in his blue, "the color of heaven" once, but musty now from nights under the rain. His head of hair, which the glossy black wig had covered, was gray-white. The sparkling, pantomimic face had dropped

into wrinkles. He was patient and old and tired. Perhaps he, too, would have been glad of some one to cheer him up. He was just one more territorial—trench-digger and sentry and filler-in. He became for me the type of all those faithful, plodding soldiers whose first strength is spent. In him was gathered up all that fatigue and sadness of men for whom no glamour remains.

They went past me every day, hundreds of them, padding down the Nieuport road, their feet tired from service and their boots road-worn—crowds of men beyond numbering, as far as one could see into the dry, volleying dust and beyond the dust; men coming toward me, a nation of them. They came at a long, uneven jog, a cluttered walk. Every figure was sprinkled and encircled by dust—dust on their gray temples, and on their wet, streaming faces, dust coming up in puffs from their shuffling feet, too tired to lift clear of the heavy road-bed. There was a hot, pitiless sun, and every man of them was shrouded in the long, heavy winter coat, as soggy as a horse blanket, and with thick leather gaiters, loose, flapping, swathing their legs as if with bandages. On the man's back was a pack, with the huge swell of the blanket rising up beyond the neck and generating heat-waves; a loaf of tough black bread fastened upon the knapsack or tied inside a faded red handkerchief; and a dingy, scarred tin Billy-can. At his shapeless, rolling waist his belt hung heavy with a bayonet in its casing. On the shoulder rested a dirt-caked spade, with a clanking of metal where the bayonet and the Billy-can struck the handle of the spade. Under a peaked cap showed the bearded face and the white of strained eyes gleaming through dust and sweat. The man was too tired to smile and talk. The weight of the pack, the weight of the clothes, the dust, the smiting sun—all weighted down the man, leaving every line in his body sagging and drooping with weariness.

These are the men that spade the trenches, drive the food-transports and ammunition-wagons, and carry through the detail duties of small honor that the army may prosper. When has it happened before that the older generation holds up the hands of the young? At the western front they stand fast that the youth may go forward. They fill in the shell-holes to make a straight path for less-tired feet. They drive up food to give good heart to boys.

War is easy for the young. The boy soldier is willing to make any day his last if it is a good day. It is not so with the middle-aged man. He is puzzled by the war. What he has to struggle with more than bodily weakness is the malady of thought. Is the bloody business worth while? Is there any far-off divine event which his death will hasten? The wines of France are good wines, and his home in fertile Normandy was pleasant.

As we stood in the street in the sun one hot afternoon, four men came carrying a wounded man. The stretcher was growing red under its burden. The man's face was greenish white, with a stubble of beard. The flesh of his body was as white as snow from loss of blood. It was torn at the chest and sides. They carried him to the dressing-station, and half an hour later lifted him into our car. We carried him in for two miles. Four flies fed on the red rim of his closed left eye. He lay silent, motionless. Only a slight flutter of the coverlet, made by his breathing, gave a sign of life. At the Red Cross post we stopped. The coverlet still slightly rose and fell. The doctor, brown-bearded, in white linen, stepped into the car, tapped the man's wrist, tested his pulse, put a hand over his heart. Then the doctor muttered, drew the coverlet over the greenish-white face, and ordered the marines to remove him. In the moment of arrival the wounded man had died.

In the courtyard next our post two men were carrying in long strips of wood. This wood was for coffins, and one of them would be his.

A funeral passes our car, one every day, sometimes two: a wooden cross in front, carried by a soldier; the white-robed chaplain chanting; the box of light

wood, on a frame of black; the coffin draped in the tricolor, a squad of twenty soldiers following the dead. That is the funeral of the middle-aged man. There is no time wasted on him in the brisk business of war; but his comrades bury him. One in particular faithful at funerals I had learned to know—M. Le Doze. War itself is so little the respecter of persons that this man had found himself of value in paying the last small honor to the obscure dead as they were carried from his Red Cross post to the burial-ground. One hopes that he will receive no hasty trench burial when his own time comes.

I cannot write of the middle-aged man of the Belgians because he has been killed. That first mixed army, which in thin line opposed its body to an immense machine, was crushed by weight and momentum. Little is left but a memory. But I shall not forget the red-haired veteran sergeant of the first army, near Lokeren, who kept his men under cover while he ran out into the middle of the road to see if the Uhlans were coming. The only Belgian army today is an army of boys. Last night we had a letter from André Simont, of the "Obusiers Lourdes, Belges," and he wrote:

If you promise me you will come back for next summer, I won't get pinked. If I ever do, it does n't matter. I have had twenty years of very happy life.

If he were forty-five, he would say, as a French officer at Coxyde said to me:

"Four months, and I have n't heard from my wife and children. We had a pleasant home. I was well to do. I miss the good wines of my cellar. This beer is sour. We have done our best, we French, our utmost, and it is n't quite enough. We have made a supreme effort, but it has n't cleared the enemy from our country. *La guerre—c'est triste.*"

He, too, fights on, but that overflow of vitality does not visit him, as it comes to the youngsters of the first line. It is easy for the boys of Brittany to die, those sailors with a rifle, the stanch Fusiliers Marins, who, outnumbered, held fast at Melle and Dixmude, and now for ten months have made Nieuport, the extreme end of the western battle-line, a great rock. It is easy, because there is a glory in the eyes of boys. But the older man lives with second thoughts, with a subdued philosophy, a love of security. He is married, with a child or two; his garden is pleasant in the afternoon sun. He turns wistfully to the young, who are so sure, to cheer him. With him it is bloodshed, the moaning of shell-fire, and harsh command.

One afternoon at Coxyde, in the camp of the middle-aged—the territorials—an open-air entertainment was given. Massed up the side of a sand-dune, row on row, were the bearded men, two thousand of them. There were flashes of youth, of course—marines in dark blue, with jaunty round hat with fluffy red centerpiece; Zouaves with dusky Algerian skin, yellow-sorrel jacket, and baggy harem trousers; Belgians in fresh khaki uniform; and Red Cross British Quakers. But the mass of the men were middle-aged—territorials, with the light-blue long-coat, good for all weathers and the sharp night, and the peaked cap. Over the top of the dune where the soldiers sat an observation balloon was suspended in a cloudless blue sky, like a huge yellow caterpillar. Beyond the pasteboard stage, high on a western dune, two sentries stood with their bayonets touched by sunlight. To the south rose a monument to the territorial dead. To the north an aëroplane flashed along the line at full speed, while gun after gun threw shrapnel after it.

As I looked on the people, suddenly I thought of the Sermon on the Mount, with the multitude spread about, tier on tier, hungry for more than bread. It was a scene of summer beauty, with the glory of the sky thrown in, and every now and then the music of the heart. Half the songs of the afternoon were gay, and half were sad with long enduring, and the memory of the dear ones distant and of the many dead. Not in lightness or ignorance were these men making war. When I saw the multitude and how they hungered, I wished that Bernhardt could

come to them in the dunes and express in power what is only hinted at by humble voices. I thought how everywhere we wait for some supreme one to gather up the hope of the nations and the anguish of the individual, and make a music that will send us forward to the Rhine.

But a better thing than that took place. One of their own came and shaped their suffering into song. And together, he and they, they made a song that is close to the great experience of war. A Belgian, one of the boy soldiers, came forward to sing to the bearded men. And the song that he sang was *"La valse des obus"*—"The Dance of the Shells."

"Dear friends, I 'm going to sing you some rhymes on the war at the Yser."

The men to whom he was singing had been holding the Yser for ten months.

"I want you to know that life in the trenches, night by night, is n't gay."

Two thousand men, unshaved and tousled, with pain in their joints from those trench nights, were listening.

"As soon as you get there, you must set to work. It does n't matter whether it 's a black night or a full moon; without making a sound, close to the enemy, you must fill the sand-bags for the fortifications."

Every man on the hill had been doing just that thing for a year.

Then came his chorus:

"Every time we are in the trenches, *Crack!* There breaks the shell."

But his French has a verve that no literal translation will give. Let us take it as he sang it:

"Crack! Il tombe des obus," sang the slight young Belgian, leaning out toward the two thousand men of many colors, many nations; and soon the sky in the north was spotted with white clouds of shrapnel-smoke.

"There we are, all of us, crouching with bent back—*Crack!* Once more an obus. The shrapnel, which try to stop us at our job, drive us out; but the things that bore us still more—*Crack!*—are just those obus."

With each *"Crack!* Il tombe des obus," the big bass-drum boomed like the shell he sang of. His voice was as tense and metallic as a taut string, and he snapped out the lilting line in swift staccato as if he were flaying his audience with a whip. Man after man on the hillside took up the irresistible rhythm in an undertone, and "Cracked" with the singer. In front of me was being created a folk-song. The bitterness and glory of their life were being told to them, and they were hearing the singer gladly. Their leader was lifting the dreary trench night and death itself into a surmounting and joyous thing.

"When you 've made your entrenchment, then you must go and guard it without preliminaries. All right; go ahead. But just as you 're moving, you have to squat down for a day and a night—yes, for a full twenty-four hours—because things are hot. Somebody gives you half a drop of coffee. Thirst torments you. The powder-fumes choke you."

Here and there in the crowd, listening intently, men were stirring. The lad was speaking to the exact intimate detail of their experience. This was the life they knew. What would he make of it?

"Despite our sufferings, we cherish the hope some day of our returning and finding our parents, our wives, and our little ones. Yes, that is my hope, my joyous hope. But to come to that day, so like a dream, we must be of good cheer. It is only by enduring patience, full of confidence, that we shall force back our oppressors. To chase away those cursed Prussians—*Crack!* We need the obus. My captain calling, *'Crack!* More, still more of those obus!' Giving them the bayonet in the bowels, we shall chase them clean beyond the Rhine. And our victory will be won to the waltz of the obus."

It was a song out of the heart of an unconquerable boy. It climbed the hillock to the top. The response was the answer of men moved. His song told them why they fought on. There is a Belgium, not under an alien rule, which the shells have not shattered, and that dear kingdom is still uninvaded. The mother would rather lose her husband and her son than lose the

France that made them. Their earthly presence is less precious than the spirit that passed into them out of France. That is why these weary men continue their fight. The issue will rest in something more than a matter of mathematics. It is the last stand of the human spirit.

What is this idea of country, so passionately held, that the women walk to the city gates with son and husband and send them out to die? It is the aspect of nature shared in by folk of one blood, an arrangement of hill and pasture which grew dear from early years, sounds and echoes of sound that come from remembered places. It is the look of a land that is your land, the light that flickers in an English lane, the bells that used to ring in Bruges.

LA VALSE DES OBUS

I

Chers amis, je vais
Vous chanter des couplets,
Sur la guerre,
A l'Yser.
Pour vous faire savoir,
Que la vie, tous les soirs,
Aux tranchées,
N'est pas gaie.
A peine arrivé,
'l Faut aller travailler.
Qu'il fasse noir' ou qu'il y ait clair de lune,
Et sans fair' du bruit,
Nous allons près de l'ennemi,
Remplir des sacs pour fair' des abris.

Ir ET IIe REFRAIN

Chaqu' fois que nous sommes aux tranchées,
Crack! Il tombe des obus.
Nous sommes tous là, le dos courbé
Crack! Encore un obus.
Les shrapnels pour nous divertir,
Au travail, nous font déguerpir.
Mais, et qui nous ennuie le plus,
Crack! se sont les obus.

II

L'abri terminé,
'l Faut aller l'occuper,
Sans façons.
Allez-donc.
Pas moyen d' se bouger
Donc, on doit y rester
Accroupi,
Jour et nuit,
Pendant la chaleur,
Pour passer vingt-quatr' heures.
On nous donn' une d'mi gourde de café.
La soif nous tourmente,
Et la poudre asphyxiante,
Nous étouffe au dessus du marché.

III

Malgré nos souffrances,
Nous gardons l'espérance
D' voir le jour,
De notr' retour
De r'trouver nos parents,
Nos femmes et nos enfants.
Plein de joie,
Oui ma foi,
Mais pour arriver,
A ce jour tant rêvé,
Nous devons tous y mettre du cœur,
C'est avec patience,
Et plein de confiance,
Que nous repouss'rons les oppresseurs.

REFRAIN

Pour chasser ces maudits All'mands
Crack! Il faut des obus.
En plein dedans mon commandant,
Crack! Encore des obus.
Et la baionnett' dans les reins,
Nous les chass'rons au delà du Rhin.
La victoire des Alliés s'ra due
A la valse des obus.

A Ticket to North Carolina

By FREDERICK STUART GREENE

Author of "Galway Intrudes," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

"HEIGH, you! Bring that boat in hyer!"

The young man in the flat-bottom skiff rested on his oars. On both sides the river was shut in by dense swamp growth. Tall cane, standing thicker than planted wheat-stalks, grew to the very edge of the under-washed banks, the upper part of its slender stems a brilliant green above the level brown line that marked the river's last high water. Here and there a live-oak or cypress stood above the cane. On the high ground, beyond the cane-brake, Southern pines grew in taller splendor, the needles of their spreading tops varnished in the sunlight. He could see no figure on the bank.

The boat continued to make headway against the sluggish current, a fan of black ripples spreading from the bow. The sun, directly overhead, made hot the motionless air between the river-banks.

"Pull in hyer, I say; an' be durn' quick about it!"

Amid the foliage, Ned Emmet caught now the flash of something blue, the slender barrel of a squirrel rifle; its aim moved steadily up-stream with the boat. He saw, too, half hidden behind the trunk of a cypress, a kneeling man.

"Ef you don't git that boat to this hyer bank afore I counts ten, I 'll shoot."

Emmet had been long enough in the flat lands of southern Alabama to know

that the harsh voice meant all it said. After half a dozen strokes of the oars, the boat ran deep into the mud at the bank.

"Now stand up afore you turns round."

Emmet rose. He wore no coat over his flannel shirt. Facing the river, he stood waiting. The boy was no coward, though the flesh between his shoulder-blades twitched.

"What 's that in your hip-pocket?" the voice called.

"Tobacco."

"Ain't got no gun, hev you?"

"No."

"Well, tie up, an' git outer your boat."

Underneath the man's drawl Emmet felt a lurking desperation. As he made the boat fast, the aiming muzzle never wavered from his head.

"Now come on up the bank, an' ef you tries to break an' run, I 'll git you afore you kin take three jumps."

"I 'm not going to run." Emmet climbed the slippery bank, and pushed into the thick growth of cane.

"Jes keep straight ahead as you air a-goin', an' no monkey-shines, neither," the voice warned.

The man kept the tree-trunk between them as Emmet picked his way over the soggy earth. Beyond the tree, he followed out into a well-worn path, walking far enough behind for an easy shot in case of a sudden wheel and attack.

The path ended a hundred feet from the stream. Here the cane had been trodden down, leaving a cleared circle twenty feet in diameter. A small fire smoldered in the center; the ring of baked mud about the ashes told that it had been alive for many days. Beneath the branches of a tree lay a heap of cut cane, enough dried and crushed stalks to hold a sleeping man's body some inches above the slimy earth.

"Go over thar an' set down." The man nodded toward a fallen log, and sidestepped to the bed of cane. Here he squatted back on bare heels, the rifle across his bent knees. Even this crouched pose could not conceal his unusual height. At every angle the bones of his big frame strained his worn clothing. The jean trousers and hickory shirt, all that covered him, were frayed and thickly plastered with dried swamp mud. Tow-colored hair fell tangled from his hatless head to his bony shoulders. A straggling yellow beard failed to hide his long, sharp chin. But for glowing black eyes beneath his brows, the man would have been pitiful, want and desperate need had so marked him. A long thin nose, humped high at the bridge, cheek-bones that pushed to break through the taut yellow skin, added to the squatting man's look of desperation.

Emmet seated himself, and wiped the sweat from his forehead. The intense heat of the place had no apparent effect upon the ragged man across the circle; his jaundiced face was dust-dry.

"Throw that tobaccy of yourn over hyer," he said abruptly.

"May I have a pipeful first?" Emmet asked coolly.

The squatting man assented.

Emmet filled his pipe. From another pocket he drew out a box.

"Matches, by God!" The man's voice was strained. He rose, reaching out an eager hand, then realizing that the game was now all on his side, he settled back.

Emmet lighted his pipe, and tossed the tobacco across to the man, who crammed a greedy handful into his mouth. Relief from a long-denied craving spread over the drawn face.

"Give me them matches, too," he said sharply.

For some moments he chewed the tobacco in silence.

"Young feller, what day is this?"

"Sunday, July the sixth."

The man looked away. His faded brows drew to a doubting frown.

"Air you sure it ain't August?" There was a listless note in the question. He was silent long.

"How much money is you got with you?"

"Eighty dollars." Emmet cursed his luck.

The man raised the rifle an inch or two

from his bent knees. "Throw it over," he said. "Is that watch of yourn gold? What 's it wuth?"

"I paid sixty-five dollars for it," Emmet said angrily.

The man rose and stepped back, rifle at shoulder.

"Git up an' lay it on the ground whar I kin reach it," he said without emphasis.

"I 'll do it," Emmet answered between set teeth, "but I would n't if you 'd give me a fighting chance."

"Well, I ain't a-goin' to," the man said lazily. "Now, young feller, go back an' set down, an' me an' you 'll have a talk."

Emmet returned to his seat hot and angry. The bony man squatted again on his heels.

"You 're one of them Yankee surveyors what 's layin' out the new railroad, ain't you?"

"Yes," snapped Emmet.

"Well, now, ef I decides not to kill you, what air you a-goin' to do when I starts down river in that boat of yourn?"

"I 'll walk east until I hit the Three Notch Road, then follow it south to our camp."

The man moved his head in slow approval.

"Yes, that 'll git you thar; it 's about six mile' when you fetch outer the cane."

"And when I get back, I won't brag that I 've been robbed by Buck Grimshaw," Emmet said with slow distinctness.

The blaze of anger that swept across the sallow face told him that it was touch and go whether the man murdered him or not. Buck Grimshaw was credited with two killings since he had become a fugitive, and men said he killed slowly and in strange ways.

"How 'd you know my name was Grimshaw? I never seed you afore." Grimshaw's fingers tightened about the rifle-stock.

"Except for your nose, you don't look much like your pictures—now."

"My picter? Whar 'd you see my picter?" The lazy note had left Grimshaw's voice.

"On about every cross-road sign in the county."

"Is they offerin' a reward?"

"One thousand dollars," Emmet answered coldly, "dead or alive."

Grimshaw's head went high.

"They 'll never git *me* alive." His black eyes glittered.

"I have n't heard any of them say they were trying to take you that way."

Pride came for a moment to the gaunt face.

"About a month back a boat come up past hyer, two men a-pullin', an' the sheriff settin' in the stern with weepons all around him. I hearn the fools a-talkin' half-mile down the river afore they got hyer. I 'd a-kilt the passel of 'em afore they could a-clim' up the bank." Grimshaw disdainfully shrugged the subject from mind.

"How long has you bin in this country?" he said with abrupt change.

"Now, see here," answered Emmet, "if you are not going to murder me, I want to start for camp. It will be dark before I get there as it is."

The man grinned at him.

"Ef I decides not to kill you,—an', mind, I ain't said I won't,—it 'll be dark afore I lets you go. I can't start down river myself till nightfall, an' Buck Grimshaw ain't no fool. Me an' you, Bub, is a-goin' to have a nice talk together."

He looked away; an expression almost wistful crossed his haggard features.

"God! I ain't spoke' to no on' 'cep'n' myself for more 'n five months." His voice, at the end, was a whisper.

Silence, broken only by the grating noises of swamp insects, fell about them. Emmet held in his impatience behind clenched teeth. The claw of a giant land-crab pushed out from its hole near by; the creature followed, to stare at the boy with lidless, beady eyes. The hot, dead air pressed heavily about him.

"Say something! Talk!" Emmet cried.

The yellow skin about the man's mouth broke into the angles of another grin.

"I was jes a-waitin' on you, Bub. How long has you bin around hyer?"

"A little over three months."

"That was afore the June freshet, was n't it?"

"Yes." Emmet was looking above the man to the tree. Its trunk, as high as the first branch, was marked by smears of mud.

Grimshaw moved his head slowly up and down.

"Yes, I roosted up thar for three days an' nights durin' high water." He grinned at the memory.

Admiration, despite Emmet's anger, was stirred by the grit of the man.

"Without food?"

"I ketched one leetle fish the second day." Grimshaw spat on the ground. "Raw fish tastes like hell."

"That grape-vine, looped over the second limb, kept you from falling when you slept?"

A twisted grin parted the man's thin lips.

"They allus 'lows Yankees air smart," he said as if to himself, and fell once more to dreary silence.

"Go ahead with that 'nice talk' of yours!" Emmet cried when he could no longer bear the suspense.

"Know some of the folks about hyer, Bub?"

"Every one in the county comes to our camp sooner or later."

"Happen to know Molly Dale?" Grimshaw's careless note rang false; he glanced sidewise at Emmet.

"No."

Grimshaw frowned.

"Never hearn of Molly Dale—Heath, I mean?"

"Oh, Mrs. Heath; of course I know her."

"What do you know about her?" He spoke quickly now.

"Nothing that is not good"—Emmet waited a moment—"and nothing that is not pitiful."

Grimshaw turned away, the lines about his mouth less hard, and lapsed into silence. Once or twice during the long wait he seemed about to speak; the muscles of his throat twitched.

"Does you know ef she took on much arter—arter her man got killed?" he asked at last.

"They told me she grieved a great deal for her husband."

A snarl came from the man.

"He war n't wuth no grievin'. He war n't good 'nough for Molly." His lean fingers opened and closed about the rifle.

"Do you know any man about here who was?"

Grimshaw fell silent, giving no sign that he had heard.

"She 's got over it by now, I reckon," he said finally.

"Before she had time to get over it her baby was born." Emmet saw surprise and something more. A look, human, almost soft, crossed the savage face, the only sign yet shown of a heart under the mud-smeared shirt. With that softened look a hope came—the hope that this glimmer of pity might be played upon. Despite the wild tales of Grimshaw's ruthless cruelty, stories of desperate acts that mile-stoned the man's reckless life, he determined to make the try. He would use Grimshaw's trick of pausing. It would, at least, give the dulled brain time to absorb the full misery Emmet felt the coming questions would bring. Twice the black eyes turned from their vacant stare to glare at him. He met the glances without the quiver of an eyelash.

"Dam' you, go on!" Grimshaw finally cried. "She 's all right ag'in by now, I s'pose."

Emmet looked at the man without speaking for as long as he dared.

"It 's strange to see so young a woman with gray hair," he said.

Grimshaw scowled.

"Gray, you fool! It 's brown. There ain't no gal in the State what 's got—" His voice trailed off; he twisted his head awkwardly aside.

Again Emmet waited. The rifle-barrel jerked upward before he said, "They tell me it has been gray ever since—" He paused.

"Yes," Grimshaw urged.

"Grimshaw's naked feet, arching, gripped the earth; he stood in his tracks without a waver"

"Ever since the night her cabin burned down."

"How 'd it ketch afire?" There was no wait now between his questions.

"They say"—Emmet drew out the answer—"they say you set it on fire."

Grimshaw sprang up. One bare foot stamped deep into the soggy soil.

"It 's a dam' lie!" he screamed. The rifle shook dangerously. "Was Molly burnt any?" He swayed toward Emmet to meet the answer.

"No; they got her and the baby out just before the roof fell in. She was sick that night, and had to be carried out."

Emmet was sure this shot had hurt. Grimshaw settled back to his squatting pose.

"Say, Bub, you don't like me, does you?" He had dropped again into his listless tone.

Emmet seized the opening.

"Like you!" he cried. "Like you! What have you ever done in your whole life to make any one like you? What did you do to Mrs. Heath? You damned coward!"

He had risen, intending to drop at the flash when Grimshaw fired, and take the chance of closing with him if he missed; but the man only grinned at him.

"An' folks says Yankees ain't got no grit." He looked Emmet over from head to foot before he added in a milder voice: "Now set down ag'in, Bub; I ain't a-goin' to hurt you—yit. I jes wants to say that whether you likes me or not, I never done that to Molly, anyway. What happened to her arter that?"

"It was storming the night of the fire; both she and the baby were drenched in the rain." Emmet paused, to end quietly, "So Mrs. Heath has another sorrow to bear: her baby died."

There was no doubt now. Pity, unconcealed, crept to the desperate face.

"Whar 's she livin'?" Grimshaw asked drearily.

"I 'll tell you where she 's living." Emmet's voice rang hard. "She 's living in the cow-shed, but she won't be living even there much longer."

"Why won't she?"

"Because, for one thing, she 's nothing to live on, and, for another, she 'll die if she can't get away from this swamp country."

"How does she manage to git along?"

"Well, she could n't work the place alone after you—" The flare of passion that leaped to the savage eyes warned Emmet. He shifted quickly to less dangerous ground. "She did washing for our camp while she had the strength, but she had to give that up. The neighbors help as much as they can. We boys chipped in last pay-day and got some things for her." Emmet watched keenly the man's face. "That 's one reason you could rob me of only eighty dollars just now."

The expected anger did not show. Grimshaw's eyes fell, to look long at the ground between his bare feet.

A bittern passed, flopping up-stream on lazy wings. Its discordant cry broke sharply the stillness.

"She takes things from folks." Grimshaw spoke as if no one were near.

"No, she does n't," Emmet put in quickly. "We creep up to the cow-shed at night and leave the things outside."

"She allus was proud." Grimshaw still looked at the ground. "Is Molly purty sick?"

"The doctor says that if she can't get back to North Carolina, she will die before winter." Emmet took no pains to soften his reply.

The expected silence followed. Through a stillness deeper, more trying than any that had gone before Emmet waited. Behind him the swamp creatures crawled audibly along their damp pathways among the cane.

"They allus hangs a feller what 's kilt another feller, don't they?" Grimshaw broke the silence abruptly.

"No, not always; sometimes he 's sent up for life, and when there 's the least justification, a jury usually acquits, especially down here, I believe."

"There ain't much justification, is there, fer a feller what 's toted a gun for

months, an' every time he took liquor hollered out that he 's a-goin' to kill some un; and one night when all the folks is a-dancin' at a weddin', that feller walks right in, blazes away, an' hits the other feller in the back, an' him a-dancin' with his wife?"

"I 'm afraid there is n't." Emmet waited for the usual silence, but Grimshaw's muddy brain had cleared. He went on doggedly:

"An' special' if the feller what done the killin' ain't never been no good to no un, an' folks don't like him, nohow?"

Grimshaw ended in his former lazy drawl. Emmet braced himself for another trying wait. The man surprised him by getting to his feet with an air of haste.

"Bub, go cut that 'ar saplin' over yonder." He pointed to a live-oak shoot just within the surrounding wall of growing cane.

Emmet rose, and began to cut the sapling with a pocket-knife.

"Put by that boy's toy." Grimshaw tossed a knife across to Emmet, its keen blade a full four inches in length.

"Now cut off the leetle en'," Grimshaw directed. "Leave it about three foot long."

Emmet finished his task and looked up. The rifle was at Grimshaw's shoulder, its aim dead on him.

"Shut up that knife and throw it over hyer, nigh me."

The closed knife fell at the man's feet.

"Now, Bub, han' me that saplin' little en' fust; an' don't you go an' try no flingin' tricks with it, neither."

Emmet frowned.

"If you 're going to kill me, you can shoot, but I 'm not going to let you beat me to death. I 've heard of some of your ways of killing," he said in steady voice.

"Han' over that saplin'!" Grimshaw raised the rifle.

Emmet stood facing the muzzle without a move.

"One," counted the grating voice. The muscles of the boy's jaw stood out over his hard-closed teeth.

"Two." Grimshaw's bony finger stroked the trigger.

A light sprang to Emmet's eyes. He handed the heavy stick to the man. Grimshaw grinned, and laid his rifle on the ground.

"Stan' whar you air." He raised the stick high and stepped quickly to Emmet.

Beneath the sunburn the boy's cheek paled. Every line of his figure drew tensely alert. He did not flinch before the man's glare.

An instant passed; the stick quivered; then Grimshaw's thin lips drew back, showing the full length of his yellow teeth. From his corded throat came the grating noise of a hack-saw cutting through steel. It sounded the mockery of mirth.

"Grit clear through, young un." Slowly he lowered the stick. Then his eyebrows drew together in question.

"Ef I had a-started to whack you over the haid, an' I would a-done it sure 's God ef you 'd a-flinched, what would you a-done?"

"This!" Emmet dropped to a half-crouch and sprang. He struck hard against the man's body and pinioned his arms to his sides. Throwing his full strength into the embrace, he strove desperately to crush in his ribs. With one leg wrapped about Grimshaw's bare shanks, he strained to throw him to the ground. It was as if he had grappled with a tree-trunk. Grimshaw's naked feet, arching, gripped the earth; he stood in his tracks without a waver. His muscles felt harder than wood. As Emmet strove to tighten his hold, the rusty laugh sounded again. Slowly the sinewy arms began to move from the ribbed sides. Grimshaw's strength shocked the boy. He felt his grip tearing loose; inch by inch the hard arms moved out and upward, dragging Emmet's clutching hands farther and farther apart. He tried to dig his fingers into Grimshaw's back, catching handfuls of the hickory shirt; the cloth split from waist to neck. And always above the boy's panting breathing the rusty laugh grated in his ears. Suddenly the man's arms

jerked high; Emmet's last ounce of tension let go. A flashing shift, and Grimshaw sent him reeling backward. He landed on the wet earth at the far edge of the trampled cane. His shoulders hurt where the man's bony hands had been.

"Purty quick, purty durn quick, Bub," —Grimshaw's mouth shaped his twisted grin,—"but you ain't got the strength to wrastle Buck Grimshaw yit."

Emmet wiped the heavy sweat from his eyes. Grimshaw showed no sign that the conflict had cost him an effort.

"Git up an' go cut the rope off'n the boat. An' don't you try no more tricks on me; nex' time you 'll find out that bullets air quicker than you even."

Emmet started toward the river, then stopped.

"No, I 'll not let you hang me!" He faced his captor, pale, determination in every word. "You can shoot, but I 'll not get that rope."

Grimshaw jerked the rifle to his shoulder.

"Go fetch that 'ar rope. Powder 's gittin' skeerce."

Emmet stood motionless, his tight-clenched hands spread apart, his face dead-white.

Grimshaw cocked the rifle.

The boy would not close his eyes, but turned them upward, away from the muzzle, to look into the broad, calm blue above.

"Don't stop to count," he gasped; "shoot!"

A report, a blast of hot air against his cheek, the whiz of a bullet, he was aware of all three in the same instant. Then the tight-drawn muscles of his throat relaxed. He looked at the man not ten feet from him, and knew that he had purposely missed.

"Go fetch the rope." Grimshaw reloaded quickly.

Without a word Emmet went to the water's-edge. Grimshaw followed, walking backward during the return, his reloaded rifle always at aim.

Within the circle of trodden cane they halted. Grimshaw laid the cocked rifle and the open knife on the ground before him. He took up the cut sapling, passed it behind his back, and held it in place by crooking both elbows about it. He stood erect, his shoulders forced back, his open hands extended in front of his body.

"Come hyer, Bub, an' tie my hands."

Emmet, searching the man's face for some new devil's design, went toward him.

"Do you mean what you say?" he asked, halting just beyond reach.

"Tie my hands together," Grimshaw repeated monotonously, all the fire gone from his black eyes.

With a double running-hitch Emmet quickly bound the wrists and drew them as close together as the stick across the man's back would allow.

"You 're smarter with ropes than you air about wrastlin', you must 'a' bin a sailor oncet, I reckon." Grimshaw was grinning again.

Emmet stepped back out of reach.

"Have you got me tied up now so 's I kain't do nothin'?"

"You know as well as I do that you can fall over on your side, push that stick out of place, and have slack enough left to use either your rifle or knife on me."

"That 's so. You certainly air prutty smart, Bub." The laugh sounded again. Behind it Emmet saw seriousness come to the raw-boned face—or was it cunning?

"Jes take the en' of the rope—it 's plenty long—an' carry it round back of me, an' tie both my arms to the saplin' so 's I kain't git it loose. But keep in front while you air a-doin' it. You kin reach round me."

Before complying, Emmet measured the distance between the man's bare feet and the weapons. It was too short for his purpose.

"Now, Bub," Grimshaw said, when the last knot had been drawn taut, "you 's got me hog-tied, ain't you? I 'm jes about as dangerous as a dead shoat what 's skewed up at the butcher's, ain't I?"

"I would think so of any one else; but when a man has ox-strength, I don't know."

Grimshaw's rusty laugh came.

"Bub, you 're the gamest man I ever sot eyes on, an' I knows you 're squar'. That 's why I made you tie me up this a-way afore I told you what I 'm a-goin' to tell you now." With a jerk he tossed back his matted hair and waited, grinning into Emmet's puzzled face. "But, afore we goes any furder, you got ta swear one thing to me." The man was all serious now. He rushed his next words. "Buck Grimshaw 's captured, an' you done it. You 're goin' to hand him over to the sheriff down in Andalushy. But fust you got ta swear on your God that you 'll hand over five hundred dollars of the reward you 'll git to Molly Dale. Now swear!"

"No," said the boy, "I 'll—"

"Then, by God—" The savage soul of the man leaped into his blazing eyes. Quickly one bare foot covered the rifle-barrel, he stepped recklessly with the other upon the open knife. The muscles of his arms and body drew to knotted bunches, bowing the sapling about his back. The knuckle-bones showed white under the drawn skin of his closed fists.

"Stop!" Emmet checked the frenzy with uplifted hand. "I won't swear to give her five hundred dollars; she shall have every cent of it."

The savage rage died. The snarling lips relaxed; for the first time a smile softened the gaunt face. The hard-closed fingers opened. The right hand jerked awkwardly up and down within the limits of the knotted rope.

Then slowly, as Grimshaw looked into Emmet's face, the smile faded, his eyes fell, the hand stopped its odd motion, his fingers closed.

The boy stepped quickly to him, and forced open again the bony fingers.

"I was wrong, Grimshaw, a while ago. You 're not a coward."

"Let 's git started." Grimshaw led the way down the path, his eyes still to the ground.

Silence hung heavy about them as the boat moved down the river. Grimshaw, in the stern, sat bolt upright, his lips a straight line, his eyes unblinking, beneath the fierce sun. Emmet felt himself in the midst of an event too big for any words. He sped Grimshaw on his journey with clean strokes of the oars.

Half an hour went by.

From a long way off the plaintive call of a killdeer floated to them on the still, hot air. Grimshaw stirred.

"Bub, would you min'," he asked quietly, "settin' my ole rifle nigh me?" Emmet looked at the bound wrists. "Jes rest her ag'in' me. It 'll make me feel more comfortable-like."

Emmet took up the rifle and, placing the butt against a side brace, let the barrel fall across Grimshaw's right shoulder. The man shook his head.

"That air shoulder is a leetle sore; let her rest ag'in' the other one."

Emmet made the change.

"I 'll cut the ropes loose at your wrists if you want me to."

The smile and look that crossed Grimshaw's face made him turn hastily away.

"No, better not. I 'd sure forgit, an' begin a-shootin' soon as ever I sot eyes on the sheriff."

Later, as the skiff rounded a bend of the river, Grimshaw spoke again:

"Thar 's Andalushy, an' the *Gulf Boy* is jes makin' a landin'. All the folks will be down to the shore."

As Emmet looked over his shoulder at the small stern-wheel steamer, a sharp click sounded. He turned quickly; except for a slight move of one bare foot, Grimshaw sat as before, looking with dull interest toward the scattered cabins of the town.

The steamer sent a shrill blast from its diminutive whistle. It was answered by every lounger within hearing. Emmet, looking again, saw them begin to move toward the river.

"When we gits thar, jes hold off in the stream for a spell; I wants to say a word afore you gives me up."

Emmet bowed assent, all heart now gone from his task.

The boat moved evenly along through the swamp-stained water.

A series of quick, short blasts came from the steamer.

"They sees us now," Grimshaw said in a lifeless tone.

Opposite the steamer, Emmet swung the bow of the skiff up-stream, holding the boat steady by an occasional stroke.

The people on the shore swarmed down the bank and crowded on the steamer's deck.

"Well, I 'll be durned ef it ain't Buck Grimshaw!" some one cried. "An' it 's that surveyor feller what 's got him."

The skiff drifted closer in with the current.

Grimshaw sat rigid, watching the murmuring crowd.

"Whar 's the sheriff?" he called sharply. At his cry, a backward wave went through the crowd. Grimshaw grinned.

One man pushed his way to the front.

"Hyer I am, Grimshaw. Does you give yourself up?"

"No, you dam' fool; I 'm captured."

"Well, you certainly looks fine, Buck, a-settin' thar that a-way, jes as straight, like a gen'al in the army."

Grimshaw gave no heed to the strained laugh that followed the sheriff's wit.

"Does he git any reward?" he asked.

"One thousand dollars, Buck, an' all in gold."

Grimshaw smiled.

"An' all fer Molly," he murmured, his eyes for an instant on Emmet.

"How 'd a young feller like him come to capture you alive, Buck?"

"Sheriff," Grimshaw called across the water, still smiling, "there ain't no man livin' what kin take Buck Grimshaw alive."

He bent quickly backward. The muzzle of his old squirrel rifle slid down the hickory shirt from shoulder to breast; his bare toe slipped within the trigger-guard; a flash, a report, and Buck Grimshaw hung over the skiff's stern, his yellow hair floating on the murky water of the stream, a fixed smile parting his thin lips.

Shrapnel and shell, Bois de Bouvigny, July 8

An Artist at the Front

One Day (July 8) in the Artois Sector

By WALTER HALE

War correspondent for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE with the armies of northern France

Illustrations by the author

Part II

THE roads seemed rather deserted as our small procession—pilot car, three others, and an empty one in reserve—left Doullens by the *route nationale*. We followed our former road as far as Lucheux; we again passed under the ancient town gate, around the château, and then branched off to the north.

Early in the morning, at Doullens, we had seen a division of reserves moving up to the front in *camions,* or motor-trucks. At Avesnes le Comte we passed a regiment returning after its duty in the trenches. One was all spirit and buoyancy and enthusiasm, the other all spirit, —everywhere you notice this same exaltation among the French troops,—but the faces of the men were worn, and they marched with leaden steps. In the van was a battery of "75's," the artillerymen in slickers and capes,—it was another rainy morning,—behind it a file of pack-mules, with the various parts of a mitrailleuse—barrel, tripod, shield, and ammunition-boxes—strapped on their backs. An officer stopped and saluted us. His men

were very tired, he said. The usual shift is three days in the trenches and three days at the rear to rest and sleep; but they had been fighting in an exposed position at the front for nearly six days without relief. They had come twenty kilometers since daybreak, and there were still five to march to the village upon which they were billeted. He gave a command. Trumpets were whipped out, and with the drums beating, the tired *poilus* bucked up, and the regiment swung through the narrow street to that fine old marching-song of the French army, "Sambre et Meuse."

It was the only music I ever heard at the front. In times of peace I had known it wherever troops were quartered—in Avignon, Vernon, Angoulême, and Nancy. It revived old memories. How little I thought in my motor tours that I should hear it again so close to the lines where France and Germany were at grips in the greatest war in history!

Again we turned north by a small country road. We crossed the *route nationale* connecting Arras and St. Pol, and breasted a rise above Aubigny. The town lay down in a little valley, a soft haze dimming the outlines of its houses and the ruined tower of its old gray church. The whole sweep of the plain unfolded itself from time to time as we skirted a ridge—Mont-St.-Eloi on its wooded slope, Carency, Souchez, Neuville St. Vaast. We seldom appeared in the open; the chauffeurs knew all the turns in this labyrinth of byways, and took advantage of every ridge and knoll and gully.

It was exceedingly hot; we had left the showers of the early morning behind us. The sun shone out of a cloudless sky, but a humid mist clung close to the earth and blurred the landscape. It would have been hard to locate each battle-scarred little village except for its ruined church tower. The towers—what was left of them—rose protectingly above the adjoining rafters. Sometimes they were calcined white by the flames, sometimes smashed into picturesque remnants by the unerring marksmanship of the enemy's gunners. What a harvest of ruined churches marks the advance of the German hosts into France!

The plateau of Bouvigny is commanded by the enemy's guns from a position on a ridge farther north. Any doubt that we might have had about this was dispelled when, at the little village of Bouvigny, a dragoon stepped out and halted us. He still wore the helmet with its horsehair plume, but the helmet was covered with khaki, so that it might not shine in the sunlight. Our objective point, the Bois de Bouvigny, a mass of woodland, lay two kilometers ahead, across the crest of the plateau. The cuirassier looked at his wrist-watch. The cars must start at five-minute intervals to avoid raising clouds of dust and drawing the fire that would follow if they traveled across the ridge together. Johnson and Captain —— went first; I followed with Bennett and Captain ——; Roberts and Mair came five minutes later with two other officers. Bennett and I were in the big Renault. I had never before traveled so fast in a motor; I never remember seeing a motor go so fast except in a cup race. We had all safely made the dash across the open space before the German observers discovered us.

It was cool and pleasant in the shady recesses of the Bois. Some one spoke about having run the gantlet across the plateau. Then they showed us the "Baby Peugeot" that has been making the trip regularly since the French posted themselves on the plateau last November. It takes the place of the old-fashioned despatch-bearer of the war melodramas. No more of your orderly dashing up to headquarters and pulling his foaming horse back on his haunches while he delivers an unintelligible message to the commander-in-chief. Now the orders that cannot be sent by telephone or wireless are intrusted to the despatch-bearer in his "Baby Peugeot." It is painted dark gray, hangs close to the road, and runs like the wind. The French prefer this type of *voiturette* to the motor-cycles commonly used by the British.

Two German prisoners captured early

The ruined church at Aubain St. Nazaire

Beyond the firing screen on the left is the sugar mill at Souchez

in the morning had been brought up to the Bois de Bouvigny. They were soldierly looking chaps, and they evidently felt their humiliation keenly. As they sat in the half-light of the men's quarters, Johnson and Roberts tried to talk to them in German. There was a question who were the most embarrassed, Johnson and Roberts or the German prisoners.

There is a little narrow-gage railway running through the woods. It has sidings and switches, and the small flat-cars are pushed by hand. It is the short highway that leads from the telephone centrals, stables, mess-rooms, and "garage for automobiles" (so reads the sign) to the *boyaux,* or communicating trenches that lie beyond the edge of the Bois. Down the little railway they carry ammunition to the men at the front, and back on the flat-cars they carry the wounded. On the one trip they sow the seed, and on the other they bring back the harvest.

The first impression of this wood of Bouvigny is one of absolute quiet. Heavy foliage hangs overhead, and there is a refreshing coolness in the shadows. The bomb-proofs, arsenals, and wattled barricades are of the general color of their surroundings, and would be hard to detect by a scouting aëroplane. As in the other artillery positions we had seen, the stables and dugouts are hidden by freshly cut green saplings.

As we walked through the woods to the *boyaux* there was only the muffled sound of guns; an artillery engagement was taking place some distance away in the valley near Souchez. Suddenly, without warning, there was the loud roar as of an express-train crossing a trestle. It was followed by another and another as German shells of large caliber swept by over our heads. A column of smoke rose where one struck among the trees in the distance. Later we saw the hole it had excavated. Not far away was an arsenal in a sub-cellar, with a sheet-iron roof. It did not increase one's sense of security to picture the fireworks that would follow had it landed among the bombs and high explosives in the arsenal. A few seconds after the Germans opened, the reply came from a battery of "75's" on another hillside. These shells, too, passed over our heads, and for a while the cool, green forest echoed the thunder of the rival batteries.

A number of officers had joined us to go down into the advance trenches. They are always eager for an excuse to see what is doing on the firing-line. We passed many graves in the shadows. At every one we stopped and saluted. As we gained the open there were many more graves, but they were not so well cared for. The *boyau* led down a slight incline. On the open hillside at the edge of the Bois de Bouvigny the ground was an indescribable mass of wattled barriers, barbed-wire entanglements, shell-pits, chevaux-de-frise, knapsacks, spiked helmets, and occasionally a suggestive boot-leg upturned toward the sky. We were now on the *grand éperon* of Notre Dame de Lorette, which has witnessed some of the bitterest fighting of the war. Here and there among the debris beyond the trenches were little signs on sticks, with a warning for sappers and grave-diggers: "Look out! Live shell!" They marked the place where bombs had fallen, but had failed to explode in the spongy earth. The sun beat down on the open space, and the watchful soldiers in their heavy gray-blue overcoats and full equipment looked uncomfortably hot. The French trenches were constructed as if to withstand a long siege. They were braced with timbers and sand-bags; there were many caves and underground shelters for the men, bomb-proofs, and the usual zigzags that may be used in flanking as well as in a frontal attack.

At the point of one of the salients was a small observation-platform. It was supported by pieces of sapling. An officer, squatting on the rough boards, was directing with the aid of a periscope the fire of one of the batteries in the rear. To and fro in the traverses we scrambled, ducking our heads at occasional openings. The order came to stoop low. We crawled out of the French lines, and, aided by the slight haze that still clung close to the

The road through Mont-St.-Eloi

earth and hid our movements from the enemy's observers, made our way gingerly across the open space on the hillside up to the battered trenches captured from the Germans two weeks before.

The change was so abrupt that it seemed like stepping from one country to another. The character of the trenches was entirely different. Instead of being bolstered with sand-bags, they were shored up with timbers, many of which had been smashed by shell-fire. With a constant rain of shells all day and all night, there had been no chance to clean up. Parts of bodies, boots, hands, or blood-stained underwear, hung out of the earth walls of the ditch. In some cases the dead had been simply pitched out on the bank and partly covered with dirt and chloride of lime. Black clouds of flies swarmed everywhere, and the stench was intolerable.

All the hillside is now in the hands of the French. They have gained at the rate of a hundred yards a month since March 1, and in the last attack, the one of which we were seeing the gruesome evidence, they pushed the enemy out of his second line of defense and forced him across the Carency valley beyond Ablain St. Nazaire. At a certain point of the captured German line, on what is called the lower *éperon,* was a small cannon, its muzzle just raised above the emplacements, and covered with brown canvas to take off the reflection of the sun's rays. Beyond was the site where once had stood the pretty chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette, with a view commanding the entire valley. The wide expanse beyond the smoking ruins was formerly a smiling hillside covered with trees and green turf. Now it seemed like a fragment of one of Doré's drawings for Dante's Inferno. Trees were gone, grass was gone, there were only rocks and stones and the never-ending ridges where shells had plowed through the sod. A heap of crumbled stone and brick where the chapel had stood; a white stone, evidently a corner-stone, with "N. D. de Lorette" on it, showed through the debris.

I can imagine no more impressive preachment against the mighty powers that were unloosed when the great war broke out than the grisly landscape that surrounds the ruins of the chapel from this farthest salient on the *grand éperon.* Under the broken rocks and the fresh-cut furrows one felt the writhings of some unseen power. It was as though a tortured monster beneath was slowly breaking through the earth's crust. There were fragments of guns, of bloody shirts and tunics, spiked helmets and red caps, crosses of twigs that had marked what once were graves, a skeleton hand sticking above the edge of a great pit torn out by a "marmite," craters where shells had exploded and exhumed the dead—a giant caldron constantly stirred by the pitiless fire from the German guns across the valley. Not a leaf, not a small stretch of turf, in sight, nothing but brown earth and devastation, and over all soft, white clouds moving lazily across a gray-blue sky.

We had nearly completed the circle around the hillside when Captain —— scrambled out of the ditch to show us the irregular, white German line in the valley below and the position of one of the enemy's batteries on a wooded slope above. To do this, he exposed the upper part of his body above the trench. An observer in the German line telephoned back to the battery. The guns opened fire a minute later, the first shell—shrapnel—apparently exploding over the heads of Johnson and the others in our vanguard. I had only time to hope that they had escaped before the Germans opened with guns of larger caliber, and dense clouds of black smoke rose where they exploded against the side of the hill or in the trees beyond. Lieutenant —— left the others and came running back to announce, with a chuckle and an evident show of relief: *"Personne de blessé! Personne de blessé!"* I thought with what sepulchral seriousness the officers in a military play would have said, "Thank God! nobody wounded!"

Captain —— urged us to step

faster. The nearest bomb-proof shelter was half a kilometer away and we had to make a run for it. It was one thing to feel that you were an infinitesimal unit within a great zone of fire; it was another to know that you were the definite target at which shells were being directed with all the deadly precision of modern military science.

Again with the warning roar of an express-train a shell hurtled by so close above our heads that we could feel the onrush of air and the hot breath of it. An irresistible impulse made us raise our heads above the near side of the trench to watch the crimson flare and the mass of earth and stone thrown up by the explosion.

The surface of the trench was very rough, and there were many loose stones. I stumbled and fell over my camera and sketching tools. An obliging private rushed up and put me on my feet again. Dodging and clinging close to the near side of the trench whenever the scream of a shell announced its approach, we made slow progress. After the continual sprinting and dodging, I was completely winded. I could run no farther, not if all the shells in the ammunition-cases on the distant slope fell directly in my path. At the time I felt no emotion beyond a mild resentment against the Germans who had made me run so far when I was out of condition. I pulled myself together, and with a feeble show of dignity walked deliberately, blowing like a porpoise, up to the bomb-proof where the others had taken shelter.

When the German fire had slackened and finally died away, we edged our way cautiously through the last half-furlong of the first-line trenches, and crept into the grateful shadow of the Bois de Bouvigny. Woods never looked cooler or more inviting. We had luncheon in the *faisanderie,* in the little dining-room of the gamekeeper's lodge. There were lithographs and wood-cuts of religious subjects on the walls. The pictures were all askew, and the plaster was cracked from the concussion of a shell that had exploded outside without doing any further damage. The menu included hard-boiled eggs, cold meats, salad, cheese, and red wine, all served by our chauffeurs, who had brought the luncheon-hampers with us from Doullens.

I experienced a little thrill as we descended into the *boyau* leading into the Spahi position in the afternoon. Two British Tommies were coming out of the trenches just as we were going in. They had placed a new big gun in the woods near by, where it would cross the French fire and enfilade the Germans. They were very proud of it. They were waiting for orders from the general commanding to try it on the *bosche* in the morning. The French and British lines come together just north of this point, with their heavy artillery concentrated on the enemy; the firing of the guns crosses like the laces of a boot. This new British field-piece was commanded by a brother of George Mair, who was with us. He and the two artillerymen exchanged commonplaces exactly as though they had met in Piccadilly or Pall Mall. The war was theirs, and they might be as casual as they chose about it; but to me the encounter awakened a deeper emotion because it was the first time I had heard English spoken as the native tongue of any of the men at the front.

The Spahi camp was very interesting. When I saw them I thought of Shreyer's "Powder Play," and of other pictures exploiting the wonderful horsemanship of one of the finest cavalry arms in the French service. The famous African cavalry is now dismounted, and is used principally for night attacks. The dash and courage of the men and their weird cries in the charge have made them of the greatest value in this phase of modern trench warfare. When they are not busy taking positions at the point of the bayonet, they live in caves on the hillside, like their own Tunisian troglodytes. At the crest of the ridge above their intrenchments are the slender poles of the field telephone and meshes of barbed wire. The Spahis are continually under the crackle of the shells

The greatest battle-ground in history

Sketch-map of the Artois sector from the Notre Dame de Lorette hillside

from the German position in one direction and the French batteries in the other. In a cave deeper than the ones they have dug for themselves they have made a refuge for the pet of the regiment, a fox-terrier dog. She has three puppies born under fire, and is bringing them up as unconcernedly as she would in a peaceful kennel many miles back of the front. One of the men dived into the cave and brought out the puppies to let me take their photograph; but the mother was self-conscious. She took their heads in her mouth one by one, and carried them back into the dug-out.

There is a wonderful view from the edge of the south *éperon* of Notre Dame de Lorette, a panorama of undulating fields, of valleys, wooded slopes, bifurcating roadways, and half-burned villages stretches out at one's feet. Below, a little to the left, is Ablain St. Nazaire. There were dense smoke clouds hanging over the town, with the occasional white puffs of exploding shrapnel. Another bitter fight was going on for possession of the famous pump that provides the only fresh water in the neighborhood. It was hard to believe that the irregular white mass of stone above the trees was all that was left of the former small cathedral. Smoke rose from the ruined houses, and the deafening detonations of the guns from the valley echoed through the ravine at our side. We could see little mites of men walking along the broken road from the burning village beyond to the foot of the hill at our feet. These were the *brancardiers,* or Red-Cross men, carrying the wounded back on their little two-wheeled carts to the field-hospital hidden behind the hill.

Farther away, at the end of a white road, was Souchez, basking in the sunlight. There was a lull in the firing there; the main attack for the afternoon was directed at Ablain, and Souchez and its famous sugar-mill were for the time being given a respite. On a line between Ablain and Souchez, but so far away that we could not locate it through the dust and smoke of the shells, was the *Laby-*

A modern battle-field

Site of the chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette, seen from the captured German trenches, July 8, 1915

rinthe, the terrible maze of mines and counter-mines, of trenches, bomb-proofs, and redoubts lying flat on the plain. In the middle distance, beyond the clumps of trees that mark the winding of the river, was Carency; beyond it lay Neuville St. Vaast, now little more than a tomb of a village. Far off to the right was Aubigny, as yet unscathed. Nearer, partly hidden by a ridge, was Mont-St.-Eloi. Holding its place, as it properly should, in the center between Neuville and Mont-St.-Eloi, was La Targette; beyond it, though it could not be seen because of the haze, was the great objective in the German scheme of strategy, Arras.

It was typical of the campaign in this sector that there was no general engagement. The volleys of the guns for the time being were concentrated in Ablain, except for some desultory cannonading over the *Labyrinthe.* By evening the scene might shift to Neuville St. Vaast, in the morning change to the hand-to-hand combats about the sugar-mill at Souchez, and at night there might be another shift to a bayonet attack on our own hillside of Notre Dame de Lorette.

We began the descent down the hill very carefully. The sun was oppressively hot. It was a steep and tortuous path through the communicating trenches to a point at the bottom where two roads meet. One, which is partly sunken at its nearest point, winds down over the slope ahead, the other leads to Ablain St. Nazaire on the left. There was a large bomb-proof cave just above the foot of the hill. In its depths the air was much cooler than on the plains outside, and its wide opening afforded a splendid view. We went inside to wait until the others should return from Ablain St. Nazaire. I was awakened out of a doze by Captain ——. Waves of heat radiated from the corrugated roof of a dugout beyond. Through them the landscape swayed like a painted canvas panorama in a theater. The captain called my attention to a clump of trees standing out against the skyline on the right. Emerging slowly from it was one of our cars, the big Renault. When it reached

the open the chauffeur slammed his foot on the accelerator, and with wide-open exhaust the car came ahead over the road on the ridge like a racer in the Grand Prix. It reached a point almost opposite us when it swerved to the left and came down the partly sunken road that ended at our feet, with a cloud of dust in its wake.

The captain remarked that he knew of no surer way of drawing the German fire. At the same moment the first shot, an explosive bomb, caved in the roadway directly behind the car and only a hundred yards in front of our position. The big Renault made another turn when it reached the foot of the hill, and pulled up in a safe position behind the field-hospital. The German shell had gone wide of the mark, but to show their complete control of the road (I can imagine no other reason for using up ammunition), they placed a second shot at the corner where the car had turned, and a third in the copse where it had been hidden. They came back with another directed at the road in front of us, another at the turn, and another in the copse. The fourth shell in front of us ricochetted. The impact slowed it up, and with the naked eye we could see it land in a field, rise a second time, and explode as it smashed a tree to pieces in the distance. "One, two, three: one, two, three!" from the road to the copse and back again, the shells announcing their approach with the same sound of an onrushing train to which by now we were becoming accustomed; a mass of crimson flame where they landed, a column of dense black or yellow smoke, then the roar of the detonation reached us. It was a weird sensation to stand, as it were, on the side-lines, so close to the bombardment, yet in comparative safety, and watch this fearsome demonstration of the power of modern artillery.

A little Red-Cross cart passed in front of us with a wounded man. It came back empty from the field-hospital. The *brancardiers* were going back to Ablain after more wounded. In the meantime one of the attendants had received first aid himself. His head was swathed in a bandage, and he could see out of only one eye. But he paid no attention to his injury; he stopped while I took his photograph. He asked me to send a proof to him, and then he trotted back toward the burning village to help his comrades. This is the spirit that wins your eternal admiration everywhere along the French front. It is the same spirit that inspired an unknown hero to shout from the riddled trenches where he lay with a handful of fatally wounded comrades, *"Debout! les morts!"* ["Stand up! dead ones!"] And the dead ones—there was not a living *poilu* in the lot who was not maimed or crippled—lifted themselves and fired a final volley. It served. The onrushing Germans were checked, and in that moment of hesitation the supporting mitrailleuses rattled into action. The trenches were held, while the "dead ones" lay heaped among the sand-bags.

Our staff captain told it at dinner tonight as an old story. I hope I may be forgiven for repeating it here.

The shadows were lengthening when a German prisoner was brought in. I expected to find a giant of the Prussian Guard. The Prussian Guard are the bogie-men, they have a remarkable capacity for being everywhere at once. Instead, we saw a pitiful wreck of a nineteen-year-old lad, trembling like an aspen, burned holes in his gray uniform where the bullets had gone through, a racking tubercular cough, and a wan face covered with dust. He had been lost in the trenches for two days without food or water. He had watched through the hell of shells and bombs and colored flares in the darkness with only the dead of his company about him. At dawn of the second morning he tried to find his way back to the German lines, and stumbled into the French trenches instead. His captor was a stocky little Frenchman from the Midi. He had given his own bottle of wine and loaf of bread to the prisoner. The *poilus* gathered about the young German, and asked for buttons as souvenirs. He begged them to take the sleeve buttons and those on his shoulders, but not the ones on the

front of his tunic. He unbuttoned it, and showed only a tattered rag in place of an undershirt. The officers took the number of his regiment by using the sign language. The French soldiers were very kind to him, and he was evidently glad to be captured. As they led him away, I tried to believe that this timid youngster was of the same race that had destroyed Arras, Soissons, and Rheims, but I could n't.

Since our big Renault was trapped, we had to leave it. The officers decided not to risk running back across the zone of fire while it was yet light. None of us mentioned it, but I am sure that all of us rejoiced in our hearts that the officers considered it foolhardy. The chauffeurs were ordered not to attempt the return over the shell-swept road until after dark. We left them, and made our way through by-paths, trenches, and behind hills back to the rendezvous where the other cars were waiting. It was a roundabout way, and fearfully tiring to those of us who were not in training for a Marathon. We passed along sunken roads, and then through a forest at the edge of which a squad of artillerymen debouched their horses into the plain for exercise. We stumbled over the boulders in the bed of a brook, and came up on the opposite bank abruptly into the battery of "75's" that had been firing over our heads all the afternoon. It was twilight, and the men were at supper. The smoke of the cook-stoves wound in willowy spirals out of the glade where they were hidden. The cheerful clatter of spoons and plates and a very appetizing aroma reached us from their mess-table, concealed beneath a bower of leafy branches.

The final stretch of our long promenade carried us through a *boyau* that crossed a number of fields midway between the nearest French and German artillery positions, though in the hush of the evening there was no noise more awesome than the sound of our voices and the chatter of birds in the hedges. When we came out of the *boyau,* close to the wooded clump of trees where we were to rendezvous, the big Renault was just rolling up. The chauffeurs had anticipated their orders a bit, for it was not yet quite dark. The enemy's gunners, evidently convinced that they had bottled the car up, were at supper. Before they had recovered from their astonishment over its sudden appearance, the car had rounded the bend and was dashing down the straight road in the opposite direction.

The head chauffeur had all the audacity and spirit of a hero of romance. He had been ordered to wait until dusk, but that was an indefinite time. He chafed at being caught in a trap, he said. He cranked up, and picked his way cautiously back over the broken highway. It was strewn with heaps of dirt, and five shot-holes in the center forced him each time to descend into the ditch and climb out again. The Germans had been caught napping and had only a moment in which to fire an ineffective shell in its wake before the car was out of sight and range behind the trees at the crest of the slope.

We were back in the line of secondary defense at Jouy St. Servins, where we stopped for coffee. It was a quaint little town, with an old church steeple behind the duck-pond and watering-trough; a peaceful, bucolic background for the movement of batteries, the chugging motors, the marching of armed men, and the neighing of cavalry horses galloping up to the trough at the water-call.

The dining-room and kitchen of the little *auberge* were one, a wide open fireplace reaching to the ceiling, and a chicken turning on a spit over the embers of a wood fire. The wainscoting on the walls was dingy, and smoke begrimed the beams overhead. About the tables were soldiers in gray coats, in blue coats, or no coats at all. They were playing games or scratching laboriously at letters and post-cards. A lumbering Porthos slammed his cards on the table; a maid in a blue smock was serving bottles of wine. It might have been a page out of "The Three Musketeers."

We finished our coffee and went out into the gloom. The head-lights of the cars were blinking at us with owl-like

eyes. Through the narrow street came the *clump, clump* of hobnailed boots on the cobbles. The soldiers swung into the village green and company after company passed on. They were humming "Sambre et Meuse," and the rhythmic beat of the music followed them into the night.

"Le Regiment de Sambre-et-Meuse
Marchait toujours au cri de liberté
Cherchant la route glorieuse
Qui le conduit a l'immortalité."

A regiment of infantry was going up to the front. We were going away from it.

(To be continued)

Leaves from the Anthology

By LEWIS PARKE CHAMBERLAYNE

THE old book's magic seized me as I read;
I heard the waves sigh on the Syrian shore,
And on dark Heliodora's perfumed head
The myrtles bloomed once more,

As when, in Gadara, young life was sweet
To her the while she watched the shadows play
Along the marble floor, and at her feet
Young Meleager lay.

I heard his voice in soft hexameters,
Alternate fire and honey, fall and rise;
In limpid Doric spoke his love, and hers
Shone in her swimming eyes.

I saw the laughing lilies that he wreathed
With hyacinth to crown her kneeling there.
Oh, what intoxicating incense breathed
Her dusky, flower-wound hair!

"The flowers will fade," he whispered, "sere and brown,
Their petals drooping ere the day be done,
Yet wilt thou still, thy garland's lovelier crown,
Shine like the morning sun."

Again I hear the same soft voice outpour
Its anguish for the light of life now fled,
And see him heap the bier of Heliodore
With roses white and red.

Thyrsis I see at ease beneath the pine,
His dark head pillowed on his arms, asleep,
And yet the lad's herds stray not, and his kine
Another lad doth keep.

Sleep, Thyrsis, sleep, within thy shady nook,
Leaving thy goats to nibble 'mongst the rocks;
A skilfuller than thou wields now thy crook,
For Eros guards thy flocks.

I see the young girls, as in garments white
Along the mountain-side in spring they ran
To greet the wood-nymphs at their morning rite
Within the cave of Pan.

It lies 'neath Corycus' sun-haunted hill;
Old Goat-foot loves it; there the wild vine grows
So thick it hides the entrance and the rill
That from the grotto flows.

There the midsummer honey-makers hum
Above the heather and the thyme, knee-deep,
Even through the noon, when all things else are dumb
Lest they disturb *his* sleep—

His, the luck-bringing Hermes' goat-shanked child,
Great Pan, who daily, when his pipes' shrill tune
No more delights him, seeks a summit wild,
And there sleeps all the noon.

Then fiercest burns the sun, the patient flocks
Crouch 'neath the tamarisk; scarce the lizard creeps
Along the wall. Above, on the sun-baked rocks,
Outstretched, the Arcadian sleeps.

And while his pipes lie silent by his side,
Brown summer for a moment holds her breath,
The breezes droop, the dry-flies hush, the tide
Scarce laps the cliff beneath.

Often, men say, some shepherd on the hills,
Hearing a sudden, wild, unearthly cry
Ring from the mountains, that his heart's blood chills,
Knows he has come too nigh

The weird, far spot no mortal foot has trod,
And flees, nor dares once backward turn his eyes:
Behind him roars the goat-laugh of the god,
And mocks him as he flies.

Jane Proposes

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Author of "The Night Court," etc.

Illustrations by Maginel Wright Enright

JANE had never seen an Agnes Chatterton Home. She had known of them, of course, as asylums for unfortunate girls, furtive and remote retreats for stricken creatures who fled the light of day; but now, at the thought that she was actually soon to visualize one of them, she slackened her pace, and made her way more slowly and with conscious reluctance.

Herself a contained person of radiant health and placid nerves, she had an almost masculine aversion to scenes and tears, to applied emotion of every sort, and yet, perhaps by the very reason of her abundant vitality, her compelling and vehement charm, she was often involved in them. People came to her, confided in her, leaned upon her. She seemed so far removed from tragedy that those plunged deep in it turned to her as to a natural antidote. She never went consciously about doing good, yet she was certain to be found in the thick of any grief or catastrophe within her knowledge. Possibly these unhappy ones had a dim, subconscious feeling that they were only evening things up; that one basking so prettily in her undoubted place in the sun could very well afford a brief detour into the shadow. It had been said of Jane Vail that she demonstrated somebody's theory that one genuinely happy person in a house was worth three who were trying to make others happy. Today, however, she was going deliberately into the heart of a misery that did not in the least concern her, and where, furthermore, she was quite sure she would be unwelcome. Once she stood still in the street, deliberating as to whether or not she had better turn back; but with this quandary came the thought of how earnestly Michael Daragh had begged her to come, and she set off again at a pace that brought a deeper glow to her warm

cheeks. Buttoned to the chin in a cloak the color of old red wine, a jubilant crimson wing in her small fur hat, she made a welcome note in the dull street as she threaded her way through its somber woof.

Michael Daragh was waiting for her at the next corner. He was a tall young Irishman with a jaw of a fighter and a zealot's eyes, and Jane had promptly put him down in her mental cast of characters as a large body of men entirely surrounded by conscience.

"I suspect you of suspecting me of not coming," she said as he fell into step beside her.

"I thought I would be showing you the way," he replied gravely.

"And meanwhile you can tell me the situation again, please. It 's dreadfully vague in my mind, and it 's vaguely dreadful to think what you want me to do." She was well enough aware of the circumstances, but she never lost a chance of hearing his purling brogue, his quaint construction, with its ever-present present participle, and she liked to watch him while he spoke. He looked, she thought again, as if Botticelli might have painted him, but he talked as if he 'd been written by Synge.

"Why, you see," he said patiently, "Ethel 's been living on at the home ever since her baby was born. It 'll be two now, and Ethel 's going for eighteen. Doing finely she is at the same shop as her sister, steady and sweet as you 'd wish to see. Well, one day she tells the matron she has a sweetheart.

" 'Fine!' says Mrs. Richards. 'What were we always telling you? And will he be good to the baby?'

" 'He does n't know I 've the baby,' says Ethel, 'and what 's more, he never shall.'

" 'And you 'll be wedding him with the secret on your soul, and giving up your child?' says the matron.

" 'I will that,' says the girl, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can't move her." He stooped to set a weeping baby on its feet, handing it over with a smile to a big little brother cumbered with much serving.

"It 'll be the sister's doing, she the hard, managing sort, and Ethel the soft slip of a thing. Coming to-day she is to carry it off to the place she 's found for it—some distant kin down Boston way who 've been wanting to adopt. They don't know, of course."

"But does n't Ethel love her child?"

"There 's the heart-scald to it—the light of her eyes. But Irene, d' you see, has scared her into making sure she 'll lose him if she tells." He sighed. "Wait till you see the look of her. 'Eating worry pudding with the sauce o' tears,' they would be saying of her home in Wicklow."

Jane echoed his sigh.

"I 'll try, Michael Daragh. Do you mind my calling you by your two names at once? I like them so. They make me think of the black line of the McGillicuddy Reeks against the sky, and the wind off the three lakes on the road to Kenmare."

His eyes lighted.

"It 's good indeed to have you know Ireland. Whiles, I 'm destroyed with the homesickness. There 's the house."

"Of course; I could have picked it out of the whole street, it has such a smug and dreary look of doing good. Look at the liver-colored glass in the door, and 'Welcome' on the mat. O Michael Daragh, how *can* they?"

A somber-faced girl of fifteen in a coarse, enveloping pinafore opened the door. Her hands and arms were red and dripping, and from a dim region at the rear came the smell of dish-water. Down the old-fashioned, precipitate stairway floated a thin, protesting wail. Jane felt her heart contract.

"Thank you, Lena," said Michael. "This is a good friend who has come to see us."

The girl gave Jane a stolid, incurious look and shuffled back to her work, banging the door noisily behind her.

The matron's grim face bore evidence of a troubled spirit.

"Well," she said doubtfully, "you 're very kind, I 'm sure; but I 'm afraid it 's no use. *I 've* just been trying to talk to her, but she 's turned sullen now. And Irene 's coming for the baby this afternoon." She sat down again, wearily, at a table cluttered with perfunctory preparations for Christmas. In the bleak realities in which she lived and worked the tinsel glitter of the holiday season stung her into irritability. "I declare, Mr. Daragh, I 've about made up my mind *we 'd* better tell him. She 's to be married Monday. I believe it 's our duty."

"It 's not our right," said Michael, sternly.

Jane glanced up at him quickly. He stood in a shaft of pale winter sunshine, and it brought out the austerity of his face, the rather relentless line of his strong jaw. Once more he reminded her of her favorite picture of his namesake. She followed him up-stairs and paused outside the door he indicated.

"She 'll be here feeding Billikin."

She lifted a look of girded resolve to him and knocked quickly. At a low response she entered, closed the door behind her, and stood looking at the picture across the drab, unlovely room. A fat, gurgling baby sat in a tiny red chair, mutinously pushing away the bread and milk the girl was urging.

"*Please,* Billikin!" she was saying. "Eat for muddie! Billikin, it 's the last chance muddie 'll ever have to feed you! Take it quick, or I 'll give it to the kitty-cat! Come, kitty, kitty!" She looked up at the sound of the door. Even with Michael's "going for eighteen" fresh in her ears, Jane was aghast at her youth. She looked much less than her years in her childish blouse, her fair hair mussed and hanging about her face. She was very white, and her eyelids were heavy and swollen.

"Are you Ethel?" Jane came nearer, smiling at the child.

"Yes," said the girl, eying her defensively. She began to tidy her hair with hands that trembled. On the left Jane glimpsed a tiny, pin-head solitaire.

"I am Michael Daragh's friend. He asked me to talk to you."

"Oh, my God!" Red, angry spots flamed into her white cheeks, and she struck her hands together. "Can't they leave me alone? I told 'em I would n't talk any more. I *told* 'em." She scrambled to her feet and went to the meager dresser, where she stood patting and pulling at her hair, her back to Jane.

It seemed to Jane that her feet must of their own volition carry her out of the tragic room and the gloomy house and the dull street, away and away, back to the gentle world she knew; but she resolutely crossed the room, and sat down on the floor beside the little red chair.

"Why do you call her Billikin?"

" 'Cause she was always grinning from the time she was a teenty baby." She turned with a long, rebellious stare. "You don't look like a nurse or a settlement-worker or anything."

"I 'm not; but when Michael Daragh told me about you, I *had* to come and talk with you."

Ethel averted her face again.

"I guess you mean all right, but it 's no use. I told Mrs. Richards that, and I told Mr. Daragh. They 've kept at me and *kept* at me—" Jane could see her face in the cracked mirror working hysterically.

"Din-din!" Billikin beat with her spoon upon the tray of her chair and shrilled in imperative command. "Muddie! Din-din!"

Jane leaned forward.

"Oh, I 'd love to feed her! May I?"

"No!" Ethel swooped down before her, jealously snatching up the bowl. "Not when it 's my last chance!" She leveled a spoonful and held it up to the dimpling child. "Billikin, come, eat for muddie! Gobble-gobble! Eat for—" Her voice broke, and she held her head down to hide her eyes.

"Oh," said Jane, softly, "how *can* you let her go?"

"Do you s'pose I want to?" She flung it out savagely.

Jane patted Billikin's little fat hand.

"Billikin leaned forward . . . and patted her mother smartly on her bowed head"

"Then—why do you?"

The girl's face flamed suddenly, but she turned defiantly to her inquisitor.

"Jerry, that 's why. I can—I could have other babies, but I could n't ever have another Jerry. Now you know."

"I know how fine he must be to make you care like that," Jane answered gently. "Tell me about him, won't you?"

Ethel looked into the other girl's glowing face, and the tense lines in her own eased a little.

"Well," she began, "he 's not good-looking but—but he looks *good*."

Jane nodded gravely and understandingly.

"Handsome men—you can't trust 'em." A look of wintry reminiscence came into her blue eyes for an instant, and faded away again. "I think more of Jerry than *any*body. I don't remember my folks. My sister—well, she meant all right; it was n't her fault, only—she was so awful' proper, always. I never knew anything—till I knew everything." She twisted her hands together in her lap, brooding a moment in bitter silence. "But Jerry!" Her heavy eyes lighted, and her young mouth fell into soft curves. "Jerry 's different from anything I ever thought a man could be. He 's almost like a girl, some ways. You know—just as nice to talk to and to *be* with." She kept her gaze on Jane's warm and comprehending eyes. "And he 's smart, too. The firm wants to send him to Rochester and put him in charge of the gents' furnishings. I think maybe I 'd like to live there; I would n't ever meet anybody that knew. He don't even know where I live. The matron says he 'll surely find out some time and hate me, but he won't find out. Nobody knows but Irene and the folks here."

"'She was always grinning from the time she was a teenty baby'"

"That is not what frightens me, Ethel." Jane looked down at the fair head beside Billikin's riotous curls, and paused uncertainly. How could she appeal to a sense of fair play, to a clear and high ideal of honesty, to a stern and stainless truth, in a life so grotesquely aloof from them?

"You need n't be scared Billikin won't be all right. They're awful' nice people, and they 're crazy to have her. 'A blue-eyed girl with curly hair,' they says to Irene. They think her mother 's dead."

"I was n't thinking of Billikin."

"Who?" Ethel asked curiously, a little wary hint of fear in her gaze.

"I mean—Jerry."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Tell him to-day, now, as soon as you go back!"

"It 's too late. Irene 's coming to-day to take her to Boston. It 's all settled. It 's too late now, even if I wanted to. Besides,"—she began to dab at her eyes with a small, damp wad of handkerchief,—"I *could n't* tell him in the daytime, right there in the store!"

"Oh, where and when can't matter!"

"I could n't in the daytime," she stubbornly shook her head. "I nearly told him last night. I meant to; 'cross my heart, I did. We went for a walk, and I was just—just sort of beginning, when a woman came by—and said something to him. He said, 'Poor devil!' That 's what he called her—'Poor *devil!*' Just like that he said it." She covered her face with her hands and began to sob chokingly. A watery gleam of sunshine fell on the pitiful solitaire.

Billikin leaned forward, her fat little

face full of contrition, and patted her mother smartly on her bowed head, saying gently, "Billikin gobble-gobble din-din." Her under lip began to quiver. "Muddie not cly!"

"Ethel, there 's only one thing you can bring to him, one thing that is yours to give—the truth." It seemed to Jane that she had been marching endlessly about Jericho, and that the walls were as hard and unyielding as ever, and she had only a tiny toy trumpet to blow. "Are you going to give him a lie for a wedding-present?"

The girl winced.

"You can make me feel terrible, but you can't make me tell."

"No, I can't make you, nor Michael Daragh, nor Mrs. Richards; but your own heart can." Suddenly she leaned over and put her arms about the childish figure, hugging her close. "Honey, how much do you love him?"

"More 'n anything in the world!" The answer came swiftly, cut through by a sob.

"More than Irene?" The head against her shoulder nodded with unhesitating emphasis. "More than the baby?" Again the nod, fainter, but still sure. "But that 's not enough, Ethel. You don't know anything *about* loving unless you love him more than yourself."

She wriggled out of the encircling arms and stared up at Jane.

"Ethel—oh, if I can only make you understand! More than yourself! That means that you must love him more than you want him." She watched the color that had come with the tempestuous weeping ebb slowly from the small face, leaving it drained and white. Billikin, sensing something strange in her mother's look, ceased whimpering and stared. It was very still in the dingy room.

"Billikin, sensing something strange in her mother's look, ceased whimpering and stared"

Ethel's eyes widened.

"Love him—more than I want him?" She said it quickly in a little breathless whisper.

Faintly, far down the street, a hurdy-gurdy ground out the "Marseillaise." It seemed to Jane it was pulsing from her heart and through the air: "Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

Ethel bent over the baby, crushing her in an embrace which made her cry. Then she pinned on her hat without a glance into the cracked mirror.

"I better go quick!" she said, still whispering, as if afraid she might wake her fear again—"I better go quick!" She ran out of the room, and Jane heard her flying feet upon the stair, the slam of the front door, the sharp staccato of her steps upon the sidewalk. Billikin, released from the spell, lifted up her voice and shrilly wept.

Michael was waiting below.

"From the look of her face as she went past me," he said gladly, "I 'm thinking you 've won where the rest of us lost."

"She 's going to tell him," said Jane, "but she 's left me the 'heart-scald!' Mrs. Richards, do put me to work! What can

I do to annihilate time till she comes home again?"

The matron indicated the table before her.

"How 'd you like to cut out the joy-bells? A friend brought the paper and pattern down yesterday. It is n't the regular Christmas color, exactly, but I don't know as it matters. The shape 's real cute."

Jane looked aghast at the sheets of dull magenta board and the donor's design for a joy-bell.

"You might get the girls started on them, and then you could do the Merry Christmas sign." She shook out an envelop of pattern letters and indicated a long, narrow placard of mustard green, and Jane dropped into a chair and flew thankfully to work.

Michael smiled at her flying fingers.

"I 'm remembering Masefield," he said, "the way he has it: 'Energy is agony expelled.'"

"Michael Daragh, think of her marching back alone to tell him in the glaring daylight, in a store full of chiffons and ribbons and gents' furnishings! Where are the girls? I 'll take these to them."

There were seventeen of them sitting about the cleared table in the dining-room. They all wore dull brown pinafores of coarse material, and though their ages varied from twelve to twenty, their expressions were almost identical. Every face, pretty or plain, stolid or wistful, wore the same crushed and enduring look of waiting. Jane deposited the materials and explained the work. The kitchen door opened, and the eighteenth girl came in, pushing a carpet-sweeper before her, somberly engulfed in her task.

"Are n't you going to make decorations, Bertha?"

"I got to red up first, Mr. Daragh." Her small, patient eyes went briefly to his face and back to her work. She was long past thirty, gaunt, work-warped, sun-shriveled.

In the hall he answered Jane's whispered query.

"Bertha. She 'd never been forty miles from the farm in her life. He was a harvester, years younger. Did you mind the eyes of her? She will be always working like a horse. 'T 's all she knows."

Jane looked back into the dining-room. Seventeen heads were bent in silence above the table. Scissors creaked. Now and then Bertha in her zeal bumped the carpet-sweeper against a chair. Jane sat limply down on the bottom step of the stairs, which seemed to be rushing headlong out of the house of tragedy.

"I think I 'm going to cry," she said unsteadily. "There they sit in those awful mud-colored pinafores—making joy-bells—magenta paper joy-bells! Michael Daragh, what *shall* I do?"

"Come and make the Merry Christmas sign," he said grimly.

"What are they going to have for Christmas?" she asked when they returned to the office, from which Mrs. Richards had been called.

"Well, every girl has a pair of woolen stockings and a cotton handkerchief, and a penny postal Christmas-card—"

"With more joy-bells, or an angel in a snow scene and a nightie?" Jane's eyes blazed with wrathful pity. "That 's one think I can do! I shall go straight from here to buy eighteen foolish, useless, pretty, impractical things! And tissue and holly and red baby ribbon and all kinds of tags and stickers!"

The door-bell rang, and Lena ushered in a man and woman, and went to summon the matron. Jane surveyed them furtively. From the country, clearly. The woman perched uneasily on the hard sofa, pushing the clumsy, double-tipped ends of her black silk gloves down upon her fingers. The man, a huge, weathered creature with gentle eyes, kept turning his high-crowned hat between his clean, rough hands. Mrs. Richards came in.

"How' do?" said the woman, a little breathlessly. "I 'm Mis' Warder. You know—Bertha Carey. Well, I 'm *his* mother." Then, as the matron looked questioningly at her companion, "Make you acquainted with my brother, Mr.

West." The farmer nodded solemnly. "C'n we see Bertha?"

Mrs. Richards gave an order.

"So you 're the young man's mother. Do you know where he is?"

"No, ma'am," said the woman, humbly. "He lit out. I felt terrible about it; all of us did. But"—she lifted her hands and let them fall again helplessly — "you know how young men is!"

Bertha entered, rolling down her sleeves. Her dull eyes lighted a little.

"Well, Mis' Warder," she said, with a sort of lack-luster cordiality, "ain't you a considerable ways from home?"

"Billikin, released from the spell, lifted up her voice and shrilly wept"

"Bertha, you recollect my brother, Dave West? You met him last fair-time."

"Yes," said Bertha, calmly. "How' do, Mr. West?"

The trio exchanged solemn, flaccid hand-shakes. There was a moment of uneasy silence before the woman began again.

"Bertha, I never said much at the time, —it ain't my way,—but it 's been on my mind constant', an' it 's been on Dave's mind, too, ain't it, Dave?"

"Uh-huh," said Mr. West, briefly.

There fell another burdened pause. It seemed to Jane that she was walking into a sordid bit of Russian literature, transplanted.

"If he *was* my boy, I never upheld him," said Mrs. Warder, and her mournful eyes sought the matron's while she voiced again her melancholy, world-old plea and formula; "but—you know how young men is." Her brother moved his feet restlessly, and she hurried on. "So we thought, Dave 'n' me, that mebbe you 'n' him might jest as well—his wife died last year, and he needs a woman on the farm the worst way. He 's a good man, Bertha. He was awful' good to his wife. She 'd 'a' told you that, Mary would, with her last breath." She leaned forward anxiously. "What say, Bertha? Do you feel like you c'd marry him?"

It seemed minutes to Jane before she heard Bertha's thin and toneless voice.

"Well—I dunno but I might as well. S' long 's he knows—an' he 's willin'." Bertha looked up with dull, unhoping eyes.

His gentle gaze met them.

"Suits me, Bertha," he said.

The older woman rose briskly, a world of relief in her whole figure.

"Well, now that 's settled, and I 'm free to say I 'm thankful." She consulted an old-fashioned gold watch with a heavy, beautifully wrought chain which she wore as a necklace. "I 'll wait an' help you get your things together, an' we 'll catch the five o'clock local. You c'n be married right after supper. Mr. Edwards 'll come over. I told him what we was aimin' for. Dave he 'll go on ahead, so 's to get the license."

When they had left the room Jane and Michael looked at each other in stunned silence. It seemed incredible that one dull roof should cover the poignant misery of Ethel and Bertha's wooden woe. The door-bell rang again, this time with sharp insistence.

"Why," cried Mrs. Richards, looking out, "it 's Irene! She 's come for Billikin. What does it mean?"

A young woman stood in the doorway, genteel in the resolute respectability of her blue serge suit, brushed shiny, and too thin for winter wear. She carried a small straw telescope satchel.

"Can I go right up, Mrs. Richards?" she asked.

"But, *Irene,* wait a minute! Did Ethel tell him?"

"What?"

"She was going to *tell* him!"

The young woman shook her head.

"Not as I heard of," she said crisply. "I guess she knows better." She went up-stairs, and they heard the firm closing of the door behind her.

"We 've lost," said Michael. "She 's beaten us."

Jane lifted the Merry Christmas sign. The magenta letters careened at tipsy angles against their background of dull mustard green. "No wonder it wobbles," she said, casting it wrathfully on the floor.

The front door opened and closed, and there was the sound of a lagging step in the hall. It seemed a long moment before Ethel came in. She stood leaning against the door casing, white and spent, fixing her tragic, accusing eyes on Jane.

"You made me tell!" she whispered. "*You* made me!"

"Oh, what?"

Michael put a steadying arm about her shoulders.

"Child, tell us!"

Her teeth were chattering.

"I told him, like I promised. Right there in the store I told him, at his counter. He just looked at me and looked at me, and made me say it over, and then he walked away." She was shaking so that she could hardly speak. "I had to go to work. I watched and watched. He did n't come back to his counter, and then I could n't stand it any longer. I went and asked. They said he was sick, and gone home." She crumpled suddenly in Michael's hands, and he lifted her in his arms and carried her into the matron's room.

"Billikin, snug in knitted cap and tiny sweater, watched absorbedly"

Jane, racked at the contemplation of her handiwork, sat alone in the ugly, solemn office. She could hear Ethel's sobbing, the matron's fluttered treble, and the rhythmic, steady flow of Michael's voice. Never in all her gentle and joyful life had she been so acutely unhappy. If only she had not persuaded her! If only she had not come! She rose to go into the farther room, but the closed door halted her. It seemed, somehow, as if Michael and the matron were leagued against her for Ethel. They had wanted her to do this thing, and she had done it, and now they had shut her away while they strove to heal where she had hurt. She sat down again, trying to remember the look on Michael's face as he held Ethel, because it helped her for the moment to forget the rest. He had reminded her again of her favorite Botticelli, in Florence. She sought to visualize the soft-toned figures: the boy, with the fish, which was to restore his father's sight, quaintly carried in tiny strap and handle; the resting, utter trust on the upturned, childish face; the lovely, flowing lines of the drapery of Raphael and Gabriel; their rapt, lifted looks; the swaying lily; the absurd little dog, with his tasseled tail; and at the side, guiding and guarding, stern young St. Michael with sword and symbol, "Captain-General of the Hosts of Heaven." That was what she often felt in Daragh,

a sense of dedication, aloofness; he had obeyed the command to "be separate." She tried desperately to keep her mind away from the woe in the next room, to send it across the sea. Florence—she strayed out of the gallery, along the Arno, to a little tea-room in the Via Tornabuoni where she used to go every afternoon at this time. There were always heart-shaped cakes covered with green icing. Up-stairs a baby began to cry fretfully, and an opened door confessed to cabbage for dinner. A bell cut sharply into her realization of the wretched present, and she ran to answer the door, thankful for movement.

The young man who stood upon the "Welcome" mat greeted her briefly, and walked in without waiting for an invitation. There was a close color harmony about him: his jubilant cravat picked up the dominant stripe of his silk shirt, and the royal purple of his hose struck the same note an octave lower. The removal of his velvet hat disclosed wide, flanging ears, which gave to his face an expression of quaint comedy, now strangely at variance with his aghast and solemn look.

Jane caught her breath.

"Oh," she said in a glad whisper, "I think I know who you are!"

He started twice to speak before his voice would serve him.

"Can I," he achieved at last—"can I see Ethel?"

She considered for a luminous moment; then she drew him back from the office and pointed to a small and somber reception-room across the hall. "Wait!" she said. "I 'll bring her to you." She sped up-stairs and ran to Ethel's room. The grim sister was packing the small garments into the straw telescope satchel, and Billikin, snug in knitted cap and tiny sweater, watched absorbedly. Jane caught her up, disregarding the woman's protest, and carried her down into the matron's room. Ethel's wild grief had spent itself. She sat on the couch, leaning back against the wall, her eyes closed, drawing long, quivering breaths.

"Ethel," said Jane, softly, "here 's Billikin!" She went close to the couch, and the baby flung herself at her mother with a lilting squeal of joy. The girl's eyes opened, and narrowed strangely with a cold, appraising scrutiny; her hands locked together in her lap; for an instant she seemed to be weighing and balancing, then with a little brooding cry she held out her arms.

Michael smiled sunnily at Jane, but she had no eyes for him. "Come," she said to Ethel, "both of you!" The girl followed obediently, the matron and Daragh coming curiously after her.

Ethel halted sharply at the threshold of the reception-room, staring through the gathering dusk. *"Jerry!"*

He strode forward to meet her, his gaze on her small, pinched face. Then it dropped to the child, and grew bleak again.

Jane slipped her hand into Michael's, and his grip on it made her wince. It seemed to her that all the love and pity in the world hung by a hair above the pit.

Billikin was not used to such frigid scrutiny, but she had an antidote. She gazed blithely back at the young man with the wide little grin which had earned her the name of the God of Things as They Ought To Be. The hot color flooded his face; the freckles were drowned in a red sea, and even his ears were scarlet. Suddenly, gropingly, he drew them both into his arms.

"It 'll be O.K.," he whispered; "it 'll be O.K. I got it all figured out. They been wanting me to go to Rochester, and we don't know a soul there."

Back in the matron's dim office Jane groped on her knees for the Merry Christmas sign. "Bring me the hammer and tacks, Michael Daragh," she cried. "It 's going up, and it is n't going to wobble!"

The Far-Eastern Problem

By J. A. P. BLAND

BEFORE the defeat of Russia by Japan, before Mr. Homer Lea had presented his fantastic Japanese bogy-man to the American people in his "Valour of Ignorance," there were observers at Washington and elsewhere who believed in the possibility of military aggression by Japan against the United States, and who therefore advocated adequate measures of preparation to guard against sudden attack at vulnerable points. Ever since the making of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, which recorded Japan's entry upon the stage of world politics (1895), there have been good reasons to justify the United States in a policy of prudent precaution. The firmness which the Japanese displayed over the Californian schools question; their increasing resentment at the assumption of racial superiority contained in the Asiatic exclusion acts of the Anglo-Saxon races; their growing impatience under the injustice of those acts, incompatible alike with the Monroe Doctrine and America's policy of the open door in China; finally, their own embarrassed finances, and their perception of the rich spoils that lie in America's unprotected wealth—all these things have combined to justify the naval and military authorities at Washington in deploring the sentimental idealism of American public opinion. But their voices have usually cried to little purpose in the wilderness of Bryanism and humanitarian catchwords.

The reasons for intelligent anticipation and precautionary measures on the part of the American Government have increased since it has given hostages to fortune by the acquisition of the Philippines, by the fortification of the Panama Canal, and by President Wilson's interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as applied to anarchy in Mexico. The Magdalena Bay incident, in particular, has served to show that, so far as that national doctrine is concerned, the State Department remains on the alert and public opinion is extremely sensitive. But it has also revealed the fact that the American people is in great measure unaware of its defenseless state, and that the fabric of political life is deeply honeycombed by false sentiment, by impossible doctrines of pacifism, and by that comfortable idealism which, as all history proves, continually misleads the beneficiaries of a period of prosperous commercialism.

Notwithstanding all the evidence of recent history to the contrary, many American professors of pacifism believe in the protective virtue of treaties, in the prevention of war by compulsory arbitration, and in the development of altruistic morality among the nations by peace palaces and an international police. The attitude and actions of President Wilson in regard to Mexico and the recent diplomatic correspondence between Washington and Berlin concerning the rights of neutrals at sea justify the conclusion that the intellectuals of the United States are even more

firmly established in their pacific Utopia than their brothers of "The Great Illusion" in England. It is clear that there are many among the professors, the parsons, and the big business promoters who believe that Europe, temporarily insane, will eventually forswear for evermore the anachronism of war, embracing once and for all the gospel according to Norman Angell and Andrew Carnegie. They regard it as a mere incident of the question that the wealth of the world will by that time have passed from the European continent to America. The sadder and wiser nations of the Old World are evidently expected to accept this fact, together with all it implies, and then to proceed to conclude, under American auspices of mediation, a final general agreement for disarmament and peace in perpetuity.

Such, without exaggeration, are the dreams of many humanitarian idealists. But a good deal has happened since the Magdalena Bay incident to cause the American people to take serious reckoning of its position in the world of things as they are. The professors may continue to wander placidly amid their olive-groves, discussing the text of new Hague conventions, extolling the philosophic temperament which is "too proud to fight"; but the message of Armageddon has sunk, and will sink deeper, into the hearts of the people. Altruism, benevolence, the cause of humanity—these will remain American ideals; but unless all the signs mislead us, the American nation has learned the lesson of the strong man armed, and the truth that weakness combined with wealth invites to a breach of the world's peace. The example of England the Unprepared cannot be lost upon the sound common sense of the American people.

At the conclusion of the present struggle, the exhaustion of European nations must leave the United States and Japan relatively much stronger and richer than they were. Both powers will be deeply and directly interested in the arrangement of the conditions under which peace is eventually restored. Japan, as an ally of the Quadruple Entente, and America, possibly as a mediator, must have a voice in the international conference which will define the future frontiers of Europe and many subsidiary questions. Among these, the rights and interests of the powers in China, and the future of that country as an independent state, present problems which, unless carefully studied in advance, may well create great difficulties and even new casus belli for the powers whose territories border on the Pacific Ocean. The shadow of the far-Eastern question has frequently been darkly cast between the United States and Japan in recent years, and never more ominously than when the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance (1911) relieved England of the duty of assisting Japan against any nation with which Great Britain might have concluded a treaty of arbitration. But much of the trouble has been due to ignorance: a closer study of the question should serve to reassure public opinion in the United States and to put an end to the suspicious uneasiness which finds expression in the unbalanced writings of a Homer Lea or the diplomatic vagaries of a Philander Knox.

Japanese statecraft, whether displayed in Manchuria, in Magdalena Bay, or in the Marshall Islands, points to a perfectly consistent and legitimate policy, which has only to be rightly appreciated in order to remove all immediate prospect of serious friction between Nippon and Anglo-Saxon peoples. The Japanese, who would not hesitate for a moment to exclude from their country Chinese or other cheap labor, are fully alive to the economic necessity which has compelled America, Canada, and Australia to frame their Asiatic exclusion acts. Beyond all question they recognize the legitimate protective purpose of these acts; what they object to, and very properly, is the implied assumption of the racial and moral superiority of the white races. They are well aware that the objection to Chinese laborers in the Pacific States and to Japanese children in the Californian schools is just as directly due to economic causes as the anti-Semitic movement in Russia. They

know that the Asiatic is excluded not because he would contaminate, but simply because he would devour, the white man in open-labor competition. England, which professes to believe in free trade and unrestricted immigration, can hardly meet the Japanese on this question in the spirit of "frank and full consultation" for which the text of the alliance provides. Frankness must stultify either the British Government or the acts of the dominions overseas. Similarly, with its Monroe Doctrine for America and its open door for Asia, with its professed belief in the right of every human being freely to change his nationality and domicile, the United States is not in a position to discuss the exclusion acts with Japanese statesmen on its accustomed lofty ground of political morality. The Anglo-Saxon's ultimate argument, conceal it as we may, lies in the stern law of self-preservation, backed by force.

Now, if there is one fact which stands out more prominently than any other in the history of the last ten years,—that is, since the conclusion of the Treaty of Portsmouth,—it is that Japanese statesmen are prepared to recognize and accept these self-protective activities of the Anglo-Saxon races, provided only that Japan also is allowed to follow her own national instincts of self-preservation on the lines of geographical gravitation dictated by her economic necessities; that is to say, by expansion into China's thinly peopled dependencies of Manchuria and Mongolia. Even a cursory study of the recent history of the far East points clearly to this conclusion. Japan is not prepared to accept the Monroe Doctrine and the Asiatic exclusion acts and at the same time to acquiesce in the traditional policy of the commercial powers, which insists on maintenance of the status quo in China.

It is true that by the terms of the Portsmouth Treaty and other conventions Japan pledged herself to abstain from any encroachments on the territorial integrity and sovereignty of China; but her diplomacy, trained in the best European traditions, is unsurpassed in the gentle art of treaty-making and treaty-breaking. It has learned to a nicety the time and place for "extra-textual interpretations" and the conclusive value of the *fait accompli*. As far as China is concerned, the protective clauses of the Portsmouth Treaty, greeted with intense satisfaction in America, were never likely to be effective in Manchuria even had Russia and Japan remained on guard against each other in their respective spheres. Those who hoped and believed that China, in accordance with that treaty, would be allowed to develop the resources of this fertile region without interference and for her own benefit knew little of the imperative necessity which had compelled Japan to fight Russia for Port Arthur. The same necessity led her, immediately after the conclusion of the Portsmouth Treaty, to come to terms with Russia for a division of the spoil under conditions which virtually insured the benevolent acquiescence of England and France. Upon the conclusion of this pact of spoliation, diplomatically known as an *entente*, the Portsmouth Treaty became a dead letter; it had never been more than a time-and-face-saving device.

The results were many and important. Not only was China not permitted to develop her commerce in Manchuria by the extension of her northern railways, not only did Russia and Japan separately and jointly veto the construction by English and American capitalists of the Chinchou-Aigun trunk-line; but they went much further, asserting and extending their special rights and interests over China's loosely held dependency of Mongolia, forbidding its colonization by Chinese subjects, and establishing their usual trading and mining monopolies. By the end of 1910, China's sovereignty throughout all the region north of the Great Wall was evidently doomed. Mr. Secretary Knox, under the direction of American financiers, made spasmodic, but futile, attempts to prevent the inevitable, by his scheme for the neutralization of Manchurian railways, by forlorn excursions into dollar diplomacy, and by earnest appeals to the open-door pledges of all concerned; their

only result was to draw Russia and Japan more closely together in the bonds of a most profitable pact. In 1910, Korea, whose independence had been solemnly guarantied by Japan and by all the powers, was "persuaded" to sign away the remnants of her sovereignty and become an integral part of the Japanese Empire. The scraps of paper, which were consigned to oblivion by the European and American chancelleries at this passing of the Hermit Kingdom, had ceased to represent either actualities or vital interests. This being so, the forces of geographical gravitation met with no resistance, and the disappearance of an economically unprofitable nation evoked only perfunctory valedictory articles in the press.

Yet the matter was of importance and significance. First, it proved once again that a defenseless people's national independence is never more seriously endangered than when the great powers think fit to guaranty it by solemn treaties. Secondly, it proved the Japanese to be past-masters in the adroit use of the diplomatic fictions by means of which politicians and governments cloak the brutal realities of the eternal struggle for supremacy and survival. Thirdly, the nicely graduated series of administrative, economic, and political measures whereby Japanese ascendancy led swiftly to the annexation of Korea are extremely instructive, if only because the procedure adopted "in a spirit of pure friendship for the Koreans" at Seul between 1905 and 1910 is now being pursued, *mutatis mutandis*, at Peking.

This statement may possibly surprise those who have not followed the course of events in the far East since the taking of Kiao-chau by the Anglo-Japanese forces last October. It is none the less true. The demands put forward by the Japanese minister at Peking on the eighteenth of January, 1915, negotiated by him *de haut en bas* for three months with the Chinese Foreign Office, and finally embodied, with some modifications, in a peremptory ultimatum on the seventh of May, point not only to the rapid disappearance of China's sovereign rights in Manchuria and Mongolia, but to the assertion of Japanese political and economic ascendancy throughout China proper.

As originally submitted to the terrified Chinese Government, certain of these demands involved concessions of a kind that, had they been allowed, would speedily have given to Japanese officials control over the administrative and military affairs of the provinces. It is characteristic of Japanese (and, for that matter, of British) diplomacy that these vitally important demands, contained under Section 5 of the draft protocol, were not communicated by the Japanese to the British Government in the same way as the rest of the proposed articles, that the fact of their having been presented was officially denied, and that the Chinese Government was repeatedly warned against publishing them or even of disclosing their terms. Nevertheless, the facts were published, and despite the concentration of public interest in the war, a considerable amount of pressure was brought to bear upon the British Foreign Office both in Parliament and outside it. Timely remonstrances were consequently addressed from London to Tokio, with the result that the most arbitrary of these contingent demands were excluded from the Japanese government's final "proposals" of the twenty-sixth of April, and from the demands of the ultimatum of the seventh of May. But it is important to note that they have not been unreservedly withdrawn. They stand on record as having been presented, and Japan merely postpones them for future consideration—clearly a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter* whenever the time and place for jumping shall occur.

The "negotiations" forced upon China by the Japanese Government arose out of the fact that after the fall of Kiao-chau the Foreign Office at Peking had ventured to ask for the withdrawal of the Japanese troops from Chinese neutral territory in Shan-tung, beyond the borders of the leased zone of Tsing-tau. In view of China's declared neutrality, no more natural or legitimate request could have been

made. Yet the Tokio press, with ominous unanimity and alacrity, denounced it as ungrateful and unfriendly, and called upon the Government to proceed swiftly, with a high hand, at Peking. There was certainly nothing of sweet reasonableness or amity about the proceedings of Mr. Hioki at the Chinese capital. His attitude and actions alike proclaimed the hard fact that the forces which had heretofore enabled the Chinese to evade the penalties of their parlous inefficiency were no longer available to protect them, and that Japan would avail herself to the utmost of the opportunities created for her by the war in Europe.

Replying to questions in the House of Commons on the eleventh of March, 1915, Mr. Neil Primrose, under-secretary of state for foreign affairs, made a curiously significant reference to Japan's "contingent" demands. He described them as "an attempt to see what attitude the Chinese Government would take up if Japan formulated certain demands when the war arrives at a conclusion."

Needless to say, there was no word either in the original protocol or during the negotiations to justify this description, but the statement has been gratefully accepted by the Chinese Government as an assurance that the contingent demands will not be renewed until the end of the war. *Qui vivra verra.* Meanwhile it is important to observe, as an indication of coming events, that in the same statement Mr. Primrose declared: "His Majesty's Government has no objection to the expansion of Japanese interests in China, provided that the expansion in no way inflicts injury upon British interests." It is possible that Japanese predominance, or even a Japanese protectorate in China, if established under commercial and fiscal guarantees broader than those given in the case of Korea, might not be seriously prejudicial to British interests, that is, to British trade. In any case, it could scarcely aggravate the actual condition of affairs in Manchuria, and even in the central Yang-tse provinces, where British enterprise has been persistently hampered for the last ten years by the all-pervading activities of Japanese financiers and secret agents. But be this as it may, the importance of the Foreign Office statement lies in the fact that it recognizes and accepts in advance the expansion of Japanese interests in China proper. In very similar words Sir Edward Grey had declared in June, 1911, that his Majesty's Government recognized the "special rights and interests" of Russia and Japan in Manchuria and Mongolia. On that occasion the Treaty of Portsmouth went quietly by the board. Mr. Primrose's declaration has now jettisoned the preamble of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance, together with a large and interesting collection of international guarantees for the protection of defenseless China. In other words, British diplomacy has perceived the virtue of necessity and bowed gracefully to the inevitable.

Because of the complete absorption of public interest in the war, and also because the censorship has prevented any discussion of Japanese policy in the British press, it is safe to say that not one Englishman in a hundred, even among those who usually study foreign affairs, knows what has taken place at Peking during the last year. Since the expulsion of the Germans from their beloved Eastern colony, scarcely any attention in England has been directed to the course of events in the far East. The few articles which have appeared, chiefly in the monthly reviews, have been of a nature to suggest intelligent activities on the part of the Japanese press bureau. Nevertheless, the situation deserves serious consideration not only in view of the political and economic consequences of the latest Peking protocol, but because of the latest developments of party politics at Tokio and the policy represented by Count Okuma's cabinet.

In view of the probability that the far-Eastern question, with many others, will eventually have to be settled at a post-bellum international conference, it is evidently desirable that public opinion in England and America should be formed upon accurate knowledge of the main facts

of the actual situation. So long as the censorship continues to function as at present, this knowledge will not be generally available in England; this makes it the more necessary that all possible publicity should be brought to bear on the subject in America. In view of the misunderstandings and mutual suspicions which have been created between Tokio and Washington on more than one occasion by the reckless sensationalism of yellow-press writers on the one hand and, on the other, by the American public's indifference to foreign affairs, it is a matter of no little importance to the future of the world's peace that the far-Eastern question should be carefully studied and widely discussed by leading publicists in the United States. The creation of an enlightened public opinion, based on accurate knowledge, is essential to the conclusion of a general agreement between the powers interested in the future of China and the trade routes of the Pacific.

In the formation and education of such a body of opinion certain venerable shibboleths of diplomacy and catchwords long current will need to be gently, but firmly, relegated to the limbo of creeds outworn. All the political ideas underlying the open-door conventions and the international guarantees for the maintenance of China's territorial integrity must be frankly recognized as obsolete, for the simple reason that they have been abrogated by Russia and Japan with the tacit consent of all concerned. The resultant grouping of rival forces and interests at Peking, both before and after the Russo-Japanese War, conferred on China the protective benefits of a period of equilibrium; but this period came to an end with the definite conclusion of the Russo-Japanese *entente*. Optimistic belief in the possibility of China's effectively setting her own house in order must also be abandoned. It is a belief that gained many sentimental adherents in America as the result of Young China's so-called Republicanism in 1911, but the prospect of organizing honesty and efficiency out of any class of officialdom in China is just as remote to-day as it was under the Manchus. Eloquent platform enthusiasm for representative government, and the profession of high moral ideas by political adventurers and place-seekers, can no more make for good government in China than in Mexico. The men and machinery are completely lacking for the production of honest administration and military efficiency from the official corruption and ignorance of China's rulers. All our instincts of justice and respect for the rights of nations, all our sympathy for the misfortunes of the Chinese people, patient victims of misgovernment from time immemorial, are powerless to avert from them the destiny which sooner or later overtakes a passive, non-resisting race menaced by the necessities of earth-hungry neighbors in arms.

Deeply as we may sympathize with the Chinese, we should not hastily criticize or condemn the expansionist policy of Japan. In considering the causes and possible results of that expansion, certain fundamental truths are often overlooked by writers who approach the far-Eastern question from a sentimental point of view. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that the Japanese nation differs radically from the typically passive Oriental races of India and China. It is, in the words of John Stuart Hill, an "active, self-helping" people, a people inspired not only by ideals of imperialism, but possessed of strong martial instincts. When in India or China the pressure of population upon food supplies becomes acute, the patient toiling millions accept death with fatalistic resignation. By thousands and tens of thousands, almost uncomplaining, they go to their graves as to beds, accepting plague, pestilence, and famine as part of the inevitable burden of humanity. Only in the southern maritime provinces the more virile inhabitants in China have endeavored to lessen this burden by emigration, by seeking work and wealth overseas; but individually and collectively the race is lacking in the "self-helping" instinct which solves such problems of expansion by warfare and the survival of the fittest.

In the second place, it must be remembered that Japan's vital need of wider frontiers, new sources of food supply, and new markets for her industries has been in very great measure forced upon her by the policies and example of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. In self-defense they have learned from us the organization of machine labor in cities; following our example, they have passed swiftly from the condition of an agricultural to that of an industrial nation. With these economic changes came the modern science of sanitation, the immediate result being an increase of population far greater than that which had taken place when the country lived by and for agriculture. In 1875, before industrialism had set in, the population of Japan's 150,000 square miles was thirty-four millions; last year it was fifty-four millions, and the average annual excess of births over deaths is roughly seven hundred thousand. The Elder Statesmen of Japan anticipated long ago, as all their unswerving policy has proved, the consequences to their country of the ever-increasing fierceness of industrial competition. They realized that, as the number of countries that depend for their very existence upon the exchange of manufactured goods for food-stuffs and raw materials increases, and as the countries with surplus food supplies become fewer and fewer, Japan must face the alternative either of emigration on a large scale or of finding in territorial expansion new sources of supply and an outlet for her surplus population. The Anglo-Saxon peoples, by their Asiatic exclusion acts, have shut the door on emigration to those parts of the world where Japanese labor might have reaped a rich harvest. Small wonder, then, that the eyes of Japan's wise rulers became fixed upon Korea and the fertile, unpeopled regions of Manchuria and Mongolia, that the possession of these lands became the be-all and end-all of Japanese policy, the goal toward which all the hopes and energies of the nation have been unswervingly directed. "Eastern Asia," said Count Komura in the Diet three years ago, "is the only safe field for Japanese emigration." Like Prince Ito and other makers of modern Japan, Count Okuma has never had any illusions on this subject. If at times the Japanese have seemed to be desirous of testing the resistant strength of the Monroe Doctrine in California and in Mexico; if they have displayed activity in Vancouver and Honolulu, and cast their eyes toward island outposts in the southern seas, these have been political side issues, deliberately planned and pursued in order to create opportunities for application of the principle of *do ut des*.

Long before the Russian invasion had been swept back from the shores of the Yellow Sea, while still the Japanese people were working patiently and with undivided patriotism to master the mechanical and military sciences of the Western world, the whole nation knew that its destinies depended upon the struggle for Korea and the Manchurian *hinterland*. Eastern Asia could not become a safe field for Japanese immigration so long as Russia remained undefeated and in possession of Port Arthur, but it was always the only possible field in sight. Every page of Japanese history since the Treaty of Shimonoseki reveals the conscious purpose of the nation's rulers to make that field both safe and fruitful at the earliest possible moment. Their policy of expansion, unlike that of Russia, has been from first to last dictated by recognition of the supreme law of self-preservation. We may deplore the fact that Japanese emigration to eastern Asia can be carried out only by inflicting grave injustice and suffering upon millions of defenseless Chinese. We may assume that debarred from colonizing Mongolia, gradually reduced in Manchuria to the position of a subject race, prevented from developing the resources of their country for their own profit by the vested rights and monopolies of the predominant power, the Chinese must find the struggle for life greatly intensified. Nevertheless, the Anglo-Saxon, whose whole history has been one of expansion in anticipation of the actual and future needs of the race, can assume no moral

grounds for criticizing or condemning the policy of the Japanese. The law of self-preservation, as applied between nations, recognizes no scope for altruism; red men, and yellow and brown, being unfit to survive in the struggle for places in the sun, have been eliminated by the European. To oppose Japan's actions and intentions on grounds of self-interest, as by treaties and conventions has been done in the past, may be justifiable; but to oppose them on high moral grounds is hypocritical and futile. British interests in this far-Eastern question are partly commercial, partly political; Japan's are national and vital.

In taking advantage of the present situation in Europe to exact from China concessions and privileges far greater than she could ever have hoped to obtain at Peking under normal conditions of diplomatic procedure, the Japanese Government has ignored certain of its obligations recorded in the treaty of alliance with Great Britain, but the attitude and official statements of the British Foreign Office for the last four years have been of a nature to suggest that, so long as existing trading rights and railway concessions are not seriously menaced, Japan has a free hand. As far as the special rights and interests claimed in Manchuria and Mongolia are concerned, this vast region was definitely recognized as coming under Japanese influence four years ago; in other words, the open door is there closed, and the principle of equal opportunities abandoned. As for the "contingent" demands of the Japanese protocol, it would be unwise to speculate too closely as to their real intentions. Allowance must be made for Count Okuma's vote-catching program at election-time, and the prudence of the Elder Statesmen may be relied upon to look carefully before they leap into an untenable position in central or southern China. Even though neither England, France, Germany, nor the United States is at present likely to oppose Japanese infringement of treaty rights in China by anything more than diplomatic protests, there are obviously many powerful obstacles, financial and political, to limit the ambitions and check the activities of the military party and the jingoes in Tokio. It is to be expected that for some time to come these activities will be concentrated on the colonizing of Manchuria and on the development of *points d'appui* in Shantung and Fu-kien.

Assuming the Japanese to be capable of organizing and enforcing good government in China, the cause of civilization and the welfare of the Chinese people would alike have much to gain from the establishment of a Japanese protectorate over the eighteen provinces. History proves clearly that the Chinese are prepared to accept alien rulers so long as they rule with wisdom and justice. It is certain that China's *intelligentia* is utterly incapable of ruling wisely, and that the people are unfit for self-government; it is equally certain that no European power or group of powers could now undertake the stupendous work of reorganization and education which the country requires. Realizing this fact, millions of Japanese undoubtedly believe in the possibility of a great Asiatic empire under the flag of the rising sun, but there is no evidence that the sober sense of their responsible statesmen entertains any such ambitions. If they did, it would remain to be demonstrated that the ruling class in Japan possesses the moral qualities and administrative genius requisite to secure the loyalty and good-will of the Chinese people.

To sum up, recent events at Peking mark clearly the beginning of a period in the history of the far East in which Japanese predominance will be the central factor, and I have endeavored to show that the expansion of Japan into Manchuria and Mongolia, obviously preliminary to formal annexation, is the result of urgent economic necessity, the inevitable response to instincts of self-preservation. I have assumed that neither on political nor high moral grounds can exception rightly be taken to this expansion into the unpopulous regions north of the Great Wall; on the contrary, that it should advance the cause of civilization by developing great sources of wealth which Chinese

and Mongolian inefficiency have allowed to lie fallow.

But a clear line should be drawn between this justifiable expansion into thinly peopled fertile lands and the contingent claims to assert special rights of a semi-administrative character in China proper. Except with the clear consent of the Chinese, and for their ultimate benefit, any such political ascendancy might prove to be destructive of the world's peace and a cause of fresh calamities to the Chinese people. On the other hand, unless the present chaos and corruption in China can be checked internally and anarchy prevented, something will have to be done by agreement of the powers to impose upon the elements of disorder some form of forceful authority.

The problem is a vast one and intricate: upon its solution depend the peace and prosperity of countless millions. Upon it also must depend the future balance of power in the region of the Pacific, a matter of no small concern to the United States. Clearly the first thing needful is that the leaders and exponents of public opinion in England and America should carefully study and discuss the problem in all its bearings, so that when, with the restoration of peace, the time comes for consideration of the facts accomplished at Peking, that opinion may be clear visioned and firmly rooted in accurate knowledge.

The Kiss

By GEORGE SEIBEL

MID verdurous shadows by the Nile
We wandered eons long ago;
You teased a lazy crocodile,
I scanned a scroll by Manetho;
You looked at me; I looked at you.
One moment more our lips had met,
But mad Cambyses shot me through,
And, sweetheart, I 've not kissed you yet.

Again, where Baiæ's opal tide
Sobs round the painted porch of dreams,
We walked o'er flowers, side by side,
Discoursing of Catullian themes.
The honey from his golden lyre
Your lips had taught me to forget
When red Vesuvius rained his fire,
And, sweetheart, I 've not kissed you yet.

Next in some park at Fontainebleau
We sipped Burgundian wine, and heard
Villon across the dead years' snow,
Chénier reprove the happy bird.
Above your chair I came to lean,
Your eager lips with wine still wet,
Then tumbril of the guillotine!
And, sweetheart, I 've not kissed you yet.

How can you walk unmoved and cold
Beside me, knowing this be truth,
What ancient mortgage still I hold
Upon your beauty and your youth?
With usury you shall now repay
The debt of twenty centuries past;
'T was worth the pain and long delay:
I 've kissed you, sweetheart, now at last!

Children of Hope[1]

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–VI

AURELIUS GOODCHILD, long a widower, lived in a small town in Ohio with his three attractive unmarried daughters. An optimistic visionary, with an amazing half-knowledge of many things, Aurelius often changed his occupation, but never achieved success. Through a pinched girlhood of fine dreams and rude awakenings, the daughters came to womanhood wholesome and lovable, with fixed dreams of their own. Aglaia, nearing thirty, desired to be a great opera-singer; Euphrosyne, twenty-five, foresaw her triumph as a novelist; while Thalia, who had just passed twenty, longed for fame as a painter.

An unexpected legacy of a hundred thousand dollars seemingly brings the hopes of all near, and sailing for Europe, the four direct their steps toward Florence with high expectations.

They had lingered for a while in Paris and Switzerland, meeting John Holland, a famous American historian. On his advice they take up their abode in the Pension Schwandorf in Florence. Euphrosyne begins her novel-writing, and Thalia her art studies with an elderly Frenchman. But she had lost her heart to Reginald Dux, a young man whom she had secretly met on the boat-deck of the steamer crossing the ocean, and his failure to appear leaves her unhappy and listless. A young Italian officer in a crack cavalry regiment, impressed with Euphrosyne, makes their acquaintance, and a young Englishman at the pension attaches himself to Aglaia's train. A famous teacher of singing had brought her her share of unhappiness by declaring that her voice was a contralto, not a soprano, and ordering her to refrain from practice for three months. Already the shadow of disillusion is on the little group when Reginald Dux appears, and Thalia is again made happy.

CHAPTER VII

THE LAST CHAIR IS FILLED; THE CIRCLE IS COMPLETE

EVERY morning when Thallie opened her eyes her first thought was, "Perhaps it will be to-day!" With one bound she was out of bed. Disdaining slippers, she pattered across the floor of cool, red tiles to throw back the shutters with a bang. The sunshine streamed over her as she leaned on the window-sill to gaze down at the garden.

The pink and yellow roses now hid the iron fence. On the gate-posts the two crumbling urns were veiled with full-blown petals, all their scars obliterated by that gorgeous flowering. The peonies, round the arbor, had also reached the height of their exuberance, while the vines

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on the house-wall, at last attaining Thallie's window, had laid across the sill three glowing blossoms, had brought to her, finally, their hues and fragrance like an augury.

She looked forth with a sort of awe upon this prospect, the charms of which she had never really seen before. Her joy was mingled with remorse, because not till now had she appreciated her surroundings. She wanted to make some sacrifice in return for this exquisite environment, for this rich sunlight and aromatic warmth, for the sensation that came to her, on drinking in this air, of youth inexpressibly buoyant, delicate, and thrilling. Solemnly her eyes turned toward the bright blue of the Italian sky. But her lips, instead of uttering her thanksgiving, voiced his name; and for some reason a shivery faintness ran through her body to her finger-tips as there rose from the depths of the orange-tree the limpid twittering of sparrows. But, then, every sight, every sound, had taken on an unprecedented poignancy and sweetness. Even when she heard across the garden the rattle of dishes in the kitchen, she reflected ecstatically, "Every day for a long, long time I shall hear that in this peaceful, cozy, dear old pension!"

While dressing, Thallie could not forbear to sing. Down in the glass corridor Federico, the waiter, stopped short, cocked his bullet-head, showed on his gaunt, gloomy face a smile as startling as if one should descry a baby's crib on the quarter-deck of a corsair. Aglaia and Frossie exchanged through their connecting doorway a puzzled look; but Mr. Goodchild was delighted. At last his little Thallie was herself again.

How fast her work went now! How much easier it was to understand and to apply M. Zolande's advice! Besides, her sharpened artistic intuition solved difficulties of itself; each brush-stroke showed a reckless vigor: her last canvas, placed beside the old ones, looked to her like the product of another hand.

Out there in the sunshine, above the bright domes and the campanile, against the hazy hills of mauve and gold, Thallie's mirage of glory again became distinct.

While the model rested, the master informed Thalia that now his winter pupils would soon be coming in. This place would presently be crowded, and rivalry would add another impetus to labor. Also, there would be some exhibitions of his pupils' work, informal studio teas, at which one might meet the aristocracy that had been away all summer. Even in September many notables returned from the seaside resorts; the first one of them expected was a patroness of his, Princess Tchernitza, a Bulgarian, whom Thallie might find interesting.

Or else, plotting to add a gleam of admiration to those bright young eyes, he told of great artists who had been his school-time friends, revealed their eccentricities, their weaknesses, the most presentable of their love-affairs. His stories, since he seemed very old to her, evoked for Thallie scenes that Garvani or Daumier might have sketched—of young geniuses grotesquely handsome in side-whiskers, chimney-pot hats, and haircloth stocks; of rooms decorated with yataghans and death-masks; of gazelle-eyed women in crinoline and India shawls, showing a bit of white stocking on the staircase of the Café Anglais, while surrounded by wasp-waisted dandies with the profiles of hungry rats. In a russet haze, such as colors past epochs with extravagant romance, one saw details as vague and jumbled as the elements in a Futuristic painting—long, slender champagne-glasses rising in riotous salute; a supper-table with guttering candles and an overturned epergne; the rout of vivandières and harlequins through Paris streets at dawn; a long kiss—art drawing power from love, and love enriched by art—at a mansard window high above a weeping-willow-tree.

Alphonse Zolande, too, must have drunk his fill of that frenetic life. She tried to imagine him as he had been in youth, slender, melancholy, nervous, and dreamy, like that hero of Balzac so eager for renown and love. Had he missed the second with the first?

While putting on her hat, she noticed a spray of fresh flowers by the looking-glass. Did some woman even now come, when the studio was silent, to evoke the phantom of an old romance, like Mme. Arnoux in "The Sentimental Education"? Thallie looked at him attentively, saw again his wrinkles and his gray mustaches, and found that thought ridiculous. Even the omniscience of twenty years ignores the fact that one at fifty may still dream of kisses.

With a cheery glance,—the candid glance that twenty keeps for old gray heads,—with a clear adieu, and a last scattering of indefinable fragrance, Spring vanished from the abode of Winter. Alphonse Zolande stood pensive, his face at the same time saddened and rejuvenated by his thoughts. His model, smiling to herself while buttoning her shoes, did not exist for him. His eyes were attracted by Thalia's canvas; he squinted at the fresh paint absent-mindedly; a look of shame, of self-contempt, banished the cynical lines from around his mouth. "Poor child! 'T is true; all this business is hardest when one is met by trust." But abruptly he raised his head with a savage grin, and the man he had been once on a time was masked by the man he had become. "What the devil! One must live, or, at least, that is the delusion." And bitterly, like a slave who prepares for a repellent task while dreaming of some far-off land, he brought out from the adjoining room a wooden panel on which appeared the outline of a sixteenth-century Madonna. His own day's work was beginning. M. Zolande, when not teaching, was a counterfeiter of old masters.

Thallie, meanwhile, had set out briskly for the pension. Mr. Goodchild, late as usual, met her midway of the Ponte Vecchio. Across the heads of wondering pedestrians he made extraordinary gestures of delight. He had been to the post-office; he had letters from Zenasville.

They read them all the way home.

Dr. Numble had finished another chapter of the Magnum Opus. He was now St. Louis of France, and his letter, in parts, relapsed unconsciously into the stilted phraseology of the crusader-historian de Joinville.

Selina Inchkin had resigned the rôle of *Juliet* for *Hedda Gabler!* She believed that her future lay in portraying "women who had lived, tasted the bitterness of life, learned all the lessons of a tortured temperament." She asked Aurelius to send her translations of such foreign plays as developed "strong, sad characters, souls struggling against conventions." The fact was, an Ibsen Club had been formed in Zenasville. Selina hoped to revive her fading laurels at town-hall theatricals by keeping pace with this new enthusiasm for despair.

Ira Inchkin had written a postscript. It began, "I take it you have n't met any impresarium as yet?" It ended, "Your house is still standing hitched, waiting for you to play out those foreign parts."

A wave of longing swept over Mr. Goodchild. At this very hour Maple Lane was roofed with green, redolent of many gardens, and, best of all, permeated by the sweet essence of old haunts: the broken picket-fence, the gorgeous, though disheveled, flower-beds, the little battered door, flanked by its sign, askew, dilapidated, inscribed:

Aurelius Goodchild, Esquire,
Interviews by Appointment

The odors of the antiquated sofas, carpets, lambrequins; the savor of the dark-room; the familiar silences; the memories of exultations and discouragements, of griefs and joys—all equally precious! He ventured:

"Thallie, you 're never homesick just a teeny-weeny bit, just a moment?"

"For Zenasville?"

The tone of her inquiry was sufficient answer.

Every day she searched a newspaper for reports of the aviation meet at Rome. How long would it last? Was he, too, going up in those monoplanes and biplanes? He might be maimed for life or killed. Suddenly weak, she saw him prostrate in the field, pinned under the wreck-

age of an aëroplane that gave forth sheets of flame.

One afternoon, straight out of a blue sky, as it were, Mme. Bertha Linkow appeared before the Pension Schwandorf!

A motor-engine racketed, a siren hooted, laughter resounded through the quiet street. The sisters, just dressed for tea, crowded the balcony of the front bedroom. At the curb a big touring-car held three women and three men. Mme. Linkow waved a green veil. A fat fellow with a large, good-natured face removed his hat. Domenico came skipping, ushered them into the garden, turned pale with awe. The fat man with the large face was the greatest living tenor!

The girls flew down-stairs. Between the peonies and the lily-beds Mme. Linkow embraced each of them with a cracking hug.

She had not changed, unless she was a trifle stouter. A collapsible hood of tan linen covered her golden hair like the casque of an Amazon; the warmth of Italy had given her Teutonic fairness the transparency of a pink poppy; and her inexhaustible vitality enveloped the three Graces as she cried:

"*Ach,* but how fine you look! What cheeks, what eyes, after this so-frightful summer! Now, then, all you motor-bandits, was I right when I said I would show you something nice? Wait! Introductions! Children, this is *Giulietta,* out of the 'Tales of Hoffmann.' *Scarpia,* forward! Off with your goggles; make a pretty bow! The barrel in spats is naughty *Gennaro,* who steals the jewels of the Madonna. *Carmen,* if you licked off your lip-paint you might offer each a kiss. Not you, big booby!" She gave the greatest tenor a push in the chest, then, leading him forward by the ear, "*Pagliacci!* Though he left his clown's suit at home, who would know the difference? But hark to my voice! All that dust! My throat is ruined! Did you give back my pastils, Luisa? Then where are they? At any rate, some tea, for the love of Heaven!"

Domenico, who had been hovering near by with fallen jaw, started off toward the kitchen at a run. All sank into chairs as Mme. Linkow called after the door-porter:

"And lots of bread and butter!"

The sisters stared at their visitors almost in disbelief.

They were all foreigners, the men robust-looking despite the deep marks that many various emotions had imprinted on their faces; the women, whom Mme. Linkow had nicknamed *Carmen* and *Giulietta,* handsome in an extravagant, exotic way. They were dressed with conventional smartness, their manners faithfully imitated custom, yet one suspected, beneath their modishness, a subtle abnormality.

But it was impossible to see them in their true complexions, for each was surrounded by the aura of celebrity. Their faces, though made familiar by countless reproductions in the public prints, did not seem like the visages of ordinary mortals. The three Graces instinctively attributed to them as many complex qualities as a German professor would weave into the character of *Hamlet.* All their adventures in the fields of esthetic exaltation and of fame seemed to imbue their eyes with an unbearable keenness, similar to the glances of demigods that used to turn primeval shepherds dizzy. Besides, this unexpected contact with great artists, whom the barrier of the footlights kept, for most people, in a sort of mythical atmosphere, was like a dream, during which the impossible is realized amid bizarre circumstances.

Aglaia was the first to recover from these feelings. In a tone of careless pleasure, of easy intimacy, she asked Mme. Linkow:

"How in the world did you find out where we were?"

"Why, from your friend John Holland. He is at Montecatini, too."

She thought: "How did he learn our name? He must have inquired at the Geneva pension after we were gone." Her emerald eyes turned speculative, then inscrutable.

"'Though he left his clown's suit at home, who would know the difference?'"

Domenico and Federico reverently served the tea.

"But your papa!"

Mr. Goodchild was still down-town, pursuing inspiration through the fancied haunts of *Fiammetta* and *Rodolfo*.

"And I am to miss that dear man?"

"No; stay to dinner," Thallie blurted out, then turned red at her effrontery.

"Blessèd child! That will be easier another day. And your work, Thallie? This little one, you should know, is going to be an artist."

"A soprano?"

"Bah! Are there no other kinds of artists besides singers? Aglaia, there, is the prima donna of the family."

The song-birds smiled politely at Aglaia; but when she mentioned Valentino Mughetto, an argument broke forth in Italian. Some, maintaining that Mughetto was an excellent teacher, cited singers who "owed him everything." Others offered examples of his pupils' errors. Above the clatter of talk rose fragments of operatic airs, delivered in an affected way, to illustrate by parody the maestro's faults. As the noise increased, the demigods' self-repression ended in a flurry of gestures. Only the greatest tenor maintained composure. With a sleepy grin, he began to stuff bread-crumbs into the fingers of Mme. Linkow's gloves.

The maternal German was whispering to Aglaia:

"Pay no attention to these magpies! Mughetto is all right. Whatever he tells you—"

"But if he tells me that I 've ruined my voice?"

The smile faded from Mme. Linkow's wholesome face. She responded gently:

"Then you, at least, would find courage to resign yourself that day, not in after-years, when you had spent much time and money all in vain."

A steely flash was quickly hidden by Aglaia's lashes.

"And your limb?" queried Frossie, timidly. "It 's all right now?"

"*Himmel,* that leg of mine is now the best barometer in Europe! But what of your book? And Thallie has not yet told me how she progresses. All day on a high stool in the Uffizi, painting the saints, and shedding the ogles of these young devils of Florentine artists ever copying the Venuses?"

"No, indeed! Still studio-work for me."

"With whom?"

"Monsieur Alphonse Zolande."

"I don't know him. He has many pupils?"

"No others yet."

"And how old is he?"

"Oh, ages!"

Mme. Linkow compressed her lips.

"Maybe some day I would drop in on you and your Monsieur Zolande, old as the hills, in his so-roomy studio."

"Then you 'll really come back?"

"Will I really—look at her, Luisa! Is n't she a picture? But now at least we must run and do our shopping. Where are my gloves? Oh, the wretch! Only let me get hold of you!"

The demigods paid their respects to the young hostesses. They surrounded the three Graces with a sudden urbanity, with the cordiality of persons on the point of fleeing boredom. Their valuable voices assumed a dulcet tone:

"To see you again, Signorina. A thousand thanks, Signorina." And in English: "Good-a-by, Signorina. Good-a-by."

"*Auf wiedersehen,* Aglaia; we must soon talk of this again. *Auf wiedersehen,* my Frossie! *Auf wiedersehen,* Little Beautiful! My love to your good papa!"

The touring-car started with a roar. As it turned the corner, the greatest tenor was striving to tie Mme. Linkow's green veil around *Gennaro's* head.

"Was n't it wonderful!" sighed Thallie.

Aglaia, departing for her bedroom, offered no response.

That visit had excited her tremendously. That technical chatter had resounded deep in her being like a clarion-call. The erratic charm of those singers had struck from her heart-strings a chord of perfect harmony. Now she felt more

intensely than ever that only amid such surroundings, and while following such fortunes, could she realize her most profound desires.

She believed in the dynamic force of an unfaltering ambition, in the power of the mind to alter physical states, attract prosperity, enrich the future. It was only necessary that one should expect success with perfect confidence. She recalled the career of Mary Garden, whose voice was said to be inferior to her determination. A long shudder ran through her body, as if freeing her person once for all of every indecision and foreboding. She was pervaded by an almost supernatural assurance, while the image of Mughetto, who had presumed to set a limit to her possibilities, dwindled and disappeared.

It would be necessary to find another teacher, able to perceive that sheer will power was going to efface her disabilities, as if she stood, believing, in the Grotto of Lourdes. Yet such a man was not discovered in a day, at least in Florence. Soon she might have to lead the Goodchild family to Milan, Paris, or Berlin.

And she resumed her practice. Indeed, she now worked so long that she was seldom ready to accompany her sisters on their evening walks.

One afternoon, while out walking with Thalia, Euphrosyne drew her sister past the Nobles' Club. There stood Lieutenant Olivuzzi in the doorway with three officers of his regiment. Solemnly he bowed, and would have let it go at that; but Frossie, summoning all her courage, hesitated and looked back. Lieutenant Olivuzzi was instantly beside them.

She got out the words:

"You 're quite a stranger."

"Excoose, Signorina?"

"I say you 're quite a stranger at our house."

She repeated the sentence in her best Italian; Thallie echoed her in French. His lustrous eyes sent out a flash, his clear pallor was dashed with crimson, beneath his fierce little black mustaches his fine teeth glistened in a breathless smile.

"You permit?"

"Why, of course. Very happy, I 'm sure."

As he found nothing to say at once, and the silence was unbearable, she gave a meaningless, strained laugh.

"And now we must really be going," she stammered.

The absurdity of this remark was worst of all. But Lieutenant Olivuzzi did not seem to think so. He inclined his head, put into his farewell a wealth of admiration and respect, watched them till they turned into the Lungarno.

"Old Slyboots!" laughed Thallie, squeezing Euphrosyne's plump arm. When the other would have protested, she added, her voice suddenly all rich and warm, "But suppose I had a little boasting of my own to do?" And she poured out her story of the young man of the boat-deck.

"Thallie! All this time, and not a word!"

"But now I can hardly wait for you to see him," Thallie cried, meaning in her heart, "Now I can hardly wait for you to see how much more wonderful he is than any lieutenant."

Her impatience was soon gratified.

In the hall of the pension they found Cyril Bellegram huddled on a divan, sucking his empty pipe, staring before him resentfully. Some stranger, some mere caller, had preëmpted his bench beneath the palmetto! In fact, a young man was lounging out there now in an irritating state of nattiness and self-assurance, in cream-colored flannels and a wide-brimmed panama of the finest texture, his rose-hued stockings rivaling the garden-plats, the smoke of his cigarette contaminating the aroma of the blossoms. It was Reginald Dux.

He had arrived the night before from Rome with Hector Ghillamoor. At this moment the latter was visiting an Italian friend near Quarto; but Reginald had been waiting in the garden for an hour. Now it was nearly dinner-time.

What prevented his dining at the pension?

"I was just waiting to be asked."

Aglaia appeared, and Mr. Goodchild.

"Mr. Dux—from the ship, you know," Thalia explained demurely. She nudged Frossie as a hint to back her up, then sent Aglaia a swift look which said, "It 's he, the one I confessed about that night in Paris!"

"Welcome, young sir," cried Mr. Goodchild, taking the other's hand, and beaming. "The face is perfectly familiar. Wait a second! It was in the smoking-room on that memorable voyage!"

The pleasures and discomforts of that voyage, which they had shared, bound them together with the ties of strange adventure. Mr. Goodchild displayed such emotion as some old veteran of Jason's *Argo* might have shown on meeting, long afterward, one who had passed with him through the perils of mysterious seas, questing the Golden Fleece. "Yes, that was a trip to remember," he affirmed, his eyes turning toward the pink sky at recollection. "And did you see the whale that day? And did you suffer from that storm when we first set out from New York?" While Thallie and Frossie were up-stairs changing into dinner-frocks, he described in detail an invention by which he intended to make sea-sickness obsolete —a bed balanced by hydraulics, guaranteed to maintain an equilibrium no matter how the ship behaved.

"That 's very interesting; but has n't it been tried?"

"Not properly."

They dined at eight. Cyril Bellegram was persuaded to join them. Mr. Goodchild ordered Chianti for his guests, and with the coffee, which was served beneath the palm-tree, a green cordial made in the monastery of Certosa. The girls sampled this liqueur and found it "rather like candy."

"You 've been all this while in Florence and never tried it before?"

Mr. Goodchild explained that his family did not feel the need of stimulants. The foreign custom of taking alcohol with meals was doubtless reasonable, because of climatic peculiarities; at home, he felt sure, there was no such necessity. Indeed, American idealism had already realized this fact. Mr. Bryan was virtually a Prohibitionist; the secretary of the navy had forbidden fermented beverages on the war-ships. Aurelius predicted that in fifty years the United States would be entirely dry.

"Oh, well," cried Reginald Dux, raising his second glass of chartreuse, "by that time I 'll be too old to care."

The three Graces found something manly in his recklessness.

His well-shaped head, covered with blond hair closely clipped, was held erect in the pose of one sure of his importance in whatever company. His slightly aquiline nose and drooping eyelids still suggested an aristocratic hauteur, but his sensitive mouth, always ready to curl upward at the corners, from time to time abated this effect. Nevertheless, one perceived that he was used to surroundings more luxurious than these. As the rattle of dishes was wafted from the kitchen, Thallie began to feel apologetic.

His rose-colored cravat was ornamented with a large pink pearl; his finger-ring was set with a cabochon ruby of unusual size; his shirt, of the finest silk, was woven with tiny, lustrous stripes of pink. Cyril Bellegram, even in his dinner-jacket, looked rusty by comparison. Aglaia, leaning forward, inquired:

"Do you expect to remain in Florence long?"

At that moment Lieutenant Olivuzzi appeared. Stiff, grave, correct in every gesture, he ushered forward a young man in a uniform identical with his—a young man with rat-tail mustaches, swarthy, bony, of an extraordinary ugliness, yet distinguishable at first glance as a person of good breeding.

"Lieutenant Fava of the Magenta Cavalry!"

Lieutenant Fava sat down beside Thallie, and all discussed the weather.

So warm for the end of September! Olivuzzi managed to announce that for the last three nights all Florence had sat panting in the piazzas, listening to the bands. Aurelius acknowledged:

"That 's something we 've yet to do. I mean, take in the night life of the town."

"Is it possible! Why not this evening? We might go to the Café Marco."

Five minutes later they were on their way.

They walked down the Lungarno. Mr. Goodchild tramped between Frossie and Thalia; Cyril Bellegram and Lieutenant Fava flanked that phalanx; the rear-guard —and how this had happened two of the three Graces did not know—was composed of Aglaia, Reginald, and Olivuzzi. Pedestrians took to the gutter amiably; eight pairs of feet struck the pavement in unison; some one began, in imitation of a bugle, the bersaglieri marching-tune.

They skirted the colonnades of the Uffizi, where the shapes of famous Florentines stared down like brooding wraiths. They passed through alleyways where shadows effaced half a dozen centuries. They arrived before the bright café; a babble of voices and violins gushed forth to them. They entered a long room, crowded, smoky, a-glitter with reflected lights.

A table had just been vacated near the band-platform. Waiters came running with more chairs. Frossie and Thallie exchanged a resolute glance. When all were seated, one saw, beside the latter, Reginald, and by the former, Olivuzzi. Aglaia, expressionless, sat between her father and Lieutenant Fava.

But there was one chair too many.

"Ask them to leave it," called Mr. Goodchild, gaily. "Who knows but another friend may come along? Besides, according to the Hebrew cabala, the number nine would be more auspicious than the number eight."

"You 're superstitious, sir?"

"At any rate, many famous men have been so, even Pythagoras."

They ordered ices, beer in steins, vermuth and seltzer, syrups diluted with cold water.

The waiters, their trays balanced high, moved through the smoke-clouds behind the close-packed heads. Everywhere appeared grotesque and classic profiles—cheeks distended with food, mustaches dripping beer, shaven lips in which the cigarettes were an anachronism. Here and there a group of dark-eyed women made one reflect that Italian charms were hardly intended for the modern costume. An old ragamuffin, beaked, withered, displaying the tusks and ear-rings of a brigand, shambled from table to table, croaking the praises of his basketful of oysters. Two fat fellows began to shout at each other across their glasses; strains from "Aïda" pierced the din; a crash of dishes resounded.

"It 's quieter at the Café Hirsch," remarked Aurelius, with a dazed smile. As no one heard him, he prepared to enter into the spirit of the hour.

Thallie's color was feverish; her eyes shone brilliantly; now and then a shivering laugh escaped her as Reginald, his elbow planted alongside of hers, whispered satirical comments on persons round about. Euphrosyne, on the contrary, was pale and serious. When Lieutenant Olivuzzi attempted a phrase, slowly, almost reluctantly, she turned her face toward his, and their mutual gaze was fused by an intense, questioning solemnity. Aglaia, catching Cyril Bellegram's eye, showed a rueful smile which seemed to say, "The garden would have pleased us better?" His response was not as warm as usual.

But in that pandemonium none could be staid for long. They made jokes that needed much translating before every one perceived the point. Fresh glasses appeared. Mr. Goodchild found a cigar between his fingers.

"Dad!"

"When in Rome, or, rather, in the Café Marco—"

He accepted a light, pursed his lips, blew a puff of smoke into the air, stared round him with a look half startled and half proud. His daughters watched him apprehensively.

"How odd! The taste is quite different from the smell."

Gradually a strange titillation penetrated Mr. Goodchild's brain, ran through his limbs, set his fingers and his toes to

tingling. The lights revolved; a black cloth seemed flapping in mid-air; cold winds fanned his brow, which was suddenly bedewed with moisture. He swallowed spasmodically.

"Dad, you put down that cigar this instant!"

"Some water!" gasped Mr. Goodchild. And while he was recovering his full senses, he muttered feebly: "As Epictetus says, 'Every faculty is dangerous to the weak and uninstructed.' I 've had my first and last experience in dissipation!"

To divert all minds from this misfortune, Reginald placed a hard-boiled egg on the neck of a water-bottle in which a scrap of paper had been set burning. All at once the egg was sucked into the carafe! Shouts of "Bravo!" exploded from the surrounding tables; the waiter raised his arms despairingly, and the old bandit, with a cry of amazement, let his oysters roll over the floor.

Just then they saw John Holland.

He was standing in the doorway, his tall, thick-set figure clad in tweeds, his rugged face, which had never been handsome, deeply tanned, his calm eyes scanning the crowd with their habitual look of sophistication mingled with a subtle sympathy. Aurelius, springing forward, seized upon his hand.

"What a pleasure!" And waving excitedly toward the empty chair, "See, we 've been keeping it for you!"

John Holland, after saluting the three Graces, took the ninth chair, and the circle was complete.

CHAPTER VIII

AGLAIA FINDS THAT WILL POWER CANNOT DO EVERYTHING

JOHN HOLLAND was quartered in the Hotel Alexandra, on the Arno, not far from the Pension Schwandorf. He had expected to be in Florence only a day or two, yet he was staying out the week. The Goodchild family proved more interesting than Mme. Bertha Linkow and the rest at Montecatini.

Late in the afternoon he entered the pension, so familiar to all his senses with its coolness, its silences, its smells of antiquated stuffs; so prompt to evoke that melancholy which pervades a place where one has lived a different life and had another sort of thoughts. For a while, in the boudoir-office, he chatted with Mme. von Schwandorf of the past. Where was his old-time waiter? And the countess who had no change of dress, but flaunted a brave pair of diamond ear-rings? And the ancient lady in black bombazine who had danced with the last Emperor of France? Having learned that all were gone, remembering that he himself was nearly two decades advanced beyond those student-days, he strolled into the garden.

Aurelius was there. He had spent half the night perusing "The Six Cæsars" and "The History of Roman Literature." He was primed now for a score of learned arguments with Mr. Holland. "Did not Lucretius in his fifth book anticipate Darwin? Was the Saturnian meter of Latin or Etruscan origin? What was the real cause of Ovid's banishment?" But John Holland, in vacation-time, preferred to forget that he was a historian. Aurelius soon found himself telling of his life in Zenasville.

The three Graces appeared in the glass corridor.

They drew near, all fresh in their evening dresses, which clung to three forms unlike except in youth's free, supple movement. When they greeted the visitor, half diffident at his celebrity, half eager to be intimate with fame, the three faces, framed in three shades of red hair, were lifted toward his like so many blossoms, and a mingled fragrance, of simple sachets, of rich tresses, of almost adolescent corporeal purity, rejoiced his heart. When they were seated round the tea-table, their poses all maintained a vague expectancy.

Cyril Bellegram came in, and Reginald Dux, and Olivuzzi, with Lieutenant Fava. Mr. Holland invited all of them to dinner.

They drove to a restaurant in the suburbs, where tables were laid on a terrace

overlooking the wide country-side, where the white-haired proprietor recognized John Holland with a cry of pleasure, and the waiters began to run around like rabbits. Whatever the sisters ate was delicious; even the spaghetti seemed different from that of every day. Twilight fell; arc-lamps sputtered overhead; below the railing fireflies twinkled in the tree-tops; and from the horizon, sinking into obscurity beneath one long, horizontal strip of purple, an extraordinary wistfulness stole in to them. For a time they were silent. Afar, a clear voice soared to the warm notes of a love-song, and, still throbbing, was lost in the immensity of the night.

"It 's too late for nightingales," they repeated, with regret.

"But the moon will soon be rising."

The moon rose; Thallie's eyes turned to Reginald, and Olivuzzi's to Euphrosyne. Aglaia secretly considered Mr. Holland.

He leaned back in his chair. His large frame expressed repose and power. His face was composed as usual, but his eyes were softened, as much, it seemed, by sadness as by sympathy. He was watching Thallie, who, laughing while Reginald made jokes that smacked of vaudeville-shows, let her fair young shape lean toward the young man as a flower inclines itself toward the sun.

Next day John Holland came to the pension to say good-by.

"Going!" cried Mr. Goodchild in dismay.

"Oh, I shall be back. Indeed, my work will keep me all winter in the neighborhood of Rome."

"That 's different." And, a twinkle lighting up his faded eyes, "That permits me to go on living in anticipation."

John Holland bade the Graces farewell. When he came to Thallie, he said: "I don't think much of your Monsieur Alphonse Zolande. You 'll permit me to recommend another painting-teacher?" When he had done so, turning to Aglaia: "Mughetto, however, is excellent. I feel sure he 'd do his best in any case, but I 've asked him to take a special interest in you." And to Frossie: "I ordered you some books on writing. You may find something in them, here and there, that has n't yet occurred to you." With one more kindly smile he left the Goodchild family at the gate; and the garden, even to Thallie, seemed like a place from which some fine expansive foliage had withdrawn its shelter.

But Thallie soon forgot Mr. Holland in wondering if Reginald would call that afternoon.

Nearly every day he appeared from the neighborhood of Quarto, where, with his friend Hector Ghillamoor, he was staying at the villa of a Baron di Campoformio. The latter, who had married an American, a cousin of the Ghillamoors, was now, in his early thirties, a widower. An ardent aviator, he possessed two aëroplanes. Since October had brought cooler weather, Hector Ghillamoor, at night playing cards and drinking in a pergola, in the daytime soaring high above the hills, was willing to stay on at the Villa Campoformio.

Reginald Dux was ready to remain near Florence for another reason.

Idle, with no intellectual hobbies, his mind was often invaded by romantic thoughts. He enjoyed foreign travel, which meant to him smart hotels, bright-eyed ladies from Latin and Slavonic countries, the possibility of "affairs." He dreamed at times of a tempestuous adventure with some *grande amoureuse* out of contemporary French fiction, whom he followed in reverie through half of Europe, and finally embraced on a marble terrace redolent of *olea fragans* bloom, preferably above the moonlit waters of Lake Como.

Of course he had found opportunity closer to his hand. There had been some indiscreet ladies of his own society, and the disclassed fellow-countrywomen living abroad, and actresses of a certain sort, and the sirens, with the pernicious freshness of extraordinary jungle orchids, who let their elaborate dresses trail through the press of gambling-casinos and along the esplanades of bathing-beaches. And

at home there had also been one little girl in a patched shirt-waist and worn shoes whom he had met in the haze of an undergraduate adventure, and who had wept "because he was different."

Yet beneath his chaffing, nonchalant demeanor, his real nature, his legacy of sensitiveness,—the traits that might have made him, with a less successful father, a practitioner in some emotional art,—suspected that all his heart-affairs were woefully undramatic in analysis. Still, dauntless because so young, he went on looking for the great experience; and because he was no more than twenty-six years old, at the approach of every woman who seemed beautiful, elegant, and more mature than he, Reginald asked himself, "Perhaps this is the one at last?"

Certainly the creature of his ideals had never at any time resembled Thallie.

She did not even resemble the girls of his own class, those young women whose simplicity of dress was nearly always artful, whose manners were subtly tinctured with sophistication, whose theoretical knowledge of the world seemed nearly to keep pace with masculine experience. At first she had amused him, like the heroine in a romance of rural setting, naïve, warm, natural, with the sweetness of a wild-flower, which, to be sure, one best appreciates when the mind is cleared of an enthusiasm for more complex blossoms. But, then, for the moment Reginald was sentimentally at liberty.

His sense of humor, rejoicing in what he would have called the "quaintness" of the Goodchild family, had led him presently into a sort of tenderness toward Thallie such as he often felt for the defenseless and the young, if to defenselessness and youth was added beauty. And, in fact, whenever he looked intently at her, he had to admit that in her special type she was a well-nigh flawless specimen.

She sat in a wicker chair against the hanging roses, her batiste collar rolling open from the neck, one pink, lax palm upturned on her round knee, her little white slippers close together on the gravel. Those calls—her shy punctilio, her innocent self-revelation, her attempts at wise discussion, which seemed invariably out of place—reminded him somehow of a doll's tea-party. And yet, when he scrutinized her fair, pure skin, her ripe mouth, the mingled slenderness and plumpness of her form, he felt a swift impulse to seize her face between his hands and ravish her lips. Light-haired himself, the ideal of his romantic dreams had always been brunette, interestingly pale, with raven locks and large black eyes, as lithe as a beast of prey, in every pose expressing the soul-weariness of a Russian adventuress in a Broadway melodrama. It was refreshing for Reginald to learn that he could feel this way "toward blondes." The discovery enlarged the horizon of his possibilities: he derived from it, as it were, a greater sense of competence.

And Thallie flattered him by a sort of deference that he had imagined ended in these days of careless manners. And Thallie seemed more than just diverted by his visits. And presently he felt that if he did seize her flowerlike face between his hands, did drink of those ripe lips, all her shyness would melt into the enervation of surrender, all her apparent adolescence might be transformed into the fervor of maturity. When Hector Ghillamoor suggested moving north, it was Reginald, the notorious victim of periodic boredom, who held out for a longer stay in drowsy Florence.

Ghillamoor, his herculean form stretched on a sofa in the Villa Campoformio, his face of a young gladiator showing its customary sulky smile, agreed to one week more. So Reginald's calls continued at the pension; and Lieutenant Olivuzzi, who often met him there, took it for granted that he was going to marry Thallie.

The lieutenant, for his part, still called at the Pension Schwandorf on Euphrosyne's account.

Camillo Olivuzzi was at liberty, outside the army, to call himself a count, owing to a custom which, in some Italian provinces, permitted all the sons of petty

nobles to assume the same title as the father. His parents lived with their younger children in the depths of the Abruzzi, in a dwelling half-castle and half-farm, without modern conveniences, surrounded by slipshod servants who behaved like humble members of the family, with difficulty making both ends meet. The old Count Olivuzzi derived a slender living from his land, which source of revenue he believed to be the only one a gentleman might profit by. However, he counseled his sons to marry money; and every summer, after going thin and threadbare for ten months at home, the parents convoyed their daughters to the fashionable resorts, where for some weeks they managed to live like persons well-to-do while parading the three girls before eligible young men from Rome and Milan. Their savings spent, they trailed back for another hibernation in their rickety castle, donned the old costumes by which the peasantry had long recognized them from afar, resumed their diet of *polenta,* sausages, and family bread, and, without books or intellectual companionship, awaited, like the hope of resurrection, next spring's extravagances.

Camillo had escaped that life.

He had gone for three years to the military school at Modena, then two years to the cavalry school at Pinerolo, and finally had done his course at Tor di Quinto, where cavalry cadets received the finishing touch. During that time, because of the exceptional social benefits bestowed upon young cavalry officers, Camillo had replaced his rural awkwardnesses with an excellent set of manners. Also, the Tripoli War breaking out in his first year with the Magenta Regiment, he had learned in the wastes of Libya invaluable lessons both of patience and initiative, had proved his spirit, and acquired the poise of those who have come hand to hand with death.

His fellow-officers were well-mannered young men, with the bodies of athletes and the brains of dandies, dare-devil riders, eager gamblers, great amateurs of women, unmoral, yet likable, now energetic and now indolent, by nature callous and by impulse generous. All were well bred, and many had titles of nobility. Most had entered the army, the only honorable business that occurred to them, to escape in some measure the futile existence of their class. Few, however, had any thought of rising high in their profession, or even of continuing in it for long unless the Austrians threatened to come down at last. Made as if expressly for love, war, and fatalism, they were, like so much in modern Italy, out of date, as if they contained the souls of those gay, lazy, ruthless young gallants of the Middle Ages who had been their ancestors.

But Camillo Olivuzzi was of a different fiber. Perhaps the old fortress of his fathers had bestowed on him something of its bleak simplicity, just as the Abruzzi gorges may have influenced his nature with their rugged strength. The lean early years, the loneliness of those hills, had brought him a host of thoughts almost ascetic in their seriousness. The flighty comrades of his military life had not altered the intentions of his boyhood days—to rise high in the service of his country, to remain always the cavalier without fear and without reproach, to find as soon as possible the good woman worthy to be the mother of his children.

One day, in Via Tornabuoni, he had seen Euphrosyne.

He had seen a girl whose fresh coloring and bright-red hair appealed, with a delightful novelty, to all that was wholesome in his character, whose firm features suggested sanity, cheerfulness, and high ideals, whose good, healthy figure, foreshadowing a matronly solidity, seemed fashioned to withstand the charge of happy babies. And instantly he had thought, with that strange thrill which accompanies the predestined crises of a life, "Whoever she is, wherever she comes from, here is the one whom I can marry!"

Acquaintance with her had not abated that conviction.

Speaking in her own tongue, she told him of Zenasville. But from her story he derived impressions of a village such as he

had seen portrayed in English photographs, neat, quaint, exhaling wholesomeness from ancient hedges and Elizabethan roof-trees, where, down mature green vistas, one perceived young people, white-clad, clustered beside a cricket-field. He, speaking Italian, told her of the Abruzzi. She constructed from those descriptions a craggy landscape full of waterfalls and abandoned lairs of brigands, a sort of paradise out of a fairy-tale, crowned by a ruddy castle in the style of Maxfield Parrish. Yet, after all, each saw those regions merely as a poetic setting for the speaker.

Frossie, in a tone of raillery that was only half successful, ventured:

"Up there in your mountains some one is pining for you, I suppose, like the damsel in old story-books?"

"No, Signorina," he exclaimed emphatically. "But in your Zenasville, no doubt?"

Looking down, she shook her head. He was not satisfied.

"I understand that in America a girl may have been engaged half a dozen times?"

Meeting his gaze directly, she said:

"At least I know I should not engage myself to marry unless it was going to be for life."

"Till death do part, not so?" Camillo quoted in English, his smile returning.

"Till death do part," she echoed, with an attempt to imitate that smile. But a chill passed through her heart, as when a cloud suddenly obscures the sun.

Now, nearly every afternoon, the pension garden took on a military aspect. Lieutenant Fava, with his bony jaws, his squint, his rat-tail mustaches, always manœuvered for a chair near Thallie, to spin for her, in fluent French, long, sanguinary yarns of Sicily, his native land. And still another lieutenant of the Magenta Cavalry had slipped into that circle, a youth from Lombardy, named Azeglio. Despite his Northern fairness, it was pale-haired Aglaia whom he approached with all his Latin gallantries. Reginald Dux, with a sour smile, suggested to Thallie that the three lieutenants must have signed a protocol restricting each to one of the three Graces.

The tea-table was still laid beneath the palm-tree. Against the bamboo thickets the light dresses and smart uniforms composed a charming tableau. Cyril Bellegram halted in the glass corridor, glared at that scene, then stalked off to his bedroom.

"Wretched foreigners! I leave this hole to-morrow!"

But Cyril Bellegram had made that resolution several times of late, only to break it. However, he was used to compromises with his nature.

In a family of strong, unimaginative, formal sons, he was the queer one. A taint of degeneracy had predisposed him to the admiration and the practice of the fine arts, while excluding from his nature a virility which would have made endeavor in those arts effective. Worse still, any pleasure that he took in writing music, sketching, tinkering with Latin odes and English sonnets, was abated by his training, to the effect that artists of all sorts were very well in their own way, but hardly patterns for an English country gentleman!

It was on his foreign journeys that he was happiest.

His allowance in his pocket, he bade good-by to convention, and took the road with the gay expectancy of a Bohemian. But, alas! in every hotel-pension convention rose before him in the person of some fellow-countryman, to whose humdrum point of view he must conform. And even in native taverns he felt an invincible obligation to uphold before those foreigners the conservatism of the British Isles.

Yet there were moments when he had thrown off decorum with a desperate gesture, as a young gallant might let slip his cloak in some enchanted garden, beneath the high window, half open to romance, that is reached by a ladder of vines all heavy with aromatic blossoms. And he would never regret those hours like elopements into a different world, resonant with hoof-beats, illumined by the window-

lights of passing chalets, perfumed by youth and beauty close beside him, though the object of that flight was only some hill-top restaurant, though the romance, if analyzed, would doubtless have been contaminated by a mercenary motive, though the whole adventure cost a week, a month perhaps, of cheaper pensions, of grosser tobacco, of third-class instead of second-class compartments.

But he hoped, also, for a meeting that should have lifelong consequences, and the face he had seen on the Devon moors returned with a more complicated loveliness, contained the beauty of every woman who had ever stimulated the creation of a work of art. "Yes," he would think, without blushing, without remembering that by inheritance he was an English country gentleman, "she must exist somewhere in this world, the one who was meant to be my inspiration." And he pictured a woman content to live with him, "the world well lost," in some such remote, exotic villa as affords the closing scenes for certain novels of Mr. H. G. Wells, who would give up her life to encouraging his talents and to sympathizing with his quirks, who would keep all silent in the house while he composed his masterpieces, and then at twilight, entering softly in a sort of Preraphaelite negligée, would read the last pages, examine the last brush-strokes, hear the last chords, and lay her cool hand across his feverish brow, and utter every time, in a voice like water rustling through iris-stalks, "But that is genius!"

At last, in the Pension Schwandorf, he had found Aglaia.

They seemed to think alike on every topic. A new sense of peace pervaded him when she agreed with all his views. He soon felt that she at least would not ridicule his secret aspirations. He believed finally that this was the only woman in the world who could appreciate him.

As he contemplated her clear-cut profile, her lustrous copper-colored tresses, her whole dainty person that was enveloped with the scent of heliotrope, a mist rose before his eyes till her face took on the ambiguity of the ideal. And Cyril, who prided himself on a nice appreciation of all charming things, no longer saw Aggie as she had looked at first.

He wanted to pour out all his despairs and hopes for her, unload on her shoulders his countless fancied troubles, beseech her to be, if nothing more, his guiding star. But next day, when she bestowed that gentle, comprehending smile on Olivuzzi or Azeglio or Reginald Dux, Cyril marched off to his room, threw some shirts into his trunk, determined to "leave her to her just deserts" among these aliens. Like many persons at once egotistical and timid, he was seized with a violent agitation at the first hint of rivalry.

Aglaia always found a way to calm him. When the suitors were gathered, if only she could catch his eye, she sent him a secret glance, as who should say, "When will you and I be free for a talk that 's really worth while!" Sometimes, when the rest were gone, she made a grimace, heaved a sigh of relief, fixed her gaze on Cyril with a veiled sweetness which confessed, "But with you I don't think I 'd *ever* feel that way." And once more, as in times when the garden had been less popular, they sat down for a tête-à-tête beneath the palmetto.

Aglaia asked him:

"What foreign ambassador is it who writes such beautiful poetry? How splendid it must be to shine like that, with equal brilliance in two spheres! His diplomatic successes offset his literary triumphs; his poetic traits are pardoned by the most conservative, because of his statesmanship. By the way, have you thought any more about the foreign service?"

"I 'd go in for it," he replied, "if you advised me to."

"Do it, then."

"By Jove, I will!" cried Cyril so sharply that Bristles, the Irish terrier, scrambled to his feet. Aggie, to seal the bargain, held out her slim, cool hand.

"Remember, I shall keep you to that resolution; for I want to see you use not one, but all, of your talents. I want to be very proud of you—"

She stopped there, released her hand

from his, looked away as one does who has been tempted to reveal too much.

In her bedroom she thought: "That was clumsy of me. He must n't propose till I 've made up my mind."

She knew by this time that Cyril was not the stuff from which ambassadors are made. By good management, however, he might at least become the secretary of an embassy. But even to wear the court regalia of a secretary's wife—the three plumes, the veil of tulle, the four-yard train—Aggie would not now be willing to give up the operatic stage. For she had found right in Florence a new singing-teacher, a witty, convincing little man named Chiamorino, who had promised that in two years, with twenty-franc lessons only twice a week, her soprano would be "a sensation equal, perhaps, to Melba's."

She might make a wiser match if she waited till she was famous.

"Oh, as for that, one can always divorce a husband that one 's outgrown! And in the meantime—"

She recalled a certain raw spring afternoon on the highway outside of Zenasville, when her sisters had voiced their discontent, when she herself had said, "But I am nearly thirty years old, with one whole side of life still a closed book."

While rubbing cold-cream on her nose, Aglaia paused to appraise the rest of the three Graces' court.

Camillo Olivuzzi would doubtless make the most impassioned lover; but Camillo could hardly be won away from Frossie. Besides, their titles notwithstanding, these cavalry officers were too poor for an ambitious girl to bother with. Cyril Bellegram, to be sure, was poor himself; but, as his family was rich, a baby ought to bring a handsome settlement. Reginald Dux, on the other hand, would be a splendid catch. But Aggie, after studying that young man well with her clear emerald eyes, had concluded that he would no more marry into the Goodchild family than he would hang himself.

"By the way, I really ought to tell Thallie so, poor kid!"

Reginald saved her that trouble by taking his departure.

Hector Ghillamoor's eight-year-old daughter had fallen ill in Paris. The telegram reached the Villa Campoformio at dinner-time, and Reginald at once returned to town to say good-by to Thallie. He found the family taking coffee in the garden.

When he had given the reason for his leaving, there passed like a flash through Thallie's mind the bitter conviction, "He 's going to comfort that black-haired woman of the Cherbourg tender, that hateful Mrs. Ghillamoor!" Moreover, he would regain that region of night restaurants and music-halls, full of ugly, fascinating, wanton girls who leaned their bare shoulders against pillars and responded to his chaffing with peculiar looks. She thought, "If you ever do that again, it must be all over between us!" But since he stood here, hat in hand, his cab at the gate, his baggage by this time at the station, was it not all over between them now?

All the life seemed to leave her body. She could hardly lift her arm to meet his hand-clasp. She did not dare to speak.

He whispered:

"Walk to the corner with me."

She found herself beside him in the dusky street.

"So it 's *au revoir* again," he said, looking down at her through the gloom with a gay, tender, patronizing smile.

"*Au revoir?*"

Her voice broke on those words. She knew that her mouth, half open, must be grotesquely twisted.

"Did you think for a moment that I was n't coming back?"

She only stared at him, her chin up, her hands clasped before her breast as if in an attitude of prayer. And her immobility that was so significant, her eyes that showed through the darkness all their secret, the whole sweet contagion that her presence spread around, bewitched the young man like a fulfilment of his most romantic reveries. Now, if ever, he wanted to snatch her into his embrace,

"For a moment Reginald was sentimentally at liberty"

cover her face with kisses. Not on some marble balcony above Lake Como, but in a prosaic street, beside a pension; not in the presence of some *grande amoureuse* out of contemporary French fiction, but before a girl whose naïveté had formerly amused him, Reginald Dux, the rich, the socially prominent, the highly eligible, felt a moment of divine insanity, was on the point of uttering the fatal words: "Cost what it may, it 's you that I must have! Come with me! Marry me to-night!"

But of a sudden he remembered an American country house built in imitation of a European summer palace. He saw, in a white-stone room adorned with crimson chairs, his mother's face, thin, cold, domineering, pitiless toward anything opposed to her ambitions. He regained his senses as if a bucket of cold water had been thrown over him.

They found themselves beside the waiting cab. With one foot on the step, he felt his aplomb returning. Half embarked, he could risk another sentimental shot for the satisfaction of kindling again in Thallie's face that glow of joy.

"Separation from all this," said he, including the house-front, the garden wall, the stars, and her in one wide, graceful gesture, "will make me count the hours till I 'm back." He took her hand again. "Meanwhile, think of me sometimes, what?".

Through a mist of tears, of adoration, she watched the cab bowl down the street.

The days that followed were scarcely less exquisite than when he had been present. In Florence, Thallie discovered the delicious sadness of a place from which the beloved has departed. Sure that he would return before separation had become unbearable, she experienced the luxury of a romantic loneliness. She walked out of her way to pass the tobacco shop where they had met again. She took tea in Giacinta's because he had sat there beside her. From the studio window in Via de' Bardi she gazed forth across the city toward Quarto, murmuring: "Poor lonely hills! He has left you, too!"

She went on with her painting, which showed the energy that love imparts to all creative work. M. Alphonse Zolande expressed amazement at her progress.

Though October was drawing to a close, the painting-master had not yet found another pupil. Even his famous patroness, the Princess Tchernitza, remained away from Florence; it seemed that she was "visiting her Bulgarian estates." Thallie began to wonder if this personage, like the winter students, was a myth.

She recalled John Holland's advice that she change painting-teachers. Her pity for M. Zolande prevented such a step.

Thallie had found out that he was a counterfeiter of old masters. His secret bared, he had thrown himself upon her generosity. All his life, he protested, fate had been against him: his original work had been too subtle for the public. So finally, in desperation, he had embraced this chance to live.

As he stood there in his velveteen coat and shabby shoes, so lean and leathery and gray, pathetically resembling the great painter Gérôme, Thallie could scarcely find it in her heart to blame him. When she remembered that once upon a time he had been expected to do well, when she imagined him as he must have been in those brave, boyish days, her eyes grew moist, she determined not to think of picture-counterfeiting as dishonest. And presently it no longer seemed dishonest.

Then she took a sort of guilty pleasure in his cleverness, while he explained to her how he had found the formulas by which the old masters worked; for instance, the Venetian secret, the use of the three colors, and the peculiar benefits of sunlight. At Mr. Goodchild's step outside the door, they thrust the counterfeits behind the divan.

Aurelius, because of his many projects and preoccupations, seldom reached the studio before Thallie had set out for home. But no matter how late he was, he always climbed the four flights of stairs to make sure.

One day while he was toiling up the third staircase, harsh voices burst forth

from the landing overhead: M. Zolande and a caller were quarreling in French. Aurelius, reluctantly arriving at the studio door, saw the painting-teacher confronted by a swarthy man in a battered straw hat and a purple suit, with kinky mustaches bristling above his flat vermilion lips. It was the Greek whom the Goodchild family had taken for an assassin in the train! It was "Monsieur Constantine Farazounis, Antiques, Curiosities, Commissions, Box 387, General Post-office, Naples!"

The recognition was mutual.

Constantine Farazounis spread out his arms, batted his thickly fringed eyelids, gave vent to a cry of delight, pounced upon Mr. Goodchild's hand.

"My gentleman! You here?"

"By a happy chance," Aurelius explained, "to escort my daughter, who has the advantage of studying art with Monseer Zolande."

The painting-teacher vouchsafed in somber tones:

"Mademoiselle is gone, Monsieur."

"Ah," stammered Aurelius, "in that case—"

"One second, my sir! I shall go with you," Constantine Farazounis announced enthusiastically. Over his shoulder, in rapid French, in quite another voice, to Zolande, who was watching with a gloomy, grudging air, "Remember, next time a customer scrapes a Titian and finds no reddish-silvery foundation, you will hunt up another market!" And the curio-dealer conveyed Mr. Goodchild to the street with as much care as if he had in hand something very fragile and precious.

Aurelius was overwhelmed by so much courtesy. He remembered with a pang the wrong he had done this honest fellow on the way from Milan. He was determined to make amends at once for past injustice. He invited Monsieur Farazounis to the pension for lunch.

The other shook his head benevolently.

"No, my sir. It is I who must be the hospitable to-day. Let us go to some chic restaurant."

Out of diffidence, Mr. Goodchild suggested his old haunt, the Café Hirsch. There, while Aurelius was telephoning his excuses to the pension, the Greek ordered a lunch that turned the kitchen upside-down. Otto, the bald-headed Swiss waiter, who had not served a meal like this, outside of dreams, for many a day, presented the courses with a flourish.

After polishing several plates and downing a flask of wine, M. Farazounis washed his mouth with coffee, picked his glistening teeth, grew confidential.

Business had not been good. These days there were so many false antiques for sale that people had grown suspicious even of the most impeccable affidavits. He, for his part, had some wonderful objects that he could not dispose of just on that account—a collection of Homeric jewelry, a dozen flawless examples of pre-Hyksos pottery, a marble Hermes by a pupil of Praxiteles, dug up from a cellar in the suburbs of Athens. But never mind; he had another iron in the fire, a project that would make him, at a single coup, a millionaire! Leaning across the table, pointing a dirty forefinger at Mr. Goodchild's nose, he whispered hoarsely:

"What would you say, my gentleman, if I knowed where to put the hand on the treasures of an ancient dynasty!"

"Good Lord!" Aurelius gasped, a shiver running down his spine. "In a pyramid?"

"There, now I have sayed too much!" He peered distrustfully at Otto, whose round pink face, ordinarily so mournful, wore at last an expression of grandeur. "That waiter, for example, to-morrow he may serve some German archæologist! No, another time, when we are quite alone, I will tell you all, my sir; you will see how I trust you even with that secret. For I can read human natures! I can see when a gentleman is worthy to know my all! Meantimes, let us act natural." And, in loud, careless tones, "You are come often to this little café?"

"Nearly every afternoon."

"Excuse; then I must join you now and then!"

"I trust, sir, you 'll also honor the Pension Schwandorf with a call or two."

Again the Greek shook his head, with a deprecating smile.

"When you know me better, when I have proved my worth."

This delicacy charmed Aurelius.

The host felt in all his pockets, half rose from his chair, looked blank.

His purse was gone!

Mr. Goodchild settled for the splendid lunch.

"And it was to be my hospitality!" moaned the Greek.

"Remember, though, that I suggested it in the first place."

"That 's so," Farazounis assented, with a sigh.

The Greek went his way depressed. And Aurelius, because he did not walk straight home, missed Mme. Bertha Linkow's second call.

Indeed, the prima donna found nobody at the pension but Aggie. The latter sustained four strenuous kisses, one for each sister and one for "that exasperating papa," whom the singer vowed she did not expect to see again this side of heaven. They sat down in the parlor beside the pianoforte.

Mme. Linkow intended to leave in a fortnight for New York; in December she was to sing her first opera of the season, at the Metropolitan.

"As *Gilda,* my dear. Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la-a-a-la! Tra-la-la-la-a-a-a! And so forth. Do you think my shape is going to be sufficiently girlish? God knows, every morning I lie on my bed and wave my legs in the air till my groans draw a crowd in the corridor!" Jumping up, she turned her large figure round for Aglaia's inspection, while her fair, wholesome face, with its frame of corn-colored hair, was depressed by a little girl's look of concern. But abruptly she brandished her fist and cried in a hearty, resolute tone: "Bah! I shall open my throat, and they will forget my corporations. All the same, if I had your figure, now! With, maybe, a little more chest. Tell me, how is the voice coming on?" Her restless glance was attracted by the piano. "By the way, here we are all alone with this noble wreck of a Milanese tin pot! Perhaps you would feel like singing me a nice little song?"

A thrill weakened Aglaia's limbs; but she rose, with lips compressed, and approached the piano. The moment of vital criticism had come at last. As she took her place on the stool, she repeated to herself, "I have nothing to be afraid of. I 'm going to be great, anyway. But I 'll make her see how great I 'm going to be!"

She sang the "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca."

A long silence ensued. At last, turning round, she stared at Mme. Linkow.

The prima donna sat gazing at the floor. Her face seemed like a stranger's, with its smile of sadness, as if some one had just told her an old pathetic story that she knew already by heart. She inquired in a gentle way:

"Mughetto is not teaching you now?"

"I have a new man, a Signore Chiamorino."

"Signore Chiamorino? Yes, he is well known. He makes his living deceiving young American girls with vain hopes."

Again Aglaia felt that thrill, and knew it now for a sickening premonition.

"He—told me that—in—two—years—"

"Of course. And you, with those green eyes so clever at seeing through men, made yourself believe this one because you wanted that what he said should come true. *Ach, Gott,* as do all the rest who desire! My poor little Aggie, if I am cruel now, you will maybe forgive me some day. All I can say is this: if ever you had any voice, it is gone."

That same afternoon, in a daze that was like a nightmare, Aggie flew back to Valentino Mughetto.

The man-servant in his striped yellow waistcoat ushered her into the stone reception-room, with its antique chairs, the Donatello bust on the mantel-shelf, the majolica vase on the table. The singing-master appeared in the doorway, gigantic, his body like a half-inflated balloon, his inky beard spread over his coat-lapels like a fan. Again those black eyes of his comprehended her person in one swift flash,

and plunged, as it were, to the very depths of her soul.

"So, since the three months are up, the signorina returns?"

"Yes, Maestro," she breathed, and laid her hand on a chair-back.

His pear-shaped face turned redder; his eyes showed a gleam like anger.

"Say that again," he demanded.

Aglaia could not utter a word.

Moving swiftly forward, he ordered in tones that rang from the walls:

"Speak!"

"I said, 'Yes, Maestro.'"

Valentino Mughetto, with frigid politeness, remarked:

"Signorina, your voice informs me that though I told you not to sing one note, you have sung a great many. Three months ago I saw a bare chance of saving you for small contralto parts in some second-rate opera-house. But you have destroyed that chance. To-day you have nothing left. I bid you good evening."

CHAPTER IX

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE, FOR RICHER FOR POORER

For three days Aglaia kept to her room. At night her sleep was troubled by dismal dreams. She seemed to be wandering in the dark in a place like one of those infernal ravines depicted by Doré. And always a vague, dull horror oppressed her as she repeated: "There 's no escape. It can never be undone. These walls are the barriers of Fate." Then, from far overhead, she heard the harsh voice of Valentino Mughetto and presently Mme. Linkow singing the rôle of *Gilda*. She woke with a start. Sunbeams entered between the shutters. They brightened the flowered paper of confusing designs; the chintz upholstery, covered with poppies, monkeys, pomegranates, butterflies; the piano that Mr. Goodchild had bought for her only three months ago. A groan escaped Aggie at realization that she had returned to the actual world.

Giannina, the maid, came in, tiptoe, with the breakfast-tray, her face arranged in mournful lines, her mouth no longer comic. Whispering hoarsely, she begged the signorina to drink just a little coffee; her husband, the bucaneer Federico, had made it with his own hands.

Mme. von Schwandorf brought into the room her yellow frizzes and melancholy, wise smile, her Florentine poodle, her overpowering odor of bergamot. Nodding, winking her faded eyes, she expressed in a tremulous voice the conviction that Aggie would some day enjoy looking back on these mournful moments. Mme. von Schwandorf supposed that Aggie's prostration was due to a lover's quarrel.

For Aglaia had made the family swear that no one, not even Cyril Bellegram, should know the truth.

Her sisters and father were stunned by this calamity. With their pity was mingled now and then a little fear: the bolt that had shriveled those hopes might strike again, and annihilate still more. If Aggie's voice could fail—

Finally they persuaded Aggie to make excursions with them. They drove to the Tuscan hamlets whose towers Boccaccio had known; to the hills like backgrounds by Leonardo da Vinci; to wayside inns, where, in smoky kitchens festooned with ropes of garlic, one ate a delicious lunch of eggs, coarse bread, and cheese. In the evening Aurelius suggested the Café Marco or made up a theater party.

Though November had come, the Alhambra, the open-air music-hall, had yet to close its doors. The Incomparable Nella Tesore, the "International Star," was playing another engagement there. The Goodchilds, the three lieutenants, and Cyril Bellegram attended the show.

The Incomparable was preceded by a dozen minor artists; the proscenium, a golden square against the purple night, framed ballad-singers, acrobats, trained parrots, comedians, eccentric dancers. The audience drank beer, ate sherbets, puffed at cigars and cigarettes, and the veils of tobacco-smoke, rising slowly from the close-packed iron tables, mingled at last with the withering foliage overhead. But all diversions ceased, and great applause

burst forth, as there stepped out upon the stage a dark, vivid woman with a figure full of curves and undulations, wearing a short, bespangled dress and the patent-leather hat of a bersagliere. With a gesture of good-fellowship, she gave the crowd a flashing smile. She began to sing in a loud, rather husky voice the romance of the pretty pansy-seller.

Camillo, aware that Frossie now understood Italian very well, engaged in earnest conversation. Cyril Bellegram, after listening suspiciously to the first verse, turned in a flurry to Aglaia.

"You 're a little better now?"

Closing her eyes, she nodded, with an air of suffering.

"All that time you were so ill I felt like the very deuce. And even now, when I see those black shadows underneath your eyes—"

Nella Tesore, whose gestures, at least, remained misleading, attacked the last and most atrocious verse. Camillo talked faster. But Frossie—the very Frossie who six months before would have shown a scarlet face in such a situation—interrupted him with the words:

"Don't bother, Lieutenant. You must know that I can hear her all the same. What difference does it make? If you really believed that sort of thing might hurt me, you 'd be paying me a poor compliment."

He stammered:

"Forgive me, Signorina! Yet my motive was like that of honest priests, who resent bad language where the image of their Virgin is enshrined."

Agitated by this speech, which was almost equal to a sentimental declaration, Frossie laughed quickly:

"Never mind, so long as poor old dad adores it. It 's easy to see he does n't understand one word in ten."

Mr. Goodchild sat well forward in his seat. With his high, white brow, his patriarchal beard of gold and silver, his sensitive features illumined by a pure delight, he afforded a spectacle to confound his ribald neighbors. When the Tesore had withdrawn, he proclaimed:

"Yes, siree, that lady is an artist! She has method, technic, a comic genius! She is wasted on so small a public. She would go far in the legitimate. I doubt if Réjane, whom I saw in Paris on my travels, began with such advantages."

Lieutenant Azeglio whispered solemnly to Lieutenant Fava:

"He ought to have the benefit of her acquaintance!"

But Lieutenant Fava, leaning as close to Thallie as he dared, was relating, in an impassioned undertone, the longing of his lonely life—to be the cavalier of some one with "the brow of Piccarda Donati, the cheek of Catarina Sforza, the blush of Beatrice Portinari, the smile of La Fornarina." And Thallie was wondering: "Where is Reginald to-night? If only he were here, saying such words to me!"

Next evening, however, in the pension garden, she found Lieutenant Fava more explicit.

Strolling with him beside the garden-wall, of a sudden Thallie knew that he was making love to her. When a clump of bamboo concealed them from the rest, he stepped in front of her to check her progress. His bony face, his rat-tail mustaches, his squint, all his extraordinary ugliness, appeared transfigured by the glowing purpose that incited him. He was going to propose!

Her heart in her throat, Thallie recoiled against the wall.

Lieutenant Fava clasped his hands before his chin, put on a piteous look, declaimed in hoarse tones:

"Mademoiselle, when you turn away your head like that my veins are filled with ice! Have pity on me! It 's a month since I have slept! My very soul lies at your feet, your feet so tiny, so tormenting! I am mad with love for you! I love you with all my fibers! I am dying of it!"

Still Thallie stood motionless, her back against the wall, her pulses thumping. She felt that if this was not a dream, she was listening to a speech straight out of some romance.

The Sicilian snatched her hand, pressed

it against the padded bosom of his cavalry jacket. He did this very well, as though he had practised it considerably.

"Marry me, and we will go away to my own land, where the roses never fade, where the winds are like kisses, where the sunsets bring tears, where the moonlight will make you tremble. All our life shall be one long embrace, a golden cup of bliss, never emptied!"

That was a line that he had heard a Roman actor speak in a play called "The Whirlwind of Passion." But the actor's delivery was no better than Lieutenant Fava's.

This amorous homage, so poetically suggestive, all for her, filled Thallie's heart with a delicious tremor. Closing her eyes, she tried to imagine those impassioned cadences as issuing from another's lips. But the other was far away in Paris, and the Sicilian was close beside her, holding her hand in his, from which flowed into her tissues, like a magnetic current, the full strength of his desire. She saw a mirage of all her girlhood dreams—the eternal land where the roses never fade, where the winds are like kisses, where life is a long embrace. For the moment the one who proffered those delights was transformed by the fact that he adored her. Slightly dizzy, with parted lips, she even visualized the fulfilment of his vows.

But a panic of shame and remorse seized her. She wrenched her hand free. She perceived him again as he actually was, a dreadfully homely young man, an unspeakably impudent young man, would-be profaner of all that she was holding sacred for the other. She transfixed him with a look, and, summoning all the majesty that twenty can display, pronounced:

"I 'm very sorry, Lieutenant, but it can never be."

All the rest of the evening she kept thinking, "A man has proposed to me, and I 've turned him down!" She felt much older than before that episode—in fact, quite the woman of the world.

At last Thalia had the exultation of a girl who knows she is desired. When she looked in the mirror, her familiar person seemed remarkable, because of the disturbance it had caused. She had entered her kingdom of romance, was living such a life as she had begrudged the heroines of summer novels. And, to luxuriate more fully in the hour, she tried to imitate the mien, the thoughts, the whole conquering sweetness of that charming myth, the super-girl of fiction, whose face was on every book-cover, whose tyrannical witchery filled a thousand reams of print, whose idealized existence could hardly be imagined as descending to a compromise with nature.

But it was difficult to hold that pose for long.

To be sure, November was in, yet Italy had not lost its sensuous spell. The freshened winds brought stronger fragrances from the indomitable gardens. The hills that formed the cup of Florence still showed the same hues on their voluptuous contours. The night silences were interrupted still by love-songs full of unexpected, melting cadences, a-throb with the hot virility of the South. And through the winding streets, round the old palaces, in the recesses of the museums, a chance thought renewed the tremor of ancient passions, historic and mythological, that had been violent more often than serene, erotic more frequently than spiritual. As the sensitive heart becomes, in love, a lodestone, attaching to itself all influences in sympathy with its condition, Thallie, drinking in greedily whatever Florence could furnish to illuminate these new emotions, was no longer able to maintain the attitude of the super-girl of fiction.

In Via de' Bardi, too, her state of mind induced enlightenment. While the model rested, M. Zolande told more anecdotes about the love-affairs of famous artists who had been his fellow-students. The Parisian was not so careful now to trim his tales. But the change in their tone had been so gradual that Thallie scarcely noticed any difference.

She believed that her hours in Via de' Bardi had greatly broadened her in many ways. She came to regard Alphonse Zolande as a fascinating old thing, replete

with the philosophy of the artistic life. Now and then, naïvely playing at the famous comradeship of studios, she made his noon-day coffee.

Her rich auburn ringlets tumbling round her ears, she bent her spring-like face above the spirit-lamp. In her sky-blue eyes solicitude for the coffee mingled with relish of this lark. She made him sit at table, the cracked cup before him, a towel tucked under his chin. Half grave, half dimpling, her fine skin flushed delicately by the flame, she approached him with the brimming coffee-pot in hand, and her bated breath gently swelled the bosom of her gingham apron. The lean, corded hand of that "fatherly old thing," that Methuselah of fifty, shook as it raised the cup—from senility, no doubt! But Thallie, with a far-away look, was thinking, "Some day, in a different sort of place, I shall make Reginald's coffee!"

She disclosed such hopes to Frossie, of afternoons, when she walked with her sister through the Florence streets. And the two girls forgot the passers-by, the party-colored church-fronts, the towers and domes that shone like a medieval vision through the mist of sunset, while revealing to each other their most intimate desire, a husband who should always be a lover.

One afternoon, in the Piazza Beccaria, they saw the pedestrians all staring to the north, children running, cabs drawing toward the curb. A muffled clatter swelled gradually to a noise like summer thunder, and down the broad Viali, in a thick fog of dust, came trotting the Cavalry of Magenta, back from the country.

Above a flood of field-uniforms there bristled five hundred lances. The roll of hoofs shook the ground; the rattle of sabers and carbines became one deafening clash. The colonel and his trumpeter pounded by; the first platoon passed, the second, the third, a squadron of dirty riders and lathered mounts, a glitter of steel, a flapping of pennons, an odor of horses, wet leather, and sweating men. The second squadron approached, like some awesome machine on innumerable slim legs. And the first platoon of this squadron was led by Camillo, belted and booted, in dingy olive-gray.

His face was the color of earth; his mustaches seemed blond; his eyes, inflamed by the dust, stared straight ahead. He looked strong, masculine, hard, far beyond all thoughts of love. And Frossie felt once more that fear of his calling, an apprehension which dimmed her pride as a cloud obscures the sun.

When the fifth and last squadron had racketed by, the sisters slowly turned homeward, sneezing in unison.

A cab passed, bearing Aggie, Cyril Bellegram, and Bristles.

"My dear, that 's beginning to happen nearly every day!"

And so it was.

Aggie and Cyril now visited Certosa, Grassina, Careggi, Pratolino, the monasteries, the decayed fortresses, the famous villas. They invaded the stronghold of the Alessandri, the rural convent where Fra Bartolommeo had lived, the tower, rising from beds of ivy and vervain, where Galileo had watched the moon.

She leaned against the parapet, pale, slender, graceful even in distress. Attired in soft yellow, wearing a broad, beribboned hat of native straw, she resembled the princess of a modish fantasy, staring out from her battlements upon a lost domain. Now especially her face absorbed the sunlight as if more ethereal than flesh. Her lustrous hair, in these keen rays, seemed to share the pallor of her skin. Her green eyes, in the shadow of her hat-brim as unfathomable as the sea, slowly followed a road that wound away toward the north, where a yoke of white bullocks drew something that glimmered like a vanishing treasure.

All empty the treasury of hope! All gone the courage that was to buy a splendid life! The mirage of fame, which had been all these years so vivid, grew thin against the zenith and was absorbed into the sun forever. Aglaia, as cold as though her very heart's blood had been drawn forth into space, turned toward the future that she would have to meet, that seemed

to her empty of the least congenial promise, like the destiny of an unlucky stranger.

And because her voice had failed, she now doubted the power of her charms. She no longer felt sure that a determined woman could dominate any man. She recalled her longing to conquer some day one who was strong among his fellows, holding himself aloof in his renown and wealth. She might never glimpse the regions that such men inhabited!

The white bullocks and their glimmering treasure had melted into the north.

Averting her face, she saw Cyril staring at her dreamily. For the moment she had forgotten Cyril, who might become the secretary of an embassy, whose wife would then be at liberty to make her bow before a throne.

"How restful it is with you!" she sighed. "*You* don't torment me with a lot of condolences! Come, let 's go on. Let 's go so far to-day that even sadness falls behind."

The carriage rolled on between mellow walls overhung with ilex-trees. Aglaia reclined against the cushions in a pose that emphasized her exquisite fragility. Cyril, with busy eyes, adored this marvel whose physical softness and mental potency both seemed necessary to his nature.

But that very rareness of hers disheartened him. In Aglaia he seemed to discern the estranging promises of a unique career. While he was still doing the routine-work of embassies, she would doubtless have become the greatest singer in the world. It no longer occurred to him that prima donnas, while very well in their own way, were hardly the sort that English country gentlemen could marry. He only thought, "How insignificant I must appear to her when she contemplates that future—the frantic cities, the bouquets of kings, the foreign titles laid before her feet!" He tortured himself with the picture of some burly, bearded foreign prince, some Russian or Austrian grand duke, gathering her at last into his arms—a morganatic bride!

And of course such graces had already troubled many hearts. In her own land what men had loved her? And did they still mourn her absence? And did she remember all their vows with tenderness, with a divine compunction?

They regained Florence in the dusk.

But one day they visited Fiesole.

They had drunk their tea on the empty hotel terrace, overlooking the valley of the Arno. In the air, despite the sunshine, on the hillsides, for all the fullness of perennial foliage, there was a threat of change, a hint that many spells which had enhanced this intercourse were weakening.

In the hotel some one began to play the "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca," the music so poignantly associated with Aglaia's failure. She was unable to repress a gasp of pain.

"What 's the matter?"

Pressing her napkin to her lips, she lowered her head.

"That piano?"

Gradually her form grew tense, as if her whole being was pervaded by a final resolution. And slowly, so that the change in her might be complete, she raised a face that he had never seen before, with tremulous lips, with misty eyes, with a blush like the transfiguration of a lily in the sunset. Her voice, recalling the doves round Galileo's tower, answered:

"The 'Vissi d'Arte,' that you were playing in the pension the day we met."

With fallen jaws, he uttered:

"Aglaia!"

"Then you do care for me?"

"Oh, Aggie!"

"You never actually spoke. I had to conclude you did n't really want me."

"Not want you!"

"At any rate," she faltered, as her lashes veiled her eyes, "now you know the cause of all my sadness."

He sat there a-tremble, trying to realize that this divinity was going to condescend to his embrace.

"You, with your wonderful future!"

"No," she breathed, with a gesture of sublime renunciation, "I shall give up my career in opera now. I shall devote myself wholly to your interests."

And there, high above the city that had been for him the birthplace, and for her

the sepulcher, of fine ambitions, they gazed toward a far horizon, which neither could hope to reach without the other.

While driving back to Florence, they decided to be married that week, and leave at once for England.

A superb dawn ushered in the wedding-day.

The American church in the Piazza del Carmine resounded with the march from "Lohengrin." Before the flower-strewn altar the minister began to read the service:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

All that little world stood there motionless—the three lieutenants, whose dress uniforms blazed in the sunshine of high noon; Mme. von Schwandorf, whose bergamot suppressed the perfume of the roses; even M. Zolande, in hired evening dress, which gave him the look of a middle-aged rake betrayed by a sunrise. Thallie and Frossie, who resembled two Watteau damsels in dresses just alike, held their bunches of roses rigidly before them. Their faces, pale with solemnity, kept sinking forward, as if they themselves felt that trepidation which is supposed to be the bride's. But when the minister asked, "Who giveth this woman?" all eyes turned to Mr. Goodchild.

Aurelius felt the pathos of his rôle. Now there came back to him the picture of a baby peeping across her supper-plate in Zenasville. He saw her, too, in maidenhood, when it would have seemed like sacrilege to think that some day a stranger might possess her budding comeliness. But now he was surrendering her to the stranger; and soon her sisters would travel the same road, and he be left alone.

"Who giveth this woman?"

What emotions did Aurelius not long to show in his response! Resignation to life, the stoicism of an Epictetus: for Aggie, a swift epitome of his paternal love; for Cyril, a magnanimous assurance of his trust. And oh, to express at the same time the keenest pang of all—that the one whom he had lost full twenty years before was not beside him at such a moment in the flesh! Raising his head, he strove to put all those thoughts into the most dramatic line that fate had yet given him. But his face, with its tangled, grizzled beard, its transparent temples, its aquiline features sharpened still more by grief, only twitched spasmodically, like the visage of a saint enduring martyrdom. A hoarse rattle issued from his throat. For the first time in his life Aurelius missed a cue.

Gently the minister appropriated Aggie's hand and placed it in the bridegroom's.

"I, Aglaia, take thee, Cyril, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer—"

Her voice had the timbre of a silver bell. Her eyes shone steadfast, greener than ever beneath the veil of tulle, that had suggested to her the veil in which the wives of diplomatists make their bows before a throne.

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

It was done.

A wedding-breakfast awaited them at the pension.

The table, in the red dining-room, was heaped with all the remaining flowers of the garden. The centerpiece was a frosted cake, two feet high, surmounted by a cupola in which appeared a little sugar bride and bridegroom clasping hands.

On the sideboard the wedding-presents were displayed.

Mr. Goodchild had given a gold necklace in Etruscan style, and assurance that Aggie should receive one third of the Outwall legacy. Frossie and Thallie had bought a silver tea-set covered with cherubs. Camillo furnished a table-cloth of Florentine embroidery, Fava an urn made of lava from Mount Etna, Azeglio half a dozen silver tooth-picks. Mme. von Schwandorf's gift was a mammoth pincushion, frilled with lace, and painted

with two hearts skewered by the dart of Cupid. As for M. Zolande, he proffered an oil-sketch made in other days—of lions devouring some Christian maidens. Nothing had yet arrived from Reginald, Mme. Linkow, or John Holland.

At last the company was seated round the board. For the moment silence reigned, produced by a general embarrassment.

But a sound of excited whispering entered from the hall, where the patrons of the pension were gathered. At the end of the dining-room, behind piled-up tables, the house-servants craned their necks to see the bride. Giannina, the maid, uttered cries of admiration; Domenico, the door-porter, had smuggled in his wife and children; for a time there showed among those eager faces the cook's cap, the tousled heads of scullions.

Federico and his assistants, wearing white cotton gloves, majestically served the repast.

With Mme. von Schwandorf, they were ten. Aurelius could not imagine why M. Farazounis had not come. He missed Dr. Numble and the Inchkins, far away in Zenasville. His conscience smote him because he had not insisted on inviting all the people in the hall.

At least they should view the wedding-presents!

The menu offered caviar, double bouillon, a mayonnaise of sole, chickens in aspic, a crayfish salad, ices. The glasses, at Aggie's instigation, brimmed with champagne; all waited for Mr. Goodchild to propose, "The bride!" But Aurelius seemed inclined to wait until the feast was over. The young men philosophically began to drink their wine.

The Cavalry of Magenta then displayed its gallantry. Lieutenant Fava broke the ice:

"Happy the sun that kisses such a bride!"

"These roses are not so fair," averred Azeglio, debonair even in defeat.

The three soldiers declared that the bridegroom must wear a talisman. They wanted to know if he had sold himself to the devil in exchange for so much bliss. They bombarded him with complimentary jests in French, broken English, and Italian. Their high spirits soon conquered every one but Cyril.

The bridegroom was in a nightmare. He had not imagined that marriage meant this horrible publicity and levity. He felt like a man who enters a long-sought sanctuary, to find buffoons cavorting round the altar. Still, he managed to mask these sensations with a ghastly grin. To the rest he seemed merely to display the nuptial embarrassment that was wanting in the bride.

But even Aggie's smile grew strained when Aurelius stood up.

The father swept the table with a humid glance. His voice vibrated as he began:

"Friends, we are here to celebrate a sacrament, to wish the high contracting parties happiness. But of that blessing they already seem assured by the celestial auguries: Aglaia was born with the planet Venus in the sign of Aries, Cyril with Venus in the sympathetic sign of Sagittarius. From far countries Providence brought these two beautifully congenial natures into propinquity. Each may say, with the ancient poet:

"The wind from Ilium to Cicon's shore
Hath driven me!

"And surely, even without our prayers, God will bring to a glorious consummation this mystery of His handiwork. Yes, let them bear away to Albion our perfect confidence rather than our hopes: for just the touching sincerity of their betrothal must have won our Lord's benevolence. Each will find in the other that complement necessary to the highest unions, which Emerson has described. Each may say henceforth, in the immortal lines of Bayard Taylor:

"I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book
unfold!"

At this finale, Aggie bit her lip, and Cyril fairly cringed. But the company, rising, brandished their champagne-glasses.

"Hoch!" cried Mme. von Schwandorf, beside herself with emotion, *"Hoch, hoch, das Hochzeitspaar!"*

"Evviva!" shouted Fava and Azeglio, in the tones they used when the trumpets sounded the charge above a roar of hoof-beats.

Camillo, crushing Cyril's hand in his, exclaimed earnestly:

"Long life, Signore! Good luck! Many babies!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Bristles began to yelp; handclapping rattled in the hall; at the far end of the dining-room napkins and aprons fluttered; the porter's youngest child fell off the barricade of tables. The bride escaped to don her traveling-dress.

In front of the pension a crowd had gathered round the waiting carriage: when the bridal pair appeared, a lot of Rabelaisian loafers doffed their hats; and suddenly all the cripples in Florence seemed to rise from nowhere and beset the bridegroom.

With a frenzied gesture, he hurled a pocketful of silver upon the pavement. The coins, the crutches, the beggars, with their bandaged feet and slings, all struck the ground at once.

Aggie was in her father's arms; her sisters clung weeping to her cloak. There fell a shower of rice, and Cyril discovered on his cane a brave white-ribbon bow.

No longer rational, moved as if by a madman's strength, he thrust his wife into the carriage.

"Drive like the devil!" he screamed as a slipper whizzed past his ear. With a jerk the vehicle started; Cyril lost his hat. "Never mind! Go on, I say!" The coachman cracked his whip, the carriage careened, the horse turned the corner like a doubling hare.

But still Mr. Goodchild, Frossie, and Thallie stood staring down the street. They could hardly believe that Aggie was not coming back to them by dinner-time. They could not yet realize that the Graces were no longer three.

(To be continued)

Hatred

By SALOMÓN DE LA SELVA

WHEN hunger from the belly crawls
Up to the heart, and draws
Its dragon form about it, and its claws
Make all the limbs to ache; when darkness falls
Upon the blood-shot eyes
While yet the imperturbèd skies
Are full of light;
When lips God made for laughter cry outright,
Whether it be the fault of men or fate,
The heart God made for loving learns to hate.

The Sixth Canvasser

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "A Woman at a Prize-fight," "The Ollivant Orphans," etc.

MRS. BLAISDELL sat in the shade of the elm-tree while her son Tom and his wife Ada wandered about the place, surveying present growths and making plans for future ones. She followed them with her eyes and she tried to concentrate on their movements, but her thoughts kept beating away from their activities.

The Blaisdell place included an acre of lawn, carefully cultivated, running to the street, and many acres of land, premeditately uncultivated, running to the sound. The ground sloped both ways from the big, pleasant colonial house. In front, the slope drew after it a train of lawn that was like emerald plush. That plush was broken by haphazard growths, the product of a century and a half of care, that offered privacy here, shade there, pleasing combinations of color and form everywhere. The tall wine-glass elm, the huge, bulbous smoke-bush, two powdered fir-trees, the trio of slim, closely furled cypresses, the group of white birches that shivered in their filmy spring draperies—all had disposed themselves at the right distances. Here and there were flower-plots, squares and circles of freshly spaded earth.

A robin, just a few feet away, utterly unawed by the still figure in the invalid's chair, seized the wriggling end of a fat worm, tugged at it so hard that, after stretching to an extraordinary exiguity, it broke, and he fell ignominiously backward. An automobile chugged along the road, dropping a mellow-horn gurgle as it went. The electric car, which came every quarter of an hour, jingled past, crowded with people.

Mrs. Blaisdell made herself think of that motor and that car filled with people. They were all going to the beach; the heat had driven them there. Years ago she had dreaded almost equally the appearance in Wraymouth of the automobile and the electric car; they had come almost simultaneously. At first she had vowed to put a hedge between her and their clamor; but she never did that. She came to accept them first as conveniences, then as comforts, as companions. With a car passing the door every fifteen minutes, she could call frequently on friends whom previously she had seen only at long intervals; and of course they called as frequently on her. Almost always somebody waved from the car as it ambled past. It was the same with many other things—the electric light, for instance. When they placed one near the left-hand corner of the place, it seemed to her that she could not endure its vulgar intrusion; and yet she had grown to look upon that as a kind of companion, too. She even admired the gush of purple-silver light that poured from it upon the fluttering white birches, giving in winter a veil to their slim nudity and in the summer an additional glitter to their gleaming draperies. She really thought the effect of the electric light more beautiful than moonlight, especially in these early days of spring; but she had never told anybody this.

Changes came all the time,—she had

lived long enough to expect that and not to care,—but some things remained constant. Every spring, with the appearance of the spade, the robins came to pull worms from the steaming flower-beds; and every summer, as punctual as the honeysuckle itself, humming-birds appeared, little, vibrating films of iridescence stabbing with their slender, dart-like bills into the hearts of the blossoms.

Yes, changes came; and now the great change was coming to her. The great change! She must not think of that. She *must not* think of it; and yet she could not seem to prevent it.

This was the first day she had been able to sit out of doors, and she hoped that the beauty and freshness of the spring world would melt that weight that pressed so torturingly on her consciousness. Every day in the last five days she had gone over again and again that snatch of overheard conversation. If she had only not listened! If she had only not happened to go into the grape-arbor that day! How had it happened, for ordinarily she did not sit there? She had wandered in, attracted by the lucent arch that the big grape-leaves made, with the sun shining through them. But once there, she had caught a whiff of Tom's conversation with Dr. Morris. Their talk came through the open window. Tom, of course, had taken the doctor into the dining-room to get away from her. Even when she caught her own name, she had no conscious intention of eavesdropping. Something inside held her clamped to the ground.

"It may happen in Mrs. Blaisdell's case at any time," Dr. Morris was saying as she stepped into the arbor. "I can't give her more than a month, but it may come to-morrow."

Tom did not speak for an interval. When his voice came, it was husky, a little choked.

"Will she suffer much, Doctor?"

"Not long," Dr. Morris answered, and paused.

Then in one word came the spurt of Tom's grief.

"God!" he said. "God!" Then after another interval, "I 'd better write George and the girls at once."

"At once," Dr. Morris assented. "It 's useless for George to attempt to get here, but the girls may."

There came a brief interval of dull silence; then Dr. Morris rose, murmuring sympathy. Mrs. Blaisdell pulled herself up from the spot where she had taken root, retreated back of the house. Five minutes later Tom, very white and shaky, found her seated on the rustic seat that overlooked the sound. "Lord, Mother," —he accounted for his panic,—"you frightened me almost to death, disappearing like this! I could n't think where you 'd gone."

That night Tom wrote three letters. Mrs. Blaisdell, apparently much engrossed with a magazine, knew exactly how long those letters were and guessed their exact destination. She conjectured that telegrams also went. The next day came a telegram from Ruth, whose marriage had borne her to Pennsylvania, saying that she was coming to Wraymouth for the summer; that she would start as soon as little Tisdale had recovered from an operation for adenoids. She would arrive Tuesday. Later came a telegram from Molly, in California, saying that she was starting east immediately, also for the summer, and that she was bringing little Anna. It would be a long time before they would hear from George, whose peripatetic address was somewhere in the Philippines. Mrs. Blaisdell's heart yearned unspeakably for her two absent daughters, her one absent son, her three absent grandchildren; and yet with all the comfort that their presence would bring, there was one terror that it could not allay, one horror that it could not mitigate—the moment of death!

The moment of death! She dreaded that moment with an almost uncontrollable sense of fright. The thought of it waked her up half a dozen times, gasping, choking, sticky-wet. She was afraid it would come in the darkness of the night, when she was alone and too weak to cry

out. She dreaded everything about it—the gasp of mortal agony, the tearing, searing pain, the choking as the breath left, the faintness lapsing to ultimate unconsciousness. True, under the pretext of wanting cooler sleeping-quarters, Tom had moved into the little bedroom opposite hers; he insisted on keeping her door and his door open. But she knew how impenetrable was Tom's sound sleep. Would he hear her? In all her vigorous young womanhood, in all her vigorous middle age, in all her vigorous old age, she had never known a terror like this.

It was ponderable, like an actual weight. It stayed with her day and night. She had stopped reading the papers; for the world, in the grip of conflict, titanic, bloody, riddled with cruelty, and saturated with hate, was filled with death and talk about death. And yet because the habit of sparing her young unnecessary pain still persisted, she could not speak of this horror to her children. It was the final gift of her mother's self-sacrifice. They must never know that she had suffered. She must go alone. She must face the going alone. The moment of death! The moment of death!

Nobody looking at her would have guessed this struggle. Her sickness had made her white, her sleeplessness had turned her wan; but the impression she gave, as always, was of a sweet-faced old lady whose features, a little long and pointed, had never lost their good lines, and whose silvery hair, parted and waved over the temples, still showed a youthful abundance. She wore a black skirt and a short dressing-sack of challis, cream-colored, with a little lilac figure, and pinned with a big cameo-pin. Over her head and about her shoulders lay a light, fleecy, white-worsted shawl. From under her skirt protruded her unworn shoes, square-toed and flat-heeled. On her right hand, old, crinkle-skinned, and freckled, her thin, tight wedding-ring puffed the flesh in mounds.

"The dahlias are up, Mother," Tom called cheerily.

"And the four-o'clocks," Ada added.

Mrs. Blaisdell waved her hand feebly in answer. She did not speak. It seemed to take too much effort to project her voice through the little space between them.

It would have been hard to say whether it was a day in late spring or early summer, for it had all the freshness of the one and all the lusciousness of the other. The sky was a June blue, not a May blue, and the clouds that crowded it were of a midsummer thickness and whiteness. The air had in it a little—was it moisture, honey-green, or mere light dusty-gold? Whatever it was, it served to give the atmosphere body; it seemed actually to take color from the things in it. The Baker apple-orchard on the opposite side of the way was an enormous, cushiony plane of blossom; about it the air held a rose-colored glow. The lilac-hedges that separated the Blaisdell place from the rest of the world were spiky with bloom; about them the air turned to gauzes faintly purple. The perfume of the apple-blossoms and the lilacs came to Mrs. Blaisdell on little breezes that were warmer than the air itself. Warm earth smells came to her from the smoking, turned-over flower-beds. All kinds of sounds crowded the odors in the air. From back of the house came the hoarse caw of a crow. From one side, the Mallons's new-born calf gave vent to pessimistic impressions of a new world in long blarts of remonstrance. Through the lilac-hedge she could hear little Peggy May's stuttery chatter. Opposite, she could see Virginia Small's slim, virginal figure making its way from dresser to closet and back again in one of the big front chambers of the Small house. Through two thicknesses of curtain, Mrs. Blaisdell could translate all her motions; she was doing her hair different ways, trying on belts, brooches, rings, shoes, and hats. Now that she was "going with" Ed Howes, it took Virginia precisely two hours to dress. And next door Ed, who was obviously waiting for her, had begun, all dressed as he was, to tinker with his automobile. Mrs. Blaisdell tried to

fix her thoughts on each of these things in turn; but despite her best effort, the horror seeped back, the weight grew heavier. The moment of death! The moment of death!

"There are the canvassers again, Mother," Ada called. "I guess they 'll get to us to-day."

For three days a group of six young people had been canvassing Wraymouth for signatures to a petition for equal suffrage. Mrs. Blaisdell had watched them at work all yesterday afternoon. At moments they had actually made her forget.

Situated in a rumpled stretch of land that ran from the street to the sound, the Blaisdell place faced an inclined plane, cut by many streets, that ran up to Wraymouth Heights. That tilted plane bared a big expanse of neighborhood to her inspection; for the lines of trees could not obscure the streets, nor the shrubbery and orchards the gardens. Mrs. Blaisdell, who had watched most of these houses grow, knew just the spaces that offered opportunities for inspection. Through these green alleys she followed the work of the suffrage canvassers.

There were six of them, three young girls, three young men. One reason why, despite her mental turmoil, Mrs. Blaisdell had been able to concentrate on their movements was that they were all comely and all gay. Not all gay, indeed. The sixth canvasser was very serious, and he might not, like the rest, have been comely; for Mrs. Blaisdell had not yet caught a glimpse of his face. It was apparent that he took his work very hard. The others walked straight up to the house that happened to be the point of attack with all the dazzling buoyancy and all the superb effrontery of youth. Up the walk,—Mrs. Blaisdell could almost hear their quick footsteps,—on to the piazza,—she could almost hear their high, shrill ring,—and then a long parley. Sometimes they would emerge gleeful with success, at other times a little defiant with failure. But the sixth canvasser was not like that at all. In the first place, he was a mere boy; also, it was quite obvious he was shy. He would walk up and down before a house for a long while, not even looking at it directly, but peering sidewise. Sometimes he would not go in at all; he would pass on to the next house. When he did enter, he never went to the front door; he would sidle slowly round to the back, peering up at the windows, reappearing, still sidling, on the other side. Sometimes when he had made half the circuit of the place, he would retreat, as though his courage had suddenly left him.

To-day they were out again in force. Over there was the one Mrs. Blaisdell described to herself as the "tall, red-headed girl," who advanced proudly on a house as though it were a citadel that she could take single-handed. Here was the "roly-poly, dark one," who gathered a whole household about her on the piazza and made them laugh. Yonder was the "thin school-teacher one," who was quick and efficient at her work. Beyond was the "big, strong-looking boy," who was unmistakably in love with the "roly-poly, dark one," talking with "the-one-who-wore-a-gray-shirt," who was so unmistakably jealous of him. And, yes, there was the sixth canvasser staring up at the old Edgemore house. He stopped at the gate, as beautiful as a bit of carved ivory, and peered through its interstices. Suddenly he pushed the gate open and made a hesitating step up the path; but then inexplicably he turned back, his head bowed in dejection. Once outside on the sidewalk, he stopped abruptly, as though girding his courage to another effort. Then with a soft dash he entered again, flitted silently through the garden to the back. It would do him little good, Mrs. Blaisdell reflected, to ask Mattie and Laura Edgemore to sign the petition. How those women had changed! They had been so gay and open-hearted once! When Mrs. Blaisdell's children were young, they used to go to children's parties on the Edgemore place. As plainly as though it were yesterday, she could see Edgar's dark little head flitting between the high stalks of fire-colored phlox and wine-colored hollyhocks.

Edgar! Must she leave Edgar behind, or would she find him *there?* Oh, she must not think of *that;* she must not!

Mrs. Blaisdell meant to sign the petition. She had always believed in what she still called "woman suffrage." When she was a girl, she had heard Susan B. Anthony speak. She had never had to hear anybody else.

Tom came strolling over to her chair, stood beside her, smoking. Mrs. Blaisdell noticed how graceful his hand was, lightly fingering the little pipe, which seemed to cling close to the bold, graceful curve of his chin. She had always taken pride in Tom's beautiful hands because she considered that her own were ugly. She was glad, too, that he had inherited his father's fine, strong, muscular figure. Tom was handsome, regular-featured, aristocratic-looking.

"The place is looking fine this year, Mother," Tom said.

"Yes," Mrs. Blaisdell said; "so much rain has been good for everything. This is a beautiful day. I think we 're going to have settled weather now."

"I hope so," Tom said. "I think probably I 'll be home more this summer than I 've ever been since I went on the road. Instead of taking two weeks' vacation in October, I 'm going to take a day here and there. There are some things I 'd like to do myself on this place this summer."

"That 'll be fine, Tom," Mrs. Blaisdell said.

"And with the girls coming on," Tom went on, "of course I want to be home as much as possible. Is n't it great they 're both to be here? If only George could get back, we could have a complete family reunion."

"Except Edgar," his mother interpolated. "Don't forget Edgar, Tom. I never do."

Edgar was Mrs. Blaisdell's second son. He came between George and Molly. Over thirty years before, when he was seventeen, Edgar had gone to sea. His first voyage had been a short one, but filled with storms. Mrs. Blaisdell had hoped that he would come home cured of all desire to go again. But he had left, when he was still a slender lad, on a second trip. His ship, the *Eliza Shoreby,* stopped at Liverpool. Edgar went ashore at nine o'clock one morning; he had never been seen or heard from since. Everybody else had given him up for dead years ago, but Mrs. Blaisdell had never lost faith that he would come back to her. Whenever the gate clicked unexpectedly, whenever a strange man of middle-aged aspect appeared on the walk, Mrs. Blaisdell's heart always gave a thick flutter.

"You know, Tom," she said, a faint tone of reproach in her voice, "I have never given up expecting Edgar. I never will."

"It would be a wonderful thing if he did come back," Tom said. "Of course I was such a little shaver at the time that it did n't make much impression on me."

"You do remember him, though," Mrs. Blaisdell pleaded.

"Oh, sure!" Tom said in an offhand way. He went on to talk about his and Ada's plans for the place. They were going to throw out a piazza at the back of the dining-room, screen it in so that they could eat out of doors; they would cover it with rambler roses. They were going to get rid of the little flower-beds on the lawn. They were going to put wide flower-beds in front of the lilac-hedges, and stand phlox and hollyhocks up against them; Tom had always loved that combination. He remembered it from a boy, when he played in the Edgemore place. They were going to place wide borders of sweet alyssum about those beds.

Mrs. Blaisdell listened carefully, approved gently; but inside she was torn and bleeding again. It hurt her unspeakably that Tom did not remember Edgar as clearly as she did. She examined with a passionate fondness that picture that hung, virilely limned, vividly colored, in her mind's gallery. It was curious that, of them all, Edgar had been the throwback in the family. She would have expected it sooner of huge, powerful George or tall, muscular Tom. But perhaps

George's activities as a teacher in the Philippines was one modern satisfaction of the ancient seafaring impulse in the blood, and Tom's as a traveling salesman another. Although he was strong, Edgar was pale and frail-looking. He was also soft-haired and soft-eyed. He was a "mother's boy."

"Lord! this is a beautiful day!" Tom exclaimed. "I 'm glad I 'm going to be home so much. I 'll have this place in tiptop shape for Molly and Ruth."

He was making many references to his being at home, and many excuses for it; but, "Yes, it is a lovely day," was all Mrs. Blaisdell said.

The sky was putting on, though it was mid-morning, its noon blue. The hot-looking, white clouds—it was as though there were a little sun shining behind each of them—thinned and silvered, frayed at the edges, and melted into the dazzling atmosphere. Birds flew in and out of the Baker orchard, and constantly a pink-petaled shower sifted noiselessly to the green. The crow continued to caw, the calf to blart; robins came and went, burning a crimson hole through the air. Still Peggy May kept up her lispy chatter, and still Virginia Small fussed about her room, trying on things. An automobile glided with a nervous softness to the Baker gate, stopped noiselessly.

"Dr. Morris!" Mrs. Blaisdell and Tom said simultaneously.

"I forgot to tell you," Tom explained, "Annie told Rose this morning that Mrs. Baker was n't feeling well. Morris came once in the night. Ada went over to ask if there was anything she could do. The nurse said she 'd raise the curtain a little when the baby was born."

"I 'll watch for it," Mrs. Blaisdell promised. "Oh, I hope it won't be bad this time!"

"Now, don't let it excite or worry you, Mother!" Tom said, a nervous furrow playing in his forehead.

"No, Tom, I won't," Mrs. Blaisdell said. "Besides, when you get to my time of life, you realize that births are happy things. It 's only marriages and funerals that are unhappy. Why, to a mother that moment of birth—"

A sharp pang tore her. The moment of birth! The moment of death!

"How many are there of those suffrage-canvassers?" Tom changed the subject abruptly. "I make out five, three girls and two men."

"No, six," Mrs. Blaisdell corrected him. "Three young men, too. There 's one you probably have n't noticed. He does n't seem to be very successful."

"I don't know what their system is," Tom commented, "but it seems to be kind of hit or miss. They all seem to hang together about the same neighborhood instead of dividing the town up. Perhaps, though, they all take a hand at any house where there 's difficulty. They say they 're volunteers, college girls and boys. I suppose you 're going to sign their petition, Mother?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Blaisdell answered; "I always have."

"I will," Tom promised, "and Ada, too."

"That 'll be nice," Mrs. Blaisdell approved.

"Well, I guess I 'll go over and help Ada tie up those vines." Tom strolled over to his wife's side. They stood before the clematis-trellis and talked.

Mrs. Blaisdell knew that they were talking about her, and she thought she also knew what they were saying; but she did not care. She had a sudden heart-sick yearning for George, who could not possibly get home from the Philippines in time. And she wondered with a sudden sharp sense of terror if Molly or Ruth would be too late. But again she told herself she must not think these thoughts. Resolutely she looked over to the Baker house. A little new baby, how wonderful it was! Nobody but a mother could possibly know. Dr. Morris had not come out; he was going to stay this time. About the house appeared signs of activity; windows opened, doors shut. A maid who had been sweeping off the back porch disappeared abruptly, as though in answer to a sudden call.

Mrs. Blaisdell's eyes strayed again over the surrounding neighborhood. The "tall, red-headed girl" had gathered a group about her in front of the fire-house; Mrs. Blaisdell could see the firemen tilted back in their chairs, grinning as they craned to get her talk. The "one who wore a gray shirt" had gone into the garage. Mrs. Blaisdell could just make out the dusky-white spots in the gloom that were faces clustered about him. The sixth canvasser had emerged from the Edgemore place. He had undoubtedly again been unsuccessful, for he drooped with dejection. He passed the Sawyer place, the Seaman place, the Mittinger place, three handsome modern mansions, with scarcely a look. Next came the fine old Murray place, built at the same time as the Blaisdell house and almost its twin, except that the former was painted yellow and white, and the latter slate-gray and green. Also, Mrs. Blaisdell often reflected proudly, her house had kept its big airy lookout, relic of those seafaring days when the women of Wraymouth watched the returning whalers from the house-tops. As the sixth canvasser caught sight of the Murray place, he stopped—stopped short as though something electric had caught him. The dejection seemed to pour out of him; obviously new hope flowed in. That new hope raised his head and cocked his shoulders. He studied the house again with his strange, furtive, peering glance, as though he was trying to remember something. He approached it once or twice with his hesitant, sidling step. Then suddenly he slipped, eel-quick and shadow-soft, through the entrance. The gate swung to, concealed him temporarily.

"Mrs. Blaisdell! Mrs. Blaisdell!"

It was a child's voice that called, and a child's slender body, wriggling through a crevice in the lilac-hedge, followed the call. "I b'inged you somesing."

"Good morning, Peggy," Mrs. Blaisdell answered. "Now, what are you 'b'inging' me?" "B'inging," as Mrs. Blaisdell very well knew, was Peggy patois for "bringing."

Peggy did not answer. She ran to Mrs. Blaisdell's chair, threw herself against Mrs. Blaisdell's knees, and dropped her basket into Mrs. Blaisdell's lap. In the basket were three new-born kittens.

Peggy was exactly Mrs. Blaisdell's idea of what a little girl should be, much as Molly had looked, although not half so pretty: floss-fine golden hair worn in long curls, sky-blue eyes starred by long lashes; pretty, tiny features; slender, dimpled body.

"What beautiful kittens!" Mrs. Blaisdell said. She reached into the basket with her trembling hands and smoothed the little creatures, which were peeping like young birds. "Their eyes are n't open yet, are they? See what funny little tails they 've got. When did Fuzzy bring them to you?"

"Mother finded them in the closet. Fuzzy b'inged them in the night. Mother said I could b'ing them to you. They can't stay long." Peggy shook her head violently. "No, Fuzzy kies if I take them. Fuzzy dud n't like her kitties to go. I b'inged you some tortors." "Tortors" was Peggy's patois for flowers.

The "tortors" were some gone-to-seed dandelions, very short-stemmed, and much the worse for the close clutching of a moist little hand. Peggy handed them to Mrs. Blaisdell. "Kitties go 'way now," Peggy said decisively. She seized the basket and scampered back through the hedge.

Mrs. Blaisdell was sorry that Peggy had gone. Between her and the little girl had sprung up one of those sympathetic understandings possible only between old age and infancy. Peggy came to see her every day. It was true that she thought little of that overheard conversation when Peggy was with her. The moment of death!

"Are you keeping the shawl tight about you, Mother?" Ada called. She left Tom's side and came strolling over to Mrs. Blaisdell's chair. Ada was not a pretty woman, but she would have been much prettier if she had not had to wear glasses. She had a wholesome matronly figure, with a round, firm bust and strong-

looking arms and a wholesome matronly face with big, clear eyes and big, strong-looking teeth. She leaned over Mrs. Blaisdell and pulled the shawl closer. "These spring days are so treacherous sometimes. Is n't it nice that Tom is going to be with us so much this summer?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Blaisdell answered; "I 'm taking a lot of comfort out of that."

"And the girls," Ada went on. "It will be lovely to have them both here. I hope they won't think I 've made too many changes."

"I know they 'll be delighted with everything. You have n't done anything that has n't improved the place, Ada," Mrs. Blaisdell approved warmly.

This was true. Just as the interior workings of the house had become at Ada's touch a perfect machine, so the outside growths had taken under her care a new impetus.

Ada still fingered Mrs. Blaisdell's shawl, drawing it closer here, pulling it into soft folds there.

"You look sweet, Mother," she said. "Are you feeling all right this morning?"

"Splendid," Mrs. Blaisdell replied. "Anybody 'd ought to feel good this morning weather."

"Well, I guess I 'll run back to Tom," Ada said. "We 're making plans for those two flower-beds."

Mrs. Blaisdell's preoccupied gaze followed Ada's figure as she sped to her husband's side. Together Tom and Ada moved over to the corner where the birches dropped their shimmering green fountain. In their shade grew lilies of the valley. They knelt to examine them. The moment of death! The moment of death!

The Baker house was very quiet. Once Mrs. Blaisdell saw the nurse pass the window. Outside among the apple-blossoms the birds still whirled the air with a miniature rose-tinted snow-storm. The robins still made swift, fire-hot journeys from tree to tree. The sun rose higher and higher. The clouds had thinned now until they were faint silver strays filming the deep zenith blue. The little hot breezes that came from the lilacs were even more densely packed with perfume; the little hot breezes that touched the flower-beds were more heavily weighted with damp earth smells. From Peggy's direction came a sudden series of squawks as the kittens protested against Peggy's treatment. From the Mallon barn came a prolonged blart from the still-unreconciled calf. Virginia Small, arrayed at last and as dewy as a rose in her pink smock and her pink, flower-covered hat, emerged from the Small house. Simultaneously Ed Howes shot from the Howes garage. They met at the front gate, and talking busily, their eyes glued to each other, they moved down the street. Mrs. Blaisdell smiled at this picture of young love. They were expecting to get the news of that engagement any day. Then suddenly her smile caught, crystallized, changed to violent contraction. The moment of death!

Nobody could help her now, not Tom or George or Molly or Ruth or Edgar —Edgar, for whom all the others had no memory and for whom her mother's heart would always yearn.

The suffrage-canvassers were still busy. The "dark, roly-poly girl" had stopped the postman. The "tall, strong-looking blond lad" was talking to the iceman. The sixth canvasser had emerged from the Murray place. Again every line of him drooped. He had n't succeeded anywhere, Mrs. Blaisdell concluded. He should n't have tried to do this sort of thing. He was n't the type for it. Now, Tom, for instance, would have been a great success at getting signatures; he was a very successful salesman. Mrs. Blaisdell watched the slim figure, still peering into front yards, turn down Mason Street. Only the empty school was there. That would bring him to their corner. She hoped that he would come to them because then he would get three signatures.

The electric car jingled past the house. Mrs. Blaisdell sat quiet, her hand to her forehead. The moment of death!

The gate clicked, opened. Mrs. Blais-

dell glanced up. It was the sixth canvasser. He entered and stood, quiet and still, looking at her.

For the length of an eye-wink Mrs. Blaisdell, too, sat quiet and still, looking at him. And in that time the torturing weight on her consciousness melted, drifted away. She grew well—yes, *well*.

"O Edgar, my son!" she said at last. "You 've come back!"

"Yes, Mother," Edgar answered. He smiled. Mrs. Blaisdell smiled, too. "I 've come back. I 've been a long time finding you. I could n't remember. I must go away soon. I 'll take you with me this time, though."

Mrs. Blaisdell clasped her hands.

"Oh, take me, Edgar!" she breathed.

"I think we 'd better go now," Edgar suggested. He still smiled.

Mrs. Blaisdell arose, took a step. Not even in her youth had she known such lightness as this; her foot did not even turn the grass-blades.

"Edgar, take me away from the moment of—"

Then suddenly she understood.

"O Edgar," she said, "I did n't think it was ever like this!"

"It 's always like this, Mother," Edgar answered.

He moved toward her, she moved toward him; they took each other's hands, they gazed into each other's eyes, they passed through the gateway, they floated down the street.

Something attracted Mrs. Blaisdell's eyes over at the Baker house: the nurse was raising the curtain.

Something attracted her gaze back to her own place: under the elm Tom and Ada were bending over a very old lady whose white face had sagged sidewise upon her shoulder.

The Friend

By ANNA GLEN STODDARD

AS when a door denying hint of light,
Barring the wanderer in the unfriendly night,
Yields suddenly to inner warmth and bloom,
The welcoming brightness of the peopled room—
So was it when your radiant presence made
Light for my spirit in the dark afraid.

General William Clark

Our Nation in the Building

The Romance of American Union

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

Part II

CHAPTER III

THE MAP AND THE SHUTTLECOCK PROVINCE

THE crowning achievements of Jefferson's term had to do with terra firma rather than with the sea; but they were equally picturesque and undemocratic. It was providential that his many theories neutralized one another. Although a lingering remnant of the old landed aristocrat's prejudice against trade made him deplore commerce as "corrupting," his dislike of war bade him argue that in trade, not in guns, lay our greatest national weapon. Common sense also made him see how necessary trade was to the development of the country. He therefore planned to invade close-shut Asia with the American commerce that did not as yet exist, and he joyfully set out to find a road for it through an unexplored wilderness.

The blank spaces on the map teased him. They were still vast, despite explor-

ing expeditions that had come to America in ever-increasing numbers since Sebastian Cabot's initial voyage of 1497. Such expeditions along the coast had been too numerous even to mention. Those that penetrated the interior fell into interesting groups as they multiplied with the centuries. The four principal ones of the sixteenth century were Spanish, and the territory they pierced was that of our Southern and Southwestern States. In the seventeenth century they were French, and their wanderings covered the region approached by the St. Lawrence and the great lakes. In the eighteenth century the names connected with such enterprises were unmistakably English. The area was smaller, but it was explored more in detail and opened up to permanent settlement. This was the fertile country drained by the Ohio and other eastern tributaries of the Mississippi. With the beginning of the nineteenth century interest was transferred west of the Mississippi to the wide spaces designated on maps of the day by three imagination-haunting names, Oregon, the Spanish Territory, and Louisiana.

Meriwether Lewis

Progressive Americans were convinced even then that some time in the future these must be ours "by law of nature." But conservatives, on the other hand, were aghast at the idea of annexing land, especially beyond the Mississippi. The country's chief danger, they said, was its unwieldy size. New England felt that such a course would justify her in withdrawing from the Union. But to all alike the map was an unsolved enigma. The Stony Mountains loomed large upon it as a barrier between Louisiana and the other two tracts. The Missouri River, draining the eastern slopes of this vast range, was a well-established fact. Jefferson thought that indications pointed to a river of equal importance on the western side, flowing into the Pacific.

To a mind like his such speculations were irresistible. While he was minister to France he talked with young John Ledyard, the American traveler, then in Paris, and so worked upon his imagination that he gave up his project of Egyptian exploration to attack the mystery of his own continent. Together the two planned that Ledyard should cross Siberia far to the north, sail from Kamchatka to the coast of America, follow the coast southward until he came to the mouth of this unknown river, ascend it to its source, and then, crossing the continental divide to the headwaters of the Missouri, sail down to the Mississippi and civilization. In his capacity of minister to France, Jefferson gave Ledyard a passport to St. Petersburg, that he might ask leave of the Empress Catharine to cross her territory. It was granted, and Ledyard had reached Siberia when the permission was suddenly revoked, and he was ordered out of the country on suspicion of being a spy.

Four years later Captain Gray, in command of the ship that first carried the Stars and Stripes around the world, discovered the mouth of the Columbia. This confirmed Jefferson's theory, but the upper reaches of the river and its relation to the Missouri remained as mysterious as ever. At intervals, when his republicanism slumbered, Jefferson's mind played with the problem, and before he had been President many months the ex-

pedition of Lewis and Clark began to take definite shape.

Its objects were threefold, as the President outlined them to Congress: to establish trading relations with the Indians of the Northwest; to search out a route for commerce with Asia; and to add to the world's geographic knowledge. On the map the transit of the eye and mind from the Pacific coast to densely populated Asia is instantaneous and inevitable. Asia spelled commerce, and so did a fur trade with the western Indians. Knowing the nature of Congress when it came to a question of appropriations, Jefferson was diplomatically practical and enlarged upon this point, though personally the scientific features of the expedition interested him more.

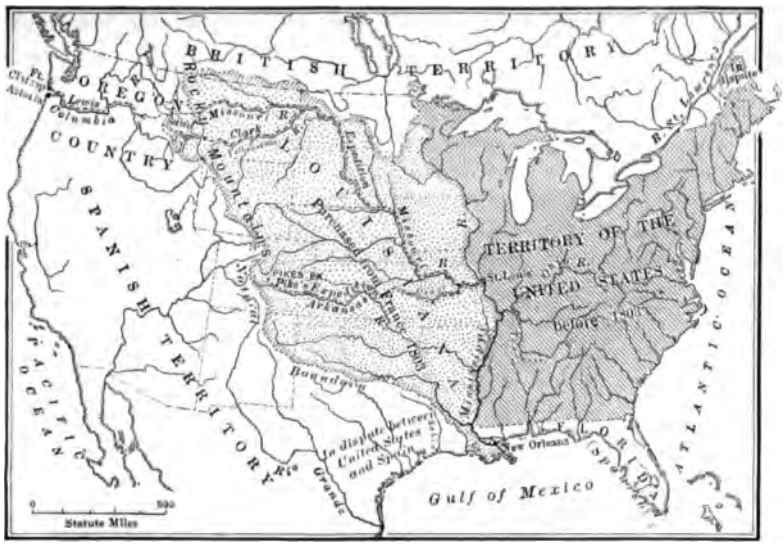
He placed at the head of it two young army officers who had between them ideal qualifications for the task. Meriwether Lewis had seen military service, and had been acting as Jefferson's private secretary. He had thus learned to understand thoroughly his chief's desires and habits of mind. William Clark was a man of less education who had served under "Mad Anthony" Wayne. With the exception of one negro servant, the whole party, numbering about thirty, was enlisted in the army before it set out in the spring of 1803 in a blaze of social glory. Mrs. Madison and the ladies of fashion provided every possible comfort, from that kindly impulse that prompts giving men doomed to execution a last good meal.

But the fear that "they might never return from the distant land of savages" proved unfounded. After a silence of years they emerged from the wilderness with their tale of adventure that makes pulses quicken even yet. How it must have moved those who heard for the first time of the marvels and perils of the Western region can be easily imagined. Both the commanders kept diaries. Lewis's trained style pales a little beside that of Clark, whose pen, like his sword, was coercive and drove panic-stricken letters into words perfectly intelligible to the sense, if not to the eye.

His account has in it the very ripple of the Missouri on that May morning when they set off up-stream in a "jentle brease" past the huts of French habitants, "pore, polite, and harmonious." That jabbing pen of his had strange power to make pictures and draw character. Reading on, we seem to accompany the travelers into the unsettled country, rich in game, but purgatorial with all manner of crawling, biting insects. Camping with them on a sand-bar and watching while they sleep, we see the stealthy Missouri eating it away, piece by piece, above and below. We call out in horrified alarm, and the company has barely time to take to its boats before the last square yard of earth vanishes in a dizzying whirl of muddy waters. We stand beside brave Sergeant Floyd when he is "taken verry bad all at once with a Bilious Chorlick," and see him die "with a great deal of composure"; and we spend five winter months with the party inside a stockade at Fort Mandan, sixteen hundred miles above the mouth of the Missouri, where perils of flood and field are exchanged for a game of exciting diplomacy with the Indians and with French and British fur-traders.

Beyond this point, where they wintered, all was unknown. In the spring they set forth again to push on through a region of fantastic mountain grandeur, over ground whitened by alkali, or black with coal, or red and yellow, or all four colors at once. Monster animals invaded their camp at night. Rattlesnakes and mosquitos added effective torment by day. A worthless Frenchman and an infant three weeks old were taken into the party, vicariously welcome for the sake of the Indian wife and mother, who had been captured in childhood from a Rocky Mountain tribe and was relied upon as guide. With her baby pressed close to her heart and the welfare of the party on her shoulders, she slipped into her place on the march and "made good."

The dividing of the river left them at a loss which fork to follow. It split again, this time into three streams; and it was almost mid-August when Lewis stood at



The United States after the Louisiana Purchase

last beside the icy spring in which the Missouri takes its rise. On the very same day a stream was found flowing toward the Pacific. Caching boats and surplus stores, the party began crossing the heavily timbered Bitter Root Mountains, where the whole world seems to be crumpled in a series of preposterous ridges. Sacajewea, the Indian mother, opened friendly relations with a band of Shoshones, who directed the party and sold them horses. But after this snow-storms came to blind them, game disappeared, and they were obliged to eat some of the horses and set the others free. Finally, after great hardships, they came into a region where Indians knew the commodities—and the wiles—of white men, and on November 7, 1805, Clark jubilantly wrote in his diary, "Great joy in camp—we are in sight of the ocian!" following this by a tale of seas that "roled and tossed uproriously" and made several of the party very sick.

They retraced their steps, and before the end of March, 1806, the principals made their report in person to the President. Neither of these young men did anything more that is noteworthy, which is perhaps not strange. They had done their full share by successfully piercing the continent from tide-water to tide-water. That a woman and a baby helped them, and a negro and a dog loyally followed every step of the way, adds to the wonder and the human interest of their achievement. Yet it is disappointing that both gallant leaders faded from sight, one of them under a cloud. Made Governor of Louisiana Territory, Lewis died a year or two later in a squalid cabin either by murder or his own hand. The fate of Clark was not so dramatic. He, too, was Governor of the Louisiana region after it became Missouri, and later served as Indian agent, vanishing finally into total obscurity.

Their places were quickly filled by others. The march of the West was too rapid and buoyant to halt either to search or to mourn for those who served it and dropped out. Far-off Oregon was soon to claim the attention of the country, but now interest centered upon a West nearer home, the Louisiana Territory, which stretched between the Mississippi and the Stony Mountains.

For three hundred years the threads of national destiny had been twisting and knotting themselves about the mouth of the great river while Spain and France, and later England, played the game of empire with that rich delta as the stake. The devious paths of exploration early sought it out. In 1519, Alonzo de Pineda gave

the river a Spanish name, and twenty-three years later De Soto went to his last long rest beneath its waters. Then the French claimed it. In 1682, La Salle and his men, carrying the cross and the banner of St. Louis down the stream, had buried leaden plates on its banks after the French custom, and taken possession for their king of all lands watered by it and its tributaries. Their high-sounding phrases reached no further than those of the Spaniards before them. The river flowed on unchanged even while their chants of Te Deum and Exaudiat, the sharp crack of firearms and their throaty cries of "Vive le roi!" frightened the waterfowl that rose with a great flutter of wings, to settle again as soon as the echoes died away.

But still their act was potent. It made the little band of wanderers less homesick; and from that time on French loyalty grew among the few and scattered colonists, while French pride and avarice at court kept tight hold upon the distant valley. A hundred tricks of speech and name testify that the dwellers on the river were more French than Spanish, though in the lapse of years, as France and Spain both came to look upon America with a fierce and instinctive greed, they were ordered to shout now for Louis le Roi, now for Carlos el Rey, at the whim of ministers or the exigencies of war.

There were martyrs who dared protest, whose sentence of hanging no man, black or white, could be found to carry out, and whose death at the hands of a platoon of Spanish soldiers was witnessed only by blind walls and empty streets, the whole protesting population of New Orleans having streamed sadly through the gates into the open country to get beyond earshot of their guns.

When the game of empire went against Spain finally, in 1763, she was forced to cede to England all her territory lying east of the Mississippi and north of latitude 31; but she kept for herself the Floridas and a strip of land safely covering both banks at the mouth of the river. At the end of our Revolution the land Spain had transferred to England passed from England's hands into our own, and became the Northwest Territory.

Meantime four of the States—Connecticut, Massachusetts, North Carolina, and Georgia—laid claim to portions of it, shadowy, overlapping claims stretching westward through space and backward through time to kings' patents or original discovery, as coolly impudent as New York's claim to another bit of land as legal heir of the Indian tribes. One after another these claims had been waived in order that the States might unite and adopt the Articles of Confederation. During the period of government by Congress the Northwest Territory was held in common, for the good of all; and when the time came to mend the Articles of Confederation or break the bond, interest in this vast territory, and the certainty of losing it if they parted company, became the strongest motive for keeping the quarrelsome States together.

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Robert R. Livingston

Historians of the Convention of 1787 may therefore paraphrase Moltke's bluff axiom that "geography is three fourths of military history," since geography won our battle of nationality. It did more. It furnished the wherewithal to run the nation. The country was bankrupt, but in a flash of inspiration the leaders saw their opportunity and seized it. Properly handled, even the uncertainty enveloping the great tract might be made an asset. No government could be maintained without funds. It was equally certain that money could not be coined out of thin air, though it might be coaxed from the earth. So with true

Yankee ingenuity they seized upon this Pandora's box of conflicting claims and boldly turned it into the national money-chest.

But Spain, holding its little strip of territory at the mouth of the Mississippi, had a strategic position. Only by free use of the river could the Northwest Territory hope to develop, and Spain seemed inclined to make trouble. In addition, a large number of people in the Eastern States could not be persuaded to regard the country west of the Alleghanies seriously except as a threatening menace. Hamilton, intent on issuing a currency based on Western lands as security, might point out the wisdom of keeping the Mississippi open to American commerce, and Jay wax eloquent over "extensive wildernesses, now scarcely known or explored," "vast lakes and rivers whose waters have for ages rolled in silence and obscurity to the ocean," that would yet "hear the din of industry, become subservient to commerce, and boast delightful villas, gilded spires, and spacious cities rising from their banks"; but there were others as patriotic who turned away from the glittering mirage to look cold facts in the face. They knew that there was not enough commerce west of the Alleghanies to keep open a trout brook, and were convinced that if those gilded cities ever materialized, it would be a sure sign that the Union was too unwieldy to endure. They knew also that even in colonial times the cod-fisheries off the coast of Newfoundland had yielded threefold: choice fare for the Catholic countries of southern Europe, coarser, but wholesome, food for native Americans, and an abundant, if unsavory, refuse that was bought up eagerly by planters of the West Indies to keep life in their slaves. To their eyes such an industry dwarfed in importance any possible golden dream of Mississippi commerce. If something must be conceded to the demands of Spain, let her have the control of the mouth of the Mississippi despite Franklin's homely protest that it would be cheaper in the end to buy Spain's interest outright; that a neighbor might as well ask him to sell his street door.

James Monroe

These unimaginative patriots were blind to the fact that even during the Revolution, when the fishing trade was cut off, leaving the poor blacks of the Antilles to starve, another stream of commerce, small and sluggish at first, had begun to move westward and southward, and was still moving and growing. Before the Revolution the number of white settlers west of the Alleghanies, but within the limits of the thirteen original States, had been few. But emigration persisted even during the years of war, and when peace was signed the few hundreds had increased to thousands. These people were clearing and tilling fields, and their produce, with furs from the wilderness, was being loaded on flatboats and floated down small streams into larger ones, then on through the Ohio and Mississippi to the sea. From New Orleans an enterprising merchant might take passage to Cuba and make more sales, and, returning by way of Baltimore or Philadelphia, invest his gains in goods that could be transported by wagon across the Alleghanies and sold to his neighbors in the "back country."

Such a round trip lasted from four to six months, and offered a fair equivalent in education for the schools and opportunities of the East. In the course of it the traveler saw many kinds of life, met many people, and heard many things, some of which were not soothing to his patience. He learned, for instance, that to transport his goods across the mountains by wagon ate up one third of their value; that he could send them down the Mississippi for

only one twentieth of their cost, but that before reaching the mouth of the stream they must pass through one hundred miles of foreign territory and run the gantlet of Spanish officials, who made increasingly rapacious demands. He learned, too, that his co-citizens of the Atlantic seaboard, especially those of New England, were so hypnotized by the sea that they would pay no heed to his protests. This coldness the men of the West were quick to resent, claiming that the East was willing to exploit their region, but not to give it fair play; and that this attitude was the same that England had held toward her colonies.

The Democratic Republicans sympathized with the Western point of view more heartily than did the Federals; but they were beset by a multitude of problems, all of them pressing and many of them nearer home. They were therefore inclined to look leniently upon Spain's demands, if by so doing they could gain advantage elsewhere. Spain, growing bold, claimed exclusive control of the Mississippi as far north as Kentucky, and our ministers abroad were on the point of conceding the right as of little moment when in 1802 rumor came that the storm-tossed province of Louisiana had once more changed allegiance and was French again by secret treaty, Napoleon having bribed the Spanish king with the shadowy Kingdom of Etruria in Italy.

This roused dwellers in the Mississippi valley to another protest, for they realized that while Spain was not an agreeable neighbor, her colonial strength had departed, and the United States could suffer little beyond temporary annoyance at her hands. With France it might be otherwise, for the Revolution had set many refugees upon our shores who were still French at heart, no matter what their fortune; and Napoleon must be reckoned with, whose dream of empire, expanding with success, might no longer be confined within a single hemisphere.

Jefferson's mind was hospitable to the Western point of view; but he was a man of peace, fully convinced that the stars in their courses would bring about our ultimate ascendancy in the Mississippi valley. He was inclined to leave the matter exclusively to them, putting off the day of reckoning "till we are stronger in ourselves and stronger in allies," and "especially till we have planted such a population on the Mississippi as will be able to do their own business." He recognized the river's commercial importance, and wrote to Robert R. Livingston, then our minister at Paris, that New Orleans was the one spot upon earth the possessor of which was our natural enemy, since the produce of three eighths of our territory must pass through it to go to market. Thinking it time to act if France was actually in possession, he instructed Livingston to try to purchase New Orleans with the small strip of ground on which it is built.

There was a tremendous outcry. It was not only undemocratic, but ruinous both in money and policy. The United States already owned too much territory. Every added inch increased the danger of our unwieldy republic breaking into pieces. Besides,—and this Jefferson's political opponents emphasized with undoubted relish,—what had become of the strict construction of the Constitution about which the Republicans were forever prating before they came into power? Proposing to buy a foreign city was a greater liberty than Federals had ever dreamed of taking with the sacred document.

Jefferson was clear-sighted enough to see the point and partizan enough not to enjoy it. "The less that is said about any Constitutional difficulty, the better," he warned his supporters. He tried to draw the sting by buying just as little land as possible—so little that the manifest advantages would outweigh the indiscretion. Yet realizing that a destiny larger than party was moving upon the Western waters, he stuck to his plan to buy New Orleans, and sent James Monroe over to Paris to help Livingston in the purchase.

The French had received Livingston's opening suggestion with disdain. "Only spendthrifts sell their lands," he was an-

The city of Washington in 1800

swered. How far this show of virtuous indignation was genuine he could only guess. Talleyrand's compound of genius and duplicity was particularly baffling to the Americans. They knew by experience that he was not above demanding a personal bribe, and that a rebuff in no wise lessened the jauntiness of his bearing. They had encountered him officially in the X. Y. Z. affair, and socially on our own ground when he visited America after making England too hot to hold him when he was forced to flee the rigors of the French Revolution. Undeterred by the cold politeness of those who could not well refuse to receive him, he had shrugged his Gallic shoulders, accepted our provincial attitude as a tribute rather than a rebuke, and walked through the homes of America as he had through the palaces of Europe, charming, acquisitive, and observant.

Now he was back in power upon his own soil, where his methods were understood and applauded. It was Livingston's turn to be watchful. He was by no means confident, because it was understood that Napoleon had promised Spain not to turn Louisiana over to another power. This, however, might mean much or nothing. Livingston could see for himself that France and England were rapidly drifting toward war, and it took no gift of prophecy to foretell that in case of war Napoleon would stand in desperate need of money.

Meantime Napoleon seemed bent only on taking possession of his American domain. He sent a French army corps to Haiti as a preliminary to garrisoning Louisiana. Livingston was prepared to fall back upon the compromise of a right of deposit at New Orleans, with the privilege of holding real estate for commercial purposes, when the negotiation underwent a spectacular change of character and scope.

Literally, Napoleon thrust Louisiana upon us. It was no skill of American diplomacy, but the acid of the Corsican's genius, working upon undeniable and unpleasant truths, that caused him to change his mind without troubling to explain his reasons. Meeting Talleyrand by accident one April day,—it happened to be the day before Monroe arrived in Paris,—Livingston renewed his offer. Talleyrand repeated his assurances that his chief was firmly resolved not to sell New Orleans, since the province would be of small value without the town. Then he asked casually whether the United States cared to buy the province and town together, and left Livingston speechless.

The stars in their courses were working for America. The army corps sent to Louisiana by way of Haiti had been detained on the island by revolution and decimated by fever, and an opportune and very earnest report from one of his trusted agents made Napoleon meditate on the

difficulty of holding Louisiana permanently, and hence on the folly of hampering himself in that far-off quarter while England and Austria were both menacing. If he lost the war with England, Louisiana would undoubtedly be the price. If England did not get it, the United States might acquire it in time by mere energy and growth of population. Here was a chance to thwart England, strengthen friendship with the United States, and obtain a goodly sum for his war-chest, all at the cost of surrendering something it was uncertain he could keep in any event.

The skill and courage of the Americans lay in taking a gambler's chance and closing with the offer, though they had no real authority to do so. Monroe brought with him Jefferson's offer of $2,000,000 for New Orleans and the two Floridas, a very different proposition. Livingston was inclined to regard Talleyrand's proposal as a jest, being unable to believe his ears. It was renewed two days later, however, in more concrete form by the French minister of finance, Marbois, whom Napoleon substituted arbitrarily for Talleyrand in the negotiations, perhaps partly out of distrust of his premier, but mainly because Marbois had married an American, and, being an old friend of both Livingston and Monroe, was likely to reach quicker results. One hundred million francs was the price he asked for the province. Monroe, realizing that it was well to act promptly in dealing with Napoleon, shouldered the responsibility and offered fifty.

Napoleon's two brothers, Lucien and Joseph, not yet aware of their own insignificance, heard of the proposed sale and attempted to remonstrate. Lucien in his memoirs has left an amusing account of the Corsican brothers, *en vie intime,* telling how Napoleon received them while seated in his bath, the water pleasantly scented and whitened by eau de cologne. They, having previously conspired to meet in his rooms for the purpose, stood shivering on the edge of the pool of discussion, each unwilling to make the first plunge, until the call was nearly at an end, and the body-servant approached, bathrobe in hand, to envelop his master. Then Napoleon, who had probably long since divined the reason of their call, opened the subject himself, and the amiability of the interview gave way to heated discussion, the apoplectic purple of Joseph's face and the white anger of the First Consul culminating in a final burst of temper and waterworks, as with great vivacity of gesture and total disregard of the element in which he sat, the great man raised himself in his tub and sank back again, splashing the choleric Joseph from head to foot.

But all protests were vain. His resolve once taken, Napoleon hurried negotiations to the utmost. With characteristic Latin cunning, the boundaries were left vague "as a safeguard," and also because defining them exactly would require too much time. On the thirtieth of April, eleven days before he declared war against England, a compromise was reached. The treaty was signed soon afterward, Napoleon remarking in a flash of prophecy, "I have by this act made the United States so great that that nation will sometime humble the pride of England." In less than three weeks from Talleyrand's first hint, Livingston and Monroe reported to their chief that although they had exceeded his authorized expenditure by the bagatelle of $13,000,000, about the sum then required to run our government for a whole year, and had not secured Florida, they had at one stroke of the pen doubled the area of the United States.

Jefferson's mingled emotions can be imagined. It was hard for his party principles, but his personal sympathies were all with the purchase. He knew the West would enthusiastically sustain him, and also that mere patriotic pride could be depended upon to stifle some of the opposition.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of Louisiana were still living under Spanish rule, ignorant that they had been once more made French by secret treaty in 1800. It was in December, 1803, after the province had passed into American hands, that the French prefect Lausant arrived to inform them of the earlier transfer. As a finale to

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

The signing of the Louisiana Purchase by Marbois, Livingston, and Monroe

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Napoleon discussing the Louisiana Purchase with Talleyrand and Marbois

these astonishing gyrations in nationality, they had the dizzying experience of changing within twenty days from Spaniards into Frenchmen, and from Frenchmen into Americans, while flags were lowered and flags were raised, national anthems sounded, and polyglot proclamations were read in which, from the very nature of the case, they could take but a sullen interest.

(To be continued)

The Cabildo, the old city hall, New Orleans

An Inclosed Nun

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

ALONG the pleasant streets of Sliding River,
Upon a limpid April afternoon,
Sometimes I meet an absent-smiling lady
With hair turned gray a little while too soon.

A little while too soon she donned a bonnet,
Before her blush and dimple went their ways;
She masked her youth in staid and sober colors,
And hid it with calash and polonaise.

Now as she paces toward the Lenten lecture,
The Shakspere Circle, or the Dorcas Band,
She seems to look beyond the home horizon,
Forgetful of the workbag in her hand.

Sunk in what lost love, spellbound with what dreaming,
Linked to what bygones, not in time to part,
She builds about her an aërial convent,
Vowed to the Order of the Brooding Heart.

On the Frontiers of Science

Some Recent Inventions

By A. RUSSELL BOND

TYPE-READING EYE FOR THE BLIND

THE element selenium, when in crystalline form, possesses the peculiar property of being electro-sensitive to light. It is a good or bad conductor of electricity according to the intensity of the light that falls upon it, and its response to variations of illumination is virtually instantaneous.

This interesting property has been utilized in a wide variety of applications, ranging from the transmission of pictures over a telegraph line to the automatic detecting of comets; but by far the most marvelous application is that of the phonopticon, which was exhibited in San Francisco this summer at the annual convention of the American Association of Workers for the Blind. It is an apparatus that will actually read a book or a newspaper, uttering a characteristic combination of musical sounds for every letter it scans.

The principle of operation is not difficult to understand. A row of, say, three tiny selenium crystals is employed, each crystal forming part of a telephone circuit leading to a triple telephone-receiver. In each circuit there is an interrupter that breaks up the current into pulsations, or waves, of sufficient frequency to produce a musical note in the receiver. The frequency differs in the three circuits, so that each produces its characteristic pitch. Although the conductivity of selenium is increased by intensifying its illumination, the electrical connections in this apparatus are so chosen that while the crystals are illuminated no sounds are heard in the telephone, but when the crystals are darkened, there is an instant audible response.

The apparatus is placed on the printed matter that is to be read, with the row of crystals disposed at right angles to the line of type. The paper directly under the crystals is illuminated by a beam of light. This is reflected from the unprinted part of the paper with sufficient intensity to keep the telephone quiet, but when the crystals are moved over the black printing, the light is diminished, and the crystals lose their conductivity, causing the telephone to respond with a set of sounds which vary with the shape of the letter. Suppose the apparatus was being moved over the letter V, the upper crystal would encounter the letter first, then the middle one would respond, next the lower one would come into action for an instant, followed by a second response of the middle crystal and a final response of the upper crystal. A set of notes would be sounded somewhat after this fashion: *mi, re, do, re, mi.* The sound combinations with such letters as S and O are more complicated, but they are distinguishable. When we read with the natural eye we do not spell out the words letter by letter, but recognize them by their appearance as a whole. In the same way with the mechanical eye entire words can be recognized after a little practice.

An apparatus akin to this and known as

the optophone was invented by Fournier d'Albe and exhibited before the Royal Society of London last year, but it would read only specially prepared copy printed on one face of the sheet, because the light was passed through the paper. The phonopticon was invented by Dr. F. C. Brown of the State University of Iowa, and owes its sensitiveness to the use of individual crystals of selenium in place of the mass of crystalline material heretofore used. Dr. Brown spent four years trying to obtain selenium crystals large enough to be handled individually.

Of course the phonopticon is yet in the laboratory stages, but it offers every prospect of practical success, and its possibilities are untold. It is quite conceivable that the apparatus may be elaborated to such an extent that a blind man may see (by ear) where he is going. His world may never be bathed in sunshine, but he may learn to admire the beauties of nature as translated from light into music.

METAL-PLATING WITH A "PISTOL"

A FEW years ago some children in Zurich were practising with a small rifle when their father strolled up to examine their target and see how well they were doing. He noticed that a number of the little bullets had struck so closely that they overlapped, and were mashed together, like dough, into a solid mass of lead. It was not an extraordinary phenomenon, but it was an inventor who witnessed it, and what he saw was a new method of metal-plating.

The man was M. U. Schoop, a Swiss engineer, and this is how he conceived the idea of plating objects by peppering them with a storm of microscopic bullets. Instead of using cold bullets, however, he took molten metal, and sprayed it upon the object with a stream of heated compressed air. The air picked up the metal in a finely divided state, just as an atomizer picks up perfumery, and projected it as a fine mist. Strange to say, this metallic mist was so cool that it could be deposited upon the most delicate fabrics without burning them. Even the hand could be held in the spray close to the nozle without being scorched, and the metal could be laid on in as thin or as thick a coating as desired, just as paint is applied with an air-brush. So successful was this first metal spraying-machine that Mr. Schoop was encouraged to build a small hand machine, shaped somewhat like a pistol, in which powdered, instead of molten, metal was used. The metal powder was fused by a gas torch, while the compressed air that fed the torch picked up the molten particles and shot them forth in the form of a spray. Another development was to use a metal ribbon or wire fed to the torch by a small air-driven motor.

The latest modification of the plating-pistol uses electricity in place of gas. Two wires of the metal that is to be applied take the place of the carbon pencils of a small arc lamp. The arc melts the wire, and a blast of compressed air blows out a continuous stream of atomized metal. Within the pistol is the mechanism commonly used in arc lamps to feed the pencils to the arc as fast as they are consumed.

It is not easy to explain the peculiar action of the spray. The metal is certainly hot as it leaves the pistol, but it is so finely pulverized that the microscopic particles must lose their heat almost instantly, like the sparks that fly from a grindstone. Expanding air absorbs heat, and no doubt the air of the jet, being suddenly relieved of its compression, extracts the heat from the metal particles, so that within a few inches of the nozle they are solidified, and, on striking the object, are mashed together just like the bullets on the target.

In the first apparatus a very high air-pressure was used, which shot forth the particles with a speed of over a mile per second, which is about twice the speed of a rifle-bullet and nearly five times the velocity of sound. Now a much lower air-pressure is used, and the "bullets" leave the pistol with the moderate speed of seventeen hundred feet per second, or nearly twelve hundred miles per hour. Of course their velocity is greatly reduced before they reach their target. So tiny are the particles that it is possible to form

a film one thousandth of an inch in thickness; that is, about one third of the thickness of the paper this is printed on. Of course the longer the spray is applied the thicker the plating will grow, and there is no limit to the depth of metal that may be laid on.

It is only two years since the first patents were secured on this method of plating, and already it has found a wonderful variety of useful applications. Lead, tin, zinc, aluminium, copper, nickel, iron, and even silver and gold have been used with success, and coatings of alloys such as brass, bronze, German silver, and the like, which cannot be applied electrolytically, may be sprayed on with the pistol. "Pickling," or chemical cleaning, is not a prerequisite of the Schoop process, hence many objects that cannot be electroplated may be spray-plated. It is just as easy to apply metal to the finest silks as to a block of wood or iron, and highly combustible materials, such as celluloid, tissue-paper, and even matches, have been subjected to a hail of microscopic bullets without being ignited. The delicacy of the process may be seen in its use for making molds for dental plates, and in taking casts of finger-tips for the identification of criminals, in place of the common finger-print system. On the other hand, it has been used to coat telegraph-posts at the ground-line in order to protect them from decay. It is reported that, owing to the scarcity of copper, German arms factories are making cartridge-shells of paper coated with a thin layer of brass, applied by the new process.

THE LEWIS AIR-COOLED GUN

For a great peace-loving country, far removed from militaristic influences, American contributions to the machinery of war have been really remarkable. This is particularly true of the machine-gun. It was an American, Dr. Richard J. Gatling, who invented the first rapid-fire gun—a gun with a cluster of barrels that would discharge a stream of bullets at the turning of a crank handle. That was in 1861, several years before the French mitrailleuse made its appearance. Then, twenty years later, came the single-barreled machine-gun, in which each cartridge was loaded and fired by the recoil of the previous cartridge, at the rate of ten shots per second. This was invented by Hiram Maxim, an American, who later became a British subject. Now we have a third notable American contribution in the air-cooled gun of I. N. Lewis, a retired captain of the United States army, which is so light that it can be handled by a single man, and may even be fired from the shoulder like a regular service rifle, although it takes a strong man to do this, for it weighs twenty-six and one half pounds.

The automatic machine-gun and the automobile engine have many points of close resemblance. The engine cylinder has its counterpart in the gun-barrel, the piston in the bullet. In each an explosive is introduced and fired, and part of the energy of the explosion is used to clear the cylinder and introduce and fire a new charge, this process being repeated hundreds of times per minute. So frequent are the explosions that the intensely hot fire of burning gases is almost continuous, and, like the engine cylinder, the gun-barrel must be provided with a cooling system to keep its temperature within safe limits.

In the Gatling gun no special system of cooling was required, because, having a number of barrels, there was an appreciable interval of time between discharges in each barrel, during which the heat could be dissipated. In the Maxim gun the barrel is surrounded by a water jacket that holds about two gallons of water. It takes only six hundred rounds to bring this water to a boil, and about a pint and a half is evaporated for every thousand shots. The Colt machine-gun, another American design by the way, depends upon air cooling, or radiation of the heat directly into the surrounding atmosphere. In order to provide a sufficient radiating surface, the barrel is made with a very thick wall, giving it a large outside diameter, and hence an extensive superficial

area. The Hotchkiss gun has radiating fins on the barrel something like the fins of the motor-cycle or air-cooled automobile engine. The Lewis gun still further approximates the air-cooled automobile engine by employing a counterpart of the cooling-fan to draw a current of cool air over the radiating fins. The latter are of aluminium, and run longitudinally along the barrel. They are surrounded by a casing of sheet metal, which is open at the rear, while its forward end tapers to a smaller diameter and extends beyond the muzzle of the gun. As the burning gases that speed the bullet on its way burst out of the muzzle they spread through a flaring cup on the end of the barrel, and, sweeping through the contracted portion of the casing, draw in their wake a current of air that absorbs and carries off the heat in the fins and barrel.

Unlike other machine-guns, the Lewis fires cartridges from a pan-shaped magazine instead of from a cartridge-belt. The magazine holds about fifty cartridges, arranged in two layers and set radially. A single sharp pull on the trigger will fire only one shot; but if the trigger is held back, the gun will keep on firing until the fifty cartridges have been discharged, which, at the maximum speed, will take only four seconds. In two seconds the empty magazine can be removed, and replaced by a filled one. The time that elapses between shots is, at the minimum, only eight hundredths of a second, and in this interval the magazine must be turned to position, the cartridge dropped out of it and moved into the barrel, the breach closed, the hammer cocked, the trigger pulled, the cartridge fired, the empty shell extracted and ejected from the gun, and the parts restored to position for the next cartridge.

As in the air-cooling system, it is the burning gases that actuate the mechanism. A very small part of their energy is utilized for this purpose. Close under the barrel is a cylinder that communicates with the bore of the gun near the muzzle. During the brief interval after the bullet passes this opening and before it fully clears the muzzle the pressure of the gases in the gun-barrel is also felt in the cylinder. This impulse of pressure throws back a piston in the cylinder. The movement of the piston opens the breach and ejects the spent cartridge, while a fresh one takes its place. It also winds up a spring, which reacts, and throws the piston back to its original position, while at the same time it closes the breach upon the next cartridge and fires it. By adjusting the port in the barrel, the pressure in the cylinder can be regulated so as to retard or accelerate the speed of firing. The rate can be varied between 350 and 750 shots per minute. One of the advantages of giving the gases additional work to do, particularly that of drawing air through the casing, is that the recoil is cut down very materially, so that it is possible to fire the gun at arm's-length.

MINING WITHOUT DYNAMITE

More than half the soft coal mined in this country is either sawed or chopped out of the earth by machinery. Sixteen thousand coal mining-machines were in service in 1913, according to a recent government report, and their number is steadily increasing. So perfectly have they been adapted to the work that there are few conditions in which they cannot take the place of the usual hand operations.

While these mining-machines have not been introduced with any humanitarian object, they are bettering the lot of the miner by eliminating dynamite and the frightful disasters that attend the use of explosives where combustible gases and dust are likely to accumulate.

There is another very efficient substitute for the dynamite cartridge, which may abolish blasting even in hard-rock mines. It is a hydraulic cartridge, or an apparatus that works on the principle of the hydraulic jack. Unlike dynamite, which consists of a lot of stored and highly concentrated energy that is let fly to do what destruction it may, the hydraulic cartridge is absolutely inert and devoid of potential energy when placed in the blast-hole. Only after it is in place is the en-

ergy applied to it. This it gradually accumulates until it acquires enough to burst open the rock without wasting a lot of energy in pulverizing it. The apparatus is under the direct control of the miner all the time. There is nothing haphazard about its operation.

The cartridge consists of a strong steel cylinder, made in various sizes. Disposed at right angles to the length of the cylinder are a number of pistons, or rams, that may be forced out laterally by pumping water into the cylinder. The cartridge is introduced into the blast-hole with the rams retracted. Then a quick-action pump is operated to move the rams out so that they come into contact with the rock. After this, by means of a screw lever, a powerful pressure is exerted upon the water, which forces out the rams until the rock gives way under the strain.

It is hard to realize that a man can exert a pressure at all comparable with that of dynamite. If we hark back to our school-days, we may recall that a pressure on one point of a confined liquid will be felt throughout the liquid equally in all directions. For instance, if a bottle with an inside area of one hundred square inches and a mouth opening of one square inch were completely filled with water, a closely fitting stopper bearing upon the water with a pressure of only one pound would produce a total pressure of one hundred pounds on the wall of the bottle. So in the hydraulic cartridge, by operating with a very powerful screw leverage upon a small area of water, a heavy total pressure may be exerted upon the rams. Pressure of three, four, and even five tons to the square inch is not unusual.

Fortunately, rock is so inelastic that only a slight movement of the rams is required to produce a fracture. The stress is exerted in the plane of movement of the ram, and so the direction of fracture may be controlled to a large extent; whereas with the dynamite cartridge it is usually impossible to tell beforehand in what direction the rock is going to give way. The pump and the screw piston with which the hydraulic pressure is produced are connected to the cartridge by a pipe of suitable length to permit the operator to stand beyond danger from falling fragments of the shattered rock. Nevertheless, he can work very near the cartridge. It is a decided advantage to be able to "shoot a hole" without calling off all the men from the heading and herding them behind shelters, or waiting for the noon whistle to clear them out of the workings.

CELLULOSE CASINGS FOR SAUSAGES

It is natural to look upon imitations with distrust, for it is seldom that they offer any advantages to the consumer other than cheapness. Recently there has been introduced into the markets a substitute for an old and venerable article of food, and the imitation is so perfect that no one would ever question its genuineness.

From time immemorial the gullet and intestines of the ox and the intestines of the sheep and the hog have been used as containers for sausage meat. Had they not been established as a food staple by generations of use, we should shrink from them in disgust, as we do from the Chinaman's bird's-nest soup.

Now sausage casings are being made out of wood-pulp. The material is chemically treated, so that it shows not the slightest trace of a fibrous structure. It is reduced to a jelly-like mass of cellulose, and then formed into transparent tubes that are no thicker than the usual casings and have a smooth, glossy surface which furnishes no lodgment for mold.

Of course cellulose has no food value, but the casings can be masticated, which is more than can be said of the envelops of large sausages such as the Bologna. As a matter of fact, in only the smaller sizes is the entire sausage eaten.

For sanitary as well as esthetic reasons the cellulose envelops are a distinct improvement. To be sure, the purity of casings produced by the large packing-houses cannot be questioned, but the product of the small butcher shop may not be above suspicion, whereas the very process of their manufacture renders the cellulose casing aseptic.

CURRENT COMMENT

Acquisitive Statesmanship

Stealing *en bloc*

By W. M. S.

WE have heard much of late of the defense and protection of small nations. It has become a favorite phrase with some statesmen and political writers. Yet it has a jocular taint, after a review of the history of the last fifty years. The refusal of the leading civilized nations of the world to observe the rights of small nations has been the underlying cause of all the wars of the last century. Each nation, in denying it, always offers good pretexts to its own people and to the rest of the world. You cannot catch up with the modern international diplomat. He is always three jumps ahead of the people. A government may do anything if it has carefully prepared to issue the proper bulletins on the subject afterward.

Let us begin with ourselves. The United States has been guilty in the last 140 years of several breaches of the ethical right which we are discussing. We must freely admit that fact before proceeding to criticize others. Doubtless we played the game on quite as high a plane as the international standards of the different epochs involved seemed to require. We evidently believed in the fundamental justice of the law of conquest. Certainly up to very recent times it has been well recognized that when a nation went to war with another it might take the other's territories or its colonies, among other things. And we have done it. Sometimes we have done this without going to war and sometimes by going to war. Of course there are many other nations that have done this on a larger scale, and there are other nations that circumstances prevented from doing it to so large an extent as they wished. The situation thus produced caused the present world struggle.

I do not believe at all in the vague preachments of peace societies. I gladly and freely acknowledge the sincerity and high-mindedness of their work, but they are not on the right track. You cannot make people stop fighting for loot simply by preaching godliness to them. If they were godly, even in a receptive sense, they would not be fighting for loot. Then there are gentlemen who are so Utopian as to believe that we might create a red, white, blue, pink, green, and yellow international police force, composed of warships and armies contributed by the various civilized nations of the world,—I suppose on a per capita basis,—and that after establishing a supreme arbitral tribunal, with this—I hardly like to say motley—naval force back of it, wise and just decisions of all kinds in cases of international disputes could be effectively enforced. The idea is not practical. One cannot imagine, with patriotism defined and taught as it is to-day, with our civic education following the lines with which we are familiar, that any ordinary person would commit treason against his own country (and in time of war, of course, treason is defined as bearing arms or taking service against one's own flag); nor can one imagine that an international police force of ten or twelve different races would bring about, even in time of peace, anything but opportunity for dispute.

There remains the proposition of disarmament as a means of bringing about

peace. After all, whatever we may start to talk about, what we are thinking about is peace—permanent world peace. There are people who sincerely believe that if the strong nations disarmed, or partly disarmed, continued peace would be rendered more possible or more probable. History does not indicate anything of the sort. We are unable to discover the case of any nation which, unarmed, has been treated with more careful consideration by any other nation or nations because of the former's defenseless situation. There may have been such instances, but they are not recorded in history. Perhaps the Chinese Republic is the best example of an unoffending, unarmed, and unaggressive nation, but it is suffering bitterly at the present time. So that, while it is true that great preparations for war, great armies and powerful navies, may set the hair-trigger, may render it easier for the ruling powers to bring about war, if they so desire, because the nations feel so well prepared for it, it is equally true that lack of preparation for defense has never protected any nation or people in the world, and it would be a very dangerous experiment, it seems to me, for the American people to endeavor to test out that theory, least of all, at this time. We have, then, the idea of a supreme arbitral tribunal which requires an international posse comitatus, as Colonel Roosevelt has suggested, to enforce its decrees, and we have the idea of disarmament, and I declare frankly, as a lover of peace, that I do not believe that either of the plans would produce peace. The question therefore becomes whether there is any tendency toward peace which we could further or encourage. There is, if we are ready to face it.

The cause of every war in the last century, and many before that, has been acquisitive statesmanship, the wrongful lust for land, and the commerce and advantages flowing from it. It is the basic cause of the present war. There is not a nation with even a fifth-rate statesman which cannot offer a perfectly good pretext for going to war; and, unfortunately, most of the people in the country always believe the pretext put forward by their own statesmen, and pay no attention at all to any arguments advanced by the other side. The result is that we have the almost incredible spectacle of ten or eleven different nations of relatively high civilization ranged in a death-struggle against one another, with the people of each nation sincerely believing—ninety per cent. of them at least—that its cause is just. It is not of any real importance whose cause is just, because it may well happen that the really just cause, virtually speaking, will be defeated by the greater number of men, ships, and cannon. The important point is: what state of diplomacy or what state of education exists in the world when eleven nations can go to war, with not only the statesmen, but the mass of the people, of each believing that it is right? There is only one possible explanation, and that is that the people of those nations are in reality fighting for something very much nearer to them and more tangible than a theory of abstract justice. The war has been put to them on racial lines or on religious lines or on the line of altruism or on the line of the upholding of treaties, but the fact is that the real appeal is to something very much more solid, very much more practical, than anything of that kind, and that appeal is to the long-since familiar "larger national development." How often those words appear in the official blue books and *communiqués!* It is this aspiration for more land which at least one neutral nation in Europe is using to-day to inflame the war spirit of its people. What does that mean? What does it mean in the case of this neutral nation? It means more territory, more commerce, more people to be taxed, more land over which to rule, and more people over which the flag may float. We Americans are no more free from it than any other nation in the world. We have our own name for our national exploits. We free the oppressed. We do pretty well, all things considered. There is some good in everything, but I am thinking about the international custom which per-

mits a nation on any pretext to violate the sovereignty of any other nation. The denial of this may sound rather radical, because war between sovereign peoples has been the fashion for thousands of years. But we have grown out of a great many fashions, and the fact is that until fixed international boundaries shall be recognized as inviolate, and until some other method of punishing a nation which infringes on the rights of other nations shall be found, war will continue, and no peace societies, arbitral tribunals, or international fleets, or anything of that kind, can possibly stop it. We have seen in the last fifty years a dozen flagrant and shameless violations of treaties—violations committed by the leading nations of the world, including, in one instance at least, the United States, where in a small or weak country there has been some little oppression of foreigners, a mercenary spirit, or other cause for the complaint which has been seized as a convenient pretext for the treaty violators at home and abroad.

We have seen a whole continent virtually divided up in the last twenty years. We see a large part of another great continent about to be divided up between two of the leading civilized nations of the world. In our hemisphere there are two great continents whose future status is by no means permanently fixed, certainly not, if the principle is to be accepted by the world that strong naval or military power allows a nation or group of powers to dictate new international rights.

The United States and the American people, who are neutral, officially, in this present struggle, will probably come out of the situation disliked by all parties. We can do nothing now but prepare for eventualities, except to begin to think in larger terms than those of counties and States. The great, glaring defect in the international affairs of the American people is that they cannot think in broad terms. Let us begin by remembering that there are a great many nations in this world, contributing to its welfare and civilization in a high degree, and making life both interesting and profitable for all of us, which could never by any reasonable probability become great military powers. If these nations are to be wiped out, if they are to become subject peoples, merely because of their indisposition, as in the case of China, or their inability, as in the case of many smaller nations, to become great military powers, then the world will live in centuries more of strife. And if that is to be the future, the United States should become a military power as soon as possible. On the other hand, if there is such a thing as a manly appeal, if there is such a thing as an unselfish proposition in international affairs, let us put forth, in proper diplomatic language, at proper times, and under proper conditions, a distinctly American doctrine, which has not to do with the interning of vessels or the shipment of arms, but declares that in all circumstances the integrity and sovereignty of all neutral nations as they exist shall be recognized, all pretexts to the contrary notwithstanding.

The first and most important result to flow from that declaration would be the way in which our neighbors to the south would regard us. I do not blame them for having the greatest suspicions of what American policy—Yankee policy, as they call it—means for them. I myself believe that those suspicions are unjustified, as do you; but I am speaking from their point of view. We ought to put forth that doctrine for their sake. We ought to make it very clear to them, no matter what happens, no matter what the temptation or the crisis may be, or what interests may be involved, we will never take a hand in stealing from any other nation on the Western Hemisphere (nor, of course, elsewhere) a single square mile of territory under any pretext. It is possible that after we have proclaimed that, and made good at it, we might get some other nations in the world to see the permanent value to peace of that doctrine. There is not very much unseized land left in the world except China, and she seems to be on the point of being altruistically taken in charge, so that we

ought not to be considered entirely unreasonable when we suggest to them that all nations stop fighting among one another for the land which they have already divided up.

But the United States, you say, took the Philippine Islands purely for altruistic reasons. I know some will smile at this, because there are many people who really think that we are there for that reason, and we may be; but the fact is that the British say, the French say, the Russians say, and the Japanese say, "You found it convenient to rob poor old Spain when you were in a war with her, and you took the Philippine Islands." We quote our speeches in Congress and everything of that kind to prove that we are there for the welfare of the people. England is where she is all over the globe for that, and France is in a good part of Africa for that purpose, and Japan and Russia are struggling in one direction or another for that purpose. It may well be that the great mass of us are sincere in our belief that we can govern better certain portions of the globe that we could hardly have found on the map seventeen years ago than could the people who were there for hundreds of years before us or the people who were born there. It may also well be that a Russian form of government would be much better for the people of Constantinople than the present one; but that is not the point. The point is, is there anything practical about such a doctrine? Where would we stop?

How are we to demarcate acquisitive statesmanship from altruistic statesmanship, if you once admit that for any reason you can take another's native land? Suppose that the intricacies and tendencies of international law do make it more difficult in future for a nation to pick a quarrel of conquest, it is easy for clever statesmen to devise new pretenses. The right of conquest, the taking of territory by bald conquest, has already gone out of fashion. Nowadays a weaker nation is rarely taken by conquest. There is a clash of interests, carefully advertised and worked up in advance, then the national commerce of the aggressor becomes vitally important, or a racial affinity is discovered which makes it necessary that one nation leap eight or nine hundred miles to stand by another nation in going to war. I mention these things only because we have grown used to them. Fine expressions may be very consoling to the people of the country being seized, but we all know that such things are merely a question of a pretext, and there can be no just pretext for taking the land and the birthright of another people. Certainly the American people should never admit such a pretext, and if we do, it must be because of some finesse of diplomacy and international law.

When certain difficulties arise, I can conceive that it would be almost easier to go in and "spank" a smaller nation than to reason with it or to arbitrate. We have seen cases of that kind not very long ago. But the vexations of self-restraint are much less than the difficulties which flow to the world at large from the admission of the doctrine of the right of the acquisition of territory belonging to another sovereign people. I should like to see the United States (and I suppose that we can do so at least as fittingly as any other nation) put forth this doctrine at the proper time, take it as their national slogan, and await the result. We cannot impose it upon others if they do not choose to accept it, and it will be hard at times to sit quietly by and see other nations reject it and profit by their attitude while we are following a principle. That is true, however, of every principle which is worth while. The United States should do one thing more, at the same time that it is preparing to put forth that doctrine of the fixed balance of territory as a possible safeguard against war: it should establish and maintain in this country an army and a navy so efficient and so large that, whatever the international situation might be, there could be no suspicion in the mind of any doubting Thomas anywhere in the world that we were putting forth this peaceful and generous doctrine from either weakness or fear.

Liberty in Utah

ONE day last summer the "New York Tribune" published a telegraphic despatch about the trial of the Eccles Case in Utah. The despatch did not come from Utah. It came from Denver, Colorado. And it was prefaced with a note in italics to say that the correspondent had sent his account of the trial from Denver because the Mormon Church prevented "the complete facts" of the Eccles Case from being sent out of Utah on the wires! On the same day the "Tribune" published another telegraphic despatch reporting that the Liberty Bell had arrived in Ogden, Utah, on its way to San Francisco, and had received an ovation of welcome.

The reasons why the Mormon Church might wish to keep secret the proceedings in the Eccles Case are as interesting as the fact that it has succeeded so well in keeping them secret. Utah obtained its statehood on the solemn pledges of the leaders of the Mormons that the practice of Mormon polygamy (among other illegal church practices) had been abandoned by "a revelation from God." When the present United States Senator, Reed Smoot, was elected from Utah, it was charged that the Mormons were again practising polygamy, and a committee of the Senate investigated the charge and returned a majority report to the Senate that the Mormons were guilty and that Reed Smoot should be refused his seat. Among the witnesses called to testify before the committee was Margaret Geddes Eccles, who was known to be the third wife of a prominent Mormon polygamist named David Eccles. She swore that she was not his wife, and that he was not the father of her son. By so doing she helped to protect the Mormon Church, but she swore away her son's right to his share in the Eccles estate, which was valued at twenty-five million dollars. When Eccles died recently without leaving a will, the other heirs prepared to divide the inheritance without providing for Margaret Geddes Eccles and her child. She entered suit. That suit is the "Eccles Case," the complete facts of which the church refuses to allow on the telegraph wires from Utah.

In that suit Margaret Geddes Eccles swore that she had committed perjury at Washington and that she had been married, as a plural wife, to David Eccles by Apostle Merrill of the Mormon Church. There are twelve apostles, and they are the governing body of the church, by whom, and from whose ranks, the president of the church and his two councilors are elected. Senator Reed Smoot is one of these twelve apostles. The secretary of the president swore that the marriage of Margaret Geddes Eccles to David Eccles had been recognized by the presidency of the church as authentic. And so forth.

All of this is no surprise to Utah, where every one knows that the church has been secretly practising polygamy ever since it publicly abandoned the practice by divine revelation. But if it were wired all over the country by the Associated Press, it might make trouble for Apostle Reed Smoot or his successor in the Senate. And the church, being treasonably engaged in a violation of Utah's statehood pledges, protects itself with a news censorship that is necessary to the success of the conspiracy.

It is probable that the non-Mormons in Ogden noticed, during their ovation, that the Liberty Bell is cracked.

Back to the Land

THERE are indications that the back-to-the-land movement in our Eastern States has been defeated and repelled, and the reasons that are given for the reverse are interesting. Farming, it appears, is an industry in which labor is immensely more important than capital, because the amount of capital that can be profitably invested in a farm is small, and not a dollar of the investment can be made profita-

ble without skilled and diligent labor. This labor is labor that must know its trade as a sailor does, and work like a sailor under the pressure of natural forces that do not keep union hours, and suffer the exposure that a sailor suffers, and be almost as isolated and ill paid as he. And that is why American farming in the East is in almost as bad case as the American merchant marine. There were recently a hundred thousand men unemployed in New York City and a hundred thousand unemployed acres within easy reach of them; yet one back-to-the-land farmer who was willing to pay thirty-five dollars a month and board to a hired man (which is equivalent to sixty dollars a month in town wages) got only one applicant from the municipal employment bureau that was trying to find these men work.

The Eastern farmer cannot keep his own sons on the farm; the town takes them. The hired man has no home ties to break, and if he wishes to stay in the country, he can get an abandoned farm for next to nothing and work for himself. If he remains a hired farm-hand, it is generally because he is a drunkard, or so slow-witted and shiftless that the town has no use for him, or because he goes to work on some millionaire's country estate, where the wages are as honorific as the gardening that is done. The back-to-the-land enthusiast has usually not enough experience to do his own farming; he is unable to hire his neighbor to help, because his neighbor is overworked trying to do his own; he cannot compete with the wages that are paid on millionaires' estates for any farm laborer who is worth anything; and he falls back in despair from the worries of employing drunken incompetence that breaks machinery and lames horses and poisons stock and wastes in every way. He ends by seeking a purchaser who has not foreseen the servant problem in farm life and the gregarious instinct in the laboring-man; or he puts his farm into grass (and weeds), and keeps it as a suburban residence, with an automobile and a commutation-ticket.

The truth seems to be that so long as the railroads carrying manufactured goods to the West must bring back farm products or return with empty cars, the Eastern farms will be at a disadvantage. They will have to be owned by truck-farmers who can reach a market without a railroad haul, or by foreigners who do not demand the comforts of American city life, or by millionaires who can support the luxury of an unprofitable estate. For such as these the back-to-the-land movement is not merely a beautiful dream; but for the tired city wage-slave who has visions of fortunes in poultry-farming and dividends growing on fruit-trees, it is proving as impracticable as the Zionist movement for the Ghetto or the return to Liberia for the colored man.

Public Opinion

A WEEK before the outbreak of war in Europe, the German Socialists issued a manifesto declaring "the frivolous war provocation of the Austro-Hungarian Government calls for the sharpest protest. For the demands of that Government are more brutal than have ever been put to an independent state in the world's history, and can only be intended deliberately to provoke war. . . . Not one drop of a German soldier's blood shall be sacrificed to the lust of power of the Austrian rulers and to the imperialistic profit interests. . . . Comrades, we appeal to you to express at mass meetings, without delay, the German proletariate's determination to maintain peace."

The appeal was heeded. Mass meetings and party congresses passed resolutions against the war. The Socialist newspapers declared that the German Government was responsible for the Austrian aggression, and virtually threatened a revolution if Germany were involved in the conflict. Even after the German mobilization had been ordered, "Vorwaerts," the official organ of the Socialists, asked: "Is it possible that Austria can be utterly

without conscience? Is it possible that Germany is determined to go through thick and thin with such an ally?"

The German Government made no attempt to stop the meetings or suppress the editorials of protest. No coercion was used. But apparently all over Germany the newspapers published reports that Russian troops were marching against the German frontier, that French troops had already crossed the border of Alsace-Lorraine, and that French aëroplanes had dropped bombs on several cities in southern Germany; the Germans of all parties —the Socialists with the rest—rallied to the defense of their country; and war was procured by a ruse as simple as Bismarck's forgery of the Ems despatch in 1870.

Similarly, German public opinion has condoned the violation of Belgian neutrality because of newspaper proofs that the French had already violated it and the British were prepared to violate it and the Belgians had compromised it by preparations for its defense. The sinking of the *Lusitania* has been justified by official misinformation that she was an armed war-ship. The killing of women and children by submarine warfare is forgiven on the newspaper plea that the British are starving German women and children, although the official boast of the German leaders now disproves that plea. And a popular animosity has been procured against this country with the publication of official statements that American-made shells have caused seventy-five per cent. of the German losses in battle, although our customs returns for the first year of war show that we have not exported munitions sufficient to provide the Allies with shells for a single day.

No government is likely ever to attempt such a poisoning of the wells of public information in the United States, but political influences have tried to do it many times for party advantage, and they have succeeded sometimes in restricted areas where they could create a local prejudice. The Mormon Church has done it successfully even before its recent censorship of newspaper despatches about the notorious Eccles Case. In industrial disputes in Colorado, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia employers have successfully suppressed the news of strikes that have lasted sometimes for months; and it is these industrial wars that are the greatest menace to the peace and prosperity of our country.

With the growth of the direct-primary system of nominations in the West, newspaper publicity has taken the place of party conclave in the choice of candidates for political office, and the power of the press —and of the newspaper proprietor—has been greatly increased. To offset the danger of this control, it has been proposed that no man or corporation should be allowed to own more than the bonds of a newspaper and that the stock should belong to the newspaper staff, so that the owner of a public journal would not be able to subsidize it against the popular interests, and the men who wrote and printed it would have to depend on popular support for their salaries and would be responsible only to the public for their utterances. This is, on the face of it, a wildly radical proposal, and it has, no doubt, innumerable defects; but it is a welcome recognition of the fact that an American newspaper is a public institution that should be more directly responsible to the public, and any recognition of that fact is valuable to a democracy that depends upon the force and discriminating education of public opinion to control its representatives and to defend its liberties.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Neglected Poets

By LEONARD HATCH

THE old down-east salt is being justified. You remember he said that poetry was writing which had its loose ends all to starboard. That has become the approved method nowadays. First you corral your subject,—what, does n't matter; it may be "Love" or "The Street Sweeper's Broom,"—then you produce your poem by suspending your thoughts on paper in lines. You really need n't exercise any more care than when you hang up the wash in lines. This you call *vers libre* or, better still, get your friends and acquaintances to call it that. And, lo! the trick is turned: you are a full-fledged poet!

But what saddens me is the realization of the fact that there are still old-fashioned people who do not know that this is poetry. They still entertain the old-fogyish notion that poetry has something to do with rime and rhythm. Sadder still, many of them do not know that they themselves are poets. All unawares, they turn out poetry far above most *vers libre*, and then set it before the blind world disguised as mere prose.

Such neglected poets are scattered through every walk of life. The business world is full of them; in brokerage or department store or advertising agency they go their humble way. To help open your eyes, I shall print some of their actual utterances in the rightful lyric form, in order that you may be thrilled by their hitherto unrecognized Promethean fire.

Listen to this little gem entitled "Charmeuse Dresses":

Georgette crêpe and lustrous charmeuse
In green, brown, and navy,
Make this charming afternoon gown.
Silver-thread embroidery in lace-like
    patterns
Adorns the underbodice and sleeves.
Finished with many tiny buttons.
Novel, too,
Are the skirt's pointed draperies.

How those very lines shimmer "in lace-like patterns"! Harken now to the sterner pulsation of martial music depicting the clash of mighty armaments in Wall Street:

Railroad stocks
More than held
Yesterday's gains
At the opening this morning,
3000 shares of Pennsylvania, for example,
Appearing on the tape
At an advance
Of 1¼ points.
New York Central,
Canadian Pacific,
Baltimore & Ohio,
Norfolk & Western,
Reading, Lehigh Valley,
Union, and Southern Pacific,
All showed substantial gains
During the early trading.

Those first four lines one can scan far

too easily to call them *vers libre*. And

New York Central,
Canadian Pacific—

why, it 's for all the world like some Homeric catalogue of warriors on the windy plains of Troy.

And here is a tender lyric of childhood:

Children
Under five years of age
Will be carried free
When accompanied by parent
Or guardian;
Five years of age and under twelve,
Half fare;
Twelve years of age
Or over,
Full fare.

That moving and mellifluous picture of innocent, wistful youth, and dawning maturity is the work of one of our least appreciated *vers librists*, Mr. A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, or else of one of his clerks.

Here is one more example, a soulful outpouring of even richer emotional content:

After giving the number,
Listen to the operator
As she repeats it;
If she repeats the number correctly,
Say "Yes" or "Right";
If she does not repeat
The number correctly,
Say "No."

That strikes the note of deep humanity, mingled with a vein of latent romance—the mastery of distance aided by the *ewig-weibliche* genius before some switchboard at "Central." It is anonymous, this plangent chant in the telephone; and, like all the rest that I have quoted, its true nature lies hidden in solid printing.

How much longer will the captains of industry, just for the sake of saving the cost of extra paper, try to mask this flow of verse? How much longer must these humble, nameless poets continue to waste their sweetness on the desert air of apparent prose when stuff not half so good is every day given to the public as poetry?

The Ideal Husband

By PAUL WING

YOU are probably a woman. Few men would pause to read an article headed "The Ideal Husband." Man knows his fellow-men too well.

Of course it is true that nearly every married woman has at some time in her life claimed to have found the *one* ideal husband; but not for long. He is not a stable article; he is only a fleeting glimpse.

Shortly after a young married woman declares hers to be the ideal husband, he exhibits a tendency to crumble his crackers in his soup or to place a slice of bread in his empty dinner-plate and submerge it in gravy. These things "are not done."

While a man is still engaged—held under option, as it were, but not definitely contracted for—he is for a short while considered ideal. However, he just begins to enjoy his perfection when it is discovered by his general manager elect that he rests his knife and fork half on the tablecloth and half on his plate, while they should be draped artistically across his

plate midway between meat and potatoes. To save time, probably he also cuts his meat into small pieces before starting to eat it.

He has good reasons for doing as he does, but they do not excuse him. His sort of conduct and perfection simply do not walk hand in hand.

No young couple should be engaged long enough for either one to discover the other's shortcomings. So long as a man and a girl are so mutually mesmerized that the eyes of one never leave the eyes of the other, he is perfect; but the moment he allows her glances to stray below his Adam's apple,—the moment he loses control,—he loses also perfection. She realizes that his knowledge of esthetics was gleaned from an abridged edition; that his tie is not in vogue, that his collar is too loose and too low, and therefore too comfortable.

Ah me! I have strayed from my subject, the ideal husband. Let me return to it and proceed.

There is no such thing.

"'Way Down Souf Once Mo'"

By ROBERT EMMET WARD

WISH I was home ag'in,
'Way down Souf once mo'!
Roses bloomin' in de sun
Roun' de li'l' ole cabin do';
Cotton-fiel's a-gleamin' white,
All de niggahs pickin';
Smells o' suppah-time 'long todes night—
Lou done kill a chicken.

Up hyah de snow so deep,
All de groun' is froze;
Win's go, "Oo—en oo—en oo!"
Piercin' frough yo' clo'es
En bones.
O Lawd, I hates de cole,
Hates dis freezin' stawm.
Bad place doan' look bad to me,
Ef I jus' gits wawm.

Ef I was home ag'in,
'Way down Souf once mo',
Reckon I 'd be standin' hyah
Shet *outside* de kitchen do'?
"Y' ole black rascal," cunnel say,
"Damn yo' wufless hide!
Git in dah to de good hot stove
En fill yo' fool inside!"

Ef I was home ag'in,
'Way down Souf once mo',
All de niggahs be standin' roun'—
"Hi dah! Clah de kitchen flo'!
Step up lively, 'Mandy Lou!
'Lijah, grease yo' heels!
Unc' Tawm's fiddle hit sholy know
Zackly how yo' feels."

Ef I was home ag'in,
'Way down Souf once mo',
My li'l' Mis' she smile so sweet—
Lawdy! I 's a-dreamin' sho!
Teef a-chatterin' while I pats,
See my frozen bref!
Calls me *"Mistah,"* but yo' lets me stahve—
Lets me freeze to def.

Up hyah de snow so deep,
All de groun' is froze;
Win's go, "Oo—en oo—en oo!"
Piercin' frough yo' clo'es
En bones!
O Lawd, I hates de cole,
Hates dis freezin' stawm.
Bad place doan' look bad to me,
Ef I jus' gits wawm!

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The market-place in front of the cathedral, Senlis

By
Orville Peets

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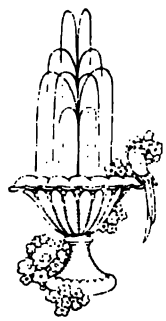

Staking a Larkspur

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

Author of "A Fountain Sealed," "Tante," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

AS a matter of fact (one has often to take one's stand on fact when thinking about Vera), it 's I who am the gardener; it 's I, that is to say, who draw the plans and compute the cost and give the orders and see that the men carry them out. I often lend a hand at carrying them out, too, for I love planting seedlings and staking plants and tweaking out weeds here and there when I 've the chance. That wonderful blue border Vera had on the south terrace last summer,—it was just going over when the war broke out,—I put in all the new blue larkspurs myself, three hundred of them,—the larkspurs that Mrs. Thornton was to remind me of,—and I designed and planted and with my own hands helped to lay out the dream-garden, Vera's special garden. It was she, certainly, who had had the idea, standing on the site of the little, old, abandoned sunken garden in its circle of stone wall and cypresses, and saying, "I see a dream-garden here, Judith; a place where one can come and sit alone and dream dreams." She often has charming ideas, Vera, but she knows nothing about gardening. I sound already as if I were crabbing her, I know; and perhaps I am. Certainly I never think of her relation to her garden without a touch of irony, and this story, which begins in the dream-garden, is n't to her advantage. It was there that I felt my first definite irascibility in regard to Vera and little Mrs. Thornton, and felt the impulse, as far as I was able, to take Mrs. Thornton under my wing.

It 's a rather clipped and confined wing, and yet I can do pretty much as I choose at Compton Dally; I don't quite know why, for Vera does n't exactly like me. Still, she does n't dislike me, and I think she 's a little bit afraid of me; for I am as definite and determined as a pair of garden shears, and my silence is often only the good manners of the dependent, and Vera knows it.

I am her cousin, an impecunious cousin, my mother a sister of her father's, old Lord Charleyford, who died last year. Vera herself was very impecunious until she married Percival Dixon; impecunious,

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but always very lovely and very clever, and she was on the crest of every wave, always, and never missed anything except ready money and a really good offer even before Percival Dixon came along—he came via South Africa—and gave her all the money that even she could spend, and bought back Compton Dally for her. Compton Dally had been in the family for hundreds of years, and it was our grandfather, Vera's and mine, who had ruined us all and finally sold it. It was everything for Vera to get it back, even if she had to take Percival Dixon with it; and I confess that for Compton Dally I could almost have taken Percival Dixon myself; but not quite, even for Compton Dally.

Well, she has always been fairly decent to me; not as decent as she might have been, certainly, but more decent than I, at all events, expected, whatever may have been poor mother's hopes and indignations. I always thought mother unfair; there was no reason why Vera should go out of her way to give me a good time, and it showed some real consideration for her to have suggested, when mother died and while Jack was reading for the bar, that, until he and I could set up housekeeping in London together, I should come and be her companion and secretary and general odd-job woman; and for people like Vera to show any consideration is creditable to them. I am five years older than Jack, and our plan has always been to live together. I intend, of course,—though Jack at present does n't, dear lamb!—that he shall marry; but until then I 'm to live with him and take care of him and help him with his work. All this if he ever comes back again. He is fighting at the front as I write, so that it remains to be seen whether I 'm to go on always with Vera. If Jack does n't come back, I sha'n't find it more difficult than anything else. We have always been all in all to each other, he and I; but that is quite another story and one that will never be written. This one is neither about Jack nor me, but about Vera and her garden and little Mrs. Thornton and her husband and her clothes.

Vera had thrown open Compton Dally to wounded Tommies and wounded officers, and the Thorntons came in that way. He 'd only been back from the Boulogne hospital for a week, was badly crippled, and had a very gallant record. Most of Vera's officers before this had been colonials who had no homes to go to. The Thorntons were n't colonials, but they had no home and were very poor, so that the arrangement for them to spend six weeks or two months at Compton Dally while Captain Thornton got back his strength—as far as he was able to get it back, poor man!—seemed an admirable one.

They came on a hot June afternoon, very tired both of them, while we were all having tea on the west terrace. The Tommies—there were over a dozen of them, with two Red Cross nurses to take care of them—had their tea in the billiard-room, which is made over to them for their games and meals and almost constant gramophone, and the accurate laughter of Harry Lauder is wafted out to us on various music-hall strains at most hours of the day. He was laughing loudly and richly as the Thorntons arrived. After tea Vera led them about the garden. Vera's garden is merely a part of her toilet, and plays almost as important a part as her clothes in her general introduction of herself; and that she intended to introduce herself gracefully to Captain Thornton was evident, and that I was to pilot Mrs. Thornton. I had known after Vera's glance at her imitation Panama hat, her blue linen skirt, of an obsolete cut and a bad one at that, and her white blouse, shrunken in washing. Vera placed her swiftly as dull and dowdy, and it was my part always to pilot the dowdy and the dull.

I don't mind that, however; even now, after three years of it, I always enjoy going over Compton Dally and the gardens with new-comers. It 's such a beautiful old place, so grave and so serene, its splendid Tudor front lifted high on stone terraces, and its courts and corners behind breaking out into all sorts of unexpected and enchanting antiquities. It symbolizes,

if you begin with the Saxon arches in the cellars, the whole history of England, and means so much more than any person who has ever lived there, or who ever will live there, can ever mean. It 's worth the sacrifice of generations of younger sons and myriads of marriageable daughters. What could they all do better than to keep it going? I always recalled this when I wondered how Vera could have married Percival Dixon, and felt almost as much satisfaction as she could feel in the fact that two robust little boys, still at their preparatory school, stood reassuringly behind her and Percival, the elder, too, a thorough Compton, with hardly a trail of Dixon apparent on his ingenuous young countenance. I have the whole history of Compton Dally at the tips of my fingers, and if people give me an opening and show that they care about it, I can talk to them for hours as I take them round, feeling, for my little part and share in it, that, even if Vera were n't as decent as she is, I should put up with a great deal to stay in it and help take care of it.

We did n't go about the house to-day. The Thorntons saw the big herbaceous border and the rose-garden, the rock-garden, tinkling with its little rivulet, the moat, and the lime-tree alley; and then Vera, trailing her gossamer draperies along the flagged path between the cypresses,—for Vera, even at this epoch of shortened petticoats, manages always to trail,—murmured, as I 've heard her murmur, when she 's at Compton Dally, at least once a week, "And this is my dream-garden, where I come and sit alone and dream dreams."

She led Captain Thornton down among the cypress boughs. He had a splinted leg and an unaccustomed crutch, and found the steps a difficulty; but Vera put a hand under his elbow and let him lean heavily on her shoulder, and he reached the dream-garden without, I hope, too many twinges.

It is really very lovely. I don't like hearing it called a dream-garden, naturally; but I do feel always, when I come into it, that it is like sinking into the stillness and magic of a happy dream. The gypsophila was n't out yet, but it made a mist like drowsiness; white peonies, gray santolina, white roses and silver sea-thistle, the dreamy spires of white foxgloves, low, purple pansies, and tall irises, white and gray and purple—these, in their twilight colors, were massed against the gray stone walls, and there were four bay-trees in stone urns at the corners. The beautiful old stone seat (I found it in Brompton Road, but it might have been made for Compton Dally three hundred years ago in Italy) was heaped with gray and purple cushions. In the center rose the fluent shaft of the fountain, falling with a musical rustle and murmur into the stone basin where pale goldfish move among water-lilies.

We sat down, and Vera went on to say, as always:

"The other gardens are for friends. I plan them for them. I see them there. This is for loneliness, for my very self; and to me it is the heart of the whole, as solitude should be the heart of life."

Vera, as a matter of fact (you see, the phrase recurs constantly), is never alone. If she is wan and strange and wistful, it is n't from dreaming dreams, but from not having enough sleep and doing five times too many things and seeing five times too many people in the day. Vera, too, I may say it here, is n't in the least an ass, though she may, on occasions she finds suitable, talk like one. Occasions are often suitable, so that, as I once told her, she 's in danger of making a habit of it. She looked at me, when I told her this, with the pausing, penetrating, ironic gaze she is so capable of, and finally, with a slight grimace, said, "I 'll be careful, Judith."

I have moments of feeling fond of her and this was one of them. She is careful; I 've very rarely heard her talk like an ass when the occasion was unsuitable; but so many people are stupid that these are rare, and I foresee that, as she gets on and sinks by degrees into the automatism that overtakes so many artificial people, it may become a habit, just as the touch of rouge on her pale lips is already becoming more emphasized.

Captain Thornton, I saw at once, as she did,—for she saw most things,—was not stupid; but he was very simple. There was a certain bewilderment on his handsome, sturdy face, wistfulness rather than delight, such as a soul newly arrived in paradise might feel, unable to forget the passes of death and the companions left behind in suffering. He was n't forgetting; I felt that as I looked at him. So many of them forget. Vera, I am sure, hardly ever remembers what it all really means—all these wounded heroes. Perhaps it is natural that she should n't; she has no one near in it.

Captain Thornton gazed about him quietly, and from the garden looked back at the angel who had led him there. Of course Vera must have looked like an angel to him. I have n't described Vera, and she is difficult to describe. To say that she is pale and dark, with attenuated features and dwelling, melancholy eyes, is only the beginning of it. Of course she is getting on now,—she is nearing forty-five,—but she 's still lovely; her smile makes me think of a pearl dropped in wine, and behind the melancholy of her eyes is that well of waiting irony. She looks as soft, as tenderly encompassing, as a summer night; but she is really sharp, sharp, sharp. Thwart or vex her, and out leaps the stiletto; or, rather, it would be more exact to say, out come the claws. But women of the Vera type will always, to young men like Captain Thornton, be angels pure and simple. I don't suppose, for one thing, that he 'd ever talked intimately with anyone quite like her. He came, I was to learn, from a remote country rectory where the great ladies of the neighborhood had been unfashionable, matter of fact, and clothed for the most part in tweed and leather, and none of them would have been likely to make much, before the war, of a young soldier. Vera was making much of him, and a fashionable angel is an angel doubly equipped. He would not know what it was that made her so strange in her sweetness; but fashion of that achieved and recondite kind is like a soft incense wafted around a woman. She is first, everywhere, always, without an effort; and people who are first, if they also look like angels, win hearts as easily as they run and twist their fingers among their ropes of pearls, as Vera was doing now. She always wore her pearls; they fell together in a milky heap in her lap, and long ear-rings glimmered in the shadows of her hair.

Vera's way of talking, too, is like a spell. Her voice is rather like the fountain, so low, so inarticulate, yet so expressive. She murmurs rather than speaks, with now and then a pause that is almost a soft gurgle. Sometimes it exasperates me to hear her, but sometimes even cross-grained I am charmed.

The voice purled and rippled and gurgled over Captain Thornton now. He sat on Vera's farther hand, and Mrs. Thornton sat between Vera and me. Already, at tea-time, Mrs. Thornton had interested me. She had remained silent without seeming shy. Superficially, no doubt, she was dowdy, and superficially she looked dull, or, as I saw it, dulled; and dull and dowdy is what at tea they all put her down for. It 's curious how, in a group of highly civilized people, a newcomer, without a word or glance exchanged between them, is in a moment assessed and placed and relegated. Everybody was going to be very kind to Mrs. Thornton, that I saw, and everybody was going to relegate her; only the highly civilized can manage the combination.

Mrs. Thornton, from one point of view, had a pallid, podgy little face, with wide lips and short nose and a broad, infantile brow above eyes singularly far apart. All the same, and the more I looked at her the more I saw it, it was a delicious face; squared here, stubborn there, sweet by turns and glances. And she was of the loveliest color, with a skin silver-white and thick, shining, pale-gold hair, and eyes of a deep, dense, meditative blue. All her attributes, however, were invisible to Vera, and I was fully prepared for the glance with which, over Mrs. Thornton's imitation Panama, she presently said to me:

"'What if she were to spoil you for him?'"

"Darling, do take Mrs. Thornton round the water-garden. It 's so lovely at this hour. Captain Thornton must wait for it till to-morrow. He 's too tired to go farther now."

Mrs. Thornton got up at once, with her air of vague acquiescence in anything proposed, and I led her up and out and down the lime-tree alley and through the copse, where Vera, in spring, has her wild garden, to the banks of the river, the clear, wandering little stream, bridged and islanded, golden in the afternoon light under its willows and reflecting irises and meadow-sweet.

"Now we can sit down," I said, and on a bench under a willow we did sit, Mrs. Thornton with an involuntary sigh of weariness. "I expect your husband will soon get all right here," I said presently. "It 's such good air. Is his leg badly damaged?"

"Well, you see, he can already get about quite well with it," said Mrs. Thornton; "but I 'm afraid he 'll never be able to do any of the things he most cares for again—riding and cricket, and his soldiering, of course. He will have to give up the army. I am afraid it 's afterward one will begin to feel all the things that one must give up. Just now all that I can think about is that he has come back alive. Have you any one out there?" she asked.

I told her about Jack and how he had got a commission at the beginning of the war and gone out in January.

"It must be even more of a wrench to have them go when they are n't already in the army," said Mrs. Thornton. "A soldier's wife ought not to feel it so much of a wrench. I 'm afraid I did, though."

I saw already that Mrs. Thornton had taken to me. It was natural that she should. I had taken to her quite tremendously, and she must have felt it; and, besides, a great many women do feel confidence in me at once. I, to be sure, look like anything but an angel, though I, like Vera, have small, pale features and dark hair. But mine 's not a melancholy or mysterious face. My eyebrows dip together over my nose, and my mouth is at once placid and irascible. I look, in my straight, austere clothes,—the silver buckles on my shoes and the fob of old trinkets at my waist for all adornment,—like a cross between a young priest in his soutane and a Blue-Coat boy; and I think it is the boyish woman, curt and kind and impersonal, who gains the confidence of other women.

"I don't know that it was more of a wrench," I said. "I expect that you and I felt pretty much the same sort of thing on that Victoria platform when we said good-by to them. What do you and your husband intend doing, now that he has to give up his profession?"

"Well, we had thought of having a chicken-farm somewhere. We are both so fond of the country, and I 've a cousin who has a chicken-farm, and I 've helped her with it, and she has made it pay. Even if Clive's leg stays so bad, I am very strong. But we 've had, really, no time yet to talk things over."

"You don't look very strong," I observed, "but that may be because you are over-tired. You look very tired. I should say that you got up at six this morning, and raced around London shopping in the heat, and packed, and had no lunch, and a journey on top of it all. So no wonder you are tired."

"How clever of you!" Mrs. Thornton cried, laughing. "That is exactly what I have been doing. And I 've been in a Belgian refugee hostel ever since Clive went, and that is tiring, though it keeps one going, too. Don't you find it difficult just to go on from day to day?" She was leaning forward on her knee now to look up into my face while I knitted. "I mean, when one wakes in the morning, for instance, to think that one has to get up and brush one's teeth and do one's hair and all the rest of it. It seems impossible when what one is feeling is that one wants to be chloroformed till it is all over. It 's then that the hostel was so sustaining; one had to get up whether one felt like it or not."

"I know; yes," I said, nodding. "I 've work, too, though it 's not so sustaining as a hostel. I 'm my cousin's secretary,

and we have all these Tommies now; they take up a good deal of time. It must be curious, having it all over, all that weight of anxiety."

"It is, it is," said little Mrs. Thornton, eagerly, with her look of gratitude for finding some one with whom to talk about it. "It 's almost like losing a limb. I feel crippled, as well as Clive. Is n't it absurd? But it 's almost like loss. And one is dazed with the relief of it."

"How long have you been married?" I asked.

"Only a year and a half," she told me, and that Clive's mother and hers had been great friends, and that she had often gone to stay with his people in the country, so that she had always known him. Her mother had died when she was a child and her father only two years ago. She had lived in London with her father, who had been an artist. She was just twenty. And after she had told me about herself, she asked me about Jack, and I found myself telling her all about him and about those plans of ours for living together in London if he ever comes back.

THE party at Compton Dally was small, and they were all there, except Sir Francis, who was an old family friend and who was paying a long visit, to help Vera with her Tommies. The only other officer besides Captain Thornton was poor Colonel Appleby, a pale, frightened, middle-aged man invalided home with nervous shock. At dinner that night Lady Dighton, who is the embodiment of lassitude and acquiescence, had him, and Mrs. Travers-Cray had Sir Francis, and Vera had Captain Thornton, so that Percival fell to the share of Mollie Thornton, and I wondered how she liked him. If she was already feeling herself out of it, to have Percival at dinner would n't make her feel herself in; quite the reverse. Percival's appearance is always summed up to me by the back of his head: the wedge of fat, red neck above his high collar, the sleek, glittering black hair, and the rims of his red ears curving forward on each side. The back of his head seems really as characteristic as the front, though that is jovial and not unkindly. Percival looks sly over his food, and looks over his wine like the sort of man who is going to tell a story that no one else will find at all amusing. He told Mollie several such stories that night, I inferred, though she was evidently neither shy nor shocked; it was in the quality of her quiet, observant little smile that I read her tolerant endurance.

Milly, Vera's girl, just seventeen and just promoted to late dinner, sat on Mollie's other hand and did not, as far as I observed, address her once during the meal. But, then, Milly never makes efforts unless they are plainly useful. All Vera's beauty has been spoiled in her by the Dixon admixture, and yet she is a most engaging-looking little minx, with broad, bold, black, idle eyes and a blunted nose and auburn hair and a skin of roses and carnations. Vera had seen to that. Poor Vera is quite fond of the child, a half-vexed, half-ironic, constantly rebuffed tenderness. But Milly says to me, "Mother is such a bore, you know," and likes me far better, who make no claim upon her and who, she must feel, like her very little. She will soon take flight, however, when a sufficiently advantageous occasion presents itself. The war has been a sad blow to her projects, and what I like in Milly is the fact that she has never uttered a word of complaint as to the shattering of her girlish gaieties. However, to get back to Mollie Thornton, I don't think she could have enjoyed her companions at dinner.

After dinner I go and amuse the Tommies and talk to the nurses until bedtime, but, before I went, I observed that Vera, after her wont with the detrimental belongings of a guest, had placed Mollie in a corner with a book and the urgent, smiling murmur: "By a friend of mine. Quite, quite beautiful. I know you 'll love it." It is a book called "Spiritual Control," with a portrait of its author, who is a stock-broker, a sleek, stalwart, satisfied person whom Vera characterizes, why I can't think, except that she had him once to stay after hearing his lecture, as

her "friend." A great many people find the book inspiring; Vera, as a matter of fact, does n't, and she found Mr. Cuthbert Dawson a terrible bore. I inferred from her giving poor Mrs. Thornton "Spiritual Control" to read where she placed her.

When I came back an hour later she was still in her corner with "Spiritual Control," but she was n't reading it. She had drawn the curtain at the window where she sat, and was looking out at the splendid, dramatic moonlight. Sir Francis and Colonel Appleby were reading the evening papers, Lady Dighton and Leila Travers-Cray talked together while they knitted, Milly had disappeared, and at the farthest end of the great room, on its farthest sofa, Vera, pale and pearly, was talking to Captain Thornton.

"Well," I said, "how is your spirit? Is it more controlled?"

Mrs. Thornton looked up at me, and after a moment her smile of understanding merged into one of friendly enjoyment.

"How do you manage," she said, "to be so austere in the daytime and so splendid at night? You make me think of a Venetian princess in that brocade."

"It is nice, is n't it?" I said. "And made by the littlest of dressmakers. I 'm clever at clothes. But tell me how you like Mr. Cuthbert Dawson."

"Well, he is very cheerful and sincere," said Mrs. Thornton, kindly; "but I don't seem to get much out of it. I 'm really too tired and stupid to read to-night."

"And it 's time your husband was in bed," I said. "One of the nurses is coming for him."

Mrs. Thornton looked down the long room at her husband.

"If only I 'd had the Red Cross training," she said, "I could have taken care of his leg then. I suppose I must n't ask to be allowed to. Is n't it quite early?" she added. "He 's enjoying the talk with Lady Vera."

"It 's half-past ten, and we are strict with our invalids. Here is nurse now. I 'll come up with you and see that you are comfortable."

No one could have said that there was any creature comfort lacking in Mrs. Thornton's reception at Compton Dally. Captain Thornton, as the invalid, had a larger room, but Mrs. Thornton's room, next it, was quite as charming a one, pink and gray, with old French prints and hangings of *toile de Jouy*. She went up to the prints for a moment of silent appreciation before turning to me with a sigh, half pleasure and half wistfulness.

"How lovely everything is here! Papa would have been in rapture over those Cochins. I shall enjoy my sleep to-night." And then,—it was her only sign of awareness,—"I suppose I 'm to be allowed to go and say good night to Clive when nurse has done with him."

My study at Compton Dally, where I type and write and do accounts, opens on the west terrace, and from my bureau I seemed, at most hours of the days that followed, to have a view of Mollie Thornton's little figure wandering, as it were, on the outskirts, not plaintive,—there was never a touch of plaintiveness,—but passive. With her sewing or knitting or a book she sat a good deal under the shade of the cedar that stands at the corner of the terrace, and she spent a good deal of time drifting up and down the vistas of the lawns and park watching birds, a binocular in her hand. She was certainly a most comfortable person to relegate, since she never looked melancholy and usually contrived to seem occupied, and Vera, when she passed behind her on the terrace on her way to the dream-garden, Captain Thornton beside her, would pause and put her hand on her shoulder and say, "Happy, dear?" in the most dulcet tone. And when Mrs. Thornton, lifting those meditative eyes, answered, "Yes, thank you," Vera, all bland benevolence, would say, "*That 's* right," and pass on. Leila Travers-Cray and Lady Dighton sometimes exchanged a few friendly remarks with her, and she read the morning papers to Colonel Appleby when his eyes hurt him; but she was relegated far, far away as completely as

any human being could be who could in any way count as a guest.

I was very busy and had not much time to be with her, though all the time I had was hers; but I knew accurately what she was feeling. I related it always with that dreadful Victoria platform, with those moments of pain and yet of rapture which we had both known, when we had felt ourselves, in our suffering, stand for England, and lifted up in accepting sacrifice to the august and beautiful spirit that claimed our dearest. One would expect, after that transcendent suffering, to find as transcending a joy; but how was joy possible to a young wife caught into what might be to her husband a fairy-land or a paradise, but to her a cruel and complicated machine where her only part was to turn round with the other wheels and pretend to like it? I knew that it must not be taken too seriously. It was only to last for six weeks, and then she would have her Clive back again; yet while it lasted it must make the months of suffering passed through seem happy by comparison. There had then been nothing between them but distance and the fear of death; and now everything was between them—everything Vera stood for; her house, her friends, her smile, her pearls, her dream-garden.

On morning after morning I saw Vera leading him away to it, with her armful of books, and Chang, her Pekingese, trotting at her heels. I perfectly understood Vera's state of mind in regard to Captain Thornton. There was no occasion for commonplace jealousy. He merely made her feel cheerful and rejuvenated. Everything she had to show and tell him was new to him. She became new to herself, poor old Vera! and gained from the quiet regard of his sane and simple eyes—handsome eyes under straight, dark brows—a sense of freshness and worth in everything. She liked him better than any of the wounded heroes she had yet had. Some of them had been merely stupid, and one or two had been gloomy, sardonic men—men of her own world, to whom nothing she had to say would seem new. Clive Thornton was neither stupid nor sardonic, and he was simple enough to accept Vera's fancy tricks—her talk of dreaming dreams and solitude—as part of an angel's manner, and he was just clever enough to be able to appreciate anything she had to say. I could quite see how endearing Vera must find his steady gaze and his considering silences. Even with my vigorous espousal of his wife's side I never felt angry with him. His not seeing that she was unhappy was part of the same innocence that made him not see that Vera was a cat. Mollie, besides, took quite as much care to conceal her unhappiness as Vera to behave like an angel. It never crossed his mind that his wife was relegated; it never crossed his mind that they were separated. He did not feel separated; they were both, as far as he knew, in fairy-land together. And yet I knew it might not all be so trivial and transient as it seemed. A new standard was being formed for him; a new idea of what it was to be an angel. It was possible that all unconsciously he would no longer think of Mollie as one when he left Compton Dally; and when I took this in I began to gather up my weapons.

I found Mollie one afternoon sitting on the bench under the willow-tree where we had had our first talk. She had her knitting, but her hands were still, and she was gazing before her at the water. If she were not a tragic figure, it was only because there are some things sadder than tragedy. She had faced everything, been through everything, she had gone down into the Hades where so many of us were still living, and now she found herself balked and menaced by commonplace daylight. Tragedy is, in some ways, an easy thing to bear.

"Well, what are you doing here by yourself?" I asked her, advancing. There was a look on her face, startled and steadied, that showed me what she had been thinking about in the fancied security of her solitude. But she managed at once the vague smile that concealed so much, and said that she had been, as usual, resting. "I seem to find out every day more and more how tired I was," she added.

"You did n't care to go with the others, motoring?" I took my place beside her. "You 'd have liked Marjorams. It 's a lovely old place. Some people think it beats Compton Dally, though, naturally, I 'm not one of them."

"I 'm sure you 're not," said Mollie, laughing a little. "That was one of the things that first struck me about you—how you loved it. I felt that you were a fiercely loyal person."

"I think I am—narrow loyalties, but fierce ones," I said. "But you have n't answered my question."

"About motoring? I don't care much about it, you know. And there really was n't room enough for me."

I knew there had n't been; but I was deliberately eschewing tact.

"Has Captain Thornton gone?" I inquired, knowing, also, that he had n't.

"No; Lady Vera is reading to him in the flagged garden," said Mollie in the voice that showed me how little she had to learn about spiritual control. "Lady Vera is going to take him out for a run in her two-seater before dinner. He enjoys that a great deal more than the big motor."

"It 's far pleasanter, certainly," I agreed. And I went on: "They are reading, you mean, in the dream-garden. You must n't forget that it 's a dream-garden —where one goes to be alone."

She looked round at me quickly, and after a moment I saw that she faintly colored. She said nothing, leaving it to me to follow up my graceless gibe. I was quite ready to follow it up.

"As a matter of fact," I said, knitting the loops along the side of my heel, "Vera hardly ever *is* alone there. It 's always, with Vera, a *solitude à deux*. She 's not at all the sort of woman for real solitude. She is the sort of woman who likes to feel, or, rather, to look lonely and not to be alone."

To this, after a pause, Mollie said:

"She is very charming; Clive finds her very charming." And, forced to it, apparently, by my crudity, she added, "Are n't you fond of her, then?"

"No, I 'm not; not particularly," I said. "Especially not just now. Vera is not at her best, to my mind, when she is being angelic to young married men."

Mollie Thornton now blushed deeply.

"I am perfectly contented that she should be angelic to Clive," she said.

"You are very loyal," I returned. "But you 'll own that he is getting more out of it than you are. It 's a place, Compton Dally, for wounded heroes rather than for a wounded hero's wife."

"Do you mean," she asked after a moment, "that I ought n't to have come?" She had indeed owned to everything in the bewilderment of the question. I laughed at it.

"Ought n't to have been with your husband at a time like this! Even Vera could hardly ask that, could she? And that 's my quarrel with her; that it 's the time of all times that you should be together and that she never lets you see him, practically."

She looked away, and after a moment I saw that her eyes had filled with tears.

"He has n't an idea of it," she said at last.

"That fact does n't make you happier, does it?"

"He thinks I 'm as happy as he is. He thinks that we are together in it all, and that she is an angel to me, too," said Mollie. "She always is an angel to me when she sees me."

"All men are rather stupid when it comes to knowing whether their wives are happy," I remarked. "I think your Clive is a great dear; but I like you best because you see things and he does n't. You, for instance, see that Vera is n't an angel, though she may look like one."

"He has no reason to think anything else, has he?" said Mollie, and I saw that I had brought her to the point to which I had intended to bring her. "I don't let him guess that I 'm not happy; it would be horrid of me if I did, for it would only mean that he 'd feel at once that we must go away, and all this loveliness would be over for him. A stuffy little flat in Bayswater is n't a very alluring alternative;

"'It 's my one corner. My one place to be alone. I don't see people here unless I 've asked them to come'"

and that 's where we 'd have to go—to my aunt's—till Clive was better."

"How you 'd love the stuffy flat! How glad you 'd be to be there with him! And, to do him justice, how happy he 'd be there with you! He will be in a month's time. The only question is, the month. No, Vera is n't an angel. If she were an angel, she 'd have seen to it that you were happy here, too. But when it comes to being nice to other women,—really nice, I mean,—she can be a cat. And what I 'd like very much to see now is what she 'd make of it if you could show her that you could look like an angel, too. It 's so much a matter of looks."

"Make of it? But I could n't look like an angel."

"You could look like a rival; that 's another way of doing it. You could look like another woman of her own sort. You could make her see you. She simply does n't see you now. I suspect that if Vera saw you and saw that you were charming, she 'd show her claws. I 'd like Captain Thornton to see her showing her claws."

In silent astonishment, her blue eyes fixed upon me, Mollie gazed.

"No, I don't hate Vera, if that 's what you 're wondering," I said. "I like you, that 's all, and I don't intend that she shall go on making you unhappy."

"But I don't want Clive made unhappy," Mollie said. "I can't imagine what you mean; but, whatever it is, I don't want it. I could n't bear all this to be spoiled for him. I could n't bear it not to be always, for him, a paradise."

It was my turn to gaze at her, and I gazed penetratingly.

"And what if it all came to mean that you yourself, because of it, were never to be more to him than a second-rate paradise? What if she were to spoil you for him?"

I brought out the cruel questions deliberately, and for a moment Mollie faced them and me.

"Why do you say that? How cruel to say that!" she murmured, and then suddenly she bowed her head upon her hands. "It 's been my terror. I 've been ashamed of myself for thinking it. And now—you see it!"

I put my arm around her shoulders.

"I 'm not cruel. I only want us to see things together. I don't really think they 'd ever come to that; and, at all events, he would never know that they had."

"But I should," Mollie said.

"Yes, you would. And it 's horribly true that real things can be spoiled and blighted by false things. I 've often seen it happen. You do see the danger, and you must take up the burden, my dear, of being cleverer than your husband, and save him along with yourself. If Vera were what she looks and seems to him, he might be right in feeling that he found in her something he could n't find in you. You must show him that she is n't what she looks and seems, and you must show him that you can be a first-rate paradise, too."

"In a little flat in Bayswater! On a chicken-farm! No, it can't be done. Paradises of this sort don't grow in such places," poor Mollie moaned.

"You can keep up the real paradise on them—the one he has already—when you get there. The point is that you must show him now that you can look like this one here. And the way to look it is to dress it. I 'm sure you 've realized the absolutely supreme importance of dress for women of the paradise type—the women you see here, all these sweet ministering angels to the Tommies and the young husbands. I don't mean to say that, with the exception of Vera, they 're not as nice as you are in spite of being well dressed; but I do mean that if they dressed as you do they 'd not be women of the paradise."

Mollie's hands had fallen, and she was gazing again with eyes childlike, astonished, and trusting.

"But, Judith, what do you mean?" she asked. "Dress? Of course you all dress beautifully. Have n't I loved simply looking at you all, as if you 'd been the most exquisite birds? But how could I do it? I have n't the money; I never have had. If one has no money, one must be either

esthetic or dowdy, and I 've always preferred to be dowdy."

"Yes, I saw that; I liked you for that. There 's hope for the dowdy, but none for the esthetic; the one is humble, and the other is complacent. Your clothes express renunciation simply—and the summer sales. But though it is a question of money, some women who have masses of money never learn how to dress. They remain mere dressmakers' formulas; and others, with very little, can't be passed by. They count anywhere. You 've noticed my clothes. I 've hardly any money, yet I 'm perfect. All my clothes mean just what I intend them to; just as Vera's mean what she intends, and Mrs. Travers-Cray's and Lady Dighton's, and Milly's, for Milly already is as clever as possible at knowing her thing. But you 've abandoned the attempt to intend. You 've sunk down, and you let the winds rake over you. You 've always made me think of a larkspur, that blue and silver kind, all pensive grace and delicacy; but you 're a larkspur that has n't been staked. Your sprays don't count; they tumble anyhow, and no one sees your shape or color. Last night, for instance—that turquoise-blue chiffon little dress. You must n't wear turquoise-blue chiffon; not turquoise, and not that sort of chiffon."

"I know it. I hated it," she said.

"Of course you did, and so does any one who looks at you in it."

"But I could n't afford the better qualities," she appealed. "And in the cheaper ones I could n't get the blue I wanted, the soft Japanese blue."

"No, you could n't. And you thought it would n't show if you had it made up on sateen. It always does show. No, it needs thought and time and computing, too much time, too much thought, to say nothing of too much money for many women, of course; for them it would n't be worth it. There are other things to do than to live in paradise. But for you it is worth it; to show him that you can look like an angel, and to show him that Vera can look like a cat. No, *I 'll* show him; mine is the responsibility. It 's worth it, at all events, to me. I 'll put in the stakes, and tie you and loop you and display you. You 'll see. I told you I 'd a clever little dressmaker. That 's an essential. And we 'll scrape up the money. You shall be dressed for once as you intend."

She was bewildered, aghast, tempted, and, on the top of everything, intensely amused. Her face was lighted as I 'd never seen it before with pure mirth, and it looked like still, silver water that becomes suddenly glimmering, quivering, eddying, and sunlit. She was charming thus lighted. It was a sort of illumination of which Vera's face is incapable; her gaiety is always clouded with irony.

"It is all too kind, too astonishing, too funny for words," Mollie said. "Of course I should love to be well dressed for once, and I can't see why I should n't avail myself of your little dressmaker now, —especially now, since, as you tell me, I offend through my dowdiness. And I do really need some new clothes. I 'm wearing out my trousseau ones, you know. Yes; was n't it a horrid little trousseau? But, don't you see," and the sunlight faded, "I can't be real; not a real angel, not a real paradise. It 's much deeper. It 's a question of roots. It 's the way they smile, the way they walk, the way they know what they want to say and what they don't want to say."

I nodded. "You know, too, and you 'd say it, if people saw you and cared to hear what you said."

"That would help, of course. I 've never felt so stupid in my life as here. But, oh, it 's deeper!" said Mollie. "I don't belong to it. How they all make me feel it! I 'm an outsider; and why should I pretend not to be?"

"It would n't be pretending anything to dress as you 'd like to dress. No one who *sees* is an outsider nowadays, if they can contrive to make themselves seen. That 's the whole point. And there 's nothing you don't see. You see far more than Vera does. Don't bother about the roots. Take care of the flowers, and the roots will take care of themselves; that 's another modern maxim for you. Your flow-

ers are there, and all that we need think of now is how to show them. Wait. You 'll see. We 'll go up to London to-morrow," I said; "and this very evening we 'll have a talk about your hair."

YOU may be sure that I was on the spot to see a week or so later my larkspur's début as an angel. We were all assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, and she was a little late, as I, not she, had intended that she should be. It was precisely the moment for a mild sensation. The day had been hot and long. Everybody, apart from being anxious,—for everybody was anxious, Sir Francis and Mrs. Travers-Cray with sons at the front and Lady Dighton's husband in the Dardanelles,—apart from that ever-present strain, everybody to-day was a little jaded, blank, and tired of one another. There reigned, as a symptom, that silence that in the moments before dinner falls sometimes upon people who know each other too well for surmise or ceremony. They stood about looking at the evening newspapers; they picked up a book; they sat side by side, knitting without speaking. Vera, sunken in a deep chair near my sofa, yawned wearily. No one, in fact, had anything to look to before bedtime except the stimulant of the consommé or a possible surprise in the way of sweets.

I had known that I could count upon Mollie not to be self-conscious when she appeared in her new array, but I had n't counted upon such complete and pensive simplicity. Her eyes were on me as she entered, her husband limping behind her, and they seemed to ask me, with a half-wistful amusement, if she came up to my expectations. She far surpassed them. I never saw a woman to whom it made more difference. "It," on this occasion, was blue—the blue of a night sky and the blue of a sky at dawn, the blue, too, of my larkspurs, lapping at the edges here and there, as delicately as filaments of cloud crossing the sky, into white. And it flowed and fell, and it curved and clung, and it made one think, soft, suave triumph that it was, of breezes over the sea at dawn and of a crescent moon low on a horizon and of white shores and blue Grecian hills; at least it made me think of these things, it and Mollie together; and with it went the alteration of her hair—bands of folded gold swathed round and round her little head. No one but myself had ever seen before that Mollie had the poise and lightness of a Tanagra figure nor that the shape of her face was curious and her eyes strange and her skin like silver; but I knew, as she advanced down the long room, that Vera, sunken in her chair, saw it all at last, drank in every drop of it, with an astonishment that, though it expressed itself in no gesture, I was able to gage from her very stillness, her concentration of stillness, as she watched the relegated belonging, visible at last. It 's not pleasant for anybody to have to own that they 've been blind and made a mistake, and Vera was specially fond of discovering oddity and charm and of claiming and displaying and discussing a discovery. And here was oddity and charm which she had not only failed to discover, but had helped to obscure. Mollie was indeed visible, and every eye was on her as she drifted quietly forward in the evening light and sat down beside me. She was mine, and no one else's; that was quite evident, too.

That Captain Thornton had received something of a revelation was also evident, though it had not probably amounted to more than seeing, and saying, that Mollie looked awfully well to-night; but it expressed itself in the fact that, instead of joining Vera, as was his wont, he came and sat down next to Mollie on my sofa. We began to talk, and, though the watching pause was prolonged for yet another moment, the others then began to talk, too. It was as if, not quite knowing what had happened to them, they were all a little cheered and exhilarated; as if they 'd had their consommé and as if the sweet had been altogether a surprise. A spectacle of any sort has this effect upon a group of jaded people. Only Vera kept her ominous silence.

Dinner was announced, and we all got

up. Percival, with a new alacrity, approached Mollie,—he almost always had Mollie,—the others paired off as usual, and Vera rose to Captain Thornton's arm. It was then that she said, smiling thoughtfully upon Mollie:

"Are n't you doing your hair in a new way, dear?"

I saw from Mollie's answering smile that she was still ingenuous enough to hope that she might win Vera's approval with that of the others, the hope, too, that while Clive might think of herself as a first-rate angel, he should never see Vera as a cat.

"It is new," she said. "I 've just learned how to; Judith showed me. Do you like it?"

Leaning on Captain Thornton's arm, Vera, with gently lifted brows, rather sadly shook her head.

"I suppose I don't care about fashions. It 's very fashionable, is n't it? But I loved so that great, girlish knot. People's way of doing their hair is part of their personality to me. Judith cares so much about fashion, I know. Do you care about fashion, Captain Thornton? Do you like this fashionable way? You know, I can't help always thinking that it makes women's heads look like cheeses; in napkins, you know—Stiltons."

It was the first scratch. Mollie, though with a little startled glance, took it with all mildness, making no comment as Percival led her away, Percival remarking that it was, he thought, a ripping way of doing her hair; and I, as I went out manless, heard Captain Thornton, behind me, saying, in answer to Vera's murmurs:

"Yes; I see; I see what you mean. But, do you know, all the same I think it 's most awfully becoming to Mollie. It brings out the shape of her face so."

"What a *dear* little face it is!" said Vera, rapidly leaving the cheese.

It all worked like a stealing spell. There was nothing marked or sudden in it. No one, I think, except Vera was aware that his or her attitude to little Mrs. Thornton had changed. She had become visible, that was all, and they became aware that she was not only worth looking at, but worth talking to. At dinner that night old Sir Francis fixed his eye-glass to observe her more than once, and after dinner he joined her in the drawing-room and talked with her till bedtime. It turned out then that he had known her father and actually possessed one of his pictures; had been a great admirer. Next morning he was walking with her on the terrace before breakfast, Mollie in a blue lawn as sprightly as it was demure, her casque of golden hair shining in the sunlight. Lady Dighton asked her that afternoon to come motoring with her and the Tommies, and in the evening I heard Mrs. Travers-Cray, while she and Mollie wound wool together, telling her about her two boys at the front. The only person who did n't see more of Mollie was Captain Thornton; but that, I felt sure, was because Vera was determined that he should n't.

It was not for a day or two that I was able to compare notes with Mollie.

"Well," I said, joining her on the terrace before dinner, *"ça y est."*

"It 's extraordinary," said Mollie. "Everything is different. I myself am different. I feel, for one thing, as if I 'd become clever to match my clothes. It would be almost humiliating to have the mere clothes make so much difference and every one change so to me unless I could really feel that I 'd changed, too."

"You 're staked. I told you how it would be."

"And I owe it all to you. It 's a wonderfully sustaining feeling to be staked, secure, peaceful. Such a funny change, Judith, is little Milly! Have you noticed? She came up to me when I was walking this afternoon and linked her arm in mine, and in ten minutes was confiding in me all about her perplexed love-affairs, as if we 'd been old friends."

"Yes, she would. She loves to tell people about her love-affairs."

"But I could n't have imagined that she was really so ingenuous; for, in a sense, she is ingenuous."

"Exceedingly ingenuous when she is n't

exceedingly sophisticated; I think one often sees the mixture. The only thing you must be prepared for with the Milly type is that in a week's time she may forget that she ever confided in you and, almost, that she ever knew you. Her ingenuousness is a form of presumptuousness."

"Yes, I think I saw that. I 'm beginning to see so many things—far more things than I 'll ever have use for on a chicken-farm, Judith." And Mollie laughed a little.

"And what does your husband say?" I asked.

"Well, I 've not seen much of him, you know. But I 'm sure he likes it awfully, the way I look."

"Only Vera won't let him get at you to tell you so."

"Oh, he sees enough of me to tell me so," said Mollie, smiling; "only it takes him time to come to the point of saying things, and it 's true that we have n't much time."

"And she has n't given you any more scratches before him?"

"Not before him." Mollie flushed a little. "It *was* a scratch, was n't it? I don't think he saw that it was."

"He will see in time. And it 's worth it, is n't it, since it 's to make him see?"

"Yes, I can bear it. She 's rather rude to me now when he is n't there, you know; but it 's really less blighting to have some one see you enough to be rude to you than see you so little that they are affectionate. Yet I hope she won't be too rude."

"She can hardly bear it," I said.

It was next morning that Vera showed me how little she was able to bear it. She had kept me singularly busy, as if afraid that I might wave a magic wand even more transformingly, and she came into the study where I was writing invitations for a garden-fête in aid of the Red Cross fund, and after giving me very dulcetly a long list of instructions, she went to the window and looked out for some silent moments at Mollie sauntering up and down with Sir Francis under the blue bubble of her parasol.

"I suppose you dressed her when you took her up to town that day," she then remarked.

I had wondered how long Vera would keep under cover, and I was pleased to see her emerge.

"Well, hardly that," I said, marking off with my pen the names of the people on my list who were away and not to be counted on for help with the bazaar. "She badly needed some clothes and could n't afford expensive places; so I took her to my little woman. She was able to carry out Mollie's ideas perfectly. She has charming ideas, has n't she? She knows so exactly what suits her."

"Carry out her ideas? She has n't an idea in her head. Carry out yours, you mean, you funny creature. I can't conceive why you took the pains to dress up the deadly little dowd." Vera drummed with her fingers on the window-pane. Mrs. Travers-Cray had joined Mollie and Sir Francis, and they sat down in a shady corner of the terrace. Mrs. Travers-Cray, sweet, impassive, honey-colored woman, was one of the few people for whose opinions and tastes Vera had a real regard.

"Oh, you 're mistaken there, Vera, just as you 've been mistaken about her looks," I said, all dispassionate limpidity. "She has heaps of ideas, I can assure you, and I saw it from the beginning; just as I saw that she was enchanting-looking."

"Enchanting! Help! help! That little skim-milk face, with those great calf's eyes! Who is the poor dear martyr thing who carries her eyes on a plate? St. Lucia, is n't it? She makes me think of that—as much expression. You may have succeeded in making her less of a dowd, but you 'll never succeed in making her less of a bore."

"Well, Mrs. Travers-Cray does n't find her a bore," I remarked, casting a glance of quiet, satisfied possessorship at the group outside.

"Oh, Leila always was an angel," said Vera, "and your little protégée has made a very determined set at her."

"Sir Francis is an angel, too, then. He delights in her; that 's evident." It was

perhaps rather indiscreet of me to goad Vera like this, but I could not resist taking it out of her and rubbing it into her, and I knew that Sir Francis would vex her almost as much as Mrs. Travers-Cray. "And look at Milly," I added. "You can't say that Milly is an angel. The fact is that Mrs. Thornton is a very charming young woman, and that if you don't see it, you are the only person who does n't."

"Another person who does n't see it is her husband," said Vera. She was determined not to show that she was angry, but I could see how angry she was. "Sir Francis, of course, old goose, thinks any one charming if they are young and dress well and look at him with appealing eyes. It is her husband I 'm really sorry for. It 's evident that he never spoke to a civilized woman in his life till he came here. He does n't show much sign of finding his wife interesting, does he? Poor fellow! It 's pitiful the way men fall into these early marriages with the first curate's daughter they find round the corner. And now that she 's pushing herself forward like this, he is done for." Vera, I saw, was very angry to be goaded so far.

"Surely she is the more interesting of the two," I blandly urged. "Neither of them has a spark of ambition, if it comes to pushing; they 'll be quite happy on their chicken-farm. But if it were a question of getting on and getting in with the right people, it would, I imagine, be she rather than he who would count. This last day or two has made that evident to my mind. In her soft, strange way little Mollie is unique, whereas he is only an honest young soldier, and there are thousands more just like him, thank goodness!"

Vera at this turned her head and looked at me for a moment. After all, even if I was n't angry, I, too, had given myself away. And it evidently pleased her to recognize this—to recognize that she was n't being worsted merely by Mollie's newly revealed charm, but by my diplomacy as well. And it is rather a good mark to Vera, I think, that I don't believe it ever crossed her mind for a moment that she had the simplest method of speedy vengeance in her hands—had simply to send me packing. Of course we should both have known that to use such a method would have been to reveal oneself as crude and vulgar; yet a cattish woman who is very angry may easily become both. Vera did n't. There are things I always like about her.

She took up now one of my lists, and while she scanned it said, smiling with cousinly good-humor:

"Ah, but you can hardly expect me to look upon you as a judge of that, Judith darling—how much a man counts, I mean, and how much he does n't. You are so essentially a woman's woman, are n't you? I suppose it 's just because you are so crisp and clever and unromantic that men don't feel drawn to you, foolish creatures! So that you never get a chance, do you, of finding out anything about them except their way of brushing their hair and the color of their ties. You 're a first-rate woman's woman, I grant you, and you 're very clever and you 've succeeded in foisting your little friend on silly Sir Francis and on Leila Travers-Cray, and it 's all rather dear and funny of you, and I 've quite loved watching it all and seeing you at work; but you won't succeed in foisting Mrs. Thornton on her husband, and he 'll hardly give you an opportunity of finding out whether he 's anything more than an honest young soldier. I have found him," —and Vera now spoke with a simple candor,—"quite, quite a dear; with a great deal in him—sensitiveness, tact, flavor. So much could have been made of him! I, in my little way, could have taken him up and started him. But what can one do for a man who has a wife who does n't know how to dress without help and who will push herself forward? No; I 'm afraid Mrs. Mollie, after she 's left your hands, Judith dear, will tumble quite, quite flat again. *Would* you mind, darling, getting all the invitations off to-day? We must n't be slipshod about it. And don't forget to write to the merry-go-round man, and to Mark Hammond to see if he 'll sing." So, having delivered

what she hoped might be a somewhat stinging shaft at my complacency, Vera trailed away.

If I had n't so goaded her I don't believe, really, that she 'd have taken the trouble that she did take to prove herself right and me wrong. There had been, before this, little conscious malice or intended unkindness. But now the claws were out. During the next day or two it at once justified and infuriated me to watch the manifold little slights and snubs of which poor Mollie was the victim, the dexterity with which, while seeming all sweetness, Vera essayed to belittle and discompose her, to display her as ignorant or awkward or second-rate. Only a woman can be aware of what another woman is accomplishing on these lines, and though Captain Thornton once or twice showed a puzzled brow, her skill equaled her malice, and he never really saw. I was prepared for it when Mollie came to my study one morning and shut the door and said:

"I 'm afraid I can't stand it any longer, Judith."

"It has been pretty bad," I said. "She 's been so infernally clever, too."

"Our time is really nearly up," said Mollie, "and I 'm trying to think of some excuse for getting Clive to feel we 'd better go before it comes. Only now she 's telling him that I am jealous of her."

Pen in hand, I leaned back and looked up at my poor little accomplice. This, I recognized, was indeed Vera's trump-card, but I certainly had n't foreseen that she would use it.

"Has he told you so?" I asked.

"Oh, no, he would n't. He could n't, could he? But I know it. Men are very transparent, are n't they, Judith? He is always urging me to see more of her, and telling me that she is so kind, so clever, such a dear, and that I 'd really think so, too, if I 'd try to see more of her. And when I say that I 'm sure she is, and that I hope I shall see more of her, he thinks, I can see it, that I 'm only playing up, and between us, her and me, he is rather wretched and uncomfortable. What shall I do, Judith? You saw the way at tea yesterday, when she was talking about pictures, she was really sneering at father's, and when I tried to answer,—because I felt I had to answer about that,—making me seem so rude and sullen. Clive knows nothing about pictures; so he did n't understand. And it 's all the time like that. I have to pretend not to see and be bland and silent; or, if I try to answer, she turns everything against me."

"Be patient. Give her a little more time," I said. "She 'll run to earth if you give her a little more time."

"But it is so horrid, between Clive and me, Judith. If I say what I think to him, he will only see it as jealousy; so even with him I have to pretend, and it makes me feel as if I were growing to be like her, and I can't bear it."

I meditated while poor Mollie dried her eyes, to which the irrepressible tears had risen. "Ask him if he can't arrange for you to see more of her," I said presently.

She looked at me with a general trust, yet a particular skepticism.

"But she will make that seem as if I were trying to force myself on them; because she 's always with him, is n't she?"

"Only now because she keeps him, not because he wants to stay. I 'm quite sure that he wants to be more with you. I think you can manage it, Mollie. Just say, when he next urges: 'Oh, but I 'd love to, Clive. Only you must tell me when. Perhaps sometime you 'd take me to the dream-garden when you think she 'll be there and that she 'd care to have me, and then, when you get us started, you could leave us. You could go and take Judith for a stroll.' Something of that sort." She eyed me sadly and doubtfully.

"I 'll try whatever you tell me to try, but I feel afraid of her. I feel as if she cared, really cared, to do me harm."

"She 's been proved wrong," I said, "and I 've rather rubbed it in; but at the worst, Mollie, she can never harm you now as there was danger of her doing. It 's better, far better, you 'll own, for your husband to think you 're jealous and

a naughty angel than for him to think you 're a second-rate one." With this aphorism, for the time being, she had to be contented. I myself felt sure that the hour of reckoning was to come.

It was next afternoon, after lunch, Vera being engaged in the drawing-room with visitors, that I met Captain Thornton on the lawn with his wife. Mollie was very large-eyed and rather pale, and I inferred from her demeanor that she had taken a step or made a move of some kind.

"Do come with us, Miss Elliot," said Captain Thornton. "I 'm just taking Mollie along to the dream-garden. She wants to have a little talk, all to herself, with Lady Vera, and Lady Vera told me to wait for her there till these people were gone; so it 's just the thing. And you and I can leave them together, do you see? People never get really to know each other unless they are alone together, do they?"

"No, they don't," I replied. "Though sometimes they never get to know each other when they *are* alone together," I could n't resist adding; but as I saw a slight bewilderment on his honest face I indulged in no further subtleties, and made haste to add, "Does Vera know that you were going to arrange a meeting?"

"Oh, not a bit of it. That 's just the point," said the guileless young man. "I want her to think that it 's all Mollie's doing, you know; because she 's got it into her head that Mollie does n't really care about her. Funny idea, is n't it? As if Mollie could be like that to any one who 's been as kind to us as Lady Vera has! But I 'm sure that if they have a few quiet talks it will all come right. Mollie is so undemonstrative; I told her that. It needs time for her to get used to anybody."

Mollie, her arm within her husband's, cast across his unconscious breast a grave, deep glance upon me as he thus quoted his defense of her. What was she to do with Vera, the glance perhaps asked me, too, now that she was to have her? What account of the interview would Vera serve up to Clive? Was not her last state to be worse than her first? I tried, in my answering glance, to reassure and sustain, yet I myself felt some uncertainty about this fruition of my counsel.

We reached the dream-garden. Vera and Captain Thornton had been there for most of the morning, and books and papers were piled on the seat where the gray and purple cushions denoted attitudes of confident tête-à-tête.

Captain Thornton and I talked about the war, and I saw, with a mild, reminiscent irony, remembering Vera's sting, that he was perfectly prepared to give me every opportunity for judging him. I felt, indeed, though Vera had so absorbed him, that he had never cared to talk about the war with her. She and the other angels were there to help one to forget, but with me he was glad to remember. It was I who heard Vera's swift footfall approaching. Captain Thornton, stooping to mark out with books and pencils the plan of a battle, had, I think, almost forgotten the coming interview, and until Vera appeared among the cypresses, flushed above her pearls, he remained unaware. She stood there at the top of the steps for a moment, looking down at us, at Captain Thornton and me, our heads so close together, and at Mollie in her blue, and with her unrevealing little face, and I saw from her expression, as she took us all in, that she had not been succeeding so well with Captain Thornton as Mollie and even I had feared. It was a smoldering irritation against him that flared up with her anger against Mollie and me.

"Oh!" she said, a dreadfully significant monosyllable on Vera's competent lips. It expressed surprise and weariness and the slight embarrassment of the civilized confronted with the barbarian. "Oh!" she repeated, and she descended the steps, Chang trotting after her with his countenance of quizzical superciliousness. "I 'm so very, very sorry." She did not look at any of us now; her voice was exceedingly inarticulate and exceedingly sweet. "I 'm afraid there 's been a mistake. It 's the other gardens that are for my friends. I 'm charmed always to see

them there. And there are so many other gardens, are n't there? But this is my own dream-garden, my very own; for solitude, where I come to be alone. One must be alone sometimes. I get very tired."

We had, of course, all risen, Clive staring, while, still with those weary, averted eyes, Vera softly beat the desecrated cushions and shook them into place.

"It 's my fault," Clive stammered. "I mean—I did n't understand. I thought you and Mollie could have a talk here. She wanted to get to know you better, and I suggested this."

Vera had sunk down in her corner, patting her silken knee, so that Chang sprang up upon it and settled down among the pearls. "I 'm very, very sorry," she gurgled, with oh, such vagueness! "It 's my one corner. My one place to be alone. I don't see people here unless I 've asked them to come." She took up a review and opened it, and her eyes scanned its pages.

We were dismissed,—"thrown out," as the Americans say,—and we retreated up the steps, Mollie helping Clive, and down the flagged path and out into the lime-tree alley.

It was a display so complete that it left me, indeed, a little abashed by the success of my manœuvers, while at the same time I felt that I must n't let Captain Thornton discern the irrepressible smile that quivered at the corners of my mouth. When we were out on the lawn he turned his startled eyes on me.

"Really, you know, I 'd no idea, Miss Elliot—what?" He appealed to me.

"That Vera could lose her temper?" I asked.

Clive continued to stare.

"It comes to that, does n't it? What else can it mean?" He looked now at his wife. "To speak like that to you, Mollie! And when she 's been saying she wanted so awfully to make real friends with you."

Mollie, I saw, was dismayed. The triumph had been too complete. She could not keep up with it.

"I am sure that Lady Vera is very badly overwrought about something," she said. "She wanted particularly to be alone, and she found us there, and it put her on edge." Actually she was trying to patch up his fallen angel for him.

"But she told me to wait there for her. —Sent me off to wait for her when those people came," said Clive. "It seems to me that it was you she minded finding. And yet she 's been going on about your never coming to talk to her. She 's been going on about it like anything." He caught himself up, blushing, and I saw that Vera was all revealed to him. I hardly needed to pluck another pinion from her, though I did n't resist the temptation to do so, saying:

"You see, Vera is rather jealous. She can't bear sharing things—her friends or her dream-garden. She liked to have you there, but she did n't like to have Mollie there. Did she tell you she wanted to make friends with Mollie? She 's never taken any pains to show it, has she?"

"Oh, please, Judith!" Mollie implored.

"But he sees it all now, Mollie, so why should n't I say it?" I inquired. "Her point has been, Captain Thornton, to keep you in and to keep Mollie out, and she very nearly succeeded in doing it."

"Please, Judith! It 's not only that. She 's been such a real friend to you, Clive! I 'm sure she is overwrought about something, and it will be all right when you next meet her." But Mollie pleaded in vain.

"I 'm hanged if it will be all right!" said Captain Thornton.

Vera made no attempt to reinstate herself. It was part of her strength never to try to recover what was lost. She kept up appearances, it is true, but that was for her own sake rather than in any hope, or even wish, to regain his good opinion. When we all met at tea she came trailing in, with Chang under her arm, and as she sank into her place, diffusing the sanest unconsciousness, she said to Mrs. Travers-Cray:

"Charlie Carlton 's been killed, have you heard? This war is something more than I can bear."

Charlie Carlton, as I knew, was a

cousin of the recent callers and a most remote friend of Vera's; but it was the best that she could do for the occasion, and all that she was inclined to do, though a melancholy smile, as impersonal as it was impartial, was turned more than once on Captain Thornton and Mollie as she inquired whether they liked sugar in their tea or had enough cream. She had made their tea for six weeks now, and after the first week she had never forgotten that they both liked sugar and both disliked cream. But she thus washed her hands of intimacy while keeping up the graces of hostess-ship. They might have arrived that afternoon.

Mollie and her husband rose beautifully to the situation for their last two days at Compton Dally; that is, Mollie rose, for the husband at such times has only to follow and be silent. I don't think that she could have shown a grace and a distance as achieved as Vera's had it not been for those charming clothes of hers. You must have something to rise from if you are to float serenely above people's heads; otherwise you merely stand on tiptoe, very uncomfortably. Mollie and Vera might have been two silken balloons, passing and repassing suavely in the dulcet summer air. And on the last day Vera's sense of dramatic fitness prompted her, evidently, to the most imperturbable *volte-face:* she showed to Mollie a marked tenderness. To Captain Thornton she was kind, perfectly kind, but that she found him rather dull was evident. It might have been Mollie with whom she had spent all those hours in the dream-garden.

"Must you really go, dear?" she asked.

Mollie said that she was afraid they must. She had heard from her aunt, who was waiting to take them in, and owing to all Vera's kindness, Clive was now quite strong again. Vera did not insist.

"I 've *so* loved getting to know you!" she said, holding Mollie's hand at the door of the motor on the morning of their departure. "It 's been *such* a pleasure. You must often, often come to Compton Dally again. *Good*-by, dear!"

But Mollie knew, and Vera knew that she knew, that never again would they be asked to Compton Dally.

Meanwhile, if the war is n't over and Jack has n't come back, I 'm to go and stay with them next spring on the chicken-farm.

"The Defense of a House at Champigny"

The Last Works of Edouard Detaille

By ARMAND DAYOT

Inspector-General of Fine Arts, Paris

EXHIBITIONS of military paintings are succeeding one another almost without interruption in London and Paris, the organizers being actuated by the double and altogether praiseworthy purpose of arousing the sentiment of patriotism in the young by the spectacle of heroic deeds, and of being a help to the daily more numerous victims of this atrocious war, let loose by a kind of wild and pitiless fatality that for the moment leads one almost to believe that the life of humanity is on the eve of being extinguished in a deluge of tears and blood.

Among these artistic manifestations, by their very nature peculiarly associated with the tragic events through which we are passing, and appealing, moreover, to a public that would scarcely put itself out just now to visit a collection of the masterpieces of Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, and Velasquez, there is one which deserves to be specially noticed and which marks a red-letter day in the history of art exhibitions, if only because it is made up of elements that do not overstep the domain, wide enough, for that matter, of military painting. It is fair to say that this exhibition has been arranged in a manner to satisfy the most fastidious.

The official opening takes place at the very moment when I am writing these lines, and it is in the splendid quarters of the Salle du Jeu de Paume, in the Garden of the Tuileries, that the public has been asked to visit it.

With praiseworthy prudence the organizers have excluded the work of living artists from this exhibition, so as to discourage the over-production of military canvases which are just now being hastily thrown together under the exciting influence of events. They have limited themselves to collecting works borrowed from the national museums and great private collections—works signed with names that

make up a remarkable list. Among these are placed the last works of Edouard Detaille.

A strange and happy coincidence lends to this rapid survey of a portion of Detaille's work a character of genuinely vital interest. Upon the great expanse of wall, well lighted and in the place of honor, which is entirely given up to the regretted master, there are twenty pictures in water-color, gouache, and pencil that to this very day the Parisian public have never had an opportunity to admire, and for the very simple reason that they come straight from the painter's studio, of which they have been in a sense intimate personal adornments, and many of them are scarcely finished. The public's interest will be further sharpened by learning that after the closing of the Tuileries exhibition all these posthumous works, bequeathed by the artist to the state, will be religiously divided among the various state museums —the Musée de l'Armée, the Museum of Versailles, and the Luxembourg—for the required period of twelve years before they are finally placed in the Louvre.

"The Drum-major of Grenadiers"

General Lasalle

Among these pictures there are some that are really masterly; as, for instance, the epic figure of General Lasalle, one of the most intrepid soldiers in the army of Napoleon I, charging, pipe in hand, in all the splendor of his gold lace, at the head of his cuirassiers. This canvas, absolutely vibrating with life, is at once of a scintillating warmth in tone and overflowing with an irresistible movement. In it Detaille, although already attacked by the disease which was to carry him off, seems to have wished to give an eloquent contradiction to the too frequently unjust criticisms that accused his art of a deliberate coldness, and refused to see in it any inspiration save one, precious, indeed—that of historical studies and military records.

Perhaps it will interest the reader to learn some of the historical details about the famous soldier whose figure Detaille has immortalized in one of his most heroic postures. The Comte Antoine de Lasalle was born at Metz in 1775. In 1793 he was a sublieutenant of cavalry, and distinguished himself in the campaigns of the Rhine and the Moselle by his impetuosity and courage. In 1795 he followed Kellermann to Italy as aide-de-camp, and

was taken prisoner at Brescia. Field-marshal Wurmser, charmed by his personality, released the young officer, who shortly after was made a major. During the campaign of 1797 he distinguished himself at Vicenza, at Rivoli, and in the crossing of the Piave. Taken to Egypt by Napoleon, he was placed in command of a brigade after the battle of the Pyramids, and saved the life of Davout on the field of Ramadieh (1799). He took part in the Italian campaign, and had three horses shot under him at Caldiero. Advanced to the rank of general in 1805, he served in the Prussian campaign at the head of the first brigade of dragoons. At the end of the campaign of 1806, during which he was made general of a division, the gallant swordsman of Egypt and Italy, who always charged the enemy pipe in mouth, proved himself equally bold and intelligent as a leader of the advance-guard. He defeated 6000 Prussians, forced Hohenlohe to capitulate at Breslau with 16,000 men, and at the head of two regiments of hussars compelled Stettin to open its gates to him. At Heilsberg (1807) Lasalle and Murat, rivals in bravery, saved each other's lives. In 1808, Lasalle, having gone to Spain, saved the army at Medellín, breaking through a square of 6000 men. The following year, in Austria, he covered himself with glory at Essling, at Raab, and above all at Wagram, where he was killed, in the midst of a charge, by a ball in the forehead. He was barely thirty-four years old. Such, rapidly summed up, is the story of this heroic soldier, whose premature death sent a thrill of grief through the ranks of the victorious army of Wagram and made the great emperor shed tears.

On the same wall with this striking picture the visitor cannot fail to be impressed by two other superb canvases that also do credit to the great painter and represent the presentation to the emperor of the flags taken from the enemy after the victory of Wagram and "The Funeral of General Damrémont" (October 13, 1837). In this latter work the artist transports us to the scenes of the Algerian war, and it is at the very base of the demolished walls of Constantine, where the brave Damrémont fell mortally wounded, that the scene of the funeral ceremony, touchingly noble in its setting of desolation, unrolls itself.

"The Funeral of General Damrémont"

"Bonaparte on Horseback"

Next one turns to the "Cuirassier in Parade-Dress," as impressive as a medieval knight beneath his breastplate and his prodigious helmet and at first positively terrifying in his long, shaggy beard. Side by side with this, stiffly presenting arms, and as if hypnotized by the approaching footsteps of the "Little Corporal," "The Grenadier of the Guard on Duty," irreproachable in attitude, suggests a caryatid.

Another picture represents "Bonaparte on Horseback," the Bonaparte of the army of Italy, slender, mounted on a gray African charger as spare and nervous as himself. Here truly is the "straight-haired Corsican," with his furrowed cheeks, his fixed jaw, his eyes glistening with fever—the fever of triumphs and conquests to come. Like a famished young wolf he seems ready to fling himself upon the rich prey which he covets.

Studying this finely cut silhouette, with its note of menace, one thinks involuntarily of Raffet's unforgetable figure of the Bonaparte of the Vendémiaire. In this work Detaille has plainly been influenced by the painter of the "Revue nocturne" and the "Bataillon sacré."

Aside from this, without having passed under the influence of the great paintings of Napoleon, Detaille was in a sense fascinated by the great figure of the hero. The cause of this obsession, which at times assumed the almost feverish intensity of a thing that haunts one, he explained in an anecdote which I had from him.

One day, he said, Napoleon was galloping on horseback through the streets and along the wharves of Boulogne, inspecting all the details of the organization of the fleet assembled for invasion, when a child, eager to see him, got right in his path.

In order to avoid running over the child, the emperor sharply drew up his horse; but so abrupt was his halt that the imperial rider flew out of his stirrups, and, like the most unimportant of mortals, sprawled in the mud close by the astonished child.

"Accursed little imp!" exclaimed the emperor, and hastily remounting his horse, he went on with his inspection. Now, this

"The Lancer of the Civil Guard"

child was none other than the grandfather of Detaille.

"With such a souvenir in my family," the painter concluded, laughing, "it has been very difficult for me not to preoccupy myself with Napoleon."

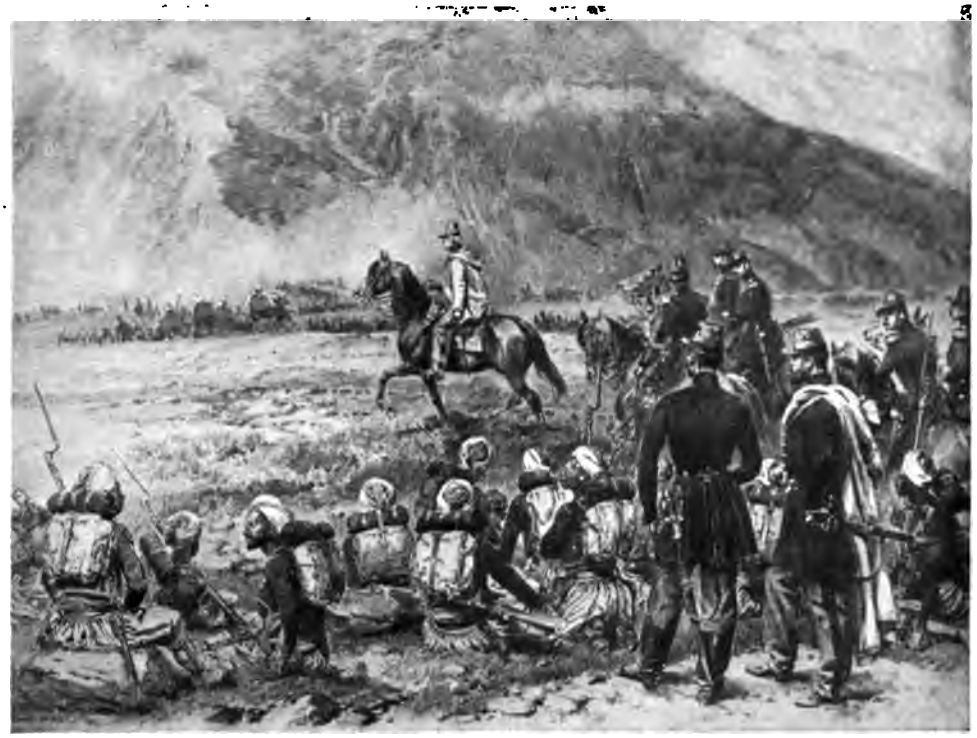
As a matter of fact, he has so occupied himself with equal industry and devotion, for the proud, tragic figure that dominates the whole military history of our epoch holds the most important place in his work. In his Napoleonic paintings Detaille summons before our eyes not only the image of the great leader, the slender general or the corpulent Cæsar, the conqueror of Arcole and Marengo or the triumphant victor of Austerlitz and Jena, but also the countless forms of the soldiers of the *grande armée*.

To complete the enumeration of the works of Detaille that appear in this memorable exhibition before being divided among the state museums, let us mention a few other examples, pencil-drawings, executed with masterly skill, dealing for the most part with military events in Algeria and Morocco and in the war of 1870. These beautiful drawings were unknown not only to the public, but also to the intimate friends of the artist, like some of the caricatures which fell from his pencil and his brush in care-free moments, and to which we have already devoted an article that appeared in THE CENTURY for October, 1898.

Finally, to conclude the series of these remarkable and precious exhibits which, taken together, formed a good part of the contents of the artist's studio, let us mention certain charming canvases that are meeting with a legitimate success, "The Prince of Wales [Edward VII] and the Duke of Connaught in the Camp of Aldershot," "The Drum-major of Grenadiers" (in water-color), and "The Lancer of the Civil Guard."

The first of these works is only a study, but a study executed with as much power as the finished work, which hangs in Windsor Castle. To speak frankly, we prefer the preliminary sketch to the great canvas, which we were privileged to see again a few weeks ago. In developing his subject beyond its original bounds, the talent of the artist, who delighted above everything in firm and delicate lines, has obviously lost some of its force and energy, and the lifelike expression of the two personages betrays a regrettable exaggeration of effort.

"The Prince of Wales [Edward VII] and the Duke of Connaught in the Camp of Aldershot"



"General Bugeaud at Isly"

"The Drum-major of Grenadiers" (of the Revolutionary epoch) belongs to a certain degree, by the excessive and somewhat theatrical exaggeration of the figures, especially the main one, to the humoristic group of Edouard Detaille's works. For, as we have already said, the tragic painter of the "Battle of Champigny" and the "Dream" occasionally, as a sort of relaxation perhaps from somber thoughts and austere labors, was able to perpetuate with his pencil or his brush fancies at times extravagant or absurd, but always beautifully artistic in their joyous fantasy and of a delightful workmanship.

In this respect, indeed, Detaille has very illustrious predecessors, among them the greatest masters of painting, to name only Botticelli and Raphael, the divine Raphael himself, who shows us on the curtain of the Vatican Theater the most grotesque of demons tormenting monks no less grotesque. Need one mention, also, among other masters of more recent fame, Francisco Goya, whose genius, at once regal and fantastic, perpetuated equally for all time the characters of Charles IV, Maria Louisa, and Ferdinand VII, and the most riotous caprices of his unbridled imagination. Then, still closer to ourselves, our great Puvis de Chavannes, the immortal creator of the "Life of St. Genevieve" and the "Ludus pro Patria," whose classic art and altogether antique nobility were cast off completely at times, as is proved by cartoons discovered in his studio after his death, drawings and red-chalk sketches of the most disconcerting fantasticality.

In "The Lancer of the Civil Guard" we see beneath the rich shadows of some forest or park a handsome cavalier engaged in conversation with a young woman. In this scene the military uniform as well as the lady's costume very accurately denote a certain historical moment, and fix the date as that of the first years of the second empire. This charming canvas is as fresh as a flower and a delight to the eye. The two principal figures are rendered with a rare sureness of touch and a truth of expression which charm the visitor and lead him to say that Detaille

"The Zouaves at Malakoff"

would have succeeded just as well had he specialized less exclusively in the painting of soldiers, and that his work would not have been less interesting if he had devoted more of the hours of his too short artistic career, well filled as it was, to painting the feminine graces and elegances of his time.

Beside these works of Detaille appearing in the above-mentioned exhibition there is one canvas that belongs in a private collection, where it will resume its place when the exhibition is closed.

Two reasons determined the organizers of the exhibition to request the loan of this painting, which forms part of the very rich collection of Dr. F——, the son of a celebrated professor, a member of the Academy of Medicine: first, the artistic value of the composition, one of the most beautiful, powerful, moving specimens of Detaille's work; and secondly, an oddly piquant story connected with it that was told to me by the owner himself, with the permission to make it public. It has not appeared in print before.

This famous picture is called "Saluting the Wounded," an episode of the war of 1870. It represents a defile of French officers and soldiers, all wounded, marching proudly past a Prussian staff, all of whom, from general to simple sublieutenant, motionless upon their horses, which have been suddenly reined in, gravely hold their hands at the vizors of their helmets as these vanquished ones pass. Standing before this canvas, one experiences, particularly at the present moment, a profound and poignant emotion. The attitudes, the gestures, the melancholy of the desolate and, as it were, saddened landscape that serves as a background for this scene of tragic grandeur, are expressed with the most speaking simplicity, without the least attempt at theatrical effect. It is indeed a work that has a quality of finality alike in conception and craftsmanship. I should be tempted to call it a masterpiece of the painter's art.

As I was admiring it unreservedly in

"In the Trenches at the Siege of Antwerp"

"Saluting the Wounded"

the presence of its fortunate owner, Dr. F——, he said to me with a smile through which shone a very natural satisfaction:

"You are not the only one, my dear sir, to appreciate this painting; and if you like, I will prove it to you. Listen to this edifying story."

I became all attention, and this, with a certain astonishment, I confess, is what I heard:

"A short time before the war I received a visit from a gentleman who had the air of a man of importance, and who, cutting preliminaries short, stated in a pronounced Teutonic accent that he had come to see me in order to buy a picture by Detaille, 'Saluting the Wounded.'

"At first, confronted with this unexpected proposition, I replied that this picture was not for sale. But my visitor, with a bad taste of which I leave you to judge, interrupted in his harsh voice:

" 'One often says one does n't wish to sell things, but one very quickly changes one's mind at the sight of a thick roll of bank-notes. Come, Doctor, think twice. Name your own terms; your price shall be mine.'

"At this demand, I turned toward the bell to summon my servants and direct them to throw this intruder out of the door; but I thought it best to repress this natural impulse in order to study this mysterious, extraordinary person.

" 'But, Monsieur, I repeat that no picture in my collection is for sale, least of all the one you mention; for the signature of the painter is preceded by a dedication to my father, of whom Edouard Detaille was an intimate friend.'

"A shrug of the shoulders, which made my gorge rise, was the reply to this statement, and the man, still imperturbable, in an unctuous, fawning voice added:

" 'Not only, dear Doctor, will you have a large sum, a very large sum, but here is an argument that will conquer your obstinacy: this picture will take its place in one of the most famous and beautiful collections in the world, a thing that will be not only flattering for you, but glorious for Detaille.'

"This time," the doctor said to me, "it was impossible for me any longer to control my impatience, and I showed my visitor the door. He went out, bowing low and promising me with an evil smile that I should have another visit soon.

"After a hasty and energetic investigation, I found that this persistent person

"Presentation of Captured Flags to Napoleon after the Battle of Wagram"

was an art agent of the kaiser, and that he had received instructions to get possession of my dear picture at any price.

"Think of that!" added Dr. F——, indignantly. "Think of Edouard Detaille's 'Saluting the Wounded,' the masterpiece of the brave and patriotic Detaille, in the collection of the kaiser! I would rather destroy it with my own hands.

"As for the imperial 'game-catcher,' despite his threatening promise, he never again climbed the stairs of my house, not even with a company of furniture-movers in pointed helmets. Father Joffre has prevented that."

Such was the doctor's story. It strikes me as of sufficient interest to be given to the public.

El Poniente

By R. C. M.

BENEATH the train the miles are folded by;
High and still higher through the vibrant air
We mount and climb. Silence and brazen glare;
Desert and sage-brush; cactus, alkali,
Tiny, low-growing flowers, brilliant, dry;
A vanishing coyote, lean and spare,
Lopes slowly homeward with a backward stare
To jig-saw hills cut sharp against the sky.
In the hard turquoise rides a copper sun.
Old hopes come thronging with an urge, a zest;
Beside the window gliding wires run,
Binding two oceans. Argosy and quest!
Old dreams remembered to be dreamed and *done!*
It is young air we breathe. This is the west!

Poems

By ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY, a daughter of Algernon Sidney Crapsey of Rochester, New York, was a graduate of Vassar College of the class of 1901. She died October 10, 1914.

Though her mind for many years was intensely preoccupied with the technical aspects of English prosody, still the creative, artistic side of her nature was so spontaneously alive that she accomplished a very considerable volume of original poetry, almost as a by-product of her study in metrics. These poems, of a gossamer delicacy and finish, are the stronger for the technical knowledge behind them. The verse form which she called *cinquième,* of which "Madness" is an example, she originated herself. It is a case of extreme compression. She reduced an idea to its lowest terms, and presented it in a single sharp impression.

By nature as vivid and joyous and alive a spirit as ever loved the beauty of life, Adelaide Crapsey worked doggedly for many years against the numbing weight of a creeping, pitiless disease. In her last year, spent in exile at Saranac Lake, forbidden the strength-sapping work that her metrical study entailed, she was forced to lie and look into space, and the little volume of seventy poems grew. Her delightful quality of camaraderie, her quick, bubbling humor, she retained to the end in conversation; the sadder questioning of her inner life attained expression only in her poems. They are heartbreakingly somber, but they could not be otherwise, because they are true.—JEAN WEBSTER.

Rose-Marie of the Angels

LITTLE Sister Rose-Marie,
Will thy feet as willing-light
Run through paradise, I wonder,
As they run the blue skies under—
Willing feet, so airy-light?

Little Sister Rose-Marie,
Will thy voice as bird-note clear
Lift and ripple over heaven
As its mortal sound is given—
Swift bird voice, so young and clear?

How God will be glad of thee,
Little Sister Rose-Marie!

Madness

BURDOCK,
Blue aconite,
And thistle and thorn—of these,
Singing, I wreathe my pretty wreath
O' death.

Song

I MAKE my shroud, but no one knows,
So shimmering fine it is and fair,
With stitches set in even rows.
I make my shroud, but no one knows.

In doorway where the lilac blows,
Humming a little wandering air,
I make my shroud, and no one knows,
So shimmering fine it is and fair.

Dirge

NEVER the nightingale,
Oh, my dear,
Never again the lark,
Thou wilt hear.
Though dusk and the morning still
Tap at thy window-sill,
Though ever love call and call,
Thou wilt not hear at all,
My dear, my dear.

What Every Man Should Know

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Author of "Less than Kin," etc.

Illustration by W. D. Stevens

MISS HARBORER was twenty-one and very hard-hearted, a fact that was completely obscured to most of her friends by her low voice, her gentle manner, and her very soft little hand. Only a small number of the opposite sex, who were said to have had experience, declared that under this pleasing exterior lurked the implacable coldness of the frozen North.

She had even been known to admit that she did not believe in love, certainly not in love at first sight. The question, however, had had for her merely an academic interest until the night before. Then a strange thing had happened; or, rather, so little had happened that that in itself was strange.

She had gone to a dance just like any other dance, and had met a young man not, perhaps, just like every other young man, and they had danced together. They had, as a matter of fact, danced a great deal together; but the point was that they had not talked at all.

This at the time had seemed natural. When he came again and again to ask her to dance, he had only smiled, as much as to say, "Well, between you and me everything is all right."

Since then Miss Harborer had debated whether that was not perhaps his regular way of smiling at every one.

Anyhow, he had not spoken even when she bade him good night, though that was the instant at which she had been absolutely certain he would say, "Are n't we to see each other again?" or "When may I see you?" or some of those useful and well-worn phrases with which she had grown almost too familiar in the course of the last few years.

But he had said nothing, and as he released her hand in silence, it was Miss Harborer who said, contrary to her custom and not a little to her own surprise:

"Why don't you come and see me some time?"

Then indeed he had shown that he could use words, if few in number, at least clear in meaning.

"To-morrow at five," he had said.

And now it was to-morrow and five minutes before five!

Fortunately, the young man was spared the knowledge that Miss Harborer's dominating feeling was regret that she had asked him to come. She saw now that it was only her obstinacy that had been involved; it had seemed queer of him not to suggest it himself. If he had asked to come, she would very likely have put him off.

"What a silly thing to do!" she thought. He had been a pleasant dancing companion, but might, probably would, be tiresome to talk to. People were so different sitting in chairs, making conversation.

She thought nothing would be so agreeable as to go up-stairs and take a hot bath, and then lie down and read a new novel that had been sent her; the heroine was supposed to be a portrait of herself.

She might still do this, and leave word at the door—

A ring at the bell. Miss Harborer was no friend to these refined modern bells that tinkle far away where no one can hear them but the servants. This one was plainly audible. At least he was punctual.

In about half a minute he would be in the room. What would he say? She thought she knew. He would say in a tone of somewhat forced interest that it had been a very good party the night before, had n't it? And she would say,

"He stood there smiling at her, as much as to say that between them things were absolutely right"

"One lump or two?" Oh, she had been through it all so many times!

The door opened. It was the servant with a note.

From him, to say he was n't coming?

No, a mere invitation to dinner. Miss Harborer threw it on the tea-table.

Her attention was now attracted by the discovery that though the room was warm, her hands were as cold as ice. It was a bad sign—a particularly bad sign in a civilization where hand-shaking is the custom, for the other person is bound to find it out. The only question was, Had he sufficient knowledge to be elated? The things men knew about girls' psychology were so queer and so uncertain, sometimes so much, sometimes so little!

Taking no chances, however, she rose and warmed her hands at the fire until a more normal temperature had been restored, at least for the time.

When she sat down again she found a curious change had come over her. All the incidents of the evening before had suddenly ceased to exist. It was exactly as if there had been no ball, no young man. She was waiting for a total stranger. She might not recognize him when he came in. She would have no clue but his name. Fortunately she remembered his name—Mr. Grey. Mr. Grey. She said it aloud, hoping to rouse some more vital recollection; but it fell dead. The thing was over.

Another ring. This time a visitor.

The servant announced "Mr. Jenkins."

Every life probably holds its Leopold Jenkins, so useful on occasions, so apt to be in the way! Miss Harborer did not have to ask Leopold how he took his tea. He took it as made. Besides, she knew only too well.

As she listened to him—listened to him, that is, in a limited sense—she revolved these thoughts: if she sent Leopold away on the ground that she was expecting a hair-dresser (of course if she had been really expecting a hair-dresser she would have been in her room, and not sitting in the drawing-room in her best clothes; but Leopold would never think of that), then the two men would undoubtedly meet on the stairs. If, on the other hand, she told him the truth, as she sometimes did,—if she said that she was expecting some one else,—Leopold was so curious that he might stay just to see who it was; and then she would never hear the end of it.

But, after all, she thought, why should she send him away? Would n't it be wiser to keep him until she saw how things were going to go? If she found that she did not like her new acquaintance, Leopold's presence might be very desirable. But, on the other hand, if she did like him, Leopold, as she knew by experience, was very difficult to delete.

As she thus wavered, Leopold suddenly sprang to his feet and bade her good-by.

"How cold your hands are!" he said.

"Yes, I 've no circulation." Anything did for Leopold.

"Must be a bore. Sorry to go. Have to be 'way up-town at six."

"At six!" cried Miss Harborer. "It 's nowhere near that, is it?"

"A quarter to, by Jove!" said Leopold, and disappeared.

A quarter before six! A weight like lead fell on her heart. He would not come now; perhaps he had never meant to come at all.

One of those sudden silences fell upon the city. She could hear her little watch ticking on her breast. There was not a sound, not a footfall, in the street. No, he would not come now.

Her feeling was one of intolerable loss. She cared nothing for the rudeness, nothing for the slight to her own vanity. She thought only of the great opportunity vanished, for now it could never be the same. They might meet again, he might come to see her on some future day; but the first romance would be irrevocably gone. The first wild confidence of knowing nothing of each other and believing everything—that had been destroyed.

Looking up, she saw that he was standing before her, having probably come in as Leopold went out. He stood there smiling at her, as much as to say that between them things were absolutely right.

"Their lord and master has gone and has left them to manage for themselves. In many instances they discover that they can handle affairs much better than their men, who used to treat them as domestic animals, little less valuable than a good cow"

The World after the War

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Author of "Missing," "Planmaessig and Ausgeschlossen," etc.

OVER on the other side of the ocean, on the Continent of Europe, where a man's life counts for less than that of an insect, it seemed for just one short moment as though the veil of the future was torn away, and a vision of the future showed suddenly itself to me, like the view of a distant valley from a mountain top when there is a rift in the surrounding clouds.

At this particular time of our social development the reader will do well to spend a few moments in the perusal of M. Taine's book, "The Origins of Modern France." Speaking of the French Revolution, the great historian said in

effect that over there was a very wondrous mansion, the top floors of which were inhabited by a gay and witty society. They spent their days in the pursuit of pleasure, but a few took their leisure for the improvement of their speculative ability. These few pondered upon the problems that confronted the management of their palace; for while the upper floors were a delightful place in which to dwell, there was a vast basement, much larger than the entire superstructure, in which lived the workers, the men and women who made the abode of mirth on the other floors a possibility. As the men of thoughts began to meditate upon the future of themselves and of those who dwelt below in the miserable caves of countless unsanitary cellars, they constructed fine theories and played with the Chinese rockets of their brilliant wit until one day a few sparks of their theoretical fireworks dropped into the cellar. The rubbish accumulated by centuries of neglect began to smolder. Some on the top floor noticed the smoke, and gave warning. "Never mind," the gay assembly said. "We have always heard these stories of fire. Let the thing burn after we are dead," and they went on with the dance until the flames burst forth through the windows, burned away the floor, and threw the entire august company into the flaming hell of the cellar. It left the blackened ruins of a house that had perished through its own recklessness.

So much for the little story of M. Taine. What happened after that not only in France, but all over Europe?

The old house was never rebuilt in its original shape. The fine ladies and gentlemen of the upper floors disappeared. Those who had not been killed by the conflagration never survived the shock. A new edifice had to be constructed. Who was to do this? The humble workers of the old cellar? They did not know how; but there was still another set of inhabitants. They were fewer in number, but more important. These were the butlers and the higher-class servants of the old régime. They had fled at the first sign of danger, but now they returned. Out of the ruins of the old palace they made a huge building of only a single story. The cellar, however, was kept as before. Heavy beams were laid across it, and huge walls were put together from the old masonry and an ugly, but useful, roof of structural iron was placed over all. The one great room was upholstered as well as could be with the remains of the furniture of the old order of society. The tapestries were not original, the chairs were rank imitations, and the sofa had been used by the last king.

"Why not?" the new inhabitants of the huge hall asked of one another. "After all, we are just as good as our former masters. Therefore, why should we not sit upon this bit of royal wood and horsehair and be as comfortable as they were?"

"Yes," said one of the cave-dwellers, sticking his head through the cellar door, "but what about us?"

"You, my friends," was the answer, "will be well looked after from now on. Do not worry. For the moment just go back to your work, for which you will receive a fair wage. And, by the way, since you are no longer a slave, if at any time you do not like our treatment, you may leave this house."

"That sounds very well," said the man, as yet unconvinced, "but where can we go to, since there is only this one house?"

"Oh, well, my friend, you can go out and live in the open, in the lovely fields of nature."

"And starve to death?"

"Of course. Therefore you had better stay where you are for the present and be contented. Later everything will be made right."

"Shut that door!" came the angry voice of a professor of political economy. "If the fellow has an economic right to be here in this pleasant room, he will get here in the end. So says the law of the only true science. Shut that door!" The door was shut. A heavy, old-fashioned cupboard was put across it, and everything went on as before. The new society was a little more mixed than the former.

The manners were a boorish mimicry of what once had been considered good form. The taste in general had not improved, but in all its general essentials everything was a close repetition of what had gone before.

From time to time there were dangerous rumblings in the cellar. "Oh," the ladies said upon such occasions, "if these horrible people ever break loose, what a nasty business that will be!"

"Never mind," they were reassured by their gallant companions. "One of our men has just invented a new process of reinforced concrete, and we shall reconstruct our floor in such a way that nothing from below can possibly hurt us. Besides, we are not unreasonable. We are really very good to the people in the cellar. To-morrow we shall send them a barrel of beer and perhaps a box of cigars. Then they can be happy." And the people of the big hall, acting upon their generous impulse, engaged a circus to amuse themselves, and ate, drank, and lived happily.

Until one day they had a falling out among themselves. Nobody knew how the quarrel started, nobody cared much; but all of a sudden they were ready to fly at one another's throats. Then by a common impulse they rushed to the door of the cellar, and called: "We have been good masters. Come quickly and fight for us."

But when the men would not come, their masters had recourse to many arguments not heard since the days when the old people of the old ruined mansion had last been seen.

They insisted that the others must come because it was the will of God. But God, the men answered, had been dead these many years, and they refused to fight.

Then the inhabitants of the large hall called upon every patriotic sentiment that had been used in the olden days when such sentiments had an actual meaning. They started loud bands playing old well-known tunes. They hypnotized the blinded creatures of the cellar with a display of brilliant colors which they waved madly in the air. They promised to place golden spangles upon their ragged clothes if only the men would come and fight, and they promised them lovely colored ribbons in case they should suffer damage to life or limb. They rattled off every convincing argument that ever had served the purpose of forcing men into battle.

And the poor fellows, drunk with the artificial excitement, painfully climbed out of their miserable holes, took the arms that were pressed into their hands, set out to murder one another, and fought like demons. Until it was all over, and they were once more driven into their cellar?

No; because this time they will refuse to go back.

HISTORICAL prophecies of any actual value are impossible. History is an art and not a science. It is an art which, like every other art, is based upon a science; but a combination of unexpected circumstances, the strange interacting of character upon character, the sudden appearance of a leader of overpowering influence, may change the course of history at any moment. Yet we have a great deal of material about the past upon which we can base some of our contentions about the future.

Above all, keep in mind the fact that the great European War is not a struggle which is popular with the masses. Their ancient loyalty keeps the soldiers in the trenches, but their minds and their hearts are at all times with those whom they left at home. When they are mortally wounded, they feel that they lose their lives in a cause which might have been avoided if the powers that still rule the world had been inspired with greater foresight and with greater ability to lead the affairs of men. The stress of war, the anxiety about the safety of their own land, will keep their mouths shut as long as the struggle lasts; but the day will come when the last gun will be fired. Then the millions of armed men will return to their homes, and they will demand that their children be spared a repetition of this inexcusable waste of human life and happiness.

When peace comes back to earth, what will happen? Twenty million men will return to their homes. They will be asked to go back to their old tasks and take up the work which they left when they went to the war. There will be a terrific burden of taxation, and all men will be obliged to work harder than before. At the same time they will receive less money than they did formerly. Year in and year out they must pay the ever-increasing interest upon a capital the principal of which was destroyed in the form of dynamite, powder, nitroglycerin, war-ships, Zeppelins, cannon, machine-guns, and other unproductive investments. Economists shake their heads, and tell me that what I now state is an utter impossibility; but the time will come, probably within two generations, when the citizen, disgusted with the hard work forced upon him by the stupidity of a forgotten ancestor, will simply wipe this debt off the national slate. And who is there who can prevent this?

The economic notions of the average European laborer or farmer, not to speak of the peasant, who has always formed the bulk of every army, are extremely hazy. The poor fellow struggles through life trying to make both ends meet. Frequently he is not able to do this. Then he is turned out upon the street a pauper. Or if he succeeds in keeping the hungry mouths of his family filled, his life resolves itself into an endless worry lest tomorrow may not provide the food with which the family may manage to live until the day after.

Now behold what the war has done for him. It has fed him better than he has ever been fed before. It has put him into decent clothes. A heavy winter coat goes with the equipment of every soldier, and often he never saw such a garment before. Without sufficient food and shelter he is of no use as a fighting man; hence he is well fed three times a day. He likes it. He would be very happy if he were always as well looked after. But when he comes home from the war he will not be given this food unless he goes to dig coal out of a little black gallery half a mile beneath the surface of the earth or performs the dreariest of tasks in that dreariest of modern inventions, a factory. Formerly tradition and habit made him obey; but will he obey this time? That is the question. Will the man in khaki return to his shop and his workroom as quietly as the man in black of Cromwell's army?

All the evidence in the case says no. He will not. In this war he has been taught something which his many strikes and his labor warfare did not make clear to him. Before the year 1914, if in an encounter with his masters he used violence, he was regarded as an enemy of the law and was treated accordingly. This time he has with his own eyes and with his own hands noticed that organized violence is the best way to accomplish the desired results of his country. He has been trained to take from his enemy by violence what could not be obtained by arguments of reason. Is it likely in those circumstances that the mass of men will return peacefully to their unpleasant tasks when they know that they are possessed of the power with which they can obtain for themselves all they wish?

Call this statement socialistic, anarchistic, call it the most outrageous thing you have ever heard; but I am reporting what the men who make up the countless armies actually feel, not what they ought to think.

To make a long story short, after the war we may expect a most severe social revolution. We shall see the outbreak of labor troubles everywhere. These troubles will be of such magnitude that they will make themselves felt at once in the United States.

Of course the difficulties of France and Germany and Russia and England will all be very different. Germany, after more than a century of discipline in all matters of daily concern whether private or public, will act more slowly than the others. The Germans will proceed with order and in decency. They will appoint leaders, and they will obey these leaders as bluntly as they have formerly obeyed their political and military masters. The

opposition will be organized by the greatly strengthened Socialistic party.

The question is often asked why this party did not make a definite stand against the war? Why not indeed? Because they did not have the slightest chance of success in any contemplated opposition in August of the year 1914. In our highly systematized world we often forget the great influence which the small subconscious sentiments have upon our deeds and our words. Socialism is a comparatively new doctrine. It has no traditions. It is not provided with an imaginary background in the minds of the true believers. On the other hand, the idea of state and of empire is based upon ancient tradition, mellowed by age.

Suppose the German Socialists had decided to oppose the war. Just imagine the situation. Somewhere in a dreary hall a number of Socialists meet, and after much rhetoric of a purely theoretical kind and the smoking of many cheap cigars they vow to obey their reason rather than their feelings and refuse to fight. Is it all clear to you, the smell of beer and bad tobacco, the forlorn bleakness of it all? And then think of what will happen the moment the imperial brass band and a battalion of soldiers come marching by. That excellent gathering of enlightened humanity will follow that band to hell provided it keeps on playing popular airs. Against the age-old traditions—traditions of valor and courage and honor and love for the colors of the fatherland and devotion to the ideals of empire—all the doctrines of the sublime Marx are effaced. These men assembled to uphold reason are at once swept away by some mysterious force which is much stronger than reason. They fall victims to the traditions of countless generations.

Of course, after a while, reason will return; then, however, it is too late. The citizen has become a soldier, and loyalty, that commonest of virtues in the world of simple-minded people, forces him to stick to the cause to which he once gave his support. He must stick it out until victory or defeat brings about peace.

But after the war! Then we shall have to deal with different men and in very different circumstances. The German workman understands that this war, even if it is victorious, can never repay him and his people for what they have lost and suffered. The glory, if there is any, will go to those who have been in command. I wish that you could have heard the bitterness with which that statement was often made—the bitterness of people with no vision but one of hopeless disappointment. No, to the vast majority of the people of Germany this war, with all its outward glory, is a gruesome labor that has to be finished one way or another.

It is no wonder that the reigning family has lost a great deal of the popularity with which it led its men into France and Russia at the beginning of hostilities. If everything had gone well during those first months, yes, if there had been a speedy and easy victory, it would have been a different question; but after years of struggle and suffering there will be a general detestation of the horror of our modern chemical warfare. A strongly organized Socialistic party, a phalanx of determined and brave men, will work quietly, but steadily, upon the problem of their own class, ninety per cent. of the entire population. If the Government has the sense to place itself at the head of this movement (and very likely it will do this), it may lead the men toward a completely socialized empire. But whatever happens, the good old days of a negligible parliament and a small clique of interested leaders who mysteriously guide the affairs of the nation for some equally mysterious benefit and according to rules of international conduct that were valid in the days of the Romans will disappear. And before ten years have gone by the German imperial cabinet will be dominated by Socialistic ministers.

What of France, the sublime, which, unprepared, arose out of the filth of the Caillaux trial to withstand an invading horde advancing to the very gates of her capital?

In France, in less than twelve months'

time, the spirit of the people has undone the harm of forty years of bad government by and of and for the lawyers who fought for the possession of her political spoils. The story of France since the great debacle of 1870 is not an inspiring one. One dreary figure after the other carries the black silk hat and the red silk ribbon, the insignia of the highest dignity which the republic can give to her citizens. Not a single figure among them rises out of the class which we call mediocre. Her ministers are a national joke, and they change with a rapidity which is often a national disgrace.

The war came, and the useless superstructure was at once swept away. Men of deeds took the place of men of mere words. Whatever the outcome of the war, France knows that among the masses of her people, among the millions of industrious workers of her rich country, she has the very best that this world possesses. After the war there is only one course that France can follow: the old aristocracy which made the France of glorious outward fame and horrible domestic misery can never return to power. The middle class has had a fair trial, and it has failed. For better or for worse, the old home of the emancipation of the human mind will have to turn to a new order of things. Parliamentarism as France has known it for almost half a century, the haggling of small politicasters for the benefit of their own little interests, will be a thing of the past. In the tremendous struggle for national existence a new leadership is being born—the leadership of the capable men from among the masses.

Is n't this remark too Utopian? Can a neglected class suddenly produce men capable of leadership? For answer I refer you to the leaders who guided France through the days of the Revolution. The miracle which they performed has been seen before and it will be seen again. Do not expect a repetition of the old times of the sea-green Robespierre and the wholesale drownings of his enemies in the River Loire. Indeed, as I see the future, the men who will come to the front will resemble the old Huguenot chieftains. They will be men of a serious purpose, they will be men of deep religious feeling; only now their religion will be a socialism of the future.

Of the events in Russia we can speak with certainty. Every foreign war in which the empire has ever been engaged has meant a prelude for a bitter revolution. The explanation is a simple one. During times of peace the inefficient bureaucracy of Russia can find ways and means by which to perform the strictly necessary tasks for the management of the empire, meanwhile trusting to a kind Providence to take care of any possible emergencies. But never yet has this machine of inefficiency been tried by any period of stress without disastrous results to all those concerned. In the great conflict which now rages in eastern Europe Russia has seen her best armies wasted, her fleet doomed to inactivity, the richest part of her territory surrendered to an invader, and all of this because of a lack of foresight and the indifference of the ruling class. It is merely a question of months and perhaps of weeks before there will be a repetition of those events which occurred immediately after the Japanese War. The Slavic people, ruled by a system which was originated by Tatars and Byzantines and which was hammered into shape by German drill-masters, will once more make an attempt to rid itself of this unbearable yoke.

Their task will not be an easy one. Revolutionary propaganda is difficult in a country which can neither read nor write, but the chances for victory are better than they were in the year 1900. Ten years of a semblance of popular government, however primitive, have done their work better than most people know. There will be more cohesion and more system in the attempts of the man who will stir up the masses.

Of course, in Russia, which is not preponderantly a manufacturing nation, but an agricultural one, the ever-present question is that of the division of the land. Compared with the magnitude of this

problem, all other difficulties are of minor importance. The ignorant peasant, without books or learning, knows through the ancestral legends of the olden times when the land belonged to him and not to his masters. He feels the injustice of the slavery to which he was condemned during the first years of the seventeenth century. He wants neither rights nor privileges; first and last and all the time he wants his land. The revolutionary outbreak in Russia will be of a rural nature. In the large cities, where the undesirable elements from the country districts have been gathered into a hopeless proletariate, there will be violence such as we know from our own strikes and labor struggles. But the main issue in Russia will be fought out far away from cities, on the land. Never was a time so favorable for an uprising of all the discontented elements. It is not going to be a charming affair, and there will be much in the nature of the horrible peasant uprisings of the late Middle Ages.

The system which the masters of Russia had forced upon their subjects at the time when two hundred years of Tatar domination had entirely broken the spirit of the people will disappear amid much bloodshed and violence. The old order of things, which was merely a system of "organized anarchy" for the benefit of those who were in power, will be replaced by a new anarchy, which will not even have the saving grace of a systematized purpose. For the first time in their history the Slavic people will work out their own salvation, and will live as they want to and not as somebody thinks that they ought to want to. For eleven centuries Russia has obeyed foreign masters and has allowed her own destinies to be shaped by outside influences of one sort or another. The war, which is breaking the iron bonds which have kept the old system together, means the emancipation of the Slavic people. Hereafter we shall hear less of an ever-growing Russian Empire. We shall hear more of the development of the Slavic genius in all fields of human endeavor.

From Russia to England is a far cry. The two countries are antipodes in everything except geographical situation. England is an earthly paradise to all those who can appreciate the greatest refinement of material things; Russia is avoided by the foreign traveler unless he is of an adventurous and courageous nature. Yet this delightful country of smiling fields surrounded on all sides by a profitable ocean, this merry old country of happy ballads and recollections of a charming past, will be affected by the war to a greater extent than any of the other participants of the great struggle.

England has always been a country divided into two distinct parts. One of these, the ruling caste of the land, was delightful. The other one, the class of the servants, created to contribute to the happiness of their masters, was perfectly hopeless. But during the last years of our era the forgotten masses working at the bottom of coal-mines and sweating in the bowels of gigantic factories have come to a realization of their own importance in the cosmos of human beings. Under the guidance of strange leaders they set deliberately to work to accomplish their own emancipation. They were in a fair way to succeed when the war broke out and forced a momentary interruption of their activities. In this war the masses of England have had much of which they may righteously complain. They have suffered needlessly and uselessly through extremely bad management on the part of the Government.

Life had been too easy to those in command. They had not grown up to realize the demands of their own times. Their ideals were those of a bygone age. Science, which is to decide the future of man, was a neglected quantity. In many instances it was a despised attribute of little value except as a means of livelihood in some smelly factory. Thousands upon thousands of good British lives have been lost because the leaders were ignorant of the work before them. When the end of the struggle comes there will be a very persistent and serious demand for an ac-

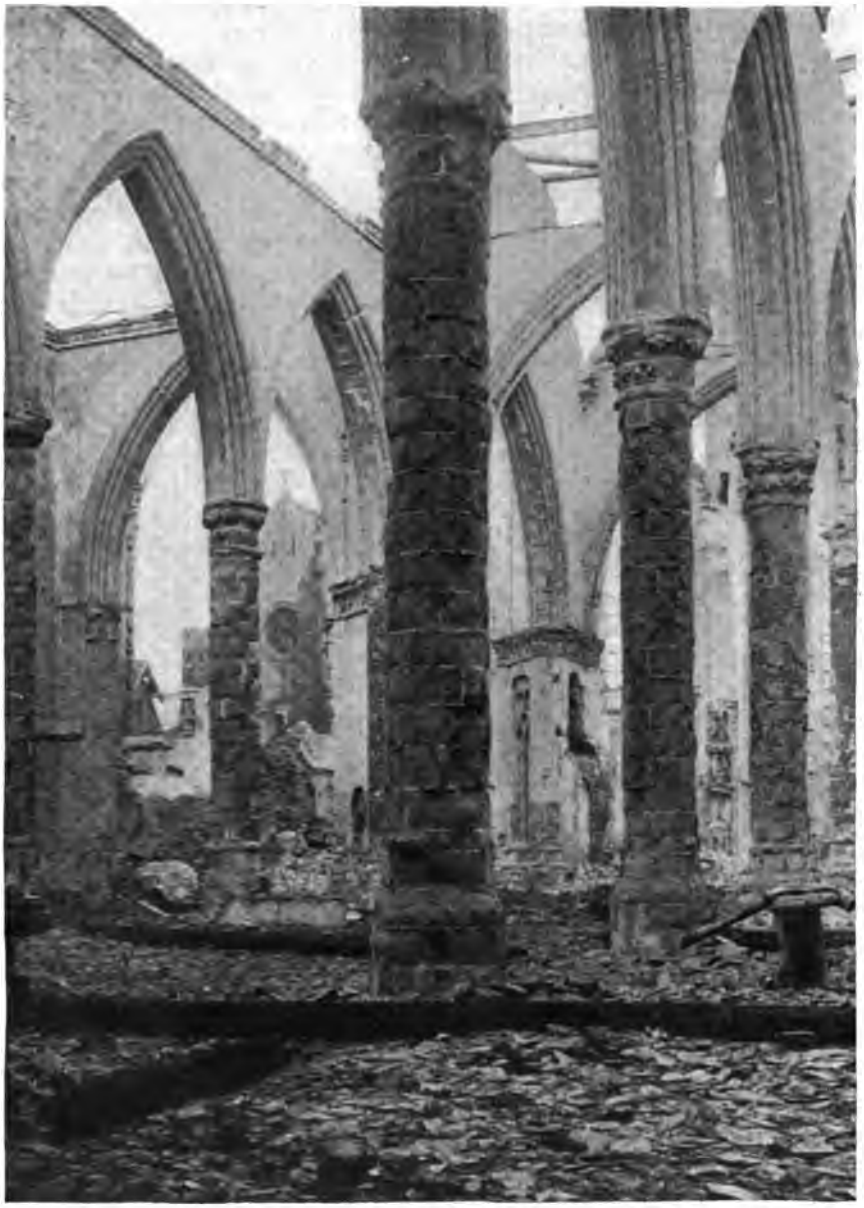
counting. The pent-up discontent of years of silent suffering will break forth with a violence which has not been seen in the British Isles for many a century.

It is not a question of a more or less ineffectual king or a cabinet which was incapable of doing its full duty. There is more than that. People will have to decide this time about the future of their own race. Will it develop as it has done hitherto as a combination of two separated classes, or will it give to all men the chance of developing their own powers to the best of their ability in the most favorable circumstances for all? The men who will come out of the trenches will have their answer ready. No one who has seen anything of this war can doubt for a moment what this answer will be. After the war the laboring world of England will come forward with an ultimatum of no indefinite purport. Their demands will be backed up by the violence which has been taught to those men for the purpose of beating their German enemies. No doubt the England of the pretty Christmas cards will be a little less picturesque and not so comfortable as it was before. But there will be a great house-cleaning. That cellar, that horrible and unspeakable cellar of which I have already spoken, will be filled up with the debris of the war, and in this way an evil thing may yet work for the good of us all.

Thus far I have mentioned the influence of the war upon the men of the race. It will affect the position of women to an even greater degree. The war is the strongest and most effective ally of those who strive for an improvement in the fate of women. When I speak of women, please do not think of those happy creatures who can spend thirty-five cents to read this magazine. Think of the millions who are obliged to feed and wash and clothe a family on this same amount. Think of the women in the greater part of Europe who pull their husband's plow together with his ox, who carry his bundles and bear his children and wash and cook and clothe and wait upon his entire family without receiving the wages or treatment of a servant. Try to imagine what the war means to these unfortunate creatures. For the first time in their dreary lives they have known what it was to be their own masters. They have tasted of liberty. Their lord and master has gone and has left them to manage for themselves. In many instances they discover that they can handle affairs much better than their men, who used to treat them as domestic animals, little less valuable than a good cow. Visit the central part of Europe, countries like Hungary and East Prussia, and you will find that a new spirit has descended upon these strong and healthy beings who thus far were accounted of no value except as propagators of the race and busy workers in their master's vineyard. Ask the wives of the men who spend their lives in the drudgery of some industrial center whether they have not had visions of a new world now that they have some time in which to breathe and to be masters of their own minds and bodies. Through this horrible cataclysm they will have gained what centuries of peaceful pleading could not have given to them.

The old order of things is going. As a matter of fact, it has gone. It went out of existence when the ancient régime of predatory politics made its last great attempt at world supremacy.

The guns that battered the forts at Liège did not only demolish a certain quantity of cement and steel. They destroyed the roof of the fine structure of which I told you at the beginning of my little story. The shell went clear through the building. It blew a hole into the cellar that let in the daylight and fresh air and gave my cave-dwellers a chance to escape. You may dislike the author of these pages for prophesying a state of affairs which will mean the destruction of that charming world with which we and our ancestors have grown up; but this is the way in which we see the future of events on this morning of the fourth of November of the year of disaster 1915.



Church in Nieuport ruined by shells. The German trenches are just beyond the canal, over a low hillock

Sailors bringing in a wounded comrade

The Play-boys of Brittany

The Fusiliers Marins

By ARTHUR GLEASON

Author of "Les Travailleurs de la Guerre," "Young Hilda at the Wars," etc.

Illustrations by Robert Toms

AT times in my five months at the front I have been puzzled by the sacrifice of so much young life; and most I have wondered about the Belgians. I had seen their first army wiped out; there came a time when I no longer met the faces I had learned to know at Termonde and Antwerp and Alost. A new army of boys has dug itself in at the Yser, and the same wastage by gun-fire and disease is at work on them. One wonders with the Belgians if the price they pay for honor is not too high. There is a sadness in the eyes of Belgian boy soldiers that is not easy to face. Are we quite worthy of their sacrifice? Why should the son of Ysaye die for me? Are you, comfortable reader, altogether sure that Pierre Depage and André Simont are called on to spill their blood for your good name?

Then one turns with relief to the Fusiliers Marins—the sailors with a rifle. Here are young men at play. They know they are the incomparable soldiers. The guns have been on them for fifteen months, but they remain unbroken. Twice in the year, if they had yielded, this would have been a short war. But that is only saying that if Brittany had a different breed of men the world and its future would contain less hope. They carry the fine liquor of France, and something of their own added for bouquet. They are happy soldiers—happy in their brief life, with its flash of daring, and happy in their death. It is still sweet to die for one's coun-

Red Cross rescue-station for the Fusiliers Marins

try, and that at no far-flung outpost over the seas and sands, but just at the home border. As we carried our wounded sailors down from Nieuport to the great hospital of Zuydcoote on the Dunkirk highway, there is a sign-board, a bridge, and a custom-house that mark the point where we pass from Belgium into France. We drove our ambulance with the rear curtain raised, so that the wounded men, lying on the stretchers, could be cheered by the flow of scenery. Sometimes, as we crossed that border-line, one of the men would pick it up with his eye, and would say to his comrade: "France! Now we are in France, the beautiful country."

"What do you mean?" I asked one lad, who had brightened visibly.

"The other countries," he said, "are flat and dirty. The people are of mixed races. France is not so."

It has been my fortune to watch the sailors at work from the start of the war. I was in Ghent when they came there, late, to a hopeless situation. Here were youngsters scooped up from the decks, untrained in trenches, and rushed to the front; but the sea-daring was on them, and they knew obedience and the hazards. They helped to cover the retreat of the Belgians and save that army from annihilation by banging away at the German mass at Melle. Man after man developed a fatalism of war, and expressed it to us.

"Nothing can hit you till your time," was often their way of saying it; "it 's no use dodging or being afraid. You won't be hit till your shell comes." And another favorite belief of theirs that brought them cheer was this: "The shell that will kill you you won't hear coming. So you 'll never know."

These sailor lads thrive on lost causes, and it was at Ghent they won from the Germans their nickname of "Les demoiselles au pompon rouge." The saucy French of that has a touch beyond any English rendering of "the girls with the red pompon." "Les demoiselles au pompon rouge" paints their picture at one stroke, for they thrust out the face of a youngster from under a rakish blue sailor hat, crowned with a fluffy red button, like a blue flower with a red bloom at its heart. I rarely saw an aging *marin*. There are no seasoned troops so boyish. I came to know their youthful throats. They wear open dickies, which expose the

A year of shelling has flattened Nieuport, but not the spirit of the Breton sailors who live there

Ruined convent school in Nieuport

neck, full, hard, well-rounded. The older troops, who go laggard to the spading, have beards that extend down the collar; but a boy has a smooth, clean neck, and

these sailors have the throat of youth. We must once have had such a race in our cow-boys and Texas rangers—level-eyed, careless men who know no masters, only equals. The force of gravity is heavy on an old man. But *marins* are not weighted down by their equipment nor muffled with clothing. They go bobbing like a cork, as though they would always stay on the crest of things. And riding on top of their lightness is that absurd bright-red button in their cap. The armies for five hundred miles are sober, grown-up people, but here are the play-boys of the western front.

From Ghent they trooped south to Dixmude, and were shot to pieces in that "Thermopylæ of the North."

"Hold for four days," was their order.

They held for three weeks, till the sea came down and took charge. During those three weeks we motored in and out to get their wounded. Nothing of orderly impression of those days remains to me. I have only flashes of the sailor-soldiers curved over and snaking along the battered streets behind slivers of wall, handfuls of them in the *hôtel de ville* standing around waiting in a roar of noise and a bright blaze of burning houses—waiting till the shelling fades away.

Now for twelve months they have been holding wrecked Nieuport, and I have watched them there week after week. There is no drearier post on earth. One day in the pile of masonry thirty feet from our cellar refuge the sailors began throwing out the bricks, and in a few minutes they uncovered the body of a comrade. All the village has the smell of desolation. That smell is compounded of green ditch-water, damp plaster, wet clothing, blood, straw, and antiseptics. The nose took it as we crossed the canal, and held it till we shook ourselves on the run home. Thirty minutes a day in that soggy wreck pulled at my spirits for hours afterward. But those chaps stood up to it for twenty-four hours a day, lifting a cheery face from a stinking cellar, hopping about in the tangle, sleeping quietly when their "night off" comes. As our chauffeur drew his camera, one of them sprang into a bush entanglement, aimed his rifle, and posed.

I recollect an afternoon when we had

Breton sailors ready for their noon meal in a village under daily shell-fire. At the right stands Dr. Casper Warren Burton of Cincinnati, who came from Dr. Grenfell in Labrador

"Les demoiselles au pompon rouge." Even the wounded of the Fusiliers Marins are light-hearted

Breton sailors and Algerian Zouaves in a street in ruined Nieuport

word of an attack. We were grave, because the Germans are strong and fearless.

"Are they coming?" grinned a sailor. "Let them come. We are ready."

We learned early that it is not wise to treat a *marin* treacherously. He will wade through a machine-gun to wipe it out. Once the Germans near Nieuport made a sudden sortie and overtook a *marin* doctor, wounded, but still caring for his wounded. They gave him and his patients the bayonet.

Then the sailors, reinforced, came back with a counter attack, and reached the Red Cross post. There they found their favorite doctor dead. They swept on, surrounded the German detachment, and bayoneted the men and the officer who had ordered the murder. One man they spared, and they sent him back to the German lines to tell what *marins* do to an enemy that strikes foully.

We had known that doctor. Later, at Nieuport, we learned to know many of the Fusiliers Marins and to grow fond of them. How else could it be when we went and got them, sick and wounded, dying and dead, two, six, ten of them a day, for many weeks, and brought them in to the Red Cross post for a dressing, and then on to the hospital? I remember a young man in our ambulance. His right foot was shot away, and the leg above was wounded. He lay unmurmuring for all the tossing of the road over the eight miles of the ride. We lifted him from the stretcher, which he had wet with his blood, into the white cot in "Hall 15" of Zuydcoote Hospital. The wound and the journey had gone deeply into his vitality. As he touched the bed, his control ebbed, and he became violently sick at the stomach. I stooped to carry back the empty stretcher. He saw I was going away, and said, "Thank you." I knew I should not see him again, not even if I came early next day.

There is one unfading impression made on me by those wounded. If I call it good nature, I have given only one element in it. It is more than that: it is a dash of fun. They smile, they wink, they accept a light for their cigarette. It is not stoicism at all. Stoicism is a grim holding on, the jaws clenched, the spirit dark, but enduring. This is a thing of wings. They will know I am not making light of their pain in writing these words. I am only saying that they make light of it. The judgment of men who are soon to die is like the judgment of little children. It does not tolerate foolish words. Of all the ways of showing you care that they suffer there is nothing half so good as the gift of tobacco. As long as I had any money to spend, I spent it on packages of cigarettes.

When it came my time to say good-by, my sailor friend, who had often stopped by my car to tell me that all was going well, ran over to see the excitement. I told him I was leaving, and he gave me a smile of deep-understanding amusement. Tired so soon? That smile carried a live consciousness of untapped power, of the record he and his comrades had made. It showed a disregard of my personal feelings, of all adult human weakness. That was the picture I carried away from the Nieuport line—the smiling boy with his wounded arm, alert after his year of war, and more than a little scornful of one who had grown weary in conditions so prosperous for young men.

I rode away from him, past the Coxyde encampment of his comrades. There they were as I had often seen them, with the peddlers cluttering their camp—candy men, banana women; a fringe of basket merchants about their grim barracks; a dozen peasants squatting with baskets of cigarettes, fruit, vegetables, foolish, bright trinkets. And over them hovered the boys, dozens of them in blue blouses, stooping down to pick up trays, fingering red apples and shining charms, chaffing, dickering, shoving one another, the old loves of their childhood still tangled in their being.

So when I am talking about the sailors as if they are heroes, suddenly something gay comes romping in. I see them again, as I have so often seen them in the dunes of Flanders, and what I see is a race of children.

"Don't forget we are only little ones," they say. "We don't die; we are just at play."

"The Pearl Necklace," by Jan van der Meer

(Detail from engraving by Timothy Cole)

"The Pearl Necklace," by Jan van der Meer

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

TO lift a melody of Wagner's from its harmony is not harder upon the composer than to take a detail out of the ensemble of color, light, and shade created by an artist like Jan van der Meer. But that is what has happened here to the little lady in the gray satin and canary-colored jacket, edged with ermine, who keeps her vigil before a hanging mirror in the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum of Berlin. Here, alas! the mirror has disappeared, and all but a little of the intervening mass of shadowed blue drapery heaped about the gleaming blue of a large Oriental jar. Gone, too, is the slit of window through which soft sunshine plays upon a saffron curtain, and then spreads in a web of vibrating luminosity over the bare, gray wall. Not less lightly than one strand of floss-silk lies upon another, the luminosity envelops the girl's profile, the blonde hair drawn back by a scarlet ribbon, and the fingers toying with the necklace of pearls. The face is homely, no shapeliness is wedded to the plumpness of her arms, no grace to her figure; yet there are few little ladies in art for whom exists such a unanimity of admiration.

She is part of one of her creator's choicest harmonies, a standing instance of the truth that beauty is not so much a positive as a relative thing, a product of values or qualities organized into a unity of harmonious relations. The values or tone qualities in this case are based upon the combination of blue and yellow, a favorite color scheme of Meer's, whose preference in the works of his maturity, of which this is one, was for cool harmonies, saved from chillness by a little introduction of warm colors; in this picture, for example, the dull, dark red of the chair and the lively note of scarlet in the hair. Upon this simple base, by modulating the tones of the colors and the rhythms of greater and less degrees of light, in a dancing scale that runs from the opaque black of the frame of the mirror up to the white high lights of the ermine, the artist has created a harmony of relations that not only is completely unified, but also has the life-like quality of vibration. The picture thrills as thrills a movement of music executed by a string quartet.

Meer had been forgotten even in his native city of Delft, and his few pictures —thirty in all—had been attributed to other painters, when early in the sixties of the last century his name and his fame were resuscitated by the French critic E. J. T. Thoré, better known by his pen-name, "W. Bürger." It was then recognized that the work of this artist, done during a comparatively short life of forty-three years (1632–1675) with exacting taste and a skill of craftsmanship marvelously accomplished, had anticipated with consummate realization the modern motives of painting. He was hailed as par excellence the painters' painter.

The Get-away

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "A Child's Heart," "The Highest Power," etc.

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

IN the first place, I want it clearly understood that this story is no burlesque, but a straight record of fact. Indeed, I am almost afraid to write it, since the generation in which we live is as yet so wrong-minded that instead of extending sympathy to Paul Brockway, as it should, it may be inclined to laugh at him. But there is more than one young man walking about upon two legs to-day who has shared Paul's fate; many a young man who reads this will feel the blush of hot shame mounting to his face as he remembers ignominious get-aways that he himself has been forced to make, awful palpitating moments when, torn with embarrassment, chivalry, and false modesty, he has been forced into positions like Paul's.

This is frankly a story with a message; far from being written with levity, this is propaganda. I say it openly, I am not serving you a sugar-coated pill; so when you read the sad story of Paul Brockway, pause and think. Face boldly the conditions of life which actually confront us, and which, because of the European War, are going to grow steadily worse and worse, and then set briskly about creating a public opinion by which men may meet circumstances of this kind with the grace and dignity of self-approval with which women may meet them. Talk about a double standard of morality! Here 's a double standard with a vengeance. When it is all right and decent for women, why it is made so fiendish, so soul-searing, so ignominious, and so low-down for men, I can't tell you. It is, and it ought not to be—not with the world as it is.

Paul's tragedy began by listening to the venomous counsels of Hemmingway, the philosopher. Hemmingway sat upon his piazza surrounded by beautiful children of his own begetting, a charming and able wife, whose eye was at once both humorous and cynical, and a philosophy that harked back from some forgotten era of the nineteenth century.

"Women," he boomed, "need to be made love to; only by making love to women can you get to know them. It 's the only way for a man of intelligence to begin an acquaintance with a woman—to make love to her." A beautiful blond child perched itself on each of his capacious knees. Caressing their heads, he continued to talk convincingly a philosophy of life suited to an earlier and less-dangerous day. "Marriage," he continued, with an optimism totally unsupported by any fact, "as we now see it in its binding bourgeois phases, will shortly disappear. Men and women are too far apart. More men should know more women. Don't you agree with me, Consuela?" He appealed to that slender and deep-bosomed daughter of Neptune, Consuela Dare, Paul's betrothed. Consuela turned a smoldering eye on Hemmingway.

"No," she said coldly.

"Now, what Paul needs is to make love to some woman if he 's to make you happy, Consuela."

"I 'll attend to being happy myself," said Consuela, darkly. At this Hemmingway's wife laughed a short and mocking laugh. Subtly it was turned against Hemmingway.

"But you, Consuela, you like to be made love to. I make love to you myself."

"Do you?" said Consuela, flushing angrily under her tan.

"Don't you know it, Consuela? You slapped me the last time I kissed you. No, it was the time before the last that you slapped me."

"How could I know you were doing what you call 'making love'!" said Consuela.

Hemmingway's wife again laughed maddeningly.

"You 're very subtle, Consuela," Hemmingway went on, "and how shall an inexperienced man like Paul—"

"I 'm not so darned inexperienced," Paul broke in. Poor fellow, he was easily drawn.

Here it was that Peggy DeWitt spoke.

"Paul, don't you want some more experience?" said she, putting her face about four inches from his and smiling mockingly into it.

"Sure!" said Paul.

"We 're both engaged," Peggy reminded him; "it 's our duty to enrich our lives for the partners of our joys. Come ahead!" They disappeared, Paul having the rejoicing emotion of a small boy playing hooky; besides, he had not relished the fact that right under his eyes Consuela had been flirting with Hemmingway. Obviously he owed her one.

Paul Brockway had led an unusually sheltered life. He had lived in groups of people where men preponderated over women. Since leaving college, four years before, he had spent time in some strange places: he had been in the far North, he had gone to Africa with a moving-picture man. On his latest return from the wild places of the earth he had seen Consuela and become engaged to her. He knew as little about modern life or women as Hemmingway, who, looking at it over a frieze of his children's heads, could still talk in terms of the nineteenth century.

When Paul returned alone, with the irritating look of a cat who has swallowed a canary, Consuela was there waiting for him. The atmosphere was sultry.

"Surely, Consuela, you 're not so bourgeoise," inquired Hemmingway, "as not to perceive that Paul has done this for you alone?"

"I can't stand Peggy DeWitt," replied Consuela, her bosom heaving, "and I will not see her make a monkey out of Paul!"

"You 're unreasonable," said Paul. He did not like the phrase "make a monkey of."

Consuela clenched her fists.

"I will not have you act like a fool with girls I perfectly dislike," she asserted.

Despite Hemmingway's saying admiringly, "I 'd give ten years of my life to have a girl love me like that," they quarreled.

With a feeling that marriage was about to shut confining jaws upon him and that he must have one little day of experience before that time arrived,—these ideas had carefully been inserted there by Hemmingway,—Paul flung himself into his motor.

"Don't come back," said Consuela, flamingly, "until you can stop acting like a fool." "Which means," Hemmingway interpreted, "until you can do everything she tells you to."

The automobile has had a profound effect upon the course of courtship. A man can arrive and leave with a celerity and unexpectedness that has been impossible hitherto. Paul let the road lead him; he did n't know this part of New England well. Nightfall found him in a quiet and beautiful village. An old white church with a lovely and aspiring tower fronted a green common; the wide streets on each side held a double row of elms. Even the town hall had escaped burning up. No one knows why New England town halls do burn up, but this has been for a long time their characteristic. Ancient houses, their yards full of flowering shrubs, slumbered under the shady elms. A motor-car seemed almost an impertinence here, so much did one appear to have turned back the hand of time.

Paul, whose senses and sensibilities had all been sharpened by the exciting occurrences of the day, fancied himself in a fabled country. The town had a dream-

"There was that about her that charmed Paul and made him sorry for her"

like mellowness that ill accorded with the fiction common to New England that had fallen Paul's way. He asked the name of the town at the post-office, and was told that it was Lebanon, a wooing word. It was a town that called for companionship and conversation. So, in a spirit of adventure rather than of scorn for the small hostelry, he asked who it was in town that might give a night's lodging, and learned from a clerk in a store that the Kellogg girls took in summer folks sometimes.

The house that had been pointed out to him was a sweet, rambling place, with sweet things growing about it; flowers and shrubs were in the yard. It was set back from the road, and one walked up a long brick path under sentinel sycamore-trees. On the front porch a lady was sitting. She was dressed, though Paul, naturally, did not know that, in a filmy sprigged dimity. Her beauty was of fragile delicacy; her dark eyes had a haunting and melancholy look. There was that about her that charmed Paul and made him sorry for her. He hoped that she was Miss Kellogg. She was. He hoped—and his tone was flattering—she had a room. The flattery of his voice did not escape her. It surprised from her a smile as dim as moonlight on a lake.

There was a charming air of faded gentility about the place; things had grown threadbare, as though loving hands had overbrushed and overpolished them. Old things shone dimly, and made mellow and caressing notes of color. He sat at ease, dreaming no evil, thinking no guile, utterly off his guard. A fine adventurous mood was that of poor Paul's. He was ready for anything.

He heard giggles within, young and hoidenish laughter, voices saying:

"Is it alive? Where did you get it, Aunt Miriam?"

"Hush! hush! He 'll hear you." This was from her whom Paul had already fatuously named "the Lovely Lady."

"In a motor-car, o-oh! o-oh! I like his looks."

"'Sh!" Again the Lovely Lady's voice mumbled something.

They burst out on him. They were young; one could n't tell whether the blonde or the brunette was older. They were pretty, the brunette dimpled, alluring, with bold, laughing eyes. Her mouth was made up as though for a kiss, and she stood nearer to Paul than there was any need. The blonde was slender, rose-leaf tinted, appealing. With a confiding gesture she sat down very near him in a little attitude of drooping expectancy. To take her hand would have been the most natural thing in the world.

How it happened Paul never remembered afterward, but he was soon in a game of romps, chasing Louise—for the two were quaintly named Clara and Louise Kellogg—about the long lawn. She dodged him through the syringa-bushes; she led him a chase up a little hill, flaunting, alluring, making a pretense at repelling. When he finally captured her in a grape arbor, what on earth was there for him to do but to kiss her, I ask you? He did it; I never pretended that Paul Brockway shunned the obvious. When they came back, Louise protesting, pouting with an innocent air, then before the rest insolently daring him to kiss her.

The Lovely Lady had aged; the silent years seemed to have slid over her in his absence. She sat quiet, composed, a generation away. Perhaps it was not their bounding vitality that had so wiped her out as their calm assumption of her belonging to another generation. "Aunt," "Aunt Miriam," "Auntie," dropped ceaselessly from their lips; and yet there was no line upon her brow, no dimming of her quiet color. She could not, Paul reflected, have been a day over thirty, if she was that; but one could not imagine her getting kissed in a grape arbor on sight, as it were, and somehow that episode was more exciting than the moonlit vistas of shy companionship which friendship with her offered him.

After dinner he found himself helping her with the dishes. Then there were more romps with Louise. She managed to do these things without giving the effect of any vulgarity. There was a spon-

taneity in her high good humor, a heady quality about her bold, alluring ways. She was simply the sort of girl, Paul reflected, one had to kiss. God had evidently created her for that purpose, and she seemed to be perfectly willing to fulfil the designs of the Almighty.

A little out of breath, his pulses hammering, a feeling of being "a devil of a fellow" surging over him, he sat down on the front porch. The Lovely Lady was there; she looked at him with an unfathomable glance that suddenly made his heart beat faster, and that seemed to implore him mutely:

"Don't send me back into the shadow of years; don't envelop me with a fictitious mantle of age. You see, I 'm young as spring, and as shy." Impulsively Paul said:

"Won't you take a turn to-morrow in my car?"

She hesitated; she smiled at him with adorable shyness.

"Oh, do come!" urged Paul.

"Very well," she said; and from the tone of her voice Paul gathered the touching information that this to her was a great adventure.

"It takes very little to satisfy some women," he reflected; and thought with anger of Consuela Dare who exacted so much of a man.

She left him. In a moment the blonde Clara was beside him. The front porch had benches running the length of it; four people might have sat there; Clara, evidently making room for two ghostly visitors, sat close to him. She looked up, her blue melting eyes in his face:

"I 'm glad you 've come," she said softly.

"So am I," responded silly, innocent Paul.

"You are not just going to pass through Lebanon?" Her voice quivered a little. There was a touching quality to her that made Paul wish to comfort her.

"I think I 'll stay a day or so," he said. A sigh of deep relief escaped her.

From within came Louise's voice:

"Clara!" it called.

"Yes," responded Clara, indolently.

"Auntie wants you."

"All right," said Clara, amiably; she did n't move. "I don't care if she wants me," she announced in a gently triumphant tone. The low footfall of the Lovely Lady was heard. "Do you want me, Auntie?" called Clara.

"No, dear." Clara smiled subtly.

"Clara?" said Louise.

Clara arose softly.

"Let 's walk," she said. There was a little thrill in her voice. "The streets are so sweet at night, with the linden-trees in bloom."

There was a witchery about her. Unresisting, Paul followed. They moved away like shadows, without speaking, wrapt in some vague enchantment. They were down at the gate before Louise's voice was again heard:

"Clara!" Under the electric light one might have observed that Clara again smiled subtly.

Time moved swiftly with Paul the next day. By the time dinner was over he had a little bit the feeling as though the movement had been as rapid as that in a moving-picture show. Between Clara and Louise he began to have a slightly breathless feeling. He strolled down to the end of the garden by himself, smoking to catch his breath, to reflect, complacently, upon their rather open-mouthed expression when he had driven off with "Auntie."

At the other side of the gray picket-fence there was a rustic grape arbor; from the inside of the grape arbor came a rustling of skirts; a charming head protruded now, framed in vine leaves and delicate tendrils of brown curls—a face full of delicacy and piquancy, the nose tilted up, the wide, golden-brown eyes wild, while the mouth, with its delicately fashioned corners, was sophisticated. She had a long, straight throat.

"Hello, man!" she remarked.

"Hello, girl!" responded fatuous Paul.

"I am not a girl," responded the sophisticated mouth, which, despite its words, held a wild wood note; "I 'm a widow, thank God!"

"Thank God!" echoed Paul, the obvious.

"Come over and sit in my hammock with me," now invited the widow. "My name is Simone Drummond, and I 'm terribly bored."

"We 'll soon alter that," said Paul.

"Oh, will we?" said Simone, clasping her hands. "Are you sure we will?"

"Absolutely," said Paul, who now, poor thing, was feeling slightly wicked and Anthony Hopeish.

They talked. She was young and lovely; she had been unhappy; when what she referred to as "his horrid estate" was settled, she would be rich. Paul need n't think because she used the vocabulary of levity that she had no mind; she had. She was a Feminist, very advanced; she hinted that her life had been such that only her natural goodness had kept her from being driven to extremes of opinion. Was Paul a Feminist? Oh, yes, indeed; Paul was anything that she liked. Oh, he held advanced views, most advanced! Did he believe in Ellen Key?

Paul had never heard of that lady, so he believed in her devoutly.

And why on earth was Louise Kellogg lashing up and down her back yard like a lioness deprived of her prey?

This, Paul wittily remarked, he could not tell her.

They both laughed at this. Already they were in that perilous state of mind when anything serves for a joke between a man and a woman. How advanced he was he now proved by dishing up some of Hemmingway's philosophic trash about men and women being more adventurous together.

When he left, it was almost supper-time.

"One gets acquainted quickly in a desert," she remarked.

After supper he sat on the porch with the Lovely Lady. She had been young when she drove with him, touchingly so; but now the shadows of age had again mysteriously shut in about her. Despite her smooth skin, there was that about her that foreshadowed spinsterhood in a way that to Paul was touching and unbearable.

"She 's worth the whole lot of them," he thought vaguely. "The whole lot of them" stretched very wide, almost reaching the place where Consuela dwelt.

You may have observed that up to now Paul has had but little time to moon about concerning Consuela. What he was aware of was not having time enough for talk with the Lovely Lady.

His reflection concerning the Lovely Lady was now fulfilled by the appearance of a little shell-tinted wren of a girl. She was round and small, with quantities of soft, drab hair, gold at the points. She stood in a charming embarrassment before them. When she was introduced to Paul, she merely let her eyes rest on him like those of a child and said nothing. She was very young; there was something about her both touching and pleasing.

Her name, it seemed, was Clover Branch. Soon after having imparted this information to Paul, the Lovely Lady excused herself. She seemed, Paul reflected, to be always doing this in favor of the very young.

There was a silence; then, after a long sigh, Clover said:

"Oh, how I wish I were pretty like Clara and Louise!"

Paul found nothing whatever to say to this remark, which embarrassed him, except, "Why?"

To this Clover replied, with limpid innocence:

"So you 'd like me better."

"I like you as you are," said Paul. What else would you have expected him to say?

"You 've passed my house a hundred times and never looked at me." Her voice was like the mourning of a dove; and now he perceived that it was a dove and not a wren that she resembled.

"And where do you live?" said Paul.

"Next door."

Up to this there had been only one next door to Paul.

Then she covered her face with her hands.

"It 's awful," she said, "it 's awful for me to have come over here just to get

"'Come over and sit in my hammock with me,' now invited the widow. 'My name is Simone Drummond, and I 'm terribly bored'"

introduced! Oh, what will Clara and Louise say!" She fled.

You naturally expect, don't you, that Paul soon offered to take Clover Branch to ride in his motor? Your expectations are not disappointed.

TURN on the hands of the clock for an extraordinarily busy week. I mentioned before that Simone was fair and young and had been unhappy; you will not have forgotten that they started off with "Paul and Simone." But also, living in a house with them, it was astonishing how much time he found for persiflage—and this word is a euphemy—with Clara and Louise, and since Clover Branch had hung over the fence and looked at him with dove eyes and said, "Oh, take me for just a turn!" he had done so. As the French say, "What would you have?"

Alone, the Lovely Lady had faded out of the picture. At the end of a week Paul was no longer feeling like a devil of a fellow, which sustaining emotion had borne him along at such a headlong speed. Indeed, at this belated day the idea was beginning to penetrate Paul that it was about time to "pull out of here." There are situations when you either go on or you don't.

There was that night a strawberry sociable at the church, and Paul invited to it the Lovely Lady. She seemed surprised.

"Why, if you really want me—" she hesitated.

"I really do," said Paul, earnestly. She smiled at him. Paul had the uneasy feeling that it was compassionately that she smiled, and comprehendingly. He wanted to shout to her, "No, I am not hiding behind you; I like you best." But naturally there are some things one cannot say, though during the week Paul had found a great many more things had been said than he had hitherto dreamed possible in this vale of tears. He was in a distinctly ungrateful frame of mind. There was a pasha-like blaséness about Paul at this moment, a feeling of satiety of a sort that had made him think when Clara had frisked before him not long before, "Hang it! I can't kiss everybody, you know!"

Now mark what may befall a man in a short time.

It was six forty-five, and supper was over. Not until a quarter past eight would one start for the sociable. The voices of Clara and Louise in altercation reached his ears:

"Widow or no widow," came Clara's voice, "I should think you 'd be ashamed to use a harpoon the way you do. You began the very first night he came here. You know it."

"Well, I like *that!*" Louise cried in response. "*I* began the very first night, and *you!* Harpoon!" just indignation choked her. "Let me tell you, Clara Kellogg, I prefer to be a harpoon than a piece of flypaper!"

Contrary to his intention, Paul removed himself to smoke his cigarette at Simone's. A week has passed, remember—a week in a desert! A week filled with the companionship of a swiftly moving and perilous friendship; a week full of windy talk about the equal place in the world of men and women; a week where they had brandished their spears against the old demon Convention, where they had had the fine, heady feeling of being free spirits. She allured him and eluded him; she led him on, and fled from him only to return to him again; she was a sweet, soft thing, a delightful thing. Paul was everything except in love with her. He had been making love to her, or was it she who had made love to him? But there was a limit somewhere. "What the devil do you do with them when you have made love to them?" was what he was beginning to ask himself. There was no place to go but on, thought he despairingly, and "on" precisely was just where Paul was not going to go. There was, though the reader may have forgotten it, Consuela.

He went over, meaning to tell Simone that he was going, and somehow—now here we come to the meanness of men's situation—he felt like a skunk in having to tell her that.

Why, I ask you? Had Simone at this

moment pronounced the word "Good by," and vanished, our sympathies would be with her; but there is not a man living who does not know how difficult these words would be to speak to a woman in these circumstances, especially as they greeted each other as though they had not seen each other for years.

"Paul!"

"Simone!" Their hands clasped.

He sat down moodily; the disgust of too much life enveloped him, the conversation between Clara and Louise jangled disagreeably in his ears.

For Paul the hour had struck; right or wrong he was through. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, just as girls get through in similar circumstances.

"Paul?" Simone's voice came quiveringly out of the dark—"Paul, we can't go on like this."

"No," said Paul, gloomily.

"We are not children," said Simone.

Paul said nothing.

Simone put her hand on Paul's; her golden-brown eyes were fixed on him appealingly.

"We 'd better go in; it 's mosquitoy out here."

Paul muttered uneasily. There was no Anthony Hopeishness about him this time, you perceive.

"Paul, this has been too intense to go on in the usual way; it has taken us and whirled us up."

"Uh-huh," said Paul.

"I know you 'll understand what I 'm going to do, Paul. I suppose you are n't ready to marry,—men of your age rarely are in a position to,—but *I* am, Paul. I have plenty for both of us."

Paul felt as though a blood-cell had burst inside of his brain. This was what things had led to; he was being proposed to!

You know what he felt like? He felt like a cad; he felt like an oaf; he wished he had never been born; he begged her to forgive him; he was beside himself. Not that he showed it, for it was as though he were frozen. It was Simone who mobilized first, and vanished in the dusk.

I ask you, when women do things like this, must n't we reconstruct our point of view? Men must be allowed to refuse the unwelcome advances of ladies with dignity; and yet there are prehistoric reptiles like Hemmingway still on earth who not only uphold the old theory that you must never let a woman bat an eye at you in vain, but also that you must begin this nefarious business yourself.

When a woman refuses a man, how does she feel? Properly pained, we trust, but perfectly in her own right, dignified, and aware of her virtue. And how does a man feel? Like the things that crawl, of course; like the worm, like the hound.

Since it is being done every day, civilization must find a way out of this *impasse*.

I plead for Paul. He and Simone had jumped into this together; to be sure, Paul knew that he was engaged, and Simone did not. On the other hand, Simone began it. Girls have often done the same. And then, besides, it was not the engagement; they each took their chances. In fiction we always have it the other way around, but life splits at fifty and fifty for us.

He gathered himself together, and with great precaution he walked around to his own abode with the view of eluding Clara and Louise until it should be time to take their Aunt Miriam to the sociable. He was drenched in humiliation. He had deceived a perfectly nice woman into proposing to him; he wished to God that he had a keeper. A glad thought shot through him. He had one; there sat the able, hot-tempered, and ardent Consuela ready to perform this much-needed task.

A voice in the gloom assailed his ears. It was the little voice of Clover Branch.

"Good evening, Mr. Brockway," said she; "don't forget you promised to take me for a little turn to-morrow morning."

He followed over the fence.

"I 'm sorry," he said. "I can't take you; I 'm leaving."

"You 're—y-you 're leaving?" Her voice faltered.

"Yes, leaving." He wished to God it

did n't sound so like Weber and Field's. What a fool he was, anyway!

"Oh dear! oh dear!" wailed Clover. "Oh, I 'm so disappointed! I lo-love m-motoring, and n-nobody but that red-headed Wharf boy ever takes me here." She wept.

"There, there," comforted Paul, "don't cry!" He sat down beside her. She continued to sob. It was too distressing. A great pity for this child's narrow life surged over Paul. He sat beside her on the bench for some time, comforting her, saying little kind things to her. In the end he kissed her. For a moment she sat with her head on his shoulder saying,

"I know I 'm a fool, but it 's all right now."

He sat there until it was time to go. He said good-by to her kindly; then, since she held her face up toward him, again he kissed her.

While he was eating strawberry ice-cream with the Lovely Lady, the voice of Mrs. Branch smote his ears:

"No," said she, "Clover ain't told me a thing about it *yet;* but I can see for myself how things are."

"Well, you know these city chaps," replied another unseen voice, "are mighty slippery."

With a vehemence into which the purpose of a lifetime had been compressed, "Slippery nothing!" replied Mrs. Branch. "All I 've got to say is that *what my two eyes have seen let no man put asunder!*"

The Lovely Lady's eyes sought his. Alas! laughter was in them!

"Run," she said in a low voice. "You said you were going to-morrow; go to-night. A good-natured thing like you has n't one eighth of a chance in a town like this."

Have they a chance anywhere, I wonder, except in those sheltered safe portions of the globe that Paul had inhabited? Women like Miriam are rarer every day. Every day we see returning from the fray able young Valkyries like Louise with heroes across their saddle-bows. Every day we see swains stuck helplessly in the fly-paper spread by crafty Claras.

Meanwhile, through the night, Paul Brockway, withered up in shame and humiliation, was speeding toward Consuela and safety. Broad and vulgar Comedy had pursued him to Simone Drummond, where Tragedy had brushed him with its wing, and now that nothing should be wanting to his abasement, grotesque Farce had stepped in to do its awful work upon his spirit.

In his flight through the darkness Paul felt as though pursued by witches; the world seemed full of able young women who could up and marry a man against his will before you could say Jack Robinson. Not in early Hebrew days did any pursued victim seek sanctuary more gladly than Paul. A little while before and the altar had seemed to him a prison; now it was deliverance.

He arrived rather late. Hemmingway was on the piazza. Paul perceived that nothing had changed. Hemmingway's voice boomed out in the darkness, "You only learn to understand them by making love to them."

"Understand hell!" thought Paul as he ascended the steps toward the haven of safety. "I suppose you only learn to understand dynamite by exploding it!"

Night-motoring

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE high moon swinging before,
And the big car swaying,
Lifting the grade with a roar,
Swerving and sliding,
Leaping and purring, and playing
With its insolent power, and checking and drifting and gliding!
The stare and glare of the light that scouted before us
From a lip of curved shadow etched out the detail of the road
Like a white, incandescent river, rippling and fleet, flowing to meet
Our swift tire's muffled and crisping, monotonous chorus—
Hallelujah! the stride that we strode!

The wind whipped our cheeks till all being softened and glowed
Or flashed with a glacial brilliance, and throbbed in our ears
A steady pulsation surmounting and merging all fears
And cares in some spirit triumph beyond the years.

Things lunged at us out of the night,
Great masses of shadow hurled past;
Yellow eyes down the road blazed bright;
Our horn blew a Gabriel blast:
With a fillip of dust they were gone.
Our car swayed on.

Trees leaped toward our spectral light,
Every leaf, in its ray, yellow-sere with some leprous blight,
It seemed, every leaf-notch distinct!
Grass flowed past, of a poisonous green,
Further shadows were ebony-inked;
Like a painted canvas scene,
Everything flashed unreal and flat to the eye,
Faked, artificial, and mean.
But in distance, beyond the unreeling white fences,
Where the landscape moved more slowly,
The moon, that absolves and dispenses,
Made all things holy.

The square orange windows of farms
Where dark woodlands stretched slumberous arms,
The surging great hills, vague and proud,
The silvery curdle of cloud—
All composed to a wonderful, soft-hued, visual prayer.
The rich, passionate land lay bare
To the nuptials of fierce white stars; and the hissing wind in our hair,
That started our strained eyes moist with its swift, cold kiss,
Taught our swooning and leaping blood of this
Strange, sorrow-begetting bliss,
This heart-rending, ecstatic embrace,
Disembodied, that thrills through the tremulous air of night,
Stirring the thought to delirious flight
Into fathomless space.

Corn-shocks, close by, stood out sudden like some weird herd
Of tousled beasts. Like a lion's our greeting purred.
Where the road was mending, each stealthy assassin shadow
Leapt alertly behind its heap of gray cut-stone,
And merged in the dusk of the meadow.

We flew not alone.
By the side of our car its own shadow swayed
And towered in the trees, ran the walls, unafraid
Of the threatened raid from each ambuscade
Of crouching houses or lurking hedges.
Far down the road three ruby lights
Appeared at its edges.
We took the planks of a bridge with a rippling jar;
We whirled to the heights;
And then our car
Plunged through a tunnel of purple gloom,
Shaking volleys of bloom
From trespassing boughs and bushes, and flung in a last flight down
To the glow on the sky of the thousand-tentacled town!

男爵渋澤榮一

America and Japan

By BARON EIICHI SHIBUSAWA

ALL of us are apt to see a ghost sometimes. The most prosy and practical, the well-meaning, sincere, and the most conscientious of us, see it. Only often it happens that the ghost turns out to be a scarecrow put up there in the midst of his rice-field by Farmer Yosaku. The farmer is honest, sincere, hard-working; a perfectly good citizen, he who put up the scarecrow. He put it up not to make his good neighbors see ghosts; he put it up to scare sparrows. It was not the fault of his good neighbors, either, that they saw a ghost, and swore up and down that they did see it standing right in the middle of Yosaku's field. They were perfectly sincere in the matter. The trouble lay in the necromancy of night and the sloe-eyed witchery of the midnight hour. To turn a ghost into a scarecrow a little sunshine was all that was needed.

My countrymen in California see a ghost in some—not all—things which are being dealt out to them. The native sons, too, see more than one ghost. Let us take up one phase of the necromancy of misunderstanding of the subject in California.

Some of our American friends seem to confuse the two entirely distinct issues when they discuss the so-called Japanese question in California. That at least is the way it appears to me. One of them is the Japanese immigration into the United States; the other is the just treatment of the Japanese who are already in America —their claim to the right of being treated on an equal footing with any other foreigners who enjoy the same treaty protection from the Government of the United States. As a living issue, the one has nothing to do with the other; for one of them is dead. I mean the immigration question is no longer a living issue between the governments of the United States and Japan.

It has been finished and settled. The agreement popularly known as "a gentleman's agreement" introduced the question into the company of accomplished facts. How well and how scrupulously the Japanese Government has kept its words given to America is a matter of history. It is no secret to any one who wishes to look into it. The immigration of the Japanese labor is effectively stopped by the Japanese Government. Frankly, the people of Japan did not like it any more than a child likes a dose of castor-oil, and they were not so sure about the correctness of that good, old parental formula, "It is the best thing in the circumstances," which the Japanese Government offered to them. Still, once their Government gave its word of honor to keep the agreement, the people took the medicine like a good child. They have not whimpered or sulked about it since.

To-day the Japanese in California are not protesting against this matter at all. They are protesting against the discrimination against the Japanese who are already in California. They are protesting against the land-ownership and other discriminatory laws and legislative acts that are directed against the Japanese, and against no other foreigners, living in the State. Our treaty with America provides for the same protection and treatment as any other foreign people. The Japanese cannot understand why America, whose first name is Fair Play, should deny them the equally fair treatment that others enjoy. Do the treaties between America and Japan call for this discriminatory act on the part of California or justify it? It does n't seem so—to a lay mind like ours. At that, our people are not insisting that they should have the right of owning land in California. Ownership of land in itself is not the thing which troubles the Japanese. If the United States, or the State of California, were to say to all the subjects of the treaty powers that the foreigners cannot own land in California, then the Japanese would submit to that as a simple matter of course. There would be never a word of protest or complaint. It is the discrimination against the Japanese that is objectionable to us.

Canada does not want our labor immigration, neither does Australia,—in both countries the immigration of Japanese labor is not freely admitted,—but Canada treats our people exactly as she does any other foreigners admitted under the terms and provisions of her treaty stipulations. The Japanese who are in Canada can be naturalized there; they can own land there. Our people are not discriminated against in other matters in any sense.

Here I wish to make it clear that we are not at all blind to the fact that there are many difficulties, constitutional, economic, and other, that surround the solution of this problem in the United States. We are not saying to America or to California: "Here, here are our rights under the treaty. Please fulfil them in the way we think you should fulfil them." Far from it, in fact. We wish to, and I hope we do, approach the United States in the spirit of conciliation and in all friendliness. We wish America to understand that we are ever ready to meet her halfway; that we are mindful of the local difficulties she has to face in effecting a satisfactory solution of it all. Approached in this manner and spirit, I am confident that in time the darkest ghost will turn out to be a scarecrow.

Frank and friendly understanding between America and Japan is particularly imperative at the present time. We have come together in California, your people and mine. But that is a mere incident compared with what the to-morrow has in store for the two peoples. And the place upon which we shall meet on a much wider scale and in vastly more lines of activity than in California will be on the Asian side of the Pacific. China will be the stage for a world drama that is to be. From the point of view of industrial and economic development in a modern sense China is still hardly touched. She will be developed, and very soon. The possibilities there are as great as her resources. China is not able to develop her resources by herself. For one thing, she has not the

adequate capital; she has not a sufficient number of men trained to do the vast and varied work connected with her transformation.

And in China, especially through all the years of her development, there is one thing more important than all the rest: that America and Japan should work there hand in hand in friendly coöperation. This is important for America and Japan, but in a much more vital sense is it important for China herself. And for this reason: America has plenty of capital —cheap money. She will have much more by the time the war is finished. We are told that this European War will do much in shifting the world's financial center from London to New York. If it does not do that exactly, it will certainly make the United States the mistress of huge wealth, and change her from a debtor nation into a great creditor nation.

Japan, on the other hand, lacks capital. At present our banks are suffering from an accumulation of idle funds. But this is temporary; it is an abnormal condition of things that will not last for any length of time. Even to-day, with all her unemployed money, Japan has not the hundredth or one thousandth part of the funds required for the undertaking of developing the resources of continental Asia.

But Japan has men—men able, trained, and capable of holding the positions of managers, engineers, and foremen.

Now, when American capital enters China, it will find something much harder than "lining up against a Chinese poem." It will find that it is well nigh impossible to secure even a small number of native Chinese of sufficient training and ability to handle the machinery and direct the unskilled native labor. American capital might import a large number of American engineers and foremen; but that would be piling inconvenience on top of economic extravagance. Moreover, Americans of skill and experience in mining enterprises and in other industrial undertakings who may be imported into China find themselves as "green" and helpless as a proverbial new-born babe in reading the psychology of Chinese labor. They are not versed in the customs of the native race, its traditions, and especially its prejudices. They know very little of the Chinese mode of life. They can tell, perhaps, with great and surprising accuracy, just what a mule is thinking about; but the thoughts of Chinese labor run in a much more complicated orbit than that of a mule. Japanese managers and foremen are much more apt to understand Chinese labor than are Americans. At least they understand Chinese thoughts and habits, and of course the Japanese can be hired much more readily and at much less expense than Americans.

In other words, American capital would find it much more economical to employ Japanese of training and ability to direct and conduct its Chinese undertakings than to bring out men from the United States to any great extent. I have personally seen both of these phases worked out in China and Korea. When I entered the Korean and Chinese fields, I saw at once how futile it was to try to get natives to direct operations. There are a few men both in China and Korea who are able to do this work, but they are rarely available.

Here, then, is a golden opportunity for American capital and Japanese energy to come together. And they can come together in perhaps the weightiest work as far as the shaping of the future destiny of the far East is concerned—in the development of China's resources. If Japan and America insist on working independently and separately, it will be a great waste of expenditure. It will mean something even more serious, the loss of time. The work of bringing about the real new China will be delayed many a long year; for it is absurd on the face of it for Japan to undertake the work single-handed and on a large scale. It has not the money to do so. And American capital would not enter the field because it would find it too expensive, and therefore unprofitable. It would spell stagnation. That in turn spells another long sleep for China.

It 's no mere moonshine-mothered

dream that American capital and Japanese energy and ability can work together. They can also make money together. This thing has been translated into many a substantial and profitable fact for years. I know; I can speak from my own little experience. I am interested in a modest gold-mine in Korea. American capital is also interested in it. Chikusan is its name. It was once worked by American interests alone, and was losing money. It is not turning out multimillionaires now, to be sure; still, it is making money in its modest way.

In Japan your General Electric Company has been working with Mitsui people for years and in perfect harmony, with profit to both. There are a number of other examples where the combination of American capital and Japanese work has turned out very happily. And these things have been done at the time when the United States was not looking for foreign investments with any enthusiasm.

China, as everybody knows, offers a tremendous field for railway construction. The impression seems to prevail here and in Europe that Japan does not like to see American capital enter that field. It is all wrong. Of course Japan would not like to see American or any other foreign capital build a line competing with the South Manchurian; but in a richer province of China, where the field is virgin and the venture will be profitable to all concerned, Japan would welcome the entrance of American capital as much as would China, if not more, in fact. The additional establishment of transportation facilities means an extension of the market for our goods. There is absolutely no reason for us to try to fence out American capital from China; there is every reason for us to welcome it.

Of course if American capital entered China and established a spinning-mill on the Yang-tse on a big enough scale to compete aggressively against Japanese goods, there would be a number of Osaka mills, for example, that would rather see it removed elsewhere. But the opposition would be purely individual in that case. Japan as a nation would welcome the establishment of the American mill, for the presence of successful American investment in China spells a number of other things beside competition with some Osaka mills, and competition is by no means unhealthy. In fact, if the Osaka mills cannot survive the competition of a healthy and friendly rivalry, they should not be in business at all; for out there no business can live unless it is healthy enough to stand against the competition of all the world. And we believe that in order to make American investments profitable, Americans would be the first to see the advantage of commanding Japanese energy and ability in its service. That would mean much for the future of commercial and financial Japan.

Japan desires American coöperation. Let me repeat it; let me put it as emphatically as possible and as clearly as can be. She wishes American capital in Japan proper, in Korea, and in China. There is plenty of room in the far East of to-day for all the American money that the United States can spare. And in the far East of to-morrow there will be still more room. For many years to come we cannot have too much of it.

The international understanding which is based on vested interest has a rather firm foundation. There are few things that make two peoples better acquainted with each other than a community of financial and business interests. I have always maintained that if Americans understood us Japanese, the ax would be laid at the roots of all troubles between the two peoples. A little more sunlight, and all the ghosts and goblins and the haunting shades of suspicion would turn into a scarecrow, the mission in life of which is to scare nothing bigger than a sparrow.

A little more light and a trifle more patience on the part of both, and one thing more: if the Japanese should learn to look at the tangled question through the eyes of the American, I believe our friends the Americans would not find it hard to step into our own shoes and see where and how they pinch.

Barbara

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

BARBARA, child with the luminous face,
If you had lived in the daintier days,
With your fine, frank ladyhood look of race,
In your decorous cap and sober grace,
Delicate bards would have penned your praise,

Tenderly sung, with a sheltering smile,
Of your "starry gaze" and your "brow of snow,"
And prayed there should never a breath defile
From a world without that is sad and vile;
"Pure" and "secure" would have rhymed, I know.

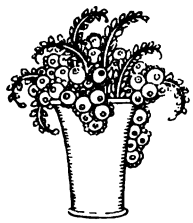
But, Barbara, this is a sterner age.
We shall ask for your hands to help and heal;
We shall call you soon in the war we wage;
We shall want your tears and your high, white rage,
Your slim, strong shoulder against the wheel.

They 'd have set your beauty within a bower;
But we cannot spare you, we need you so.
You are vital force; you are not a flower.
You are challenge and promise, peace and power—
Your starry gaze and your brow of snow.

Barbara

"You are challenge and promise, peace and power—
Your starry gaze and your brow of snow"

Photograph by Rena Cary Sheffield



A Touch of Sun

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

Author of "The First Wardens," etc.

CERTAINLY I stand for culture; in my business I have to. Even in my city, which does n't pretend to be Chicago or New York, the reputation of a street for culture will add six hundred per cent. to the value of its property. The Yews, for example, my own street.

The Yews began at Fourth Avenue. The corner house on the left was the residence of President Larrabee of the Merchant City Bank. Almost opposite stood the residence of Silas Mandin, whose name may be seen on any grand-opera subscription. Next door, as the phrase is, to President Larrabee lived G. M. Burket, formerly treasurer of the Cereals Company, and across the street from him, but spaced so as not to stand exactly opposite, was the home of President Curtis of the United Street Railways. And so on down the street—bank presidents, retired merchants, captains of industry, first one and then another, to the very edge of the district, nearly a mile farther on, at Twelfth Avenue. There was no question but the Yews had a place in the sun.

And its culture was real culture. The sidewalks were shaded by elm-trees just as in the East; the houses were all set back an even one hundred feet from the curb; there were no fences, but only low stone dividing-walls, hardly ankle-high, to serve as marches between the properties; and the lawns were all as carefully manicured as a lady's hand.

I say nothing of the houses. Inside and out they spoke for themselves. All of them were new and modern, with oil-paintings on the walls and Turkish rugs on the floors. Money could buy no finer.

You will have guessed before this that my specialty is real estate. I can tell you the value of land in six questions. But people? Sometimes I think I know people, and sometimes I think I don't. As, for instance, John Burden.

I am the man who sold John Burden his lot in the Yews. I picked him out. I knew all about him, too,—as much as a man could know from private reports and Bradstreet's,—and see what he did!

This story really begins when Richard Graney, whose place adjoined Burket's, got caught in a bull movement in wheat. Graney was a man who almost had to put up a good front. I 've heard say he was not much of a lawyer; but he was good enough to keep his clients impressed. That 's me, too. Give me a man who will play up to his part,—a chap with deep, bass-viol chest and big voice and clear skin,—and I 'll groom him to be a college president. I 'm a large man myself.

Now, Graney was hit near the water-line, and yet, for business reasons, he could n't very well slow down to ten knots. So he came to me; but everybody knew he was hit, just the same. You see, he owned a frontage of three hundred feet on the Yews, exactly twice what his immediate neighbors had, and had been sensible enough to build on the north half

of it. That gave him one hundred and fifty feet he could turn into cash—one hundred and fifty feet on the Yews, at, let us say, three hundred dollars a foot.

"Find me a purchaser who will be a congenial neighbor, you know; some one who can build—ah—suitably, and who has ideals of culture."

"Do you know John Burden?" I asked.

"I know who he is."

I knew he did n't, but no matter. I understood.

"I was wondering if Burden would n't take it," I said. "I 'll see him, if you like."

"By all means," he replied heartily.

"I happen to know he 's looking for a city place."

Now, my statement was true, for Burden had commissioned me to act as his agent in the premises.

"Burden would make a very satisfactory neighbor," said Graney. "The Yews, I 'm sure, would welcome him."

So I got Burden on long distance, and had him run down. John Burden had made his name as a builder of railroads, mostly in the West. It was he who pushed through the D., M. H. & P. trunk-line to the Pacific three months ahead of contract time. It was he who built the Cameron Viaduct. The great Wasatch Tunnel on the R. & E. was also his work. People said he was absolutely honest. That does n't mean much to me, because I always figure on looking out for myself whatever a man is or is n't.

In appearance Burden was tall and gaunt, with high shoulders and long arms out of Ireland; but his square forehead and bushy brows and heavy chin were Scotch. It must have been the Scotch in him that was responsible for his low ideals and lack of artistic perception. I 'm part Irish myself. The Irish are artistic.

There was considerable comment when my neighbors learned that Graney had sold to an outsider. Did they come to me with their questions? *Did n't* they!

"Who is this man Burden who 's bought the Graney lot?" one of them *would* ask.

"He 's a railroad-builder," I would reply. "He 's rated at from three to five millions."

"Where does he live?"

"Out in the country, above Ashton."

"How old a man is he?"

"Somewhere between forty and fifty."

"How much of a family has he?"

"A wife and three children, ages five to eleven."

And then I would go on and explain about the D., M. H. & P. trunk-line and the Cameron Viaduct and the Wasatch Tunnel.

Pretty soon another would drop in.

"Who is this man Burden?" he would begin.

"He 's a railroad-builder."

And the same questions and answers would follow until the new man knew all that the other knew about Burden and also all that I knew. I did n't altogether like it, for it made it appear too much as if I were personally recommending Burden to all these men, which I was not.

THE Yews watched the growth of Burden's hundred-thousand-dollar house with increasing interest.

"What a lot of windows!" exclaimed one.

"Such a *small* house, is n't it, for the money?"

"Anyhow, the deep porches will help."

"Shower-baths instead of tubs! Ugh!"

"The library up-stairs!"

"His architect may be all right, but he has to show *me*. *I* never heard of him before."

And then I would have to explain that Burden had gone all the way to California for his architect, which was true, though I could n't tell them why. I don't know why. There were plenty of good architects in my office building, down-town.

But my troubles did n't really begin until after Burden's new house was completed and furnished and occupied.

I 'll admit it: Burden put the clown's cap on us good and proper!

One Thursday afternoon a long line of

wagons drove up into his yard, and left crushed rock, sand, piles of short cement beams, and kegs marked "Gambon Mills."

"It looks like another garage," I thought to myself.

But it was n't. The next morning a gang of laborers appeared with horses and scrapers and a plow. By noon what seemed to be a roadway had been constructed from one side of the lot to the other across the front lawn. Shortly before one, an auto-truck bearing ten heavy steel rails drove up, and at exactly twenty minutes past four the laborers put on their coats, loaded their shovels and sledge-hammers into the wagons, and drove away.

Across the lawn ran one hundred and fifty feet of railroad, clean and strong, perfect in grade, gage, and level, with not so much as a cross-tie or fish-plate or spike or spoonful of crushed rock left over.

A railroad in the man's front yard! Why?

That evening after dinner, and in some cases before, my excited neighbors began arriving to ask *me* that question. Me! How could I tell them why?

"See here, did n't you tell us Burden was such and such and such?"

"I told you who he was and what he did and how much he was worth. That 's all anybody could tell you."

"You 've got to see him, Gamble," they said—just like that.

"What about?"

"About that railroad."

"What 'll I say?"

"You 've got to explain to him how it won't do. You 've got to make him take it out."

I could see Burden as I told him I had come to make him take out that blamed railroad!

"You 've got to, Gamble."

"He owns the lot, does n't he? A man has the right to build a railroad on his own land, has n't he?"

"A legal right, yes."

"Well?"

"You 've got to put it up to him on broader grounds. Here we 've built up a wonderful street, and he pushes in and spills the beans. Here we 've expressed our highest ideals, the fruit of our best culture; and along comes this barbarian and crowds us out of our place in the sun. All of us! You, too, Gamble!"

"It 's his own land."

"It 's the Yews, Gamble; it 's what the Yews stands for in culture. Literature? Don't we fill the hall when one of those Irish poets lectures? Don't we support the Pigmy Theater? Don't we stand behind the great uplift movement? Put it to him like that."

"Yes, and painting," said another. "Have n't we pictures in our houses that cost, some of them, as high as sixty thousand dollars? Don't we support an art association? Have n't some of us traveled in Italy and France and seen all the old masters?"

"Or music," added another. "Is n't the list of grand-opera patrons made up four fifths from the Yews? Don't we do our share in maintaining the symphony orchestra? Don't we, even though we can't often get down to hear the concerts? Put it to him like that."

I did. I put it up to Burden, just as they told me to, on the broad grounds of culture. What could I do? Did n't I handle all of Larrabee's rental business? And Mandin's and Burket's? With more in sight as soon as Carey's contract with his agent expired? And the big Avery estate looming up on the horizon?

I unloaded my mind without missing a point, and Burden listened until I was through.

"And that 's about all," I said.

"It 's a good deal," he replied, very thoughtful.

And then he began asking questions.

"What do you mean by culture?" That was his first question.

"Culture," said I, "is—is to know and love the best."

Funny how bits of sentences will stick in your mind sometimes to help you out.

"You mean the best that 's been done?"

"Yes, of course."

"And the best that 's being done?"

"That 's it. Now, in the Yews—"

"And the best that can be done?"

"Of course."

"The best what?"

The subject was getting more general, and I was beginning to feel more confidence.

"Art," I replied promptly.

"What do you mean by art?" asked Burden.

"Art? Why—Elbert Hubbard says art is the expression of a man's joy in his work. Literature is art. So is painting. So is music. Art is born of individuality. Man, like Deity, creates in his own image."

"I see," said Burden.

I thought for a moment he was trying to be sarcastic, but it was the ground floor for him. His next sentence showed that.

"And here in the Yews," he continued, "people know and love the best in literature and painting and music?"

"That 's it."

"And that 's why my railroad bothers them so?"

"Yes."

"I see. Funny thing about a railroad, is n't it?"

And that 's all he would say. I had to leave him without getting any definite answer from him about the railroad.

But he took it out. Two evenings later, when I drove up the Yews, there was n't any railroad in sight.

BURDEN was feeling pretty savage the morning after he took that railroad out of his lawn. How do I know? I 've had teeth pulled myself. I 'm a real-estate agent and part Irish. Besides, I made inquiries, later.

So he tried to take his mind off the railroad by thinking of something else. He first called up an old friend of his, Professor Duncan of the English department, Tate University.

"Fred," he said, "can you refer me to a good poet?"—just like that.

"A good poet? The professor's voice showed his amazement—just like that.

"That 's what! A good poet."

"Why—Tennyson 's a good poet, or Browning, or Keats, or Shelley, or—"

"I did n't make myself clear. Some of the men you named are dead. I want a young fellow right here in the city who is alive and knows the job—a good living poet. Get me?"

"I don't believe I know one, John. Good poets are scarce."

"I hoped you might."

"Hold on!" said the professor. The tone of Burden's voice maybe started a train of thought. "What do you want of him?"

"I 'm in a hole, and need a poet."

"A versifier?"

"Would n't do at all. I want a man who knows and loves the best, and can write it himself."

"There 's Archer Windham—"

"Is he the real thing?"

"Oh, Windham 's real enough; but he has n't published anything. He has no audience."

"Hang the audience! I 'll supply the audience. Get him for me, will you, Fred? Ask him to come to my office as soon as possible."

He next called up Sheridan Burns, whom I know well by reputation. Burns is director of the Willis Art Institute. Heaven only knows how a man like Burden ever became acquainted with Burns, but he seemed to be on speaking terms with him.

"This is John Burden talking. How are you?" And then: "Burns," he said, "who is the best young painter in these parts?"—like that.

"What style?"

"Style? I don't get you."

"Academician, Impressionist, Futurist—"

"Oh, that! Suit yourself. I want a good, intelligent man, who has common sense and knows culture, and whose work is absolutely high grade."

"Well, there 's Bruce Avery. He is n't fashionable, but—"

"Can you reach him?"

"Yes."

"Have him come over to my office, will

you? As soon as possible. I want to talk to him."

Burden called up still a third celebrity while the fit was on him—Dr. Ernst Herkimer of the "Musical Review." The nerve of the man! I did n't know it until later, of course.

"Dr. Herkimer, I am looking for a pianist of the ability to give a high-class recital. Can you direct me to one?"

"I can. Two of them."

"Which is the better?"

"Oh, not much choice."

"Are you going to be in your office for a little while?"

"Yes."

"I 'll be right over. I can explain my requirements a little better to you face to face. Thank you very much."

I WAS present every time, and saw everything there was to see, but I don't understand it yet. What I mean is, I don't see what Burden was driving at, having a series of parties of a nature so foreign to his tastes.

"Perhaps they were n't so foreign to his tastes," said one of my neighbors, cynically. "They could n't have been more tiresome."

A railroad-builder pretending to go in for culture to that extent!

The first of the series was a literary evening. Burden's darned certified poet dug up some explainers that nobody ever had heard of, and another poet with a foreign name, and some books nobody ever had read, and went to it. Well! Ever hear a highbrow? I have, many a time, and it never feezed me. We have highbrow evenings regularly at the Pigmy Theater, and almost the whole street goes —the uplift and sex stuff and that sort of thing. I can talk highbrow myself.

But this! This lingo was new. What was it about? Search me! Names that never came out of any city directory I ever saw!

But the poet and his pals stuck to it as serious as an endowed playground. They should worry. Burden was paying them. They stuck to it, and proved something, I don't know what, and then we had refreshments, and talked awhile about—well, not about poetry, naturally, and went home.

Odd to say, as I think back upon that evening, the thing I remember most clearly is the look upon that poet's face when Mrs. David Mills, who seldom ventures to say anything, anyhow, made the remark that she had never seen "David Copperfield" played, as much as she enjoyed Shakspere.

"'David Copperfield' is by Charles Dickens, Madame," said he.

Mrs. Mills turned pink.

"Dickens, of course! I don't often confuse the older writers, but where there are so many of them—"

As if a person should n't be permitted to slip up once in a while on last year's "Who 's Who"! I frequently make worse mistakes than that myself.

The second of Burden's parties was held two weeks later. I will say frankly that if I could have stayed away, I would. But of course I had sold him his lot and then induced him to remove the railroad from his front lawn, where he had a legal right to have it, and I had to go. Larrabee and his wife were there, and the Graneys and the Burkets and quite a number of others, but a good many could n't get out.

This time it was the painter who was the center of the evening, though fortunately there was n't any lecturing to speak of. The house had been turned into a sort of picture-gallery, with special lighting, for the exhibition of this chap's paintings. Now that I think back, I remember it did seem rather odd that a man of his youth should have been able to paint so many pictures. Of course I knew that painters will often dash off a painting in a very short time, especially if it 's a masterpiece.

But these were n't masterpieces. No one I knew had ever so much as heard of Bruce Avery before. Besides, you could tell from the prices. The highest was only three hundred dollars, and most of them were rated under one hundred dol-

lars. It 's like a hotel that advertises rooms for fifty cents a night. You know without looking exactly what they are.

However, it might have been worse. Burden had gone to the trouble to have cardboards placed across the bottom of the glass, with the names of the pictures printed on in neat type to make it easier to understand what they were about. And the frames, too, were some of them very good.

We walked up and down through the house looking at the pictures, all of us very polite and appreciative, as far as I could see. They looked like good pictures, considering. I did n't have any trouble understanding them, after I knew their titles.

But that painter chap! It did me good to watch him. Conceited? Why, he could n't hide it! People would walk up and look at one of his pictures marked one hundred dollars, and then criticize it, as they had a perfect right to do, and he would look at them with a lofty smile as if it did n't make any difference, anyhow, what they thought, just as I might look at some farmer I overheard criticizing my office building. He surely thought well of his own work. However, nobody bought any of his pictures, except maybe Burden.

An incident occurred during the evening that embarrassed me very much. As I have said, I regard myself as responsible in a way for what Burden does.

President and Mrs. Larrabee, who have been in Italy, had been looking at the pictures with great consideration, pointing out their defects, but most courteously, and not in public. One of the pictures in the display seems not to have been painted by the local man at all, but somehow it had been supplied with a card and printed title, like the rest. How were the Larrabees to know it was a Bouguereau, with the name covered up like that? They criticized it for drawing and coloring and atmosphere and composition and other defects, just as I might have done, and Burden let them. When they were through, and he told them it was a Bouguereau that cost $52,000, naturally they felt very angry. Who would n't?

The third of Burden's parties was announced as a recital by the pianist Henry King. The cultured set up and down the Yews shivered at the thought, but what could they do? The Larrabees excused themselves, as did also the Burkets. But my wife and I went, and the Graneys, and Mrs. and Miss Curtis, and some of the other prominent opera and symphony supporters.

Mr. King was a great disappointment to every one. One reason may have been because we were not supplied with programs, and there was no way of telling the name of the piece or who the composer was. Another reason was that he wore his hair closely trimmed. He might have been a shoe salesman, for all his appearance indicated. Still another was the manner in which he played. Did you ever see Palefsky? That 's what I mean. I can sit down on a piano-stool myself and run my fingers over the keys. Palefsky plays with his whole body.

"Is n't it too bad," said Miss Curtis to my wife, "that Mr. Burden should have such indifferent cultural ideals?"

"Too bad, but very natural," replied my wife. "Art is the man, you know."

"It may be merely a matter of manner," said Mrs. Curtis the mother.

"True culture selects the high and leaves the low," replied my wife, firmly.

I had to leave them at that point to go and smoke a cigar. My specialty is real estate; but, as I have said, I know culture when I see it, and I know that my wife was right.

At half-past eight the next morning I took the train for the city. At half-past nine I was at work as usual in my office, selecting harmless words for a building contract. At half-past ten I was wanted on long distance by my wife. She often telephoned like that.

The announcement came out of a clear sky, as they say. My wife told me that John Burden had just begun replacing his railroad in his front lawn. A great lot of

workmen, scrapers, grading teams, and wagons loaded with crushed rock and sand, rails, and cross-ties were on hand, and there was no possible doubt about his intentions.

"He 's superintending it himself," she added.

At first I thought I 'd jump on a train at once and see Burden. Then I concluded not to. What was the use? The time to talk to a man like Burden is in the evening, in his study, not on the firing-line where he is at home. I spent the rest of the day trying to make out some sort of connection between those parties and folderols of his and this new outbreak, but without any success.

That afternoon as I drove down the Yews from the station I saw the thing. It was as my wife had said. Across Burden's lawn ran the railroad—embankment, ballast, ties, rails, and all, with not so much as a rose-bush to hide it. And this after I had convinced him he was wrong!

That night a determined committee of property-owners knocked at Burden's door. I was along, mighty glad to stay in the background. We seem to have been expected, for we were shown at once upstairs into the library. As we passed through, I noticed one of Bruce Avery's pictures in the hall, and two more in the reception-room. He must have found Burden an easy mark.

John Burden and his wife were reading a manuscript at the table as we were announced. I could see it was mostly poetry.

"How is this, Mr. Burden?" began Graney, without waiting for all of us to pack into the room. "Did n't you give us to understand you would keep that blamed railroad out of your front yard?"

"You know you did, Burden," said Curtis.

"Mr. Gamble here presented our views," added Burket, sadly.

Graney, of course, was Burden's nearest neighbor on the north, and Burket on the south, while Curtis faced him from across the street.

Burden seemed amused,—what at is more than I can see,—but he answered us very courteously.

"Mr. Gamble called to see me," he said, "and explained about the culture of the Yews, very clearly, I thought. After he left I told my wife that if the Yews had this background of culture, and because of it objected to my railroad, I would take it out. And I did."

He exchanged glances with Mrs. Burden.

"But you replaced it," I said.

"I was misinformed as to the background of culture."

"Do you mean to insinuate—"

"Oh, I 'll say it straight out in plain English: your background of culture is mostly sham."

The statement made me so angry I trembled. The insolence of an upstart like Burden pulling off a bone-head play like that before a grand-stand full of people!

"We 're willing to admit that Shakspere is a sham," I said, using a very sarcastic manner, so he would know I meant the opposite of my words; "but how about Archer Windham?"

Burden laughed.

"Your reference to Shakspere does n't impress me," he said. "You don't know any Shakspere. I 've had you experted."

Would n't it jar you?

"Oh, but I say!" cried Larrabee.

"My expert gave me two easy Shakspere questions to ask you," continued Burden. "Any of you! This culture business suits me fine. Answer these questions, and I 'll plow up my railroad and plant the lawn to grass."

Now me, I would n't have fallen into that trap; but Larrabee and the others fell for it. I suppose they thought between them they could smother any questions Burden could ask, especially since we had had six Shakspere lectures only a month or two before.

"The first is, Who was *Guildenstern?* The second is, What is Shakspere's shortest play?"

I swear, that poet of Burden's must

have been an expert all right to ask questions like those. Search me! And none of the others could answer them either. And there was n't any way to smother them, although Burket did try to ask what Burden meant by "shortest."

So we side-stepped.

It was David Teak, who owned several good pictures, who got us out of the hole by changing the subject, though I think it would have been better if he had not been quite so specific. Never narrow your meaning until you have to, has always been my motto.

"Surely, Mr. Burden," he said, "you can't test the culture of a community, as, for instance, its knowledge of painting, by a catch question or two out of a text-book on Shakspere."

I did what I could to broaden his position.

"True culture recognizes that art is one," I began. "Literature, painting, music—an offense against one art is an offense against all art."

But Burden would n't have it broadened.

"I have always regretted my lack of acquaintance with the masterpieces of painting," he said, narrowing back the subject.

The next moment Teak had laid himself wide open.

"Exactly. Now, we who live in the Yews have that acquaintance for a background. Some of us have been abroad. Mr. Larrabee there has. I have. Mr. Mandin has a picture in his house that cost $60,000. Mr. Curtis has some paintings running up into the thousands of dollars. And Mr. Gamble also. And so have I."

"Our boast is, to know and love the best," said Larrabee.

The saying was originally my own, and I had used it to Burden, so that he was familiar with it. He must have thought up the play on words in his reply during the week, knowing that Larrabee would give him the chance to use it.

"Your *boast,* as you say," he remarked very quietly.

There was a full minute of dead calm.

"Asking pardon, if I wrong anybody present."

"Don't mention it," I said.

"You have no real knowledge of pictures or painting, any of you," he continued. "Your comments on Bruce Avery's work the other night proves that."

The mention of Avery's name caused me to lose my temper, so that I did n't say quite what I meant; that is, in words. But I meant the spirit of what I said, and mean it still.

"Bruce Avery!" I cried. "That piker? Why, there was n't a painting in the house worth more than four bits! They all seemed to carry price-marks on them plain enough, but I did n't notice any that were labeled 'Sold.' I would n't pay ten dollars for the entire outfit."

"Some of the pictures were very good, I thought," said Burden.

Larrabee laughed.

"According to you!" he said.

"As for Bruce Avery's, I bought all that were for sale."

I almost forgot I was angry.

"You bought all that junk?" I cried.

And then he let us have it.

"Only three pictures," he said very quietly. "The rest were not for sale. Mostly they were borrowed from the Condon Gallery in Boston. You see, they were not painted by Avery at all, but by other painters. One was a Sargent, another a Whistler, another a Corot; then there was a Vandyke, a Rubens, and some others like that, selected for the occasion. It may increase your respect for them if I say that they were insured for a million and a half dollars."

"For the love of Mike!" I said—just like that.

"That 's what I meant," said Burden.

"Is that all, Mr. Burden?" asked Larrabee, his voice ice-cold and expressionless.

"I suppose," said Mandin, who had kept in the background, "Mr. Burden will tell us now that we don't know music, because we thought Mr. King was playing rag-time the other evening, when in reality he was playing great music by the greatest composers."

"Right," said Burden, promptly. "You don't know music."

"For the love of Mike!" I repeated.

"We 'd better be going," said Larrabee.

"One moment," said Burden. "If you do know music, any of you, tell me the name of a single selection that Mr. King played."

Mandin bowed low, very politely, with his hand on his heart.

"Surely," he said, "even a symphony subscriber could n't be expected to recognize a Beethoven number after a cheap, picked-over player like him has mangled it."

That was getting to him!

"You can't tell me?"

"No," replied Mandin, "I can't, and proud of it."

"We agree with Mr. Mandin's views about picked-over musicians," said Larrabee, still very cold and distant.

"I can only repeat, you don't know music. You consider Mr. King beneath contempt as a pianist. And yet under the name of Stradow he has played before most of the crowned heads of Europe. This is his first visit to America."

"Stradow?"

"The great Russian."

Burden paused to allow the acid to eat in.

"Good heavens!" cried Mandin, wiping his brow, "why did n't you say so?"

He had us dead. Sure he had. And the funny thing was, instead of going home, we stayed and heard him through.

It did n't take long. He talked a little about perfection in one's work. In his profession it did not exist, could not, because of limitations imposed upon the builder from the outside.

And yet it did exist, too, in his mind.

The railroad across his front lawn was built according to the ideal of perfection he had in his mind.

He went on to justify himself in replacing it.

"I asked Stradow what he would do in my place," he said. "Stradow told me he would put it back. 'If it means to you what you say, and is what you say, it 's good. Keep it!' Bruce Avery said the same. 'Keep it!' he said. 'It 's different, and means something.' And Archer Windham also. 'It 's the only touch of poetry in the whole dashed street!' he said.

"And, gentlemen," continued Burden, "I know they 're right. The track 's there to stay!"

Think of that for neighborly love!

"When you go out, look at it. Notice the design of the concrete ties and their intervals and the manner in which they are anchored and the extent to which I use crushed limestone under foot. And notice the design of the rails. I had them rolled to my order from low-phosphorus, open-hearth steel, bottom of the ingot, one hundred and twenty pounds to the yard. New in every detail, from the tamped embankment to the web and crown of that beautiful steel. No railroad in the world ever had such a track."

But what 's the use?

We did stop for a moment at his railroad as we passed out. I could n't see any essential difference between it and the good old P. & A. The others would n't talk about it; they were too downcast.

"We can boycott him," said Curtis.

"Yes," agreed Graney, "we can."

"It 's the only thing we can do," said Burket.

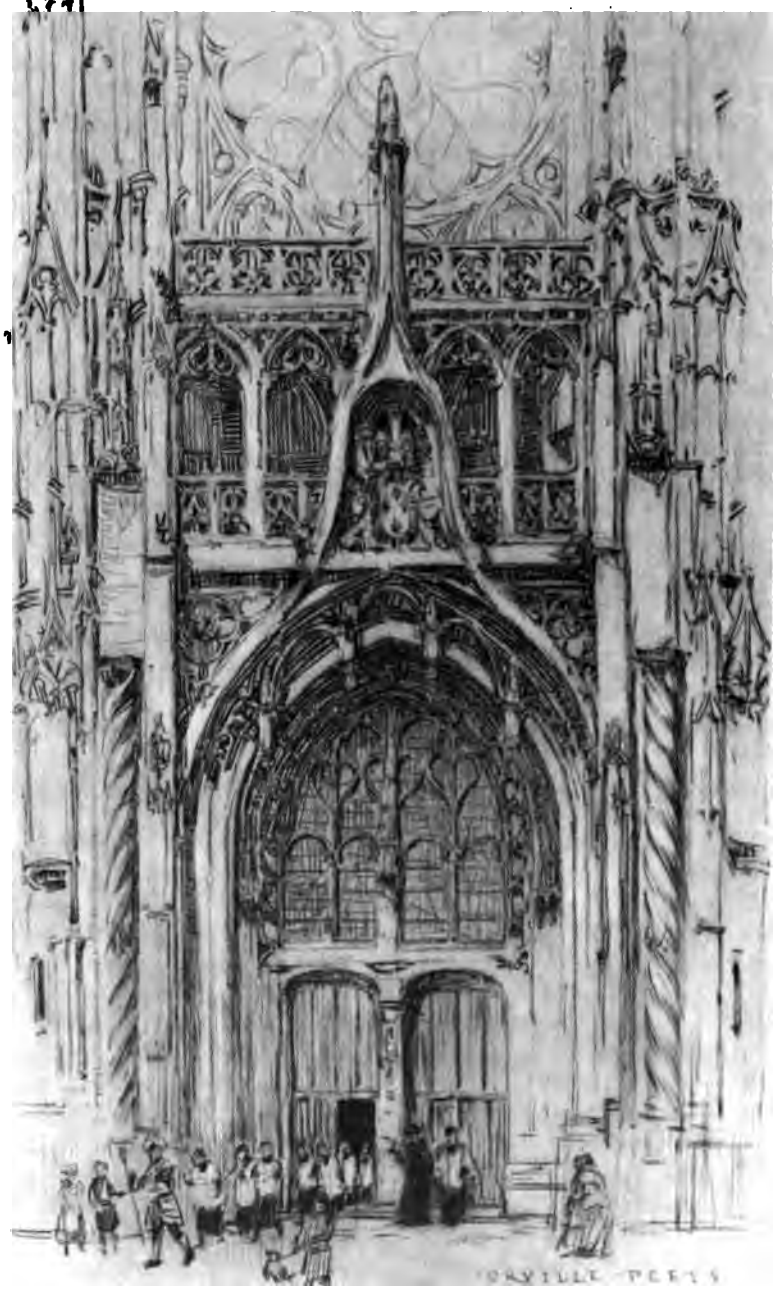
"I suppose that track is his ideal," remarked Larrabee as we separated for the night. "But imagine my setting up my ideal in my front lawn!"

I can imagine it all right—yellow, with milled edges!

That 's about all. We did what we agreed upon. We boycotted the Burdens good and hard, but the only result seems to be that more and more people are coming in from the outside to call on them. Good people, too. I can understand that, however. Burden has money.

What I can't understand is, what that Windham chap meant when he called Burden's railroad the only touch of poetry in the whole dashed street.

But what does any poet ever mean, anyhow?



Drawn by Orville Peets South transept of the cathedral at Senlis

The château, which was built against the old Roman wall and used parts of it in its construction. The château was once occupied by Merovingian and Carolingian kings

In Senlis

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

With seven sketches by

Orville Peets

ON a summer's evening in 1915 I entered the world-old town of Senlis. I was on a sketching expedition, and the soft sunlight on the walls so delighted me that I stayed at work until the failing light interrupted my sketch. The village was quaintly gay, a place of many charms. There were flower-boxes in the second-story windows of the ancient houses which stood in ranks along the cobbled main street. I felt that here at least there would never be hurry or bustle or change. I became imbued with the spirit of peace, and felt

Gate of the château of Senlis. At the left is the ancient Hôtel des Tres Pots

The cathedral viewed from the tower of St. Pierre. In the foreground and at the right edge of the picture may be seen towers of the old Roman wall

Gateway of the ancient château fortress at Montépelloy, near Senlis

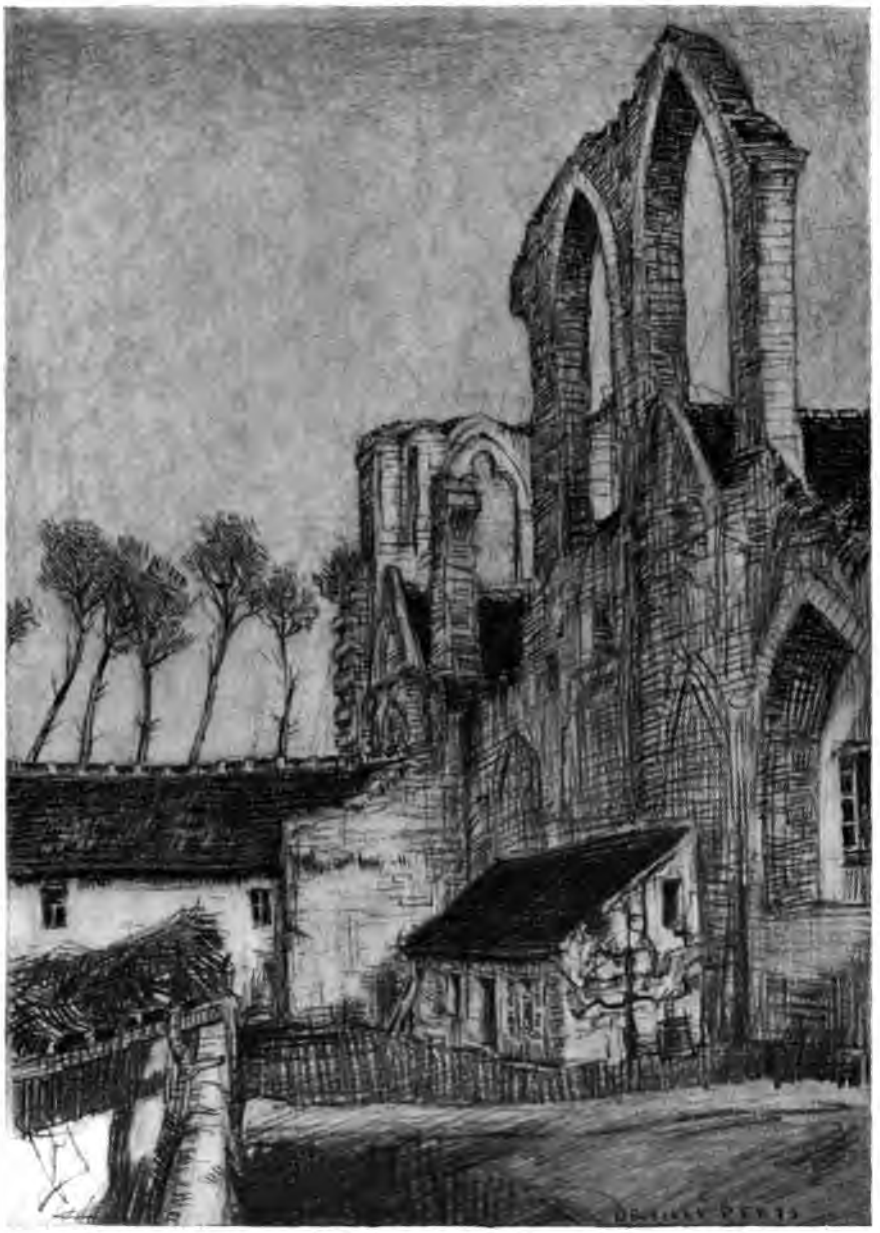
that life was, after all, not so much shorter than art, that Senlis would not change one whit in fifty years, and that I might finish my interrupted sketch next day or next year or ten years hence.

As I walked through the dusk I came to a very modern inn, dead white and businesslike and utterly out of keeping with the rest of the town. It seemed to say, "Leave romance and color and come to pork chops and beer!"

ON an autumn evening in 1915, I entered the twenty-centuries old town of Senlis. I sat in the front seat of a war ambulance, which passed the gates only

An old street in Senlis

after a searching examination by the unshaven, sweaty, war-worn French sentries who held a barrier-fort across the road. "C'est que ces sals Boches ont tout brûlé 'vant d'partir, 'puis ils ont fusillé le maire," they cried after us as we left them and sped down the hilly cobbled main street, through the wrecked, charred shell of the former town of Senlis. Chimneys and scarred wall-fragments stood out against the sky, while among them lay black ashes, like dust within the ribs of a skeleton. We looked straight through these ribs at the red sun setting into the hills behind. As we rode through the dusk we came to the very modern inn, dead white and businesslike and utterly out of keeping



Ruins of the Château de Thiers at Senlis. Tourists who pass hurriedly through the country may ascribe to the Germans many ruins that date from a much earlier period

with the rest of the town of Senlis. It had been the headquarters of the officers of the German general staff. The chef told us stories of their brutality and arrogance. The house of pork chops and beer had been passed over uninjured and unscathed, while the town of romance and color had disappeared in flames.

A Forgotten Small Nationality

Ireland and the War

By F. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

THE extraordinary cleverness of English diplomacy, which contrasts so strikingly with German clumsiness in that department, is nowhere more manifest than in the manner in which it has contrived to blanket Ireland—to make the world forget that there is such a place, and to eliminate it wholly from the discussion of the rights of small nationalities, about which England is now so enthusiastic. Yet Ireland's claim to independence is as good as that of Belgium or Poland.

England has so successfully hypnotized the world into regarding the neighboring conquered island as an integral part of Great Britain that even Americans gasp at the mention of Irish independence. Home rule they understand, but independence! "How could Ireland maintain an independent existence?" they ask. "How could you defend yourselves against all the great nations?" I do not feel under any obligation to answer this question, because that objection, if recognized as valid, would make an end of the existence of any small nationality whatever. All of them, from their very nature, are subject to the perils and disadvantages of independent sovereignty. I neither deny nor minimize these. But the consensus of civilized opinion is now agreed that they are entirely outweighed by the benefits which complete self-government confers upon the small nation itself, and enables it to confer on humanity. If the reader will not admit this, I will not stay to argue the matter with him. I will merely refer him to the arguments in vogue in favor of the independence of Belgium as against Germany, or of the Scandinavian countries as against Russia.

Neither will I stop to argue with those who say that Ireland should be content with home rule. Ireland has not got home rule, and, unless England is sufficiently humbled in this war to make Ireland's friendship worth buying, is not likely to get it. But what if it had? Bohemia has home rule within the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Is Bohemia contented? It is notorious that the great mass of the Czechs are eagerly longing for the moment when Russia will inflict such a blow upon the Austro-Hungarian Empire as may enable Bohemia to become an independent central European state. Again, if Bohemia, why not Ireland?

There is an idea in some quarters, sedulously encouraged by England, with an eye on the friendship of the United States, that whatever may have been the case in the past, the English Government in Ireland has improved of late years. Let us therefore examine its conduct in Ireland during the months immediately preceding the war.

A Liberal government was in office in England, pledged to give home rule to Ireland. On the strength of that pledge, Mr. John Redmond and his party kept that government in power for over four years, and enabled it to pass not merely the act for curbing the power of the House of Lords, but other measures, such as the National Insurance Act, in which Ireland had no interest or which were actually detrimental to Ireland. In Ulster Sir Edward Carson led, armed, and drilled a body of 80,000 men, pledged to resist by force the enactment of home rule. Their drilling and arming were in themselves unlawful; their avowed object was still more so, involving defiance of the enactments of that imperial Parliament to which they professed the utmost loyalty. Nevertheless, the Liberal government allowed this open propaganda of rebellion, this aristocratically led and financed movement, to proceed unchecked.

After two years of this, the nationalists of the South awoke. After all, they said, we outnumber these Carsonites by about

four to one. If they choose to introduce the factor of physical force, if they can employ it successfully to intimidate the English Government, so that its leading members say that the coercion of Ulster is "unthinkable," then we, too, will cease to rely upon weapons of persuasion alone. We, too, will arm and drill, and will face the English Government with the only argument it appears to understand. And they formed the Irish Volunteers.

That was in November, 1913. Within a month the Government, which for two years had allowed the Carsonites to get in all the arms they wished, issued an order prohibiting the importation of any arms or ammunition into Ireland.

When Ireland is taunted, as a New York evening newspaper has taunted it, with its "poltroonery" in not taking advantage of the present war to seize freedom, these facts have to be remembered. Anything in the nature of arming or drilling was sternly repressed in Ireland until Carson began it. The "Volunteers" and the "Territorials" of England had no counterpart in Ireland, where the people were never trusted with arms. Carson and his followers were left untouched, because it was known that, however they might declaim against a particular English Government, in effect they stood for that English domination in Ireland which every government, whether it calls itself Liberal or Tory, is careful to maintain as the very sheet-anchor of the British Empire. But the arming of Irish Nationalists, who were pledged to maintain the rights and liberties of Ireland only, was a different matter. The gravely perturbed English Government could not suppress the movement altogether,—Carson's immunity had made that impossible,—but, with an ingenious show of impartiality as between the two regions, it prohibited all import of arms. Carson's men had been arming for two years; the Nationalists had just begun to organize. The strict impartiality of the order will appeal to those who now protest against any embargo on the export of munitions from the United States.

Both regions promptly started gun-running. In April, 1914, the biggest gun-running operation up till then was carried out by the Ulstermen. The *Fanny*, the yacht which brought the guns, was talked about in the press for a fortnight before it reached Ulster; the patrols of the English navy were watching the coasts: yet somehow the *Fanny* reached Larne, unloaded its cargo, and got away again without any interference from the gunboat patrols. At Larne it was met by a host of automobiles, which took away the rifles. To facilitate the operation, the Ulster Volunteers seized Larne harbor, imprisoned the harbor master and the police, and took the entire control of the town into their hands. Another ship-load was disembarked on the same night at another Ulster port. Here a too-zealous customs official offered resistance; he died of heart disease. Nobody was identified, punished, or even prosecuted for this flagrant defiance of the law, although the episode was described by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons as an "unprecedented outrage," and pledges were given that due punishment would be meted out to its perpetrators. Nothing was done. After all, these were the faithful "English garrison in Ireland"; for the moment the politicians must pretend to oppose them, but in reality they were doing England's work and helping to make more difficult, or perhaps impossible, any measure of home rule for Ireland.

Very different was the attitude of the Government and its officials toward Nationalist gun-running. Here the utmost vigilance was displayed. Gunboats patrolled the shores of Dublin and Wicklow, as well as the western coast, unceasingly. Even when Mr. Redmond, by order of the English Government, as is generally believed in Ireland, asserted his right to command the Irish Volunteers, which he had not founded; even when the founders of the organization yielded to Mr. Redmond and gave his nominees half the seats on their committee, still, Mr. Redmond could not persuade the

Government to relax the ban on the importation of arms. Perhaps he did not try very hard. He was as much afraid of the Volunteers as the Government was; his only wish was to keep them under his control, lest they might become an instrument for those Nationalists who looked beyond Parliamentary sham battles to the complete liberation of Ireland.

This portion in the Volunteers continued gun-running under the double disadvantage of having to deceive both the Government and their own Redmondite colleagues on the Joint Executive Committee. On July 26, just after the Austrian ultimatum to Servia, the famous gun-running exploit of Howth took place. The Dublin Volunteers made a Sunday route-march to Howth (nine miles), none but a few leaders knowing the object. As they entered the village, a yacht, steered by a woman, came alongside the pier. The English patrol-boat was not in the neighborhood, a conveniently disseminated rumor of gun-running in Wexford having sent it off on a false scent. This yacht's arrival had not been boomed in advance, like the *Fanny's,* otherwise the vigilance of the patrol would not have been so easy to elude as the Ulstermen had found it. The Volunteers, following strictly the Ulster precedent, took possession of the pier, excluded the police and harbor officials,—they did not go so far as to imprison them in their own offices and barracks, as had been done, with only a shadow of resistance, at Larne,—disembarked the guns, and marched off to Dublin with them. Meantime the wires had been humming, and Dublin Castle was on the alert. At Clontarf, in the outskirts of the city, the Volunteers, marching with unloaded rifles, were met by a combined force of police and soldiers. A parley took place. The Government's official, Harrel, demanded the surrender of the rifles; the Volunteer leaders refused. Harrel ordered the police to take the rifles. Some of the police refused, and the remainder acted with evident reluctance, an unheard of thing in Ireland, but a symptom of the general perception of the deliberate favoritism shown by the Government to the Ulstermen as compared with the Irish Volunteers. The soldiers, a company of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, were then ordered to charge the Volunteers with fixed bayonets. Some Volunteers were stabbed, and a massacre seemed inevitable, when a fresh parley was entered upon. By the time it was over, Harrel discovered that only the front ranks of the Volunteers still stood their ground in front of him; the remainder, in obedience to a rapidly disseminated order, "Save the guns," had executed a strategic retirement. Harrel then drew off his forces, and the remnant of the Volunteers completed their march unmolested, no guns having been lost.

As the soldiers marched back to barracks, the Dublin populace assailed them with curses and later with stones. The troops retaliated with a series of bayonet-charges, which further enraged the crowd, in which wild rumors of the fight at Clontarf had spread. The soldiers were undoubtedly peppered pretty severely with stones; but the assailants were all unarmed, and were largely composed of women and children. There was no justification whatever for the action taken by the soldiery. They turned and fired at the crowd without giving any warning, without even firing a preliminary volley over their heads. Four people were killed, one man, two women, one boy. Several others were wounded, of whom one subsequently died. Nobody was punished; a whitewashing inquiry was held, but meantime the Scottish Borderers had "distinguished themselves" by getting wiped out in the retreat from Mons, and no disciplinary measures were taken. Harrel, the assistant commissioner of the Dublin police, who had taken it upon himself to call out the soldiers in the first instance, was made a temporary scapegoat; but he is now again in the service of the Government in Ireland, helping in the secret-service department, which looks after political offenses.

I have dwelt upon this incident of the struggle at Clontarf and the shooting at

Bachelor's Walk because it happened before the war. Some people in America, I find, think that England's present severity to Ireland is merely a result of the state of war. When the anniversary of Bachelor's Walk came round this year, the people proposed to put up a commemorative tablet, but the military forbade.

A week after the Bachelor's Walk massacre (the Irish Zabern, as we call it) the war against "German militarism" broke out. Mr. Redmond, in the House of Commons, had the incredible audacity to commit the Irish people to the support of this war. He had no right whatever to do so. He and his party were returned to Parliament for one object only, to secure home rule. At no Irish election did any other question become an issue. Repeatedly had Mr. Redmond, when called upon to help some progressive cause, sheltered himself behind his lack of "mandate"; his mandate, he declared, was for home rule only. Yet without any mandate he ventured to commit Ireland to the support of England in a European war. By doing so he missed the greatest opportunity that has ever come to an Irish statesman. Had he, on August 3, 1914, spoken as follows in the imperial Parliament: "I have no mandate from the Irish people as to what our attitude should be in the event of a European war; the question has never been discussed between us. My colleagues and I are now going home to Ireland to consult our constituents as to what Ireland's attitude should be"—had he spoken thus, and followed up such a speech by walking out of the House and returning to Ireland, the English Government would have been on its knees to him within a fortnight, and he would have been able to command, as the price of his and Ireland's aid, something much better than a mutilated home-rule act on the statute-book which can never come into operation. He should, in short, have acted after the fashion of those wise Balkan statesmen, who care nothing for either of the warring parties, but look with a single eye to the interest of their *own* country.

A period of storm and confusion followed Mr. Redmond's betrayal of Ireland's interests to England. The Government tried to avoid even putting the home-rule bill on the statute-book; Redmond, driven by public opinion, increasingly stormy in Ireland, was obliged to insist upon that as a minimum. But in passing the act, the Government also passed a suspensory act, holding it up for a year, or longer, if so ordered by the Government at the end of the year; and they also declared that they would not in any circumstances "coerce Ulster." With this "home rule for three quarters of Ireland" in the form of a scrap of paper, Mr. Redmond tried to induce his followers to join the army. The immediate result was a split in the Irish Volunteers. The founders of the Volunteers, who had accepted Redmondite coöperation on the committee so long as no recruiting plank was adopted, now expelled the Redmondite nominees from the committee, seized the Volunteer offices in Kildare Street, Dublin, barricaded and garrisoned them, and prepared to hold them against all comers. The Redmondite portion formed a new body, the "National Volunteers," who never troubled much about drilling or arming, but were, and are, merely a branch of the Redmondite political machine. Their devotion to their leader, however, did not go so far as to induce them to follow his advice and enter the English army, as was shown when 30,000 of them paraded before Mr. Redmond last Easter, men who, if they had taken Mr. Redmond's words seriously, ought to have been in Flanders or at the Dardanelles.

Much confusion was introduced into the Irish situation by the case of Belgium, and by the unscrupulous use made by the English recruiting agencies of Ireland's traditional and historic sympathy with that country and with France. Catholic Ireland must fight to save Catholic Belgium, was the cry. We countered that by asking why should we not fight for Catholic Galicia, which was then in possession of the anti-Catholic Russians?

Mr. Ginnell, the only Irish member of Parliament who is not attached to any political machine, and also the only one who opposes recruiting, has repeatedly asked the Government to bring pressure to bear on its Russian allies, with a view to getting for the Cardinal Archbishop of Lemberg as good treatment as that accorded by the Germans to the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin; but the Government has decided that it would not be proper to "interfere with the internal affairs of our ally."

Louvain was the recruiters' trump-card. "Remember," the Irish were adjured, "that your priests went to Louvain to be educated when they could not get education in their own land." Some one with an inconvenient historical memory replied by a reminder that it was English persecution that prevented Catholic priests from getting education in Ireland and compelled them to go to Louvain. Similar audacity was attempted in the case of France. Ireland was adjured to fight for France because France had of old helped Ireland—against England! Another cry was, "The brutal Germans are the descendants of those Hessian troops who helped to put down the rising of 1798." But who brought the Hessians to Ireland and paid them? The English Government. In this fashion has every recruiting argument proved a boomerang. Despite the subsidizing of the daily and the suppression of the weekly press; despite the pressure exerted by all the political machines and all the influence of social and economic resources; despite the prosecution, under the Defense of the Realm Act, of any who venture to advise an opposite course; despite military law, suspension of trial by jury, arbitrary imprisonment, and deportation, the Irish people have stood fast. Four hundred thousand Irishmen of military age have stood their ground quietly and tenaciously, and have refused to be stampeded into a war in which they have no concern.

For it is the essence of the Irish case that Ireland has no concern in this war. The pretense that it was being waged in behalf of Belgium and of the principle of small nationalities imposed on a few, but not for long; the frank declaration of the London "Times" on March 8 that England is in this war for her own interests and for the preservation of her dominance over the seas, is generally recognized as stating the position accurately. Even if Belgium were the cause of the war instead of an incident in it, there would still be no reason why Ireland, of all countries, should plunge into the fray. Ireland is the most depopulated and impoverished country in Europe, thanks to the beneficent English rule of the last century, and has no blood or money to spare; and if Holland and Denmark and Sweden and Switzerland, all richer and more densely populated than Ireland, still feel that it is their duty to keep out of the war, *a fortiori* it is the duty of Irish statesmen to use every effort to keep their people out of it. Ireland's highest need is peace and the peaceful development of her resources; not a man can be spared for any chivalric adventure. Belgium, hard pressed as it is, has not yet suffered a tithe of what has been endured by Ireland at the hands of England, and Ireland is still bleeding at every pore from the wounds England inflicted. Thus even were the Belgian legend true, there would be higher reasons of self-interest to keep Irish attention concentrated on our own problems.

Belgium apart, the other objects of the war—the real objects—have still less claim on Ireland. England's domination of the seas has been used not accidentally, but of set purpose, to discourage Irish trade, to keep derelict Ireland's magnificent harbors, the finest natural harbors in western Europe, and to prevent the growth of any mercantile marine in Ireland. Ireland has never been a partner in the empire or its advantages; she has been a Helot dragged at the chariot-tail of the empire. As it has been put, "Ireland belongs to the empire, and the empire belongs to England."

The latest instance of deliberate English interference with an Irish trading interest, before the war, was the stoppage

of the Queenstown call. Formerly all the great transatlantic liners called at Queenstown both on the eastern and western journeys, to the great benefit of mail service not merely from Ireland, but from some parts of Great Britain as well. The mail-carrying companies, one after another, stopped this call at Queenstown, with the assent of the English Government, despite unanimous protests from all Ireland, north as well as south. A committee of patriotic Irish people, which included Mrs. J. R. Green, widow of the eminent historian, and Sir Roger Casement, was formed for the purpose of pressing the Government to reëstablish the Queenstown call. Failing in that, as a brilliant counter-stroke, this committee induced the Hamburg-American Line to arrange that its liners should call at Queenstown. The English Foreign Office was thunderstruck. Secret negotiations were at once entered upon to prevent Ireland from being thus restored to its proper place on the transatlantic highway. The German Government, naturally valuing England's friendship more than that of poor, weak Ireland, intervened. The Hamburg-American liners never called at Queenstown, despite their publicly announced intention of doing so. This, by the way, may be added to the category of German diplomatic blunders. Had Germany thus dramatically intervened to grant Ireland a trading favor that England had refused, the way would have been much clearer before Irishmen when the war broke out. I have little doubt that the English Foreign Office, already planning war, had this in mind when it exerted itself to prevent Germany from showing Ireland this manifestation of favor.

Without any illusions, then, about Germany, but with a clear vision of the English Empire as the incubus on Ireland, Irish Nationalists decided from the start of the war that it was Ireland's interest and duty to remain neutral as far as possible. In these days of small nationalities Ireland's right to take an independent line on the war cannot be contested, at all events by those who are fighting "German militarism." Being held by force by the empire, and plentifully garrisoned both by troops and armed police,—the police have been refused permission to join the army, though many of them have volunteered, because the Government wants them to keep Ireland down,—it was not possible for Ireland to be neutral in the full sense. Irishmen who had joined the army in time of peace, through economic pressure for the most part, had to fulfil their duties as reservists; Ireland's heavy burden of the war taxation could not be evaded. But, as one of Ireland's best-known literary men put it, Ireland preserved "a moral and intellectual neutrality"; and the individual sympathies of the people, while not "pro-German" in any positive sense, were, and are, distinctly anti-English.

Mr. Bonar Law said that if Canada or Australia was disinclined to help the empire in this war, no English statesman would dream of compelling them to do so. But Ireland's notorious and marked disinclination to help was treated from the first as a crime, and the sternest measures of repression were employed against those who claimed Ireland's right, as a small nation, to settle the question for itself. Since the outbreak of the war, the régime in Ireland has been one of coercion tempered by dread of publicity. The English Government set two aims before itself: to suppress Irish discontent and at the same time to convince the world that no Irish discontent existed. These aims are not reconcilable, and the pursuit of both has led to an extraordinary series of inconsistent and muddle-headed actions. I cannot detail them all in this article.

The first attack was made on the independent press. The daily press was reduced to subserviency, negatively by fear of having its telegraphic supplies cut off, positively by the huge sums paid for recruiting advertisements by the English war office. The various Nationalist weeklies had to be dealt with otherwise, as they could neither be bribed nor intimidated. The method adopted was to

strike at the printer—to march soldiers with fixed bayonets to the printing-offices, dismantle the plant, seize the type and the essential portions of the printing-machines, and carry them off to Dublin Castle without offering the smallest compensation to the printer. This was done without the smallest process of law, on the mere arbitrary fiat of the military authorities in Ireland. Seven papers—one daily, one bi-weekly, four weeklies, and one monthly—were suppressed in Dublin by the actual use of this method or by the threat of it. In no case was any prosecution directed against any of the writers or editors of the papers. This was a case in which it was possible to achieve the maximum of suppression with the minimum of publicity.

I have been asked in America "Does not the Defense of the Realm Act, which confers such absolute power on the military authorities, apply to Great Britain as well as to Ireland?" It does; but the application is different. This is well illustrated by what took place in the case of one of the papers suppressed, the "Irish Worker." After it had been stopped by a military raid on the printing-works, the proprietors got it printed in Glasgow. The military authorities did not dare to interfere with the Scottish printers; they simply waited until the copies of the paper arrived in Dublin for distribution, met the boat, and seized every copy.

A similar discrimination is shown in the stoppage of American newspapers from entering Ireland. They are freely admitted into England,—even the "Irish World" and the "Gaelic American,"—but are strictly censored in entering Ireland, and anything containing either news or opinions likely to "excite" the Irish people is not permitted to pass through. As it was put by Mr. P. H. Pearse, headmaster of St. Enda's secondary school, Rathfarnham, at a meeting last May: "Our isolation from the rest of the world is now almost complete. Our books and papers cannot get out; the books and papers of other nations cannot get in."

At first the Defense of the Realm Act altogether abolished trial by jury, substituting trial by court-martial for any offense under the Act. Thanks to protests by English constitutional lawyers, the Government was obliged to modify this, and give to "British subjects" tried under the act the option of claiming trial by jury. But a clause was slipped in, saying, "This shall not apply in the case of offenses tried by summary jurisdiction." The effect of this is that whenever the military authorities wish to avoid trial by jury, they have only to decide, which they have absolute power to do, that the case shall be tried by "summary jurisdiction"; that is to say, by a paid magistrate, always a mere tool of Dublin Castle, without any jury or any right of appeal to a jury.

Only one man charged under the Defense of the Realm Act has been accorded trial by jury in Ireland. The history of his case is instructive. John Hegarty was a post-office official with long service and an excellent record. When the war broke out, he was stationed in Cork. He was ordered, without any accusation being made against him, to leave Cork and take up a position in the postal service in England. He refused, pointing out that his home and friends were in Cork, and that there was no justification for arbitrarily turning him out. The answer of the postal department was to dismiss him from the service without pension or compensation. Immediately thereafter he was ordered by the military authorities to leave the city of Cork. He obeyed, and retreated to a remote spot in the Cork Mountains, in Ballingarry, where he proceeded to support himself by agricultural labor. Within a few weeks the military ordered him to leave the County of Cork, still without making any charge against him or giving him any chance to defend himself in court. He went to Enniscorthy, in the County of Wexford, and stayed with friends there. Last February he was arrested in Enniscorthy, dragged from his bed in the middle of the night, brought to Dublin, detained in a military

barracks for a month, then transferred to the civil authorities and allowed trial by jury, but not by an Enniscorthy jury, which would have been his right under the ordinary civil law. A long series of charges was brought against him, including the writing of seditious notices and the possession of arms, ammunition, and explosives. He was tried three times between April and June by three different juries; in each case the Crown and the judge made desperate efforts to secure a conviction. Two of the juries acquitted him on two different charges, the third disagreed. Then the military authorities sent Major Price to Hegarty in Mountjoy Jail (I was in the same jail at the time, and Hegarty told me the facts in the exercise yard) and offered to release him if he would agree to go to America. Hegarty refused. Then Major Price offered to release him if he would agree to remain in some spot indicated by the military authorities, and never leave it. Hegarty replied that he was willing to go to Ballingarry, from which the military had driven him; he was then released, on the understanding that he would go there at once, which he did. The military also asked him to sign an undertaking that he would not go more than ten miles from Ballingarry without leave. He refused to give the undertaking, and it was not insisted on, but he was given to understand that if he left Ballingarry he would be arrested. A youth named Bolger, who was arrested along with Hegarty in February, and who, like him, had been kept in jail for four months, was released at the same time, without ever having been brought to trial at all, on the understanding that he was not to leave his home in Enniscorthy.

It remains to be told, as the sequel to the Hegarty case, that in July the annual convention of the Gaelic League elected Hegarty to a place on the executive of that body. This, like the persistent refusal of the Dublin juries to convict, shows what popular feeling in Ireland thinks of the persecution of Hegarty.

It was in connection with the Hegarty and Bolger cases that Sir Matthew Nathan, under-secretary to the lord-lieutenant (that is, chief civil executive officer in Ireland), wrote the following letter to the editor of a Dublin newspaper:

Immediate and Confidential.
Chief Secretary's Office, Dublin Castle.
8th April, 1915.

Dear Sir,

I am given to understand that the request which I made on the telephone on the 30th ultimo, with regard to reporting the proceedings against Messrs. Hegarty and Bolger, was taken only to apply to the application for bail made on the 31st ult.

My intention was that it should apply to the subsequent trial, as it is considered against the public interest that details of the evidence or the speeches of counsel in this trial should be given to the public press.

I shall be much obliged if you would arrange for the reports to be merely a bare outline of the proceedings.

I am writing in similar terms to all the newspapers in Dublin.

Yours faithfully,
MATTHEW NATHAN.

One of the facts brought out in the Hegarty trial, which the press, duly intimidated or bribed, did not report, was that for many months no letter or parcel had reached Hegarty without being opened and examined by the secret police while passing through the mails. This process of "Grangerizing" has been carried to a fine art in Ireland; not even in Russia is there a more complete system of espionage on the correspondence of all persons even remotely suspected of disaffection toward the English rule of Ireland.

Hegarty's was the first and last case in which the military authorities gave the option of trial by jury to any prisoner charged under the Defense of the Realm Act. The others were brought before the paid magistrates, and automatically convicted and sentenced. The sentences ranged from a fortnight (which was given to a Dublin boy for *kicking* a

recruiting-poster!) to twelve months, six of them with hard labor, which was my sentence for making a speech "calculated to prejudice recruiting." I went on hunger strike, and was out in six days, with a license under the Cat and Mouse Act, which renders me liable at any time for the rest of my life to rearrest and imprisonment for the balance of my sentence without further process of trial, a convenient method of getting rid of an opponent.

Trial by jury had failed to get convictions; trial before paid magistrates got convictions, but also gave undesirable publicity. The batch of cases of which mine was one raised a storm not only in Ireland, but in England. In Dublin meetings of protest were held outside the jail, and placards denouncing the sentences were posted up all over the city. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw wrote a letter, declaring that if I deserved six months' hard labor, Lord Northcliffe deserved about sixty years. Mr. Conal O'Riordan, the distinguished Irish dramatist and novelist, wrote dissociating himself from my point of view, but condemning my sentence; Mr. Robert Lynd, one of the ablest Irish journalists on the London press (literary editor of the "Daily News") did the same; and the indignation was steadily growing, in range and intensity, throughout the English radical and labor press up to the moment of my release.

One result of this was that the Dublin Castle authorities did not rearrest me under the Cat and Mouse Act, although I had ignored all the conditions of the license as to reporting my movements to the police, and did not interfere with my departure for America. They made, however, an unsuccessful attempt, through Sir Horace Plunkett, to exact from me a pledge that I would not speak or write anything against England in the United States. Another result was that even trials by paid magistrates were found to give too much publicity; accordingly, the next method tried was arbitrary deportation without trial or accusation. This had been adopted, in the form of orders to leave a certain county or district, in many cases besides Hegarty's, but now a wider extension was given to the method. In July four organizers of the Irish Volunteers were ordered by the military authorities to leave Ireland within a week. They refused. The military then had to arrest them and try them; but to avoid undesirable publicity, they charged them only with disobeying a military order, the grounds for the issue of such an order not being disclosed. The judicial tools of the castle duly sentenced these four men to three and four months' imprisonment.

Even this has not stopped publicity, for even the Redmondite party has been stung into protest against this latest arbitrary action, and has demanded, through Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., that these four men get a new and fair trial, and that the grounds for the deportation order be openly stated at that trial.

Meantime O'Donovan Rossa, the old Fenian, has been buried in Dublin with a great display of military force by the Irish Volunteers. The funeral oration, pronounced by Mr. Pearse, was a defiant assertion of Ireland's unconquerable resolution to achieve independence. Recruiting for the English army, despite all kinds of pressure and advertising, languishes, while the recruiting for the Irish Volunteers is so brisk that the headquarters of that body cannot keep pace with it.

And when peace comes, Ireland, with the other small nations, will stand at the doors of the Hague conference, and will claim her rights from the community of nations. Shall peace bring freedom to Belgium and Poland, perhaps to Finland and Bohemia, and not to Ireland? Must Irish freedom be gained in blood, or will the comity of nations, led by the United States, shame a weakened England into putting into practice at home the principles which are so loudly trumpeted for the benefit of Germany?

The Homestead

By BLISS CARMAN

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

HERE we came when love was young.
Now that love is old,
Shall we leave the floor unswept
And the hearth acold?

Here the hill wind in the dusk,
Wandering to and fro,
Moves the moonflowers, like a ghost
Of the long ago.

Here from every doorway looks
A remembered face,
Every sill and panel wears
A familiar grace.

Let the windows smile again
To the morning light,
And the door stand open wide
When the moon is bright.

Let the breeze of twilight blow
Through the silent hall,
And the dreaming rafters hear
How the thrushes call.

Oh, be merciful and fond
To the house that gave
All its best to shelter love,
Built when love was brave!

Here we came when love was young.
Now that love is old,
Never let its day be lone
Nor its heart acold!

Children of Hope[1]

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–IX

AURELIUS GOODCHILD, a visionary American, having received a legacy of a hundred thousand dollars, sails for Europe with his three attractive daughters.

On the advice of John Holland, they take up their abode in the Pension Schwandorf in Florence, where Euphrosyne, the second daughter, begins her novel-writing, and Thalia takes up her art studies with an elderly Frenchman. Reginald Dux, a rich young American, with whom she has fallen in love, appears on the scene. A young Italian officer in a crack regiment, impressed with Euphrosyne, makes their acquaintance, and a young Englishman at the pension attaches himself to Aglaia's train. Learning that her voice has been ruined, Aglaia gives up her ambition to be a great singer, and marries the young Englishman, hoping, through the influence of his family, to gain at least a certain degree of social prominence.

CHAPTER X

A JUST MAN JUDGES NOT ONLY THE OFFENDER, BUT HIMSELF

AGGIE mailed from Milan a post-card of the cathedral: the weather there was fine, she was leaving for Paris on the morrow, she sent her love to all. From Paris, writing on a print of Jeanne d'Arc's statue, she announced that it was raw and rainy, that she had forwarded some fashion-plates, was off for England, sent her love to all. And from London, scrawled across a picture of Westminster Abbey: "Nothing but rain! Tell dad to take his ammoniated quinine at the first sign of snuffles. Going down to Devonshire. Love to all."

Thallie and Frossie had dared to hope for pages of enlightenment. They stared at these paltry missives with the look of children in whose faces a door has been slammed shut. But they showed no chagrin in their replies, wherein appeared, indeed, a hint of new respect, as it were of two neophytes for a full-fledged priestess.

They informed Aglaia that more wedding-gifts had come—from Reginald Dux, in Paris, a punch-bowl of carved rock crystal; from Mme. Linkow, who was on the high seas now, a signed photograph in a frame of Russian enamel; from John Holland, in Rome, twelve Chinese plates adorned with shrimp-colored and pale-green dragons. Aggie, answering with a line from Devonshire, instructed the family to keep those presents safe. She sent her love to all.

In each of her notes Mr. Goodchild fancied he could trace the brusqueness that is caused by pain. "She 's still homesick in spite of Cyril, and afraid she 'll distress us all the more by showing it. She, too, is learning that the habit of a lifetime is n't broken in a day."

For Aurelius did not bear that loss as

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easily as Aggie's sisters. He perceived the fact so saddening to parents, that with marriage the beloved child becomes not only another's, but another. He knew that he was no longer first in her affections.

Mme. von Schwandorf tried to raise his spirits.

"What you need, Mr. Goodchild, is distractions. I don't say you 're too old to fall in love yourself, but you are a friend of mine, so no fear that I shall recommend it! H'm! How about the famous poem? Can't you make something extra horrible befall your *Fiammetta* and *Rodolfo?*"

Aurelius fetched a sigh.

"My Muse seems to have deserted me of late."

"A different line? A fling at the drama? Soon we shall need a play ourselves in the Pension Schwandorf. You know, we have always entertainments in the winter months—little dances, tableaux, theatricals. Yes, the gaieties shall start just so soon as the guests begin to come again in earnest, perhaps right after Christmas."

Christmas! It was true; in three weeks they would celebrate that festival! And Aurelius wondered dolefully if this Christmas day was to be his last with Frossie and Thalia.

Now, even to a father so inadvertent, there seemed no doubt of Camillo Olivuzzi's purpose. And Mr. Goodchild had just brought to Thallie a letter directed in a masculine hand and postmarked "Paris."

How Thallie hugged that letter to her breast while escaping to her room! Her first glance, flashing down the page, absorbed the whole tenor of Reginald's communication. But one part stood forth as if written in more vivid ink.

The doctors say that little Rosalie, Hector Ghillamoor's daughter, must have a better climate as soon as we can move her. I 'm boosting Florence like a real-estate promoter.

She closed her eyes with a shiver of delight. This proved that he could not stay away for long, that he was planning to be with her even while beside the black-haired woman of the Cherbourg tender! Let Mrs. Ghillamoor bring her poor sick child to Florence if she wished! Thallie began, indeed, to sympathize with Mrs. Ghillamoor in her trouble. She wondered if the hotel that they selected could provide the proper food for little invalids. Would it be too forward to put up some glasses of fruit-jelly, and send them to the mother with her compliments?

Her quickened hopes made Thallie more radiant than ever. In the street she wore a look that caused the responsive Florentines to shake their heads indulgently. Cold winds might come blowing down across the hills, but there, along the Arno, *La Primavera*—all nature's flowering loveliness personified—went smiling toward the consummation of her dreams. And the thoughts that made her face so bright grew more thrilling as they reached forth to the unknown. She was seized no longer with timidity when her conjectures passed the boundaries of experience. She was all eager now, with *La Primavera's* own divine simplicity, for the complete development of her romance. Each fervid secret that Florence had whispered in her ear, each insidious influence that had extended her anticipations, finally combined with her innate propensities to make this waiting almost dolorous.

She took it for granted that Frossie had similar emotions.

Every fine afternoon, till time for the Magenta Cavalry to call, the two sisters walked together through the town. More closely linked than ever by the harmony of their desires, they reached a new degree of frankness in their speculations. These talks were so engrossing that they often halted, looked round them in amazement, laughed outright, to find themselves lost in some beggarly *piazza* of the suburbs. But toward four o'clock they usually managed to drop in at Giacinta's tea-room.

They liked that place, with its bright furnishings and pastry-laden counters, its odors of hot chocolate and modish perfumes, its babble in half a dozen languages pervaded by the notes of violins. It pleased them, while dawdling over tea

and toasted muffins, to watch the people clustered round the tables.

One day they observed a new-comer in Giacinta's tea-room, a mountainous, middle-aged woman with a parrot's beak and several sprouting moles. The stranger's jowls, like those of some outlandish goddess devoted to obesity, were covered thick with bluish powder. Her black-dyed curls were arranged elaborately underneath a Paris hat no bigger than a soup-plate. The purple satin that swathed her elephantine shape was coquettish to the ruffles. Sitting as high among her friends as if a hassock had been added to her chair, this apparition kept tossing little sugared cakes into her maw, and draining her tea-cup at a gulp. But suddenly she exclaimed in French, in a voice that penetrated the chatter like the bray of a bassoon:

"Oh, no, the earth-bound spirits can see us quite distinctly! That 's why one finds round wine-shops so many ghosts of drunkards trying to inhale the fumes of alcohol, and lick up with their spectral tongues the puddles on the tables."

With a snort, Thallie swallowed a mouthful of tea the wrong way.

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!" she gasped. "If Moloch ever had a wife, there she sits now!"

"Don't you love that line about the spectral tongues?" chuckled Frossie. "How I wish I knew her! I 'll bet I could use every word she drops."

"What, in a novel of medieval Florence?"

Frossie's face fell.

"You 're right. Darn it! that 's the trouble, not sticking to modern times. I have to pass so much by."

She forgot her tea, neglected even to listen to the bray of "Moloch's wife," while considering the tribulations which afflict the author.

Yet Frossie had already managed to collect considerable data for the medieval novel from her own experience.

Her desire to write convincing fiction was no less intense than her desire to be loved. The intermingling of the two impulses had this result: sooner or later all Frossie's love-affair was reduced to "copy."

Often, for fear she might forget some precious incidents, this virginal George Sand made notes the moment Camillo had departed. In her room, flung down at her writing-table, her breast still throbbing from its proximity to him, she scribbled feverishly the substance of their afternoon—his phrases and her sensations on hearing them, his glances of self-revelation and her responses, all the tender tones, even the meaning silences, that seemed to her invaluable stuff because distilled from truth itself. In short, her developing artistic sense, with all the ruthlessness that the artistic sense has visited on greater natures, commanded Frossie to portray in black and white each palpitation of her heart and of her lover's, just as, in the future, it would command her, still more imperiously indeed, to spread on the printed page each joy and grief that fate assigned to her. She loved Camillo none the less because she utilized him so.

Although there was no actual engagement yet, those two had drifted into a tacit understanding. When Camillo described his parents, Frossie saw them greeting her with open arms in the courtyard of the old Abruzzi hill castle; and when she revealed to him her love of domesticity, he told her how cheaply a young married couple could live in garrison towns.

He bought a big map of Austria. At night, long after the trumpets had blown the *silenzio,* he bent over his table with a ruler and a nickel-plated watch, moving white pins, which represented Italian army corps, against black pins, the army corps of Emperor Francis Joseph. He always arranged the enemy's forces as carefully as he did his own. It was fair for him to know; in actual war his aëroplanes would have discovered that.

Aërial scouting interested him; a future chief of staff ought surely to be familiar with this arm. One afternoon, with Azeglio and Fava, Camillo rode out toward Quarto to meet a man who could boast two biplanes of his own.

This was Baron di Campoformio, whom Reginald and Hector Ghillamoor had visited.

The baron, a thin-haired, weather-beaten youngish gentleman in tweeds, called for a saddle-horse and led the way down the hillside to his flying-field. At the end of a level pasture stood the hangars, behind the open doors of which one saw the two machines, like monstrous insects crouching in their lairs. Some mechanics pushed out a biplane. Campoformio explained the principles of flight.

Camillo wanted to be taken up. Campoformio, glancing at the swift December clouds, replied:

"Let 's wait till there are not so many flurries. The first fine day I 'll prove to you why this machine is better than the ones we 're using in the army."

Fava sprang down to the ground with a grimace.

"What a pity! I wanted to sail to Florence, to the garden of the Pension Schwandorf, and carry away a certain little devil with the curls of a Venetian of Venice."

For the baron's benefit, Azeglio explained:

"A red-headed American girl has had the cheek to refuse our handsome Toto. He 's heartbroken, not really on account of the Venetian curls, but because he thinks she 's rich. Well, I went after the eldest, not bad at all—and she asked me to her wedding! Camillo 's the only lucky one, unless I have Fava's permission, now, to try his Thallie."

"Not yet," declared Fava. "I may be cut up, but at least I 'm good for one more charge."

"Just a moment," said Campoformio, laughing. "Have any of you counted the money?"

"Bah! Papa dresses himself so badly that he must be at least a millionaire."

Camillo, with a shrug of distaste, passed his sinewy brown hand along the propeller-blades of walnut-wood.

"By the way," drawled Azeglio, "we did n't introduce papa to the International Star!"

Camillo gave the Renault engine a final pat, as he would have caressed a horse that he desired to ride. He remarked quietly:

"See that you don't, you precious team of donkeys!"

"Aha!" exclaimed Fava, with a wink, "the Tesore might run through the family fortune, I suppose."

Azeglio assented, grinning:

"Very likely. He was interested enough that night at the Alhambra."

"Simpletons!" Camillo retorted hotly, "that honest old man saw only the performer. By this time, what with all that gallops through his brain, he 's forgotten her completely. Take care that you leave it so!"

But at that very moment, in the Café Hirsch, Aurelius was examining respectfully a newspaper picture of the International Star.

The bald-headed, fat little waiter came drooping to the table.

"Black coffee, Otto, if you please," said Aurelius, absent-mindedly.

"Black coffee," moaned Otto, and dragged his feet across the floor to the buffet.

"Tell me, Otto, did you ever see this lady in the paper?"

The German-Swiss responded in a hollow voice:

"Mr. Gootschild, if I had the money for theaters and so on, I vould not be vaiting already in this kind of *Kaffeehaus.*"

"I thought perhaps a celebrity like that—"

"A celebrity, Mr. Gootschild! Yes, that is how fame is easy for some peoples! Believe me, it is not talents that vins in this vorld; it is the charlotte-russes of humanity! *Und* I, who vould know how to satisfy titles in a hotel de luxe, must stand here *und* see the celebrity of such a *Frauenzimmer!*"

"Stop there!" Aurelius cried, and drew himself up with flashing eyes. "Neither you nor I know anything derogatory to that lady!"

"*Ach,* Mr. Gootschild, don't fool your-

self. Those stage artists they are all alike."

"I deny your right to say so. I deny your right to malign an honorable profession, with which, I may inform you, I myself have been affiliated. You are speaking from envious rumor, sir, from malicious hearsay, from ignorance. I must say to you, in the words of Leonardo da Vinci, 'You do ill if you praise, but worse if you censure, what you do not understand.'" Red patches were painted on Aurelius's cheek-bones. His nostrils expanded and turned white. His hands were trembling. Then suddenly relaxing all over, he uttered, with a tremulous smile, "Excuse me, my friend, but I can't sit silent while any one offends a lady and the stage."

Monsieur Farazounis entered, wrung Mr. Goodchild's hand effusively, slid into the chair that he now occupied nearly every afternoon.

"You have been sitting here all alone, my gentleman? Ah, that is too bad!"

"No, no; I 've only just arrived. Otto, more coffee and some pastry."

"And a pack of cigarettes," M. Farazounis added carelessly, licking his flat, vermilion lips.

Aurelius enjoyed those hours with the Greek.

Constantine Farazounis had taken his predatory nose and kinky mustaches into many countries. The near East supplied him with innumerable anecdotes. At his telling, Constantinople became a place of mystery and blood, with odalisks dropped into the Bosporus in sacks, men thrown from minarets by giant negroes in frock-coats, lovers bound together and buried alive in a garden, severed heads rolled up in carpets. He had seen—at least, he said that he had seen—Arabian tribesmen gather for a desert war in twelfth-century chain-armor. He had watched the dervishes of Fezzan dance with daggers stuck through their cheeks. He had heard, he declared, the prisoners of Samarkand intone the Koran in the eternal darkness of their dungeons.

It was when he talked of pyramids that he became mysterious. One day he broke forth:

"And they say, those archæologists, that nothing was ever there, or else it has been stolen by the Arabs! Ha! ha! those are nice jokes for me! Some time I shall open all their eyes—just as soon as I find a partner I can trust."

Mr. Goodchild inquired breathlessly:

"Was that what you meant when you spoke of the hidden treasures of a dynasty?"

M. Farazounis, batting his thick-fringed eyelids rapidly, held up his coffee-cup with a significant smile.

"To our secret!"

Solemnly they clinked their coffee-cups together.

On December twenty-third the Greek brought Aurelius a Christmas present—a small scarab of earth-colored stone, roughly carved on its reverse with the head of an Egyptian god.

The Greek whispered hoarsely:

"It comes from *there!*"

With a start, Mr. Goodchild dropped the relic into his coffee.

"The precious metals—" Farazounis darted glances all around him—"the precious metals and the jewels are still walled up in the inner chamber. Ah, my sir, if you could see what I seen when I remove' that little block of granite like a peep-show! The crowns of pearls, the funeral tables thick with rubies, the mummy-masks with diamond eyes, the *ushebti* figures made of a single emerald! And this little scarab, laying within ten feet of that for all these thousands thousands years!"

Aurelius racked his brain to think of a Christmas present that would be an adequate return. He ended by offering the Greek a malacca cane topped with a Sphinx's head of solid gold.

On Christmas eve he found in the flower-market some imitation holly, the red berries attached to the green leaves by wires. Late that night he stole like a burglar into his daughters' rooms to spread this foliage on the bureaus round his presents. He had just finished when he fell

"Her hand clutched at her torn sleeve, but that damage could not be concealed"

over Thallie's rocking-chair. The girls, awake all the while, pretended not to hear that rumpus.

With the first rays of sunlight began the scurrying in negligée from gift to gift, the cries of delight, the kisses in payment, the whole gay confusion that attended all the Goodchilds' Christmas mornings. Romping from room to room, the sisters lost a dozen years, recalled the pet-names of childhood, raised old songs associated with the jingling of sleigh-bells. In the street, looking up at the pension balcony, the vegetable hucksters were amazed to see two beaming faces framed in auburn braids, to hear two clear young voices carol, with an enchanting accent of good-fellowship:

God bless you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Christ our Lord and Saviour
Was born on Christmas day!

Camillo came to share their Christmas dinner. But even the Pension Schwandorf was not like home; even this dinner was not equal to the fine old feasts of Maple Lane. Now, though replete, they longed for some of Frossie's turkey-dressing, Thallie's mince-pie, Aglaia's cranberry jelly molded like a rabbit. Poor Aggie! Was she thinking of them now?

Their faces fell; sighs swelled their bosoms; each experienced a vague regret, a sense of something missed, a feeling that Christmas was not so jolly, after all.

M. Alphonse Zolande was of the same opinion.

The painting-teacher sat in a cheap little restaurant across the Arno, a hole in the wall, frequented by poor government clerks and artisans. On this night of family reunions the place was almost deserted. Three cab-drivers, lounging in a corner, were the only ones to comment on the lean, gray-mustached Parisian, whose dapper shabbiness was an epitome of ruined expectations.

M. Zolande, smoking his after-dinner cigarette, was thinking of the past.

He recalled his youth, when failure, like death, had been a calamity that might befall others, but could never threaten him. He remembered his hopes; he was to be the best painter in the world.

His first work had seemed to him more wonderful than the masterpieces in the Louvre. He could hardly complete his courses, so great was his impatience for the medals, the government commissions, the high applause, the lucrative and amorous rewards of genius. Adventuring to Rome, he had become intoxicated by the fame of those whose works he saw about him. On the Pincian Hill, he had gazed across the Eternal City with the thought, "Henceforth you are all mine, old planet —your treasures, your laurel wreaths, your beautiful women, and your friendly smiles!" But twenty-five years had passed, and now, on Christmas night, he sat friendless in a foreign restaurant for cabmen. All that survived from those bright days was one canvas, ridiculously vast, portraying in bombastic style "The Defeat of Cyrus by Tamyris, Queen of the Massagetæ."

If that picture had been another's, he would have laughed at it; the fact that it was his prevented him from seeing its absurdities. That was one reason for his failure?

He started homeward. The narrow streets of Oltr' Arno were obscured by mist, below unilluminated, but above, where ancient house-walls seemed to heel together, transected by thin shafts of yellow light. From behind the solid shutters, all closed against the chill, there issued faint sounds of laughter and music.

Monsieur Zolande, walking on through cobbled lanes, reflected that his dreams of love had been no better realized than his dreams of fame. He climbed the four flights in Via de' Bardi, unlocked the studio door. A faint fragrance stole out from the close room—a fragrance that had survived the paint and cigarette-smoke of this lonely day; an indefinable sweetness, maybe not material at all, which made his heart leap, as if Thallie were there before him in the shadows.

Lighting the lamp, he examined the

study on the easel. It was the sketch of a peasant-woman in festal finery, hair sleekly coiffed, ear-rings a-dangle, party-colored shawl. This picture, which Thallie had made without a hint from him, was the first sharp test of her individuality and promise. And Zolande, holding up the lamp, knew that this canvas was the supreme test, also, of his honesty.

For the man who could not discern the faults in "Tamyris, Queen of the Massagetæ," saw clearly enough that Thallie would never become a notable painter.

Had it been another pupil, he would have felt no qualms about the deception. His sense of shame stirred only because the victim of his fraud was Thallie. But shame, which might for Thallie's sake have tipped the balance even against the money that these lessons brought him, could not outweigh the fear that if he told the truth she would come no more.

Zolande could not bear that thought. She was so fresh, so redolent of May, so exquisite in her newly budded beauty! These months of nearness to her had been like wine, now making him oblivious to his gray hairs, now stimulating the ardors that had long been smothered in his heart. At last he regarded her with the desperate avidity of an aging man who wants to make one final snatch at his departed youth.

"And my sketch," she asked him, the day after Christmas. "It really and truly shows some promise?"

"Your sketch is excellent. Last night I examined it again, and found that you 've grasped in some way a trick of Giorgione's. See here, in this head, how you 've separated the modeling from the color, and worked on each in turn. Did I teach you that? No, you found it out yourself. When such solid treatment comes by instinct, there is no doubt of the artistic gifts."

"Really?"

"Of course. Come, now, to-day we might do it again. On a white canvas we draw very mildly, spread a flat, transparent stain, lay in the flesh with bluish-black and white—"

"But the model?"

"That species of calf sends her excuses for to-day. No matter. *Tiens!* I have it. To fix the method in our mind, we shall copy my new replica of Giorgione's 'Maltese Knight.' "

He dragged out his latest counterfeit and propped it on a chair beside the easel. Thallie set to work enthusiastically.

As usual, Zolande paced the floor, smoked, wriggled his fingers, twitched at his mustaches. But planting himself beside the easel, he announced unsteadily:

"Princess Tchernitza has returned at last. She has sent me a pupil, another *sacré* Bulgarian! He comes to work to-morrow."

Thallie looked up at him with beaming eyes.

"Well, I 'm so glad!"

"Ah, you are glad."

"Certainly. Is n't it good luck for you?"

"Good luck," he cried, in a voice that almost took on the lyric note of youth—"good luck that I must say adieu to all these hours just for you and me?"

A long silence ensued. She sat there staring and staring at her canvas, stunned, aware for the first time of her isolation here, oppressed by a gathering dread.

But her common sense rebelled; it was incredible that this old man was serious. She faltered:

"Why, yes; it has been cozy, has n't it?"

Even that response made him dare to take the plunge.

"You find it so, too! Then he shall not come, that miserable pupil! Ah, heavens, yes; I will do without him now! Just you and I through these delicious mornings! Just you and I, my angel, my little Thallie!"

He was in for it now. Thumping down on his knees beside her chair, he tried to embrace her.

She evaded him with a convulsive spring. The easel fell over. The palette went spinning into a corner. She backed against the wall, panting, wild-eyed, one sleeve in ribbons. She tore off her gingham apron and threw it upon the floor.

"Oh, you old wretch!"

He scrambled to his feet, ran forward, chattered like an imbecile:

"No! no! Listen to me! See, you don't understand!"

And doubtless to show her that she did n't understand, he caught her to his breast.

His leathery countenance, with its yellowish eyeballs and gray bristles, was distorted like a Japanese mask, grotesque, yet displaying the pathetic struggle of a soul that vainly seeks expression. He wanted to utter in one phrase all his loneliness, all his longings, all his adoration. But he could not recognize this girlish face transformed by fury, this vigorous young body that fought him like a wild thing, these pretty hands, astonishingly quick, which struck and scratched at him. Even amid his terrible excitement he realized that the soft maiden of his dreams had been transformed into a vixen. Still clinging in desperation to the stranger, he babbled more frantically than ever:

"No! no! For God's sake, listen! You don't understand!"

At last she planted a blow between his eyes. He staggered back, caught his heels in the easel, sat down with a crash on his counterfeit of Giorgione's "Maltese Knight." His nose was bleeding.

She fled from the room.

On the top staircase the rattle of her feet made one continuous sound; on the second flight her head began to swim; on the third she lost a slipper; on the fourth she tripped, plunged headlong, landed squarely in the arms of a man who had just entered from the street. The shock did not throw him off his balance. Two strong hands held her safe; that pressure, firm, yet gentle, brought her to her senses. Beyond surprise, she recognized John Holland. She sank in a heap upon the steps. She gasped hysterically:

"See, I 've taken your advice! I 've stopped my lessons up there!" Her hand clutched at her torn sleeve, but that damage could not be concealed. She bowed her tousled head. In a choking voice full of shame, maybe penitent as well, she whispered, "Please don't tell dad!"

"Of course not," John Holland answered gravely. "We 'll just tell dad the truth—that I dropped in to see how you were getting on, and that you and I decided you 'd make better progress somewhere else."

"Oh, thank you!"

Tears gushed from her eyes. She wiped her cheeks with trembling hands.

He waited, wiser than those who would have offered pity, till the first signs of convalescence—till Thallie began to put her curls to rights. Then he suggested:

"We 'll take a little walk before we venture home. You 'll need a hat for that."

"My hat! And my hand-bag! And I 've lost a slipper, too!"

"Wait here," he admonished her, and climbed the stairs.

He walked into the studio. Zolande stood there shaking, moaning, dapping a gory paint-rag to his nose. But the Frenchman recoiled at sight of this tall, thick-set man, whose dress, in its compromise between fastidiousness and nonchalance, bespoke the natural aristocrat, whose rugged visage expressed calm certitude of mastery in any situation. The painting-teacher raised his arms in a limp gesture of appeal, as if he already felt those large hands round his throat.

John Holland's face was grim. He took a forward step, but just in time he managed to appraise the other with his customary vision, which proceeded from his sympathetic insight into human nature. His keen glance, sweeping round the room, absorbed a life's whole history. In a flash—perhaps by the assistance of another thought—he understood the whole cause of this offense as clearly as if he himself had been Zolande.

Clapping his hand on the Parisian's shoulder, he said:

"My friend, it can't be done."

Zolande, as if his bones had been suddenly removed, collapsed on the tattered divan.

All the way down-stairs a dreadful, strangled sob reëchoed in John Holland's heart—the cry of one who had made a

last desperate snatch at his departed youth.

CHAPTER XI

THALLIE DONS THE PRETTIEST GOWN THAT SHE HAS EVER WORN

WITH the new year, cold rains swept down across Tuscany; the city turned gloomy; the paths of the pension garden were covered with sodden petals. Thallie and Frossie accused John Holland of bringing the winter to Florence.

"Maybe so," he replied, with a smile that puzzled them. "Even though I came from the south!"

He had come from Rome, he said, to check up, in the Archæological Museum, a recent find of Etruscan relics. Once more the sisters thought it strange that so obvious a man of the world should spend his time examining black jars from the tombs of a vanished race. They discovered that he even had a valet concealed at the Hotel Alexandra, two squares away, on the Arno. In fact, he completely upset their conventional ideas of a scholar.

Yet they read in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" that John Holland was among the most brilliant of the younger historians. The word "younger" perplexed them.

"Then a man past forty," Frossie asked, "is considered young?"

"A man past fifty, no doubt," replied Thallie, sarcastically.

And again the sisters, in silent indignation, considered M. Zolande, who had sinned all the more in tarnishing their ideals of love.

They were grateful that Mr. Holland had never mentioned the scene in Via de' Bardi. He told Aurelius only that Zolande was not the best teacher for Thallie. The father replied:

"If you say so, sir, then that 's the end of it. I bow to your critical judgment, which I know has been formed by the study of art from its first primeval efforts. But what a pity that Thallie's work can't go on, like Frossie's, without the need of instruction!"

Holland looked doubtful.

"Without the need of instruction?"

"What I mean is this. A painter, I suppose, must have studied the essentials of painting for many years; but a novelist, after a sound acquaintance with Hill and Webster, no longer goes to school, except possibly to nature."

John Holland lost no time in putting Frossie through an examination.

He found that all her criticisms unconsciously favored truth. She had an instinctive sense of harmony and proportion, an innate dislike of certain great formless novels accepted by many as masterpieces. Regarding style, she resented the claptrap phrases, the turgid, and the hysterical. Her favorite medium was a simple running prose, graceful, musical, various, distinguished by a discreet distribution of color. At last she showed him some pages of her romance. In her own work Frossie had violated her every artistic conviction!

"You see," he explained, "we climb toward our ideals by a long and arduous road. But possibly your historical setting impedes you. I 've never seen but one good attempt in that line, Flaubert's *'Salammbô.'* A *tour de force,* a fine curiosity, but not what you 're after—a real interpretation of life. Suppose you inspect the present again, which you ought to find quite as thrilling as the past."

Another time he persuaded Thallie to show him her studies in oil.

While setting the canvases round on the parlor chairs, she made some flurried excuses. This one, in the manner of Titian, she meant to do over again; that head, in Raphael's style, she had dashed off in half a day; she knew that the figure after Rubens was all out of drawing. Midway between apprehension and pride, with a breathless laugh, she protested:

"In fact, I 'm afraid they 're awful. I should n't have shown them to you."

And she fixed her eyes imploringly on Holland, who viewed each sketch with the care of a judge at the Salon.

In his suit of rough gray homespun, his gaiters spotless, his blue cravat set off with a large black pearl, this big, strong-looking, self-possessed man could still be

uncomfortably impressive. So, as he made no comment at once, Thallie hastened to add:

"Besides, I 'm not going on in these lines. The old masters are wonderful, of course, but we moderns should find our own methods. All our twentieth-century revolts should extend to art, don't you think? Individualism, you know. To express oneself, and only oneself, intensely."

He did not smile.

"In that case," he said, "you 'll do what all great artists have tried to do."

"Ah," she exclaimed, as happy as if he had praised her work to the skies—so happy, indeed, that she did not realize his failure to praise it at all.

"And I 'm not going to try for another teacher just yet. I want to be unhampered awhile. Then, too—" she looked away—"then, too, I 've sort of lost my nerve about studios."

"Of course," he responded. "To work alone for a while won't do you the slightest harm."

"I 'm so glad you agree with me!"

Next morning Thallie set up an easel at home, with the door-porter's eldest child as a model.

She now aimed at such swift and decisive painting as some one—George Moore, perhaps—attributed to Manet. She was also obsessed by tales she had read of artists whose fame was founded on tints that nobody had ever discerned before. Squinting hard at the door-porter's daughter, she tried to reduce that puerile, olive-hued face to its component colors. This flesh, she decided, was really composed, in the light, of amethyst, orange, and emerald particles, in the shadows of ultramarine and mauve. Forthwith she smeared in some green and lavender patches with startling effect. No matter; this picture was meant to be seen from a distance.

Thallie, released from all restraint, was turning Impressionist!

Reginald, alas! still stayed in Paris. Encouraged by this apparent defection, Lieutenant Fava redoubled his calls at the pension.

The Sicilian made no more dramatic proposals of marriage. His present game was to twirl his rat-tail mustaches despondently, send worshiping looks from his slanting eyes, shake his long, narrow head, as if at some hopeless dream, and smuggle away, not too secretly, a flower that the adored one had dropped. These sad, subservient manners, this mien of the classic prisoner of love, ended by boring Thallie. Her manner toward Fava grew condescending and careless. For all his boasted experience, he had not perceived that this maiden was meant to find her emotional complement in mastery, not in submission.

Sometimes, at the little restaurant that served the three lieutenants in place of a mess-room, Fava expressed his chagrin.

"Devil take it! when I went at her with horse, foot, and guns, she condescended to pardon me like a queen. And now, when I crawl on my hands and knees and sigh like a bellows, she lifts up her nose all the more. Accidents to that accursed pig of a Reginaldo! Camillo, find out for me if they are really affianced."

"Affianced!" Azeglio exclaimed. "One would think they were married, the way they went out walking alone."

"That 's the American custom," Camillo informed him.

"Ah! ah!" Fava winked, wagged his head, screwed up his face in a hideous grin. "The American this, the American that! I have yet to see an American composed of a face and a pair of little pink wings, like the cherubs in holy pictures!"

Camillo, laying down knife and fork, calmly remarked:

"In discussing that girl, remember she may soon be my sister-in-law."

"Have I said anything derogatory to her? I even accept her American walks with that wretch. I even pass over one time when I saw her and him in Giacinta's—yes, sitting there openly, those two alone, and drinking a cup of tea! Could I offer more proof of my respect for the character of your sister-in-law?"

Azeglio, kicking Camillo under the table, suggested:

"You 'll stop all those American tricks when you 've married her, though?"

"Oh, then, to be sure," declared Fava, "she 'll have to learn a few lessons. But that bird is still in the tree."

"Courage!" Camillo laughed. "Put on a mask and propose at the carnival ball."

"By the way," Azeglio inquired, "when the carnival ball comes along, shall we have to invite them? A box costs a hundred lire, you know."

The faces of the three lieutenants grew long.

That night, in barracks, Camillo counted his savings, shrugged, blew out the lamp, sat down to review his condition.

A light from the troopers' dormitories passed over the courtyard and entered his room, a small white chamber arranged with that neat simplicity which distinguishes the born soldier. Here stood his military chest, there his narrow bed, and, over his varnished boots all precisely alined against the wall, hung his uniforms, helmet, revolver, and long, straight sword. Near the window, beside the shaving-shelf, were tacked some photographs of his parents and sisters. A table covered with books, a lamp, an arm-chair, completed his property.

In the courtyard a trumpet wailed the *silenzio*. The lights, except one in each dormitory, went out. Camillo looked up at the moon, which was struggling, like a soul in the toils of circumstance, to break through the clouds. His face of a young medieval knight grew firm.

"Since I cannot give my children a fortune, they must have honors, honors, and honors. Ah, yes, I 'll have to rise quickly now. If only another war would come!"

Camillo had not been content with learning cavalry tactics and memorizing historic problems of strategy. For years, as if Italy's future depended upon his knowledge, he had studied the regimen, equipment, and field-work of infantry, the transportation of ammunition and food, the latest, most intricate forms of intrenchment, the conduct of sieges, ballistics, powders, projectiles—the whole complicated science of modern warfare. And nothing interested him more than the new coöperation of aëroplanes and artillery.

But a day of battle might come when the aviators had all been disabled, when volunteers would be needed to soar and spy, in order to save a brigade, a division, an army. That would be the chance for him if he knew how to fly.

One day he revisited Baron di Campoformio.

The Villa Campoformio, in the country-side north of Florence, was a white stucco house in a spacious garden of ilex- and cypress-trees. High walls, surmounted by large stone urns, inclosed the grounds: one rang a bell in the gate-post, and, after five minutes or so, a man-servant in a green baize apron pushed back the bolts. Camillo, dismounting, left his horse with this servitor. The baron, clad in an old tweed coat, his thin hair blown by the breeze, his boots incrusted with loam, was helping the gardener tie up the rose-bushes with straw.

Campoformio led Camillo into the drawing-room, a large apartment hung in yellow brocade, where a sporting widower's tastes had almost eclipsed the influence of the dead American wife. Another servant brought vermuth and seltzer, cigarettes and cigars. The baron's weather-beaten face wore a quizzical look as he asked:

"Well, Signore Icarus?"

Camillo smiled in turn.

"It 's true," he confessed, "that I came to ask for a little ride in the sky."

"Oh, I knew you would. It was easy to see that you 'd never rest till you 'd driven a biplane yourself. Am I right?"

"I should like to do that, too."

"Good enough! The more of us that can fly, the worse we shall beat the Austrians. I take it you 're not afraid of heights?"

"I was born on a mountain."

"Your nerves are all right in these fatal days of peace?"

Camillo held out his strong brown hands, palms down, with fingers spread, at arm's length. They did not move any

more than if carved out of Pavonazzetto marble.

"Bravo! A cavalry officer able to do that in Florence must have a constitution of iron—or be related to all the saints!"

They rode down to the flying-field. A biplane, propelled by mechanics and field-hands, emerged from its hangar.

Campoformio insisted that Camillo also put on a fleece-lined jacket, an aviator's helmet, and gloves. Well muffled, they climbed the frame, the pilot taking the steering-seat, the passenger the perch behind, against the gasolene-tank. The baron raised his hand in the air. A mechanic gave the propeller a whirl and darted away. The engine began a deafening clatter. The biplane moved forward gently, then faster and faster. Camillo realized that the ground was ten, twenty, thirty feet beneath him, and blurred by the speed of this flight.

When had they left the turf?

Suddenly they shot up a steep hill of air, ran level, shot up again. The pressure of wind seemed to flatten Camillo's chest; he could hardly expel his breath. The oxygen that rushed into his lungs made him feel drunk. He wanted to laugh aloud, to shout in triumph, to shake his fist at the clouds. He felt as if he had never really lived till this moment.

With a nod, Campoformio bade him look down.

On every side the earth was unrolling in billows, hills flattening, highways and villages dwindling, forests melting to patches of grayish haze. Far behind, through the brilliant, transparent disk produced by the whirling propellers, Camillo saw Florence shrinking like some magical carpet of brown and silvery mottles, like Balzac's *peau de chagrin,* which diminished at every wish. The Arno became a thread; the heights beyond sank into their valleys, and Mount Cuccioli, slowly crumbling, was lost in the distance.

Camillo looked ahead. Mount Rinaldi, Fiesole, Mount Ceceri were bowing before this miracle, this great bird, ridden by men, that swept over them at the altitude of a thousand feet. The white hamlets whirled round and scattered like chickens below the hawk. The hill streams, all their secrets revealed, writhed in their channels and wriggled away to the south. And ahead, the snow-capped mountains, so haughty till now in their supremacy, were beginning to crouch, like ranks of cowardly Titans preparing for flight.

"Now I know how God feels in his heavens!" Camillo thought. "At last man comes into his own! At last our divinity abases the world!" And, to Campoformio, who was looking back at him strangely, he gave an exalted, dazed smile.

"Are you dizzy?" the pilot demanded, his howl no more than a sigh in the roar of engine and wind.

"Go on! go on! go on!" cried Camillo. The words, driven back into his throat, set him to coughing.

The baron put the aëroplane round in a banking curve, descended five hundred feet at one swoop, raced homeward. Florence, creeping forth over the rim of the world, expanded from a puddle to a wide, flashing lake of roofs. The hills beyond, as the biplane dipped again, emerged from bluish mists, regained their courage, held up their heads as before. Below appeared pastures that seemed like table-cloths raised to catch the aëroplane safe in their folds. And into their folds the machine descended so softly that one could not tell when it left the air and ran on the ground.

A few rods away two hangars appeared. Familiar faces surrounded the biplane—the faces of the baron's mechanics. What, they had skimmed the world and unerringly regained this obscure little spot?

Camillo was further amazed to learn that they had flown only thirteen minutes.

Campoformio gave him another keen glance.

"You were dizzy up there?"

"Not at all. I felt a bit tipsy at first."

"Next time you won't notice that. If, indeed, you wish to go on?"

"Go on! *Per Baccho!* nothing can stop me now!"

"Then look here; while you 're at it,

why not go after the military brevet for aviators? I 'll be your teacher, and guaranty that in two months' time you 'll pass the tests with flying colors."

"But that is too much to ask of you!"

"Nonsense! I hope we two can engage in a patriotic act."

Camillo, overjoyed, accepted the baron's offer.

He made haste to tell Frossie of his intention. But she, frightened, protested:

"Not aëroplanes, too!"

He laughed indulgently.

"That old omnibus is as safe as a boat. The air is n't a void, after all, but a big, soft cushion, buoyant and strong, like the sea. And to think we humans have been so long in finding it out!"

Mr. Goodchild, at least, understood Camillo's enthusiasm. Long ago Aurelius had thought of inventing the flying-machine himself; but other projects had intervened, and finally some one else had grasped the laurels that might have been his.

"Still," he reflected, his old ardor renewed by Camillo's adventure, "the science of aviation is n't perfected yet. Above all, there 's a need of some infallible safety-device. If I went to work on it, devoted my mind entirely to the problem, most likely I could put an end to the accidents. But of course that kind of research would soon require a workshop."

He thought of a certain workshop across the sea, of a little ramshackle house, of Maple Lane, and all the surrounding vistas. The countless friendly aspects of Zenasville rose before him again, their attractiveness intensely enhanced by distance and time. It seemed like many years since he had bade those dear, homely regions good-by.

But now and then letters reached him from home. Dr. Numble, a faithful correspondent, was still at work on the Magnum Opus—St. Louis of France was passing into a new incarnation. Ira Inchkin, for all his complaints about the hardware business, found time to describe his wife's latest feat on the town-hall stage. Her portrayal of *Hedda Gabler* "had knocked the breath right out of the 'Zenasville Recorder's' dramatic critic." Selina Inchkin, for her part, neglected to dwell on that triumph. Perhaps she was too much excited by Aggie's wedding. She wrote:

Would a thousand times that I had been with you at those nuptials! Radiant as the dawn, I see my precious Aglaia descending from the bliss-embowered altar, clinging with fond, shy sweetness to the strong arm of he who henceforth shall be her sturdy oak, her one in all, her soul-mate! How nature must have warbled its hymns of joy in that solemn and beauteous blend, when they who previously mankind had known as twain were united into one, by Heaven's holy ordnance! And so they went forth into life, like unto a symphony of angel's wings, tender and true, as Poe says, "evermore."

Aurelius, as he folded up this rhapsody, mused:

"Good, warm-hearted folks, eager to share our joys, and willing to share our griefs! Old friends are good. Yes, yes, old friends, old places, old habits are hard to lose."

He was then sitting at his favorite table in the Café Hirsch. A cup of coffee smoked before him, and by the table the waiter, Otto, drooped in melancholy rumination. On all sides sat painters, poets, journalists, most of them shabby, many lean and pale, the curious dress and airs of some betraying their essential triviality. Their chatter was unintelligible; they did not glance at Mr. Goodchild; their whole little circle buzzed on, day after day, oblivious to the stranger. Yet there was scarcely one of their enthusiasms that Aurelius could not have shared and understood, if they had given him the chance and he had spoken half a dozen foreign languages.

Even Constantine Farazounis seemed to have deserted him.

"So," said Otto, in the born pessimist's sepulchral tones of satisfaction, "to-day already you feel lonely, Mr. Gootschild, yust like me!"

"For the moment I was thinking of my

own home. But, as Epictetus has written, 'When you have lost anything external, keep in mind what you have got instead of it.' And somewhere else he tells us, 'Be pleased with the present, and contented with whatever it 's the season for.' No, Otto, to be lonely, or, in other words, discontented, is to be ungrateful, is to reproach Divine Providence, which is wiser than we are, and brings all changes for our ultimate benefit."

And fortified by these thoughts, oblivious to Otto's sour grimace, Aurelius got out his writing-pad and briskly set to work.

That night, from his window, he saw Camillo and Frossie in the garden. The young soldier, in his pearl-gray cavalry cape, the young girl, in a pale satin cloak, stood close together, lost in each other's gaze. Before Aurelius could turn away, Camillo lifted Frossie's pince-nez and reverently kissed her eyelids.

"So soon!"

Presently the father's thoughts went out toward England, to Aglaia.

He strove to see her amid the moors of Devonshire, in the country-house of which she wrote so sparingly, among the Bellegrams, of whom she only said that "They were just what she had expected." Now, as often at night since she had gone away, Mr. Goodchild felt restless, was desolate with more than a fond parent's loneliness, grew apprehensive without cause, unless there came to him through space a faint thrill of travail from the brain he had begotten.

What if Aggie were unhappy at this moment!

She had a new life to learn, new points of view to conform to, new alliances to swear. Henceforth she would belong to her own race no more than to her father. And here, in the garden, another international marriage was in preparation! Thallie, at least, might marry an American, that Reginald Dux. But was her attachment to him really serious?

It seemed serious enough next day, when Reginald unexpectedly appeared in Florence.

He had finally lured the Ghillamoors from sleety Paris down into the Tuscan winter, which, knowing nothing about it, he vowed would afford the very climate to make little Rosalie quite well again. Hector Ghillamoor and his wife came to Florence none too confident of this, but, rather, prepared to take their child still farther south. An hour after their arrival at the Hotel Alexandra, just as a cold, hard rain set in, Reginald escaped them. He slipped away to the Pension Schwandorf. At his voice in the hall, Thallie laid both hands against her breast and closed her eyes.

With their first devouring glance, each found the other more desirable even than the cherished mental image. Their fingers touching, both suddenly felt impulse straining against convention's barrier. It seemed incredible that they had to meet so formally, after all those secret, febrile hours apart, when imagination, undaunted in the solitary watches of the night, had brought to both a sense of intimacy almost as vivid as actual experience. Now to shake hands again as mere acquaintances, to utter ordinary greetings, was like waking outside the closed portals of a place where one had passed ecstatic hours in dreams. For all he said was, "You see, I did come back!" And she, with lips tightened so that they might not tremble, "You did, did n't you, after all?"

"Everything seems the same," he ventured. With a kindling eye he looked round on the homely gewgaws of the hall, which once on a time had been material for his derision.

"The garden has changed," she answered, and through the French windows of the parlor he saw the last rose-petals falling in the rain.

"So it has, by George!"

She watched his profile as a devotee regards the likeness of a saint. Her gaze caressed his crisp blond locks, his high-bridged, rather dictatorial nose, his less-salient, capricious chin. She sighed with satisfaction, as if before a work of art, while observing the rich, dark fabric of his coat, the cravat in such aristocratic

taste, the discreet glimmer of his scarf-pin and his watch-chain. She exulted in his whole look of smartness and superiority. Her heart seemed to melt in its own warmth at realization that this splendid youth had condescended to return to her, and now might any day propose to her!

If only she dared to let him know at once her humble gratitude, her passion for prompt requital! If only she might throw herself into his arms forthwith and cry: "I worship you! To me you are like a god! None but you shall ever have me! In return, I only ask that you never love any one but Thallie!"

"Do they smoke here?" he inquired, in the short-clipped, careless speech that always seemed to her so well-bred, so distinguished. And without waiting for her reply he lighted an Egyptian cigarette.

Next day Lieutenant Fava again had to bear the sight of Thallie and Reginald strolling unchaperoned through Florence.

If it rained, they wandered into museums, where, amid a beautiful profusion, they saw little besides each other. If the wind bit hard, they sauntered into churches. There, beyond groves of pillars, in a diffused effulgence, the sonorous progress of the mass provided a mystic *obbligato* to their whispers. Revisiting Giacinta's tea-room, they sat in the very corner where Thallie had regained her wits after finding him in Italy. Sending, as once before, a long look into the mirror, she realized that the bud had finally become the full-blown flower.

From a near-by table, "Moloch's wife," the mountainous woman with the sprouting moles, stopped her gormandizing long enough to beam on them approvingly.

Again in Via Tornabuoni, they saw a shop-window filled with dominoes and masks, red, white, and green.

"A carnival ball!" exclaimed Reginald. "What luck!"

He went in to ask questions, paid for a box, bespoke a red domino. Later, on the street, they encountered the Ghillamoors.

Thallie was presented to the black-haired woman of the Cherbourg tender.

Mrs. Ghillamoor was a handsome, graceful person just under thirty years, pale, showing some of that haggardness which comes to those who follow an unnatural regimen in order to keep thin. Her hat, her furs, her gown, the jewel at her neck, were unobtrusive even in their extreme modernity. Her whole manner proclaimed, by the perfection of its amiable restraint, that she had never known a time when she had not been a lady.

Thallie's spirits, a moment ago so high, sank to her heels. She told herself bitterly, "This is the sort of woman he 's accustomed to!" She felt that in comparison with this perfected creature all her faults must be revealed to Reginald. In an agony of self-distrust, she wondered what she might say or do that disagreed with Mrs. Ghillamoor's pattern for behavior.

"You 've been here long?" asked the latter in a softly modulated voice.

"I 'm living here," Thallie replied. "I live quite near to where you 're staying, in the Pension Schwandorf." Too late she caught herself up, blushed painfully. No doubt this overpowering stranger would consider that a plea for intimacy!

But Mrs. Ghillamoor did not notice her confusion. Sweetly smiling, she remarked:

"It seems to me that Reggie did n't half describe the charms of Florence in the winter-time."

Hector Ghillamoor, towering beside her in a belted overcoat, showed on his gladiator's face an enigmatical grin. He said to Reginald:

"Want a talk with you to-night."

"Make it seven o'clock," suggested Mrs. Ghillamoor. "And, for goodness' sake! Reggie, be on time for once!" As though from force of habit, she gave the young man a tap on the elbow with the back of her slim gloved hand, a sort of proprietary motion, half disparaging and half affectionate, that Thallie knew was meant for her to see. Next moment the married woman's eyes, good humor disguising the inquisitiveness in their depths,

slipped round to Thallie's face. And the friendliness of Mrs. Ghillamoor's good-by did not alter the young girl's conviction that her secret had been discovered by a trick, that in consequence the other was her antagonist.

So her first intuition, formed at Cherbourg, had been right: there was, or had been, something between Mrs. Ghillamoor and Reginald? Pleading a headache, Thallie escaped the remainder of her walk.

In result, Reginald managed to enter the Ghillamoors' rooms in the Hotel Alexandra at precisely seven o'clock.

By the fire, wrapped in a Roman shawl of knitted silk, sat a little girl of seven, scrawny, colorless, with black ringlets and large, serious eyes.

"*Wie gehts,* Rosalie," cried Reginald, in the hearty tone that young men assume for ailing children.

"*Wie gehts,* Uncle Reggie," the little girl replied, watching him closely, as if expecting him to play some joke on her. "Your buttonhole looks lonely. Have a posy."

"Oh, thanks. And where are the paters and maters and potaters, what?"

Without the shadow of a smile she answered:

"The paters and maters are dressing. The potaters are cooking. That is, yours are. Little round bald ones to go with the *sole Marguery,* and long brown hairy ones with the *filets mignons.*"

"And what are your potaters doing? Digesting?"

"I did n't get any. I only had a cereal."

Mrs. Ghillamoor entered the parlor in a saffron-colored evening gown, her hair freshly dressed, a cigarette between her fingers. By some process known only to herself and to her maid she had lost half a dozen years since afternoon.

The little invalid solemnly inspected her mother.

"Mama, your hair is different to-night. It 's rather *chic,* I think. Is that the new frock from Poiret? Did you put it on to make poor Uncle Reggie lose an eye?"

"Poor Uncle Reggie has no eyes left to lose, my dear. Nurse is coming now to take your temperature and tuck you in. Let Uncle Reggie have a kiss—unless he 's hoarding them these days."

Rosalie expelled her breath in a melancholy way.

"Here you are, then, Uncle Reggie. No, no; you know better than that! My forehead 's for papa, my right cheek 's for mama, my left cheek 's for you."

"How about your lips?"

"You grown-up people all smoke, and tobacco makes my lips burn. Besides, that kind of kissing is n't sanitary. Is it, Nurse?"

The nurse, lifting her in the Roman shawl, bore her away. Mrs. Ghillamoor sat down beside the fire.

She was not, and had never been, in love with Reginald. To her mind, he could no more be compared to Hector Ghillamoor than if he had belonged to an inferior species. She had long since discovered many of his shortcomings, due, as she thought, to the fact that he, unlike her husband and herself, was the product of only a single affluent generation. She discerned beneath his polish, beneath the romanticism that underlay his worldly manner, a weakness on which no heavy strain had yet been put, a flaw that she would have described to Hector as a yellow streak.

But it was not necessary to be in love with him in order to feel jealousy. Mrs. Ghillamoor, though faithful to her husband, was not averse to the attentions of a *cavaliere servente*—a good-humored, presentable young man content to follow in her train and entertain her on demand. The traditional friend of the family, no matter how innocent his status, may sometimes find that a heart-affair arranged outside the long-frequented household affects the amiability of the wife.

As sleet lashed the window-panes, she regarded Reginald with a mocking smile.

"A little of your famous Tuscan weather! By the way, we 're leaving for Sicily to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

"And none too soon for Rosalie, at that."

He flushed.

"Honestly, Paula, I thought Florence would be all right."

"Never mind. The doctors in Paris warned me. I had no intention of stopping here. Still, I did n't mind staying long enough to learn the reason for all your eloquence. Now I think that the best thing for you, as well as for Rosalie, will be a month or two at Taormina."

His flush deepened. Shrugging his shoulders, he returned, with an attempt at nonchalance:

"Sorry, but that 'll have to wait a bit. I can't possibly get off to-morrow."

Hector Ghillamoor lounged into the room, his big hands crammed in the pockets of his dinner-jacket, his chest already pushing the starched plastron out of his waistcoat. Mrs. Ghillamoor, with a hint of bitterness in her voice, informed him:

"Reggie is n't traveling in the morning."

"Nonsense!"

"It 's so, old man. I 've tied myself up for some sort of carnival ball."

"What a reason!" was Paula Ghillamoor's comment.

Her husband scowled.

"Bad business, Reggie. Go slow."

"Go slow at what?"

"Don't bluff. We have your number. You 're stuck on her all right."

It was on the tip of Reginald's tongue to say, "Kindly mind your own business!" Yet by such a rejoinder he would affront two well-established dwellers in a world that he had not entered till in his teens—a world, indeed, wherein he still felt at times the fallibility of a novice. His respect for these patricians of three generations cowed his spirit. The timidity of the parvenu changed his defiance to a laugh.

"Oh, come, now," he remonstrated. "Hardly as bad as that!"

In Paula Ghillamoor's eyes the flash of triumph was immediately clouded by contempt. Though infatuated, Reginald evaded owning up to it. He was ashamed not of love, but of loving some one who was neither rich nor fashionable. In his effort to prove his worldly cultivation, his aristocratic tastes, he had even insulted his inamorata with a deprecatory smile. At last the yellow streak was showing. Instantly Reginald Dux became less desirable even as a *cavaliere servente*.

Hector's valet bore in the cocktails.

"It 's settled, however, that you won't start with us to-morrow?" asked Paula, casually.

"But how can I, since I 've asked a lot of people to that wretched ball?"

Ghillamoor dubiously shook his head.

"Give me your word, at least, that as soon as our backs are turned you won't slop over. You know, if you did, there 'd be the very devil to pay at home. Why, your mother would probably hold Paula and me responsible!"

"My dear fellow!" Reginald protested, still with his deprecating smile.

A waiter, bowing in the doorway, announced that dinner was served. At once Mrs. Ghillamoor swept her saffron-colored train into the adjoining room.

When Thallie learned that Reginald had renounced the Ghillamoors in order to stay in Florence, a flood of triumph washed away all her bitterness.

The carnival ball was imminent. In the Pension Schwandorf there was a merry trying-on of dominoes and masks, a running to and fro of dressmakers' apprentices. It was arranged that on the festive night all should meet at the pension at half-past ten o'clock. The ball was to be held in the opera-house, the Politeama Fiorentino, only a square away, so carriages would not be needed unless it rained. The Magenta Cavalry prayed fervently for clear weather.

Their plea was granted.

As the hour approached, Thallie, standing at the window of her bedroom, imbibed the balmiest air that she had ever known in winter. It seemed to her that spring must have returned for this occasion, with all that spring may mean. Looking up at the starry sky, she found the splendor of the world, enhanced by

the tenor of her present thoughts, almost too much to bear. With a sigh of rapture she turned to the looking-glass. She knew that she was beautiful to-night. She saw in her reflection a new alluring quality. Her fresh loveliness seemed more humanly provocative than previously. Perhaps this was due in part to her attire, of white satin trimmed with tiny rosebuds, contrived in the very latest fashion known to Florence, the finest, most sophisticated dress that she had ever worn.

CHAPTER XII

AN OLD GATE-KEEPER IN A RÔLE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

AT eleven o'clock the Goodchilds, Reginald, and the three lieutenants set out afoot for the Politeama Fiorentino. Thallie's domino and mask were white; Frossie wore green; Aurelius, in order not to put a quietus on the merrymaking, had muffled himself in a robe of red glazed muslin. But Reginald, observing that the officers disdained to hide their uniforms and faces with such frippery, blushed for his lack of savoir-faire, and left his carnival regalia in the pension. Thallie had never seen him in full evening dress before.

Approaching the opera-house, they found a crowd of poor Florentines watching the participants arrive. Vehicles crawled forward in a line; cab-doors kept slamming; between banks of heads, that wore an unearthly pallor in the rays of arc-lamps, a stream of dominoes, red, white, and green, ascended to the doorways. Thallie was nearly crushed by a luxurious motor-car, at the wheel of which Reginald noted Baron di Campoformio's chauffeur.

In the foyer, one mob besieged the cloak-rooms on the left, another, largely composed of rakish-looking fellows in false noses, seethed round the buffets extending to the right. Straight ahead, a third swarm was climbing a staircase to the ball-room. The Americans and the Magenta Cavalry drove upward through this press and gained their box.

Within a great ring of boxes the dancing-floor disappeared beneath promenaders in eccentric costume. A film of dust, produced by these innumerable feet, dimmed the glitter of the military band that filled the stage, befogged the clustered lights and tricolor decorations, gave to the balconies overhead, where small, grotesque figures chased one another amid showers of confetti, a look of unreality.

In the adjoining box Thallie and Frossie were surprised to see "Moloch's wife," from Giacinta's tea-room. The lieutenants, bowing to her, introduced the Goodchilds.

She was Princess Tchernitza!

The band burst into a triumphal march; the promenaders scampered in all directions, and there emerged upon the floor a procession of nautch-girls, demons, harlequins, giants with the heads of beasts, among whom, on an artificial camel, rode a handsome woman clad in gauze and rhinestones. The crowd made obeisance. Ribbons of colored paper curled through the air. Amid frenzied applause a Roman general, his classic costume enhanced by spectacles and flowing whiskers, scaled the camel, embraced the Spirit of the Carnival. Mr. Goodchild gave a jump. The victim of this onslaught was the International Star!

"The Tesore!" Azeglio ejaculated. And to Fava, with a mischievous smile, "To-night would be an excellent time to present papa!"

Camillo quelled him with a look.

Thallie, standing at the box-rail, clapped her hands delightedly. To see better she removed her mask. Immediately a group of men gathered on the floor below—clowns, Fiji Islanders, brigands, Arabs, mandarins. Sounds of approval rose; a few of the masqueraders ventured florid compliments, and a little thin fellow, in evening dress, but wearing a pig's head of papier-mâché, made a motion as if of yearning to clasp her to his breast. Lieutenant Fava dashed a glass of champagne into the stranger's eyes. As the latter slunk away to mop his coat, Aurelius let slip an exclamation of dis-

tress. Reginald, however, felt irritation because it was not he who had avenged that insolence.

"Keep your mask on," Camillo Olivuzzi whispered in Thallie's ear.

"I see one has to," she agreed, refastening the elastics with unsteady fingers.

"But naturally," said Fava, "when one has a smile to make the lights seem dim!"

And presently they observed that Princess Tchernitza also had clapped on a mask, bright green to match her gown, and large enough to conceal at least the center of her visage. Through this disguise she fixed her eyes on Mr. Goodchild.

"Well, sir," she demanded of him in her bassoon-like voice.

"I find it stupendous, ma'am. It 's like a—kaleidoscope!"

"A kaleido— Ah, to be sure—a *caleidoscopio,* though considerably larger."

"The endless repetition of red, white, and green!"

"Yes, fortunately the regulations permitted a green dress, or I should not have come. I wear only green, purple, and gold, for those are the colors harmonizing with my personality. Before I knew better, I affected gray, and misfortunes heaped themselves upon me. Gray brought me poverty, just as the habitual use of crimson would cause me sooner or later to commit a crime of passion."

"Good heavens! ma'am!"

"Oh, these are established facts. Anybody who ignores them risks a cataclysm. But all are not affected by these colors in the same way. For example, tell me your full name and date of birth."

Receiving his answer, the Bulgarian made a mental calculation.

"The numerical potency of 'Aurelius Goodchild' in relation to this nativity is unfortunate. You must change your name."

"But it seems a little late—"

"Then you must take a secret name, propitious for you, and always identify yourself with it. Let me think. Ha! You could not do better than to call yourself, in your subconscious mind, Augustus Autocrator, after the Egyptian title of the first Roman emperor, of whom, by the way, a friend of mine happens to be the reincarnation. And you must remember never to wear brown or lavender! Brown would bring you duels, while lavender would produce an appetite insatiable for liquor. In addition to all this, you must be sure to vibrate in the key of C Major!"

Leaning across the partition of the box, oblivious to the racket from the dancing-floor, Princess Tchernitza went on to describe at length the science of numbers and colors as developed by the Florentine theosophists. Her obesity made her curiously imposing; her deep voice issued from behind the mask like the utterance of a pythoness from the curtains of a sanctuary, and in the uproar of the carnival her statements seemed like the rigmaroles of an oracle heard in the ancient mysteries. Aurelius, who always swallowed such ideas at a gulp, could hardly deny a feeling that this meeting was predestined, that this monstrous personage had been sent by Providence to show him how to end the incoherencies of his existence. Tense in his robe of red muslin, with shivers running down his spine, he no longer scanned the crowd for that unappreciated comic genius, Nella Tesore, the International Star.

The maskers cavorted on the floor, here jigging in clusters, there skipping in long strings, or forming an eddy round some acrobat who whirled his partner off her feet. "Look!" cried Azeglio, pointing toward the far curve of the boxes. "Campoformio!" But the others could not discern the baron through that brilliant haze.

"No matter; he will come over when he catches sight of us," Camillo told Frossie. "At last you shall see the good fellow who is helping me to win my military brevet."

"I wish he did n't exist," said Frossie.

"But all my efforts toward advancement are on your account."

"I want no honors that you have to risk your life for," she answered. And

pressing his hand, she turned her masked face away.

From below, some dapper officers, anxious to be invited to the box, made gestures to the three lieutenants. Azeglio and Fava motioned them to be off.

"We were right, I hope, Monsieur," Lieutenant Fava asked Reginald, with a smile that seemed to cover a subtle bitterness.

"Perfectly, Monsieur," the other replied, concealing his chagrin. From the first these wretched soldiers had behaved as if the box were theirs! To retrieve his self-respect, Reginald ordered more champagne.

Thallie, with a glance at her father, consented to take another sip—"just a thimbleful." Like most ardent persons who find themselves amid unusual excitement, she began to feel her inhibitions weakening, as if the atmosphere around her were a vast, insidious solvent, replete as it was with fluttering hues and swimming lights, pulsating with melody and laughter, informed with the emanations of a thousand reckless minds. She threw open her domino, which stifled her as if it had been the encumbrance of old humdrum, prudent teachings: and her young form, emerging from that shapeless chrysalis, was charming in the new sophistication of its garniture. Reginald stared at Thallie's throat, milk-white, encircled by the double crease.

"How about that dance?"

Fava objected. "A lady could not go on the floor with all those rascals." His protest dwindled to a curse as Reginald and Thallie slipped out of the box.

In the corridor an odalisk jingled by, an Apache in pursuit. Two masks were squeaking at each other in the disguised falsetto customary at Italian carnivals. A Turk appeared, walking on his hands, followed by shouting friends. Thallie and Reginald, dodging past these zanies, reached the dancing-floor.

The band was playing "Smile of April." Reginald put his arm round Thallie. A shiver passed through her, similar to that which she had felt at her first swallow of champagne, and she closed her eyes as they glided into a waltz.

The revolving couples engulfed them: they floated through a sea of languorous humanity. A confused fragrance was exhaled from these innumerable corsages, bouquets, and coiffures. From all sides came unsteady bursts of mirth, stifled protestations, murmurs that blended with the softness of the flutes. Here and there, on a countenance from which both the satin and the natural shield had been withdrawn, was visible a look that may have been the epitome of Reginald's and Thallie's own sensations. She, gazing up at him, felt all the sentimental instincts of her life fuse into an immense desire to show her gratitude to this splendid lover. He, glancing down at her, was more deeply stirred by the concealing mask than if he had seen her face.

The music stopped, but still there passed through their temples the rhythm of the waltz, still there coursed through their veins the stimulation of that dance performed so exquisitely in accord, as though these two beings had been commanded by a single impulse. Then they saw far off, through the illusive mist of lights and dust, the box occupied by Mr. Goodchild, Frossie, and the three lieutenants. And that spot was for both of them a dwindled, vague reminder of everything prosaic, to which the expanded heart could not return so soon.

A flight of steps near by ascended to the balconies. The white balustrades, entangled with confetti, resembled the approaches to some submarine palace of an Eastern legend, fashioned of nacre, festooned with such vivid weeds as lie beneath enchanted seas. Thallie and Reginald ran up the stairs like truants from the actual world.

On a landing, in a pillared embrasure which no one else had yet discovered, they found an open window. A mild breeze caressed them, rich with the perfume of this almost vernal night. Thallie lifted the ruffle of her mask. In the starlight her mouth was like a crimson flower.

"How delicious the air is!" she

breathed. "It blows from the park. The Cascine is only a block away from here."

"A queer night," he answered in unsteady tones; for he knew that to-night he was at the first real crisis of his life.

Long ago, in those summer days when he had rediscovered her in Florence, he had been like one who, for lack of livelier occupation, takes out a skiff upon a tranquil little stream. Condescendingly he had drifted between banks of unpretentious verdure, which formed a prospect quite unlike the scenes that his romanticism craved—broad waters which reflected mountain-peaks transfigured by the afterglow, which mirrored, beneath the fading shore, a carved marble terrace surrounded by *Olea fragrans* trees. But, as he went on floating down the stream, he had come to perceive in this naïve retreat a charm not furnished by the landscapes of his dreams. He had said to himself, "There, round that turn ahead, is surely a still prettier view; I can't turn back until I 've seen it." Seeing it, he had mused, "Some men would be content to live in such a place." And, as he drifted on, new thoughts, as simple as his surroundings, arrayed themselves against his old, precociously extravagant ideals. Then for a while he had buried in his heart the fact that such scenes as these could please him, as if there were something shameful in appreciating unelaborated beauty. But new vistas kept opening before him, all winsome, all refreshing, as idyllic as a panorama of unspoiled young love. Presently, he no longer reflected, with a smile, "At least this spot would do for the amusement of a day." Instead, with ardor almost triumphant over snobbishness, he wondered, "Even for a lifetime I might be happiest here." And finally, when he heard from far upstream a faint outcry bidding him return, had he not drifted too far, had not the current grown too strong for him to make that long pull back?

To-night all his hesitation had evaporated in this spring-like air, in this embrasure where a bacchanalian uproar melted into the silence of the stars.

Many a youth, at the very height of his infatuation, is not as he was yesterday or as he will be to-morrow. Romance, choosing the moment of unique seductiveness, has whirled him up on flaming wings to regions of unexampled devotion and nobility. Then, indeed, the least worthy lover may become the person that his girl imagines him to be, raised far above all cowardice, all calculation, all his normal flaws. So Reginald, oblivious at last to every thought but this, that the time had come when he must say to her, "Yes, marry me, for somehow I cannot live without you!"

But how could he say that here, in this place where every minute they risked some ribald interruption?

The sweet breeze was still blowing from the park, only a block away. He saw on the opposite footpath, beyond a line of waiting vehicles, a man staring up at the window. It was Baron di Campoformio's chauffeur.

Reginald leaned across the sill.

"Antonio!"

The chauffeur, removing his cap, showed his teeth in a grin of recognition.

"Can you give me half an hour?"

The fellow shrugged uncertainly. Reginald twisted a bank-note round some silver. The packet clinked on the footpath.

The chauffeur ran to crank Campoformio's car.

"Think, Thallie, on a night like this just you and I and the Cascine!"

"Out there!"

"No one need see us. But when we come back perhaps we 'll let them know."

She thought, "He means that when we come back we 'll be engaged!" She lowered her head, her throat pulsing, her body seeming to thrill, in its shimmering new frock, with the emotions that her mask concealed. Then with a resolute movement she pulled the hood of her domino over her bright curls. Breathless, she said, "All right." And it was Thallie, not Reginald, who led the way.

As they hastened through a corridor behind the balcony, the carnival rout

"'Impossible to-night, my little prince. The park is shut'"

again enveloped them. These scampering figures, bizarre and ravishing, these dust-adulterated scents of musk and roses, these sounds of kisses snatched in corners amid scufflings and squeals, distorted like the fumes of a too-dangerous wine the inspiration that one had caught back there from the immaculate stars. Thallie clung fast to Reginald's arm, as if, assailed from every side by a half-comprehended menace, she knew no refuge so safe as the beloved. He, when he felt her warm and yielding pressure, quickened his pace with a swift access of virility. "By George!" he thought, "let one of these monkeys so much as look at her, and I 'll knock his head clear off!"

A wide staircase fell away before them, choked with masqueraders. Setting his shoulder to the crowd, he dragged her down the steps. In this press, which gave out a heat of many glowing bodies, the smell of alcohol, sachets, tobacco, and moist flesh was as enervating as the steam of Circe's caldron. A tipsy Greek warrior suspected the charms concealed by Thallie's domino, and risked an amorous whisper. Though she blushed to her forehead, she made no sign of protest, for fear that a brawl might keep them from the park.

At the foot of the staircase she saw the thin little man in the pig's head of papier-mâché, his shirt-bosom stained with the champagne that Fava had thrown over him. Flattened beside the entrance to the foyer, indifferent to the jostling of the mob, he looked at her steadily through his bestial disguise. Now, however, she found him more uncanny than absurd, a sort of symbol posted at the door, a figure, with its brutish head-gear and its foppish evening dress befouled with wine, that seemed to propose an almost sinister riddle.

But Reginald drew her eagerly into the foyer, where Campoformio's chauffeur was waiting for them.

The motor-car stood thrumming at the curb. Half a dozen shabby idlers sprang forward to hold the door. The interior of the limousine was revealed, upholstered in plum-colored cloth, a yellow plush rug trailing over the tufted cushions, some silver objects gleaming in a rack between the doors. This limousine, once the equipage of the American Baroness di Campoformio, still had the appearance of a dainty little boudoir.

Thallie, her foot already on the step, drew back. The motor-car did not look at all as she had thought it would. And in a flash her intuition told her that this tête-à-tête with Reginald was also liable to exceed her expectations.

"Hurry up!" he urged, his hand insistent on her arm.

"No! no! A stranger's automobile—"

"I tell you he 's a friend of mine. I 've stayed at his house. It 's Campoformio, that I stopped with out by Quarto."

"Then—then—go ask him. Let 's go back and ask him if he minds—"

"What nonsense!"

She saw the indignation in his face, quailed, became limp. His hands—or was it terror lest he might hate her otherwise?—drove Thallie forward. She huddled into the farthest corner of the limousine. The plum-colored upholstery dispelled an odor of stale cigarette-smoke which recalled to her the studio in Via de' Bardi.

The door slammed shut. At the lowered window appeared the chauffeur's broad face.

"The Cascine!"

"The Cascine? Ah, Signorino, but the Cascine would be closed."

"Impossible! I mean the Cascine Park."

"Yes, Signorino, the Cascine Park. The gates are shut at night."

Thallie expelled a long breath. But Reginald cried:

"Drive there, anyway! I 'll find out for myself."

The chauffeur took his seat. The vagabonds, having received no tips, raised an ironical cheer. The automobile rushed off toward the park. Street lights, sailing by, flashed over the two figures, rigid from suspense.

On each side the house-fronts fell

away; the avenue expanded into a square; ahead loomed the tall stone towers of the Cascine gate. The motor-car glided to a standstill: the rays of its lamps, illumining a distant mass of ilex-leaves, were strained through iron bars.

"Behold, Signorino!" the chauffeur exclaimed, with a triumphant gesture.

Thallie leaned toward Reginald imploringly.

"You see, it 's really closed."

"You seem far from sorry!"

"Please don't be angry with me!"

"So," he muttered, "I was mistaken in your wishes."

"Ah, if you could understand!"

"Then, if the gates had been open?"

"Yes," she assented, with a febrile eagerness. "Yes, if the gates had been open; but they 're not."

"We 'll take another drive. In ten minutes we can reach San Miniato."

In a stifled voice she protested:

"San Miniato is n't the Cascine. To-morrow we 'll come here. To-morrow afternoon—"

"No doubt!"

And to mock him still more there issued from the park, through the iron bars that reached across his path, the breeze, sweet with leaves and moss, that seemed to blow from regions of eternal spring.

He had opened his mouth to order, "Drive us back," when he saw a figure approaching through the shadows.

Into the glare of the lamps there shambled a senile wreck whose military cap was decked with tattered braid, whose red-rimmed eyes were surrounded with wrinkles like old sword-cuts, whose nose resembled a potato, whose ragged white mustaches concealed his chin. This creature, advancing with assurance, peered into the limousine. When he caught sight of Thallie's shimmering dress and satin mask, the vacuity of his countenance gave place to such a grimace as a ghost might show while contemplating the follies that enamoured him when he was flesh and blood.

"*L'Hascine è chius',*" he croaked. "The park is shut."

"Who 's this?" demanded Reginald of the chauffeur.

"The gate-keeper, Signorino."

"He has the keys?"

"No! no!" pleaded Thallie, then shrank into the corner.

The chauffeur inquired:

"Hast thou the keys, old one?"

His grimace maliciously expanding, the wraith repeated to Reginald, in the roughest dialect of Florence:

"Impossible to-night, my little prince. The park is shut."

But Reginald produced a fifty-lire note.

The ancient, who had seemed, a moment since, beyond desire of every sort, now showed in his filmy eyes a gleam of cupidity. Yet he only wavered, shaking his head, groaning excuses, mumbling of the danger he would run, until a second bank-note had been added to the first. Then, with a last despairing oath that he was ruined, he snatched the money and hobbled to the bars.

"Make haste!" called the old voice, quickened by greed and fear. "Make haste! Make haste!"

The motor-car, springing through the gateway, was engulfed by the Cascine.

Its windows blank, its panels faintly glistening in the starlight, the limousine pursued a radiant path, as elusive as that which leads to happiness in dreams. Ahead, the nocturnal landscape kept leaping forth in unnatural hues and extraordinary forms. But that foliage, just as the car attained it, faded into obscurity again. And behind, the darkness, swimming together, blotted everything, as if the phantasmal mingling of leaf and light had been a visionary's paradise, which ceases to exist when one attempts to penetrate its borders.

After the automobile had passed by, a vast silence again descended from the heavens and enwrapped the park.

And that progress was noted by other eyes than those of the impelling universe. Here and there, amid denuded thickets pale with statues, from marble benches encircled by the graves of last year's flowers, rose the heads of those who had been

able to evade without a bribe the old gate-keeper's barrier against nature. A white-haired, ruminant priest, who could not sleep at home, reflected, with the worldly wisdom gained from many confessionals, "In that automobile are two persons who may some day repent this hour, but will never quite regret it." Farther on, a poor young poet, who lived for the most part on dreams of art and love, murmured sadly, "She who rides with him in such an equipage must be very beautiful, or at least must be beautified by elegance and the occasion. Yet I doubt if he who rides with her has soul enough to immortalize this moment even with a couplet. Alas! if only I were he!" And, near the far end of the park, a cowherd from the Cascine stables said to his sweetheart, with a hoarse laugh: "Like us two, eh? But for all their fine little house on wheels no happier to-night than you and I!"

Perhaps not so happy. .

The motor-car was returning. From the Piazzale del Re, where the trees fell away in a wide circle, one could already see the street-lamps twinkling beyond the gates. The wheels revolved more slowly. The chauffeur, half turning in his seat, called out:

"Signorino, maybe I still have time for one more turn around the park?"

The window dropped open.

"No; drive to the Pension Schwandorf."

In five minutes they were there.

The young man, stepping out upon the sidewalk, attempted to help her from the limousine. She avoided his hand. Her domino floated loose; her face, at last unmasked, gleamed through the shadows like alabaster as she ran up the steps. The door burst open; the white vestibule received her. The door slammed shut, fell ajar from that impact, once more revealed her fluttering domino, which quickly diminished in the depths of the dim hall. His hand still raised, he stared toward the spot where she had last been visible.

Finally he reëntered the limousine.

"To the opera-house, Signorino?"

"Eh? Why, yes, I suppose so."

As the chauffeur was about to start, Reginald began to fumble with more money.

"Remember, Antonio—"

The Italian, with a look of reproach, laid one hand dramatically on his breast.

"Ah, Signorino," he protested. And when he had stuffed this second fee into his pocket, the faithful Antonio drove back in dashing style to the Politeama Fiorentino.

Now the whole edifice seemed trembling with excitement. Wild laughter and blares of music, the sound of popping corks and smashing glass, merged with a steady roar that issued from the auditorium above a torrent of helmets, garlands, peaked hats, disheveled wigs, and pinchbeck crowns. For an instant Reginald was amazed to find these revels not only still in progress, but more violent than ever. It seemed to him that all this license ought to be spent by now, and superseded by remorse. He felt as alien here as a young Daniel moving through Babylonian orgies.

A girl in the conventional dress of Cleopatra, her gauzy skirts in ribbons, her vulture head-dress awry, barred his way, laid her henna-stained fingers on his shoulder, demanded half indignantly: "Come, now! For me, at least, you will smile?" He pushed by her with a hostile glare. The laughter of the crowd pursued him down a corridor. The door of the box was before him. Recoiling, turning on his heel, he hastened toward the street.

But that would be the act of a fool! It was necessary to go back there to the box, rejoin the people of whom he was still the host, offer some story. "See here, in Heaven's name, a little common sense!"

After a while he was able to retrace his steps.

Mr. Goodchild, in his robe of red glazed muslin, still sat in the shadow of the obese Bulgarian. Camillo and Frossie, oblivious to everything except each other, were whispering together. Azeglio

and Fava stood languidly tossing confetti at the dancers. Here nothing was changed.

"Where 's Thallie?"

He answered:

"You see, I 'd have been here much sooner, but I met some friends. Campoformio—"

"Campoformio was here just now with Mr. Holland."

"Of course. To be sure. So he told me. But before that. One after the other! Or else I 'd have been here instantly."

"Is Thallie with Mr. Holland, then?"

"No, the fact is, she did n't feel well. She asked me to take her home. You see, I 'd have been here much sooner—"

Mr. Goodchild, turning pale, asked quickly:

"What ails her? What is the matter with my daughter?"

Reginald wanted to vault the box-rail and conceal himself among the dancers. Putting on the wretched imitation of a smile, he managed to get out the words:

"The heat and noise—"

"What a pity, Monsieur," said Fava, with a homicidal look, "that you did n't take my advice!"

But Mr. Goodchild's hands were trembling on his knees.

"Young sir, it is not necessary to break bad news to me so slowly."

"Really, on my word of honor, it 's only a touch of vertigo."

"Vertigo!" cried the father, leaping to his feet. "That might be the beginning of anything!"

"No! no! She asked me particularly to tell you it was nothing. She 'd rather you did n't bother. In fact, she wants to be alone."

"Because she does n't want to spoil our pleasure," Frossie retorted, rising. "Come, Dad."

"It may be the beginning of cholera," gasped Aurelius, frozen with horror, staring wildly at them all.

Azeglio burst out laughing.

"Calm yourself, Signore. This year there is no cholera anywhere in Italy."

And Reginald, his shoulders bent in unaccustomed lines, continued to stutter:

"I tell you it 's nothing, absolutely nothing. She won't thank you, you know! A headache! The noise and heat—"

Nevertheless, Frossie was already in the doorway. The Magenta Cavalry, with the resignation of good soldiers to the unexpected, were putting on their pearl-gray capes. Mr. Goodchild was trying to withdraw his fingers from Princess Tchernitza's hand, as fat as a pincushion, blazing with sapphires and emeralds too gorgeous to be real.

"My daughter, ma'am! Pardon me, but my daughter 's been taken ill! We don't know yet what it is. We think it 's not cholera—"

"Cholera! Bah! One moment. My day at home is Tuesday. Drop in, and I 'll finish telling you about the astral colors."

"Yes, yes! the astral colors! I implore you, ma'am! My daughter!"

"Bring her along. You 'll meet a friend of mine who does crystal-gazing, a very clairvoyant person. Tuesday, and don't forget, because I feel somehow that you and I are kindred spirits, that we have met elsewhere, if not in a previous existence, at least on the Ripa-banks of Devachân—"

But Aurelius, forgetting his manners for the first time in his life, had rushed into the corridor.

In the street, all scuffling along between a walk and a dog-trot, they passed Campoformio's chauffeur, who doffed his cap respectfully.

Aurelius and Frossie darted into the pension. The lieutenants lighted Toscana cigars and set out for the cavalry barracks. Reginald returned slowly to his hotel.

He locked his bedroom door. He paced the floor. From time to time he stopped before a looking-glass, stared at his face, exclaimed in the tones of one newly roused from intoxication, "What, is it you?"

The stimulations of the evening were

dispelled. Even the charm of all these weeks had been dissolved. The pinions of romance, after lifting him high above himself, had shriveled, at the contact of reality, and let him drop back to earth.

On each side, indeed, there had been a disillusionment and a revulsion so intense that his past expectations of felicity now appeared insane. He saw between himself and Thallie an abyss which had opened in one moment like the fissure of an earthquake, which he took for a gulf eternally impassable.

"No, we were never meant for each other. I must have been crazy to think so. What 's more, she knows it now as well as I." And as though she were there before him, he cried accusingly, "You do know it, you ought to have known it from the first, as well as I!" And soon: "They were right, the Ghillamoors. Good Lord! if I 'd taken their advice! Or if I were back where I stood before I ever met her!"

Presently the old fancies, that had often come to him before his journey into Italy, returned, in poignant contrast to the mockery of this night. Somewhere, amid the darkness, perhaps in the direction of Lake Como, she existed in the flesh—the sumptuous mistress of his previous ideals, whose image had been dimmed by this blundering infatuation? And at last a delicious relief pervaded his despondency, with the thought that life might hold out opportunities as tempting as before.

"When we 're in wrong, we owe it to ourselves to struggle out." Though he repeated that aloud, he still heard the voice of conscience, whispering of mankind's traditional obligations. Soon, however, lifting his head defiantly, "But she told me with her own lips that she felt she could never lay eyes on me again." And this speech of hers, the true causes of which he did not know enough to fathom, became for him the *open sesame* to liberty.

Next morning, while Florence was still dim, Reginald and his baggage left the Hotel Alexandra. John Holland, glancing down from a window, saw him drive away. For some time the historian's keen gray eyes remained fixed on the summit of Mont' Oliveto, growing the graver as the illumination of the sunrise spread.

At the railroad station Reginald caught a train for Naples. As the engine was puffing out of Florence, he thought:

"After all, decency demands that I send some plausible excuse from Naples—a death or something—a sort of loophole. For if I should want to come back—"

But he knew in his heart that he would not come back.

(To be continued)

"It must have been at some small hour in the morning that I was aroused and gagged and pinioned"

The Collaborators

By ALBERT KINROSS

Author of "Joan of Garioch," etc

Illustrations by Dalton Stevens

I

IT was after the publication of my first book, a historical romance dealing with the life and times of Charles XII of Sweden, that I received a letter in a strange and none too legible hand, addressed to me in the care of Messrs. Nicoll & Prout, the firm whose imprint stood upon my title-page. Such letters, coming from grateful readers, were scarce in those days. I opened it. I flushed with pleasure as I deciphered my unknown friend's warm praises and flattering testimony to the success wherewith I had presented a difficult personality and a barbaric period. He was in a position to judge of both, he said, and his own studies and a recent spell of travel had led him across much of the ground so vividly depicted.

This letter was signed "S. Bellamy," and infolded with it was an ordinary card such as a caller might send in by a servant. "Monsignor Canon Bellamy," it read, "17 Fairview Crescent, Claverton." Claverton I knew by repute as a fashionable watering-place in the southwest of England.

To the letter was added a postscript:

Call on me one afternoon. I am an old man, and you, I judge, are a young one. I am often in London, and you will find me at Wexford House in St. James's Place. I should be delighted to make the acquaintance of a writer who has given me so much pleasure, and hear something of his plans for the future; and, moreover, I have a proposal to make which I think will interest you. I shall be in town all next week. Perhaps you can let me know on what afternoon I may expect you.

He had touched my vanity, he had roused my sense of adventure. Picture me as I was, a poor young man of our sober middle class who had starved himself in order to write a book. It was, in its way, a successful book. A second impression had been called for, a pirate had seized upon it in America, and my net profit was close on sixty pounds. For a beginner I had not done so badly.

I wander from the point. Let us get back to it. Here was a high personage who desired my acquaintance, a notable of the Roman Catholic Church, with quarters in St. James's Place. I did not know Wexford House, but I knew St. James's Place. Prying round London, as was my constant habit in those days, I had acquired a familiarity with the exteriors of many famous houses, with the lay and atmosphere of most of the great squares and of all the royal palaces. I wondered over that hidden life, I speculated and wove romances; and when a gentlewoman issued from one of those noble mansions, affording me a glimpse of the hall and powdered servants, I experienced a thrill which she, stepping into her carriage or limousine, might have envied. I was a prowler and a nobody, with a high, romantic passion for the unknown, and, living in London as I did on the hazardous earnings of a bookish hack, was I not altogether surrounded by the mysterious and inaccessible? It is a city the wealth and power and splendor of which would leave such a one as I was then gasping and ever

open-mouthed. Of its squalor, rascality, and evil I saw much and yet saw nothing. Youth has that knack, and middle age mourns the loss of it.

I return once more to Wexford House in St. James's Place. It must be, I fancied, one of the five large mansions which make an inclosure of the park end of that aristocratic back-water. In a public house I consulted the London Directory. Wexford House, I soon discovered, lay between the residences of the Duke of Mells and the Earl of Templehaven, the latter of which has no special name, but only a number. I found that number in St. James's Place, and so to Wexford House.

In the directory the present tenant was inscribed as plain Hugh Janvier. The name meant nothing to me then. He must be a rich man, and possibly the friend or patron of monsignor, if one so highly placed could suffer such protection. Hugh Janvier, I decided, was his friend. I had no means of ascertaining the actual facts, for I was too poor and too obscure to belong to clubs, and I had no acquaintance among the well informed who conduct our newspapers. I was a solitary student, with a turn for the historical romance, a precarious income, and an attic in the dingier part of Bloomsbury. My library was the one at the British Museum. There I browsed, there I raised my facts and fancies, there I wandered off into foreign lands, and made those visionary friendships with the illustrious dead to which, all said and done, I owe my present enviable position.

Before replying to my unknown correspondent I took the liberty of marking down Wexford House. So much has already been hinted. Like a pointer, or, better still, a detective, I gathered such information as its exterior could offer, and even looked in at the lower windows. These were separated by an iron railing from the street, and at that distance afforded no serious clue to the pomp and magnificence of Mr. Janvier. The house itself was spacious and plain-fronted, designed, no doubt, by one of those Georgian architects who aped the classic and admired the smooth, melliflucus artifices of Mr. Pope. A neglected house, it seemed, without much life in it. None at all, if I except a tabby-cat that brooded on the door-step.

So much for the front of Wexford House. My next course was to take it in the rear. I found the narrow outlet which connects St. James's Place with St. James's Park, and discovered that the mansion possessed a garden of its own and rose to five sheer stories. A score of windows overlooked the park, and the little garden had its gate of entry. For London this was luxury indeed. I thought of my own penurious quarters and my hemmed-in view. Roofs and chimney-stacks were all I saw with the bodily eye, and at night I often rose to deal with cats. Here one could look out and observe the courtships of true lovers. A couple sat on a bench just now. He was earnest and silk-hatted; she was tender, and her gray shoes matched her stockings. Oh, heart, dear heart of me, how lonely and friendless and unloved I felt in this great city! I went away from there and mounted to my attic. I wrote in haste and agitation:

> Monsignor, I will come to you on Tuesday afternoon next at five o'clock. I am, as you supposed, a young man, a very young man. Pray do not expect too much of me. I am grateful for the praises you bestowed on my poor book, and my future plans depend on inspiration.

I inscribed myself his "obedient servant," and put my name in full, "John Stacey Cornwallis Loughborough." It is a grand name, and I was proud of it.

II

On the Tuesday I was punctual and more than punctual. It was an afternoon of mid-December, a black fog in the air, the streets doubly dark, and all the elements against me. I was not to be deterred, however. At a quarter to the hour I arrived in St. James's Place; and there, cooling my heels, inhaling the fog, and colliding with lamp-posts, I marked time and waited for the appointed moment. The

hour struck, at last it struck, and I was free to ring the bell of Wexford House.

I stood in the porch of that great mansion, expecting a lobby full of footmen, a hall of dazzling splendor, and, beyond these, Monsignor Canon Bellamy, with cassock and skull-cap, seated in a deep chair before the blazing fire that cunning hands had laid in the big library. It was an interior by Fortuny. Actually, the face of Wexford House was dark and blind, with only a single muffled light burning below-stairs, and presenting that aspect of desertion which great houses show in the dead season.

The door swung back, and I discerned a hall and only a single man-servant. Both were dimmed by the intruding fog. Still, it was a fine hall, and more brilliantly occupied and illuminated—

"Mr. Loughborough?" The man-servant had recalled my wits from their wool-gathering; and without waiting for a reply, "This way," he added, examining me with all the odious insolence of his class. He felt and made me feel my shabbiness.

I followed him, and scorned him in return. He was a big fellow, and would have made two of me. He led me up a wide and enshrouded staircase,—that whole house seemed deathly and enshrouded,—we passed into a corridor, then up more stairs, and so to a small study. Within this cozy chamber sat monsignor.

I had expected a stout, benignant priest, shrewd, able, and pink-jowled with good living, or else a lean and ardent-eyed ascetic. Monsignor was neither. He possessed a watery quality which I have since learned to associate with the more scholarly among our aristocracy. A wisp of a man, thin, bald, ancient, with a lamentable nose and vague, blue eyes, he stood up to receive me. His courtesy contrasted well with that of the disdainful man-servant. He did his best to put me at my ease. Breeding is breeding, and no matter how lamentable the personage, it is the last thing to decay.

He offered me a chair, and a large cigar similar to the one he himself was smoking. The fire was a gas-stove; we sat together and looked at it. His costume was something like that of an ordinary parson, and included legs and trousers. His head, I have before remarked, was bare and bald.

"It was good of you to come," he began; "I feared you might not care to face this dreadful weather."

"Not at all, not at all," said I, puffing away at the large cigar.

"It occurred to me after I had sent my letter that possibly you did not live in London. A lucky chance," he added.

Naturally, I agreed with him.

"Mr. Janvier will be in presently," he pursued. "This is his house; but of course you know it."

Again I assented, omitting, however, to state the precise circumstances in which I had acquired my information.

"Do you know why I wrote to you?" he inquired, after these preliminaries.

"You liked my book," I began.

"Certainly, I liked your book; but I want you to write another one, I want you to collaborate."

"Collaborate?" It was the first I had heard of it.

"The last ten years," he pursued, "I have devoted myself to a task which the historian has neglected. There exists no life, there has been no memoir, of the greatest adventurer who ever lived."

I pricked up my ears at this.

"The greatest adventurer who ever lived," he repeated, and then added: "I am no hand at a novel, but with your magic pen—the pen of a wizard, if I may say so—we might do something considerable. I have all the materials; the research work is done; it only remains for you to write the story."

"What story?" I interrupted.

"We are coming to that," said he, rising from his chair and crossing over to a side-table.

He returned with a bulky pile of manuscript, typed and all ready for the publishers, which he dumped down before me. It looked as though it had traveled overmuch, and had been rudely treated in the process.

"This is my 'Life of Perkin Warbeck,'" he resumed. "The publishers to whom I have submitted it decline it. They have used it badly, have they not? One has even gone so far as to spill coffee upon chapter eleven. They say—their letters, at least, are very courteous—they say that as an historical work my book stands no chance of success; that, despite its unique interest, there exists no public demand for such a biography. Their letters are virtually of one mind, and maybe the public does adopt this attitude. I have, however, spent ten years of my life and as many hundred pounds on the bare collection of my materials. Is all this labor and expenditure to run to waste?"

He eyed me, and I quailed before the sudden ferocity wherewith he put the question. The matter of his frustrate toil had moved him, and he was now as nearly plebeian and human as myself. More so, perhaps; for when your true aristocrat once begins, he runs to an extremity.

"I read your novel," he continued, rising and striding to and fro before me. "'If this young man can do so much with Charles XII,' I said, 'what would he not make of Perkin Warbeck?' Reshaped into a historical romance,—for that is what the fickle public asks of us,—my book would make the lasting fame of any writer. There is a fortune in this scheme, and there is fame as well. As to the money, I ask no more than the bare return of what I have expended; the fame we will share alike. Its glory must cover both our names and hand them down."

I was moved. Eloquence, sincerity, had then more weight with me; nor had I counted on anything so savage and determined from this watery old gentleman.

"I am afraid that I know next to nothing of Perkin Warbeck," I replied, as soon as ever he gave me an opportunity. "Apart from Dr. Gairdner and what we learned at school—"

"He was the greatest adventurer who ever lived," monsignor had interrupted me, and then and there, in so far as he had fathomed it, he told me the story of Perkin's life from beginning to end.

We started at Tournai, and finished on the scaffold, and this story, no less than the manner of its telling, wearied me as nothing has ever wearied me before or since. Though monsignor might have spent ten years and as many hundred pounds on research work and the collecting of materials, it seemed to me that there were no materials to collect. He had only a bare and unconvincing outline, plentifully provided with gaps, with guesswork. The motive force and the psychology alike were incomplete; he had no clear, inevitable picture of his hero, and no more have I. To this day I fail to see him, despite all that was to follow, and the ridiculous chain of accident which links my name and fame with this "feigned boy."

Monsignor had set himself down again and told this story. He told it as a succession of craven episodes, and it was never explained why one episode rose out of the other. So do schoolmasters inflict their lessons on the defenseless young. I had looked for more sense in a monsignor, a more genuine culture in Wexford House, St. James's Place. I was at that time young enough to be honest, so I told him exactly what I felt about it.

"This Perkin Warbeck," I said, "as you describe him, and as no doubt he is depicted by your leaky chroniclers, is nothing more than a driveling, base-born coward, as passive as a Hindu, yet without the Hindu's deep philosophy. His adventures seem to be forced on him; they arise from no inner need or impulse. When they become at all dangerous, he runs away, and leaves his followers in the lurch; when at last he is caught, he is as abject as a worm. He is supposed to be a pretender to the throne of England, and to win that throne he tries on five separate occasions, with more or less success, to raise the country against Henry VII. In reality, or, rather, as you have described him to me, he is ever the tool of greater men, the weakling, the cat's-paw, ready to their hand, the victim of their policy or their ambitions. He is entirely negative, and even his one romance was

with a woman who took and buried four husbands! How can one make a hero of an adventurer who never struck or received a blow, a heroine of a lady so impartial? His adventures leave me cold. What could I do with him? He became an impostor because he was bullied into it, and finding here an easy means of escaping honest work, he stuck to the job, and courts and princes used him. He is ever a pawn, and you cannot build a historical romance about a pawn. Give me a king or queen, a knight or bishop! I want life, blood, the joy and fire of passion, the surge of great events; I want the clash of weapons, a dazzling, fated, or romantic figure—"

What else I might have said to that poor man I do not know, for at this particular juncture he leaped up from his seat.

"But I have spent ten years over it!" he cried in desperation. "And Perkin Warbeck was the greatest adventurer—ah, here is Mr. Janvier."

The reader will guess the cause of this diversion: we had been interrupted by no less a personage than the lord and master of Wexford House himself.

He had come in breezily, and was still wearing his hunting-dress—pink coat, white breeches, and topped boots. Yet it was his face which most impressed me at that moment. Swarthy and brigandlike, clean-shaved, and with a jaw of steel, he looked as though here, indeed, was the arch-adventurer so coveted by monsignor.

"This is the Mr. Loughborough of whom I told you," said that venerable biographer.

"Mr. Loughborough—pleased to meet you, sir," remarked the new-comer. I judged by his accent and this cordial turn that he was an American; and, as the event proved, I was right.

He was not at all concerned with Perkin Warbeck.

"There was no fog in the country," he announced. "Had a great run. Met at Detling Forstal, found two foxes and killed one; other one got away. All over by three. Motored back, and caught the fog outside Hayes. Ever go fox-hunting, Mr. Loughborough?"

"I 'm afraid not," was my reply.

His dark gaze rested for a moment on my face, then passed into a smile.

"Neither does our friend here," he said. Then, looking me over more intently still, he added: "You and monsignor are going to collaborate. It will be the opportunity of a lifetime."

"But there is nothing in the story that I could seize on," I began.

"If monsignor says there is, there is." He laughed.

Again I protested.

"Of course—of course you will. What are your terms? I see we must make terms."

I looked from one to the other.

"I have already spent a thousand pounds in travel and the collection of materials," chimed in monsignor.

"Leave Mr. Loughborough to me," interposed our host; and, taking me by the shoulder, added, "I am monsignor's man of business. Monsignor is a child when it comes to business. Rewritten as a historical novel, he feels that his 'Life of Perkin Warbeck' would be the novel of the year. He tells me that he is unable to write a novel, but that, helped by your brilliant pen—"

"Really," I interrupted, "I am afraid that monsignor is mistaken. Warbeck, as he has been explained to me, is one of those shadowy figures of whom one knows next to nothing, and apart from a few curious facts that have been rescued, I fear one cares very little about him."

"But we are not going to disappoint monsignor. Bettina and I are very fond of him."

"Well, why don't *you* collaborate? And there are other writers—"

"But he wants you—particularly you. Come, now, is it a question of money?"

I rose, and recovered my hat and overcoat.

"It is a question of conscience," I thundered, sick and tired of the pair of them. "It is a question of my artistic honesty, of everything that I hold sacred. I take no

interest in Perkin Warbeck. He is a lay-figure and a poltroon. Give me one of the great figures of history—"

"You won't do it?" interposed Hugh Janvier.

"Certainly not," said I. "Neither for money nor any consideration whatsoever."

"I guess you will. If monsignor wants it done, it will be done."

"But, Hugh—" protested monsignor.

"You have set your heart on this, have n't you?" asked Janvier.

Monsignor admitted that such was the case.

"This young fool here is not going to break your heart."

"My heart will not be broken."

"I say it will." Hugh Janvier touched the bell.

The man-servant who had let me in returned.

"Put this gentleman into one of the top attics," said Hugh Janvier, "and lock him in and feed him."

"Yes, sir," said the domestic.

"He had better have this bundle to browse on," added Janvier, indicating the pile of manuscript.

"Yes, sir."

I was staring aghast at all three of them.

"By what right—" I began. But Hugh Janvier laughed at me.

"Off with him, George!" he cried, turning to the man-servant, and though I struggled prodigiously, that muscular fellow, using some cunning grip, hoisted me to his shoulders as if I were a child. He walked up-stairs with me, up flight after flight, and flung me at last into a little room on the top floor. There was electric light in it, a bed, and the usual furniture. He put a match to the fire, turned the key in the door, and went down-stairs again. A few minutes later he came back and thrust upon me the type-written copy of monsignor's "Life of Perkin Warbeck," which the publishers had refused with good reason. I was left alone with that ill-omened work.

I went to the window. The fog had cleared a little, and far below me I could see the lights of the green park, and, beyond these, like mystic flowers, the golden globes that burn in clusters outside Buckingham Palace. Thus, from my prison, I could see the stronghold of my king without being able to call on him for aid or succor.

III

It must have been at some small hour in the morning that I was aroused and gagged and pinioned. The sturdy man-servant saw to this, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy it. Hugh Janvier, in evening dress and a fur coat, stood over us and issued his directions.

"We are motoring into the country," said he. "London in the winter months is more than I can stand." And into the country we went.

I was carried down-stairs, bundled into the waiting car, and off we started. The man-servant sat on the box beside the driver; within the limousine were Janvier and I. St. James's Place was fast asleep and took no notice.

Once outside London—and it was swift and easy going at this hour—my companion untied me, and I was free to speak and move.

"I have a particular affection for monsignor," he said, offering me one of his large cigars, "and there are so few things he will accept from me. Now, you be a sensible young fellow and get busy. You can go back to where you came from as soon as monsignor gives the word. I often wonder what the dear old boy can see in me. I don't know why he should like me, but he does." These concluding sentences were spoken more to himself than to a listener.

"Extremes meet," I ventured, "and you two are so utterly different."

"That 's it, I reckon," he answered pensively. "Say, you 're no fool, though you behave like one."

"Your own behavior, judged by ordinary civilized standards—" I began; but he had interrupted me, and I was unable to finish.

"By the way," he had said, "I 've got

your box and paid the woman at your lodgings; you 'll be our guest for several months."

For a reply I snorted, and that wretched car rushed forward in the dark.

He dried up after this, and gave no heed to my indignant questions. "You keep still," was all he said; and soon I lay back in a doze from which I woke every now and then to look out of the window. The fog had disappeared; it was a fine, clear winter's night, with a moon and drifting clouds. A wind had sprung up, and the air was fresh and good to breathe.

Our true direction I could not say, for I had lost all count of the four quarters and even of time. A recent crisis had dispossessed me of my watch, and I only knew that twice we had crossed the Thames, and might be going south or west.

At length—and the dawn had not yet broken—we entered the gates of a private park, ran down a dim avenue of naked trees, and then kept to a winding road that went through woodland and came out on a stretch which took us to the front of a great house.

"Here we are!" cried Janvier, springing to his feet.

"Where are we?" I answered, very limp and drowsy.

"That 's none of your business. You 've got to set about that book. George will look after you till the morning. I may see you at lunch or I may not."

He left me, and somehow I found myself within that darkened mansion, following on the heels of George, who led me to my room. It was no use quarreling with my manifest destiny, I thought. I would stay here till the morning, and then I would take stock of the situation and see what could be done.

Through that sleeping palace we went, George in front and I a little way behind, until we reached a large and spacious bedroom looking out upon the park. It was all ready for me, with a fire still burning, fresh pajamas invitingly displayed, and enough electric light to satisfy a lady at her mirror.

George stood in the doorway, and his lips curved cynically as he surveyed me.

"I lay you are n't used to this," was what that look implied, though, as ever, he said nothing in so many words; yet the fellow's face was an open book, and I could read.

There was no key to my bedroom door, nor any bolt. I was too tired to care now, too tired to think of anything but sleep. When I had undressed and was all ready for bed, George paid me a good-night visit. Calmly, deliberately, he went through my clothes, and took away the eighteenpence that I had thrown upon the dressing-table.

"Mr. Janvier's orders," he said laconically.

"Damn Mr. Janvier!" said I, and jumped into bed.

He went out silently, first putting a key into the keyhole, and extinguishing all the lights save one, which I could reach from where I lay.

IV

I SLEPT, and slept till noon. Then I awoke and was very happy. I looked out of the window and loved the landscape; I flung the casement wide and breathed the fresh, clean air. I was young and hearty despite my predicament. A worse fate might befall a man than to be an unconsulted guest in a great house away from town.

"Suppose I ring the bell," I thought; and the action went with the idea.

George found me singing.

"Good morning, George!" I cried as he came in.

"Tea or coffee, sir?" he answered, and I plumped for tea.

There was a bath-room adjoining, and he turned the taps and spread the towels.

"It is n't the first time I 've had a bath," I shouted, answering his ironic grin.

"Luncheon is at one-thirty, sir," was his reply. "Miss Bettina is expecting you."

I could get no more from him than that, if I except my old tin trunk, which miraculously had arrived from Blooms-

bury. It was not a very heavy trunk, and, as I dressed, I began to wish it had been. Still, my razor was in it, with my brushes and a comb.

I was for putting on my blue serge, the suit I wore on state occasions. It had grown sleek and shiny, and of my three shirts the best was a much-frayed affair. But I had reckoned without George. He put his foot down heavily, or, rather, he carried off my things. "Mr. Janvier's orders," was all he said, and at once replaced what he had confiscated with something more suitable and quite as well-fitting.

"All right," said I—"all right." By now I had ceased to care or wonder. Below, where I next ventured, I found a hall, a library, a ball-room, and a winter-garden, and there was every conceivable kind of servant. They let me roam and gape at them until luncheon.

To-day I can hardly recover the full effect of that first impression. I refer, of course, to my initial meeting with Bettina Janvier. I had never spoken to a beautiful and high-born girl before, nor been in the same room with one, and as for sitting alone at the same table—I leave the situation to the imaginative reader. He or she may do it justice; I cannot.

She was awaiting me in a room on the ground floor; a table there was arranged for two, and I was to be the other.

"Mr. Loughborough?" she said, giving me her hand.

I stammered something, and I made her smile. Her smile was not at all like that of the disdainful man-servant. I felt no worse for it; the better, rather. That meal was one of my dreams come down to earth.

I do not know what she said, I do not know what I said. There was a something inside of me which purred; that is the sole word for it. Or, perhaps, I was like a kettle on the hob, making some blissful noise which could hardly be classed as conversation. And yet I know that every word I spoke came from the central heart of me, where all one's hot *thoughts* sleep and mutter until some such hour as this. I forgot my awkwardness, I forgot that strange environment. She drew me out, and I made music, and we two, like the morning stars, were singing together half-way through that meal.

I remember one passage only.

"You are going to write monsignor's book for him," she said. "It is so kind of you to do it for him. My brother has told me all about it."

"And me as well," said I; "but I did n't reckon on this." The last was a foolish remark, but probably the rest was just as bad.

I learned that Hugh Janvier was out shooting with some neighbors, and that he was an ardent sportsman. It was the reason why they lived so much in England. He hunted, he kept a racing-stable, he fished, he shot, he stalked in Scotland. But what did I care about Hugh! There was this wonderful creature sitting opposite me. I am sure I lunched off her more than off what I made pretense to eat that day.

"And, Mr. Loughborough," she ended, "Hugh says you are my prisoner. I seem to be in charge of you. He has an idea that you may not want to write monsignor's book, and that you may try to run away from us. I am responsible for you—at least, that 's what Hugh says. Will you promise me one thing," she ran on: "you will tell me first before you try to escape? It 'll be easier for us that way, won't it? Give me your hand on it."

Hers was held out, and what could I answer?

"Escape!" I cried. "You will have to drive me away with guns and beaters."

"And what about monsignor's book?" she asked, clear-headed.

"Ah, monsignor—I owe him anything he demands."

"You 'll do your best for him?"

"I will do my best."

And then she was gone, and there was no one in the room with me but George. I would see her again, perhaps that very evening. I lighted one of the large cigars, and made my way into the park.

At the north lodge there was a gate,

which opened on the outer world. Absently, I made for it. A man barred my progress.

"Mr. Loughborough?" he asked.

I nodded.

"I 'm afraid you can't go on, sir," he said. "Mr. Janvier's orders."

He was civil, yet firmly and squarely he turned me back.

"I was n't going on," was my lame reply, and I wheeled, and continued my walk within the limits of the park.

V

DURING the next weeks I began to understand things. First of all there was Hugh Janvier. He was American and immensely wealthy, and he lived over here because he enjoyed the easy gentleman's life which England offered, and, more still, because America had of late years become too hot to hold him. He had done something in connection with a railroad, and something else in connection with a bank, and then there was a trust which he had controlled, and an insurance company into the pockets of which he had dipped, and come out smiling. But America was not smiling any longer; the days of such adventurers were past. They had developed a tenderer conscience over there, and this had made matters rather trying for the Hugh Janviers. And, further, I discovered that he was of an old Southern family, so poor, so proud, that, as a boy, he had determined to go a different way. Poverty disagreed with him, and as for pride—he had hastened to escape the pair of them.

I hardly know how I divined these matters. Possibly by intuition; yet Hugh Janvier was never reticent, and he called a spade a spade. There were, however, other and nobler sides to this outrageous brigand, this modern bucaneer; for such, indeed, he was, rather than a peaceful gentleman or man of business.

His attachment to so feeble a creature as monsignor was a leading instance, and I could multiply examples of this nature. Where Janvier liked, he liked whole-heartedly; and where he hated, he hated. A second and more natural affection was the man's devotion to his sister. A good many years lay between them, and Janvier's pride in her was almost fatherly. She had held on to her fine breeding, and viewed his haste and fierce impulsiveness with a whimsical humor which I soon learned to share. They were the most loyal of friends, however, and at Sanborne Park, where we were wintering, or at Wexford House in town, his will was law with her. She did not question it: it was just Hugh's way.

At first I had no over-great intercourse with either of them. I was there for a certain purpose; I must not disgrace the house. When I had done what Janvier required of me, I would be free to go, and, if I wished, claim any reasonable sum as a reward. They saw to it that I was suitably dressed, and I had no hesitation in accepting so much from them, especially as I was curious about the society they kept, and, without an evening suit, I do not suppose I would have ventured to their table.

It was my first experience of the life I had spied upon in treading the London streets. We were in a different theater, but the parts were filled by the same actors, and I at last was allowed to come inside. Hugh Janvier had them all at his command, these fine ladies who followed his hounds so bravely, who ate his dinners, and won his money at the card-table; these ruddy men who shot over his coverts, backed his steeple-chasers, and made light of ancient names and titles. I was permitted to mix with them all and listen.

I remember the day when Bettina Janvier told me that she had stayed up till a small hour over my book, and reveled in the camps and battle-fields of Charles XII of Sweden. She had not been able to put it down, she said, eying me with a new interest, as though she had suddenly realized that there was a something in me beyond the ordinary.

"Would you like to hear a little of the book I am writing now?" I answered her.

"So you have begun? Oh, won't monsignor be pleased!" was her reply.

Most certainly I had begun, and that very afternoon I read her my opening chapters. And every day after this there was an instalment waiting her pleasure if she would listen. She rarely failed me. Once free of the tea-table, she came down to the library, where I worked, and asked me to go on.

Hugh Janvier smiled broadly when he heard the news.

"I said he 'd get busy. People always do what I tell them to do," he cried; and he telegraphed an exclamatory despatch to monsignor. That watery biographer had ceased to trouble me. He was now somewhere in Italy, making a long stay with his cousin, the Earl of Chart.

VI

THE public is familiar with my story of Perkin Warbeck; the public welcomed it, raved about it, and one can hardly discuss it as a book, for during the best part of a year it was more an epidemic.

It is a dishonest book from beginning to end; yet viewed solely as romance, as what might have been, but never was, I take it to be the sincerest thing that I have done. It springs right out of the heart of youth. It is a bath of youth, if I may quote old fogies whose praises fell about me like a shower. How could it have been otherwise, given the conditions? Yet the story of its writing is a better story still, and certainly more honest.

During those winter mornings I had gone down-stairs to the library with monsignor's ill-fated manuscript, which I was learning to know by heart. It had pursued me here; I seemed never to be rid of it. And then on one morning I began to write something, and on the next morning to add to it, and the same the day after. There was little else to do. I had forgotten all about monsignor and most about Perkin Warbeck, for I was writing about myself rather than of that hero.

I was writing of myself, poor, lonely, and obscure, adventuring here among the powerful, much as he had adventured at the French, the Burgundian, and Scottish courts. There was a remote resemblance. It extended to Hugh Janvier, who became each king in turn; it embraced even George the man-servant. My Perkin became a hero. I let chance play with him at first, just as it had played with me; but once that mile-stone passed, he grew into a man. The adventure had produced the arch-adventurer. Henceforth he was to run his own race and win or lose as destiny decreed. I led his enterprises, his hazardous descents and landings on a foreign coast; I claimed the English crown for him with a brazen hardihood. I was the true, unmurdered prince who had escaped cold Crookback's treachery in the Tower, and at my word the crafty Henry trembled. There was fighting, combat on combat, I ever in the van and princely in swordsmanship. I was beaten, wounded, and cast down, never outgeneraled, always outnumbered. I fell to rise again. My hairbreadth 'scapes made Bettina Janvier's heart stand in her mouth. Can you not hear her exclaiming, her words of wonder and encouragement?

And about the house I had become heroic, too, all aware of my power; so that now I looked with a royal gaze upon beings as lowly as George, the trusted man-servant, nor did I quail before the dark and eagle glance of Hugh Janvier. True, I wore his clothes, slept in his bed, and ate his dinners. It was the man's privilege so to entertain me, I discovered, the one outstanding act of his life that would surely survive.

And Bettina Janvier, who was following where I led—what of Bettina Janvier? I wrote that book to her, and she had become its heroine. The *Lady Katherine Gordon, Perkin's* wife, instead of espousing four successive husbands, looked only to me; and, moreover, it was I who encouraged her cousin the *King of Scotland,* I who planned the invasion from the north, and, when he failed me,—of course, in reality, it was *Perkin* who failed *him,* —set out alone for Ireland, and thence for Cornwall, where I put all to the test. I say "alone," yet Bettina came with me. We called her *Katherine* in the book, but, inside of us, we knew better. She would

"I see Bettina weeping as we reached the end"

not stay behind; my fortunes were her fortunes.

I was taken. The crafty *Henry*, summoning all his might, the full resources of a kingdom, had cornered me at last. I was taken, red with battle, and yielding only when the rest had died or melted away in ignominious flight. I had never deserted my wretched followers; it was they who had forsaken me. Nor did I cry for mercy and make abject confession, as monsignor had stated, copying the passage verbatim from Hall's chronicle. A captive, I dared *Henry* to do his worst, and, when I mounted the scaffold, Bettina wept. She was not alone in this, apart from the weeping thousands in the book. Many people since have told me how they were shaken.

Yet Bettina was the first to weep over that ending. I had been granted permission to say good-by to her before I left my dungeon. That, too, was another memorable scene. "The rest of my life will be devoted to your memory," cried sobbing *Katherine*, and instead of four husbands, she vowed herself to espouse religion until the hour when we, so faithful on earth, should find reunion. My humble birth,—for I was still the Flemish boatman's son,—my hazardous imposture, were all long since wiped out by a true grandeur. I may have sinned, but the great sins, once acknowledged, are counted for righteousness in such as I. There had at least been no concealment from the woman I loved.

I see Bettina weeping as we reached the end. It was a day in spring; for once begun, I had worked passionately, and these few months were all we had required. It was a day of blossoming orchards and the promise of new life. A different landscape spread outside the window, a prospect soft with all the season's bloom. And Bettina was still weeping, and I, for sheer happiness, had tears to match.

We were alone in the great library, now lighted by the gold of westering suns. She sat there in such radiance—I close my eyes and see her in that light. I open them, and kiss her tears away. We seemed like two who had gone a long and splendid journey, and learned to love each other on the road. There was no need to speak of it; our youth did all that was required. Slim hands that lay in mine, white throat which held the flower that was her face, brown hair softening to gold—you are here with me as in that late afternoon.

The next day I was gone. It would have been cruel to linger. Janvier had the book he wanted of me, and it could not have been in better hands. In England and in America he worked for it as though it had been some pet scheme of his own. He was audacious, he was magnificent. Somehow I managed to live till it came out with monsignor's name added to mine upon the title-page. He did not quarrel with my history; I fancy he regards it as his own. He took his thousand pounds, however, and his share, and more than his share, of glory. Still, there were other thousands, and now I needed no Hugh Janvier to bolster me and fit me out.

My next meeting with Bettina was in the vast saloons of Wexford House. There had been nothing but letters in between—the stupidest, dearest letters! She was expecting me, and I felt pleased that in these crowded rooms I held my own. It was a vanity, a selfish thought; but "Love yourself because I love you," she had once written to me. I had obeyed her. Our secret swam in her dear eyes; she was proud of her tame lion. Monsignor himself conducted our marriage ceremony. He managed that better than he managed biography.

Alibi

By HOLWORTHY HALL

Author of "Henry of Navarre, Ohio," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

LET it be understood that every stranger at Warwick is presumed innocent until he steps out on the turf. It is only when he accepts a starting-card from the caddy-master that he becomes an object of suspicion and interest. No fairway was ever seriously injured by club-house conversation, so that an alien's claim of eighty-five rests undisputed up to the point of trial; but statistics show that the man who in the grill-room prophesies eighty-five or better for his first round at Warwick generally scores one hundred and ten or worse; and this average includes both the golfer who can excavate more rapidly with a spoon than a longshoreman with a shovel and the experienced man who ordinarily could proceed from one strategic position to another, chosen carefully in advance. They may know golf, but they don't know Warwick; and as they lag wearily to the players' entrance, they are mentally competent to appreciate the fugitive verse painted in small letters above the door. The underlying thought is one which a circuit judge is said to have conceived with respect to Miss Muller. It is n't humorous.

Seen from the elevation of the veranda, the course is beautiful rather than suggestive of good golf; it presents the cultivated appearance of a millionaire's lawn, landscaped by the king of expert gardeners. Trees by Corot and brooks by Inness lie in a background of charming composition; vast reaches of lawn in the middle distance temper the glare of sunlight; far to the east a Maxfield Parrish harbor sleeps peacefully beneath a blanket of clouds by Elmer Garnsey. The sheer sweep of turf is nowhere marred by unsightly sand-pits; the ungainly cop-bunker is visible not at all. Save for an occasional oasis for a putting-green, an occasional direction-flag whipping in the breeze, the course might be a deer-park or a national reservation. Obviously, to the stranger on the veranda, it is too well manicured to offer sport. It is too refined. It lacks the complications without which no true golfer can be content. It should be maintained exclusively for poets and artists; surely it is n't a test course for a red-blooded human being equipped with a dreadnought driver and a heavy mashy which scars the ground at every shot. Why, for a man to take turf at Warwick would be equivalent to mayhem!

But the professional who supervised the engineering was by birth a seer and a bushwhacker by education. To judge from the craftiness displayed in his handiwork, he could probably have ambushed an Apache in broad daylight in the middle of a field as level and unobstructed as a billiard-table. Not merely against par does one compete at Warwick; not against the decrepit and outlawed colonel; not even against an opponent in the flesh: the game is played against the fiendish imagination and ingenuity of Donald Ross. Witness the unexpected, hanging side-hill lies; witness the undulating greens of almost impossible keenness; witness the paucity of hazards, the infrequency of rough, the astonishing presence of both whenever a shot wanders fitfully from the line of geometrical progress. The dainty brook by Inness, the trees by Corot, so stand that to avoid them the study of triangulation is utterly essential. That soft strip of grass, which seemed the most inconsequential species of rough, proves to be the falsest of beards concealing the identity of swale and swamp. An impenetrable morass masquerades, from the club-house, as a Japanese garden. Neither bunker nor trap impedes the player in his journey from tee to green; everywhere his gaze falls upon the natural coloring of a lawn, but in some places the blades rise three inches higher than they do in other places. So the amateur record is still seventy-five.

On a certain particularly attractive morning in July, Mr. Robert Corbett, President, and Mr. Samuel Bowker, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, met in the New York office of a real-estate corporation. Five minutes later they were staring first at each other, then at the diffident gentleman who temporarily controlled their golfing destinies. This was a gentleman of tremendous ideas; one could easily discern the fact from the frown which he wore as a business adjunct, and from the ineffable forward thrust of his shoulders, which brought his chest into deserved prominence.

"Unfortunately—for you," said Mr. Farwell, again breaking the silence, "our purpose in conducting this company is to sell real property. The Warwick Estates is n't an eleemosynary institution in any sense of the word. Already we 've renewed the lease of the golf club two years beyond the limit we originally set; we can't renew it further. Of course, if you care to *buy*—"

"What I can't understand," mused Corbett, "is what prevented you from giving us a little notice."

Mr. Farwell spread his hands, intentionally expressive.

"It may have been an oversight, but you should have realized the conditions. As I said before, our business is n't to publish notices; it 's to sell real property—"

"What 's the price?" demanded Bowker, compressing his jaws.

"The price is five hundred thousand dollars."

"What!"

"The exact amount," said Mr. Farwell, complacently, "that we should expect to receive, gross, after developing the property and selling it at acreage figures."

"And you won't take into consideration the desirability of having the club in Warwick? You 've still got three or four hundred acres. Won't the club help you sell them? Is n't it worth *something* to your company to keep the club alive?"

"Not a nickel," denied Mr. Farwell. "Land is land. The only price I can make is the one I quoted, and the very best I can do is to give you an option until the first of September."

"Mortgage?" asked Corbett.

"Two hundred thousand, the balance in cash."

"But, look here, you must know the status of the club tract. In the market it is n't worth more than sixty per cent. of what you ask for it. We could n't get a second mortgage of any size; you 're virtually demanding three hundred and fifty thousand *cash!*"

"Precisely," agreed Mr. Farwell, without enthusiasm.

Bowker reflected upon the terms.

"Out of the question," he stated flatly. "The club is n't a bank, Mr. Farwell. We 've very few wealthy members. We want men who play golf; it 's been something of a strain to pay the overhead as it is. Even so, I think we might come to some agreement on the basis of an increased rental—"

"No," said Mr. Farwell, yawning slightly; "we 're selling the property. It 's immaterial whether you or some one else takes it off our hands; but we 're selling. If you want a little leeway, if you want to put it up to your members, we 'll arrange for a formal option. Unless you decide to buy, we shall have to make arrangements to begin developing in the near future. Just one thing more: please don't come to us with counter-propositions, because we can't entertain them. We 'll take a first mortgage at two hundred thousand, and four hundred thousand cash. If you like, we 'll undertake to secure a second mortgage for you on commission, but we can't carry it ourselves. That, I think, covers it."

Corbett drew a long, long breath.

"It seems so. I suppose you want real money for your option, too?"

Mr. Farwell was pained.

"My dear Mr. Corbett, you misunderstand me completely. This is nothing but a straightforward business plan to sell land which we own; you 're taking it as a personal matter. On the contrary, you can have your option at the minimum legal consideration—one dollar, technical, nominal."

"Have it drawn," said Bowker.

"Now? Why sha'n't I mail it to you?"

"We 'd better take it with us," said Bowker. "We 'd better show it to the governing board. If we told 'em your price, and had nothing in the way of proof, they 'd think we were joking."

"Just as you like," conceded Mr. Farwell, smiling faintly. "If you 'll wait perhaps ten minutes—" He summoned a stenographer; Corbett looked at Bowker, Bowker glared at Corbett.

"I *was* going out to play," said the president under his breath. "Wonder if we ought to go down town and see the banks?"

"Wait until it rains," advised Bowker. "Too good a day to see bankers. Are you made up for the afternoon?"

"Not yet."

"We need a man. Want to come in?"

"Gladly. What are you doing?"

"Oh, around eighty-five."

"Really?"

"Fairly regularly."

"I have n't had a club in my hand for two weeks, but I 'll do about ninety."

"Bet you the caddy hire you don't."

"No-o," declined the president, cautiously; "I have n't touched a club for so long. But I 'll tell you what I *will* do: I 'll bet the caddy hire you are n't under a hundred."

"No," said Bowker. "You see, I just bought a new mid-iron; I 'm likely to be

"'The price is five hundred thousand dollars'"

a bit off this afternoon. Oh, are you ready for us?"

"Sign here, please," said Mr. Farwell, cheerfully.

By the first of August the Warwick Club was gloomily contemplating the prospect of dissolution. Committees and subcommittees were appointed and disbanded with the celerity which obtains in Balkan politics; money was subscribed, pledges were taken, promises were made, and the total amount involved was n't a quarter of the amount required. Bowker had toured the banks, and returned in discomfiture.

"They all admit," he said savagely, "that in a few years the land *will* be worth that much, but they can't see it *now*. I 'm through, fellows. I 've done everything I can. It 's no use. The best thing for us to do is to get our names up for some other club as soon as we can."

"I 'm afraid so," granted Horton, the club champion. "There really was n't much use trying; you can't raise four hundred thousand among four hundred members in a club of *this* kind."

"When you 're all through talking," said Corbett, "I 'll tell you something I 've been holding back. I know one man —a person—who *might* finance the whole thing for us; he has the money."

"Don't wake me up," said Bowker, softly.

"Perfectly true," insisted Corbett. "And the reason I 'm waiting is because I don't know what to do."

"It ought to be easy," said Horton. "Simply go in and ask him for a loan of four hundred thousand for a few years. What 's simpler than that?"

"Sarcasm aside," reprimanded the president, "nothing *could* be simpler than that."

"You mean you know a possible way out of this mess, and you have n't even begun to negotiate?"

"That 's exactly what I mean. The man happens to be a sort of relative of my wife. Nine or ten million, I suppose—retired a few years ago. He was in steel. Incidentally, he 's buying nothing but real-estate just now."

Bowker sat up.

"Well, what *have* you been doing?"

"Thinking," said Corbett. "I don't doubt for a minute that if I could get my man out here, let him look over the land, investigate values, and all that, he 'd help us out—at a profit to himself. Of course I can't say what he *would* do, but I think he 'd be willing to give us cash and take a bond and mortgage. Perhaps he 'd even buy the property outright and keep on leasing it to us. It 's only a chance—"

"Then *why* have n't you done something about it?"

Corbett grinned in deprecation.

"He plays golf."

"Well, is n't that all the *better?*"

"Hardly. Let me explain. Cuyler—that 's the man's name—Cuyler 's sixty-seven years old. He took up the game ten years ago. Up to that time he could n't even talk about it intelligently; to-day his improvement is inconceivable."

"Plays well, does he?"

"No," said Corbett; *"talks.* Honestly, he could give Jerry Travers two adjectives a hole, and beat him without half trying. You listen to him before he goes out or after he comes back, and you 'll think he broke the course record. But in the meantime—"

"Yes?"

"I 've played this game for a good many years," said Corbett, "and I 've seen some wonderful exhibitions. I 've seen men lose their tempers, and I 've seen them break their clubs. I 've heard some alibis that would have given Ananias material for another couple of centuries. But when John Cuyler gets up to the tee—well, it 's a new chapter."

"Still, I don't see your argument."

"If I brought him out here," explained Corbett, patiently, "he 'd have to be entertained. He 's been a big man, an important man; he 's always had attention, and he loves it. There 'd have to be a luncheon before the game—incidentally, he never plays in the morning. If he were n't entertained, he 'd never forget it; so that it would n't do to prejudice him unfavorably before the start. All right. During luncheon he 'd begin to talk. He 'd talk *some of the* best golf you ever heard in your life; and he 's so constituted that he sees the events of last month through a golden haze. If he made a certain hole in seven, he 'll estimate that if he 'd putted another inch to the right, he 'd have been down in six. Morally he 's sure it *was* six. Fine! Then a little later he 'll remember that his drive was a few yards in the rough, and it cost him a stroke to get out. If his drive had been straight, he 'd have saved the stroke. Good! He knows he could have made a five instead of a six if he 'd tried a little harder. Morally at least a five. Then if his approach had been thirty yards farther—you ought to get the idea by this time. I 've played Montclair with him when he made a hundred and twenty-one; two weeks afterward it was ninety-nine; about *this* time he 'll say he did Montclair in eighty-three, and he 'll describe every stroke in detail!"

"He 's on the road to be a regular player," said Bowker.

"To continue. He recites these things and then goes out, and for three or four holes he 'll put in a string of alibis that 'll stagger you. Then when he sees that it won't do—sky-high! What he 'll say or what he 'll do is beyond me to imagine. I 'll tell you this much: he invests in a good many schemes, he plays a good deal of golf, but there is n't a case on record when he was *sold* on the links. It can't be done. Furthermore, he 's never yet done business with a man he played with beforehand. He 's too much chagrined and mortified and full of conscience. And certainly he would n't consider buying this golf property without playing here. If he does, and if he plays his best game, he won't better a hundred and twenty, because this is the stiffest course in the district. During the round he 'll say some things that 'll stop business right there. I *know.* Why, we were playing Montclair with a man who thought he was persuading Cuyler to come in with him on a scheme which would, and eventually *did,* net three hundred per cent. Before we got off, Cuyler talked in the low eighties. He was twenty-nine for four holes. On the fifth he accused the other man of sneezing so as to spoil a

putt, and it was all over. Now, that 's the only chance *I* have. Remember, we 're not asking for a loan of personalty; we want cash. If you want to risk your peace of mind, I 'll risk mine, and we 'll have him out here—"

"If he happened to have some luck," said Horton, slowly, "it would n't hurt us, would it?"

"We might use the ladies' tees," added Bowker. "That would cut ten strokes off his score."

"What 's the best he 's ever done?"

"Why, a hundred and four or five."

"That 's at *least* a hundred and twenty on *this* course," said Horton.

"A hundred and ten from the short tees, though," persisted Bowker.

Corbett, who had been drumming on the table with his fountain-pen, suddenly ceased.

"Wait a second."

"A mortal thought, is it?"

"Possibly. I wonder—"

"Don't disturb him!" said Horton.

Corbett brought his hand in startling contact with the champion's knee.

"*I 've* got it!"

"I realize that; you did n't need to flatten it out entirely."

"No, listen! All we need is a thousand dollars and three weeks' time—"

"I 'll contribute the time," said Bowker.

The president beamed beatifically upon them.

"Both of you be here at nine o'clock Monday morning without fail. By the way, how much confidence do you think the club has in me?"

"All there is. Why?"

"Because on Sunday night," stated Corbett, "the club-house and the links close up tight for three weeks by virtue of the authority vested in me—for the good of the people and all that sort of thing. The club-house and course will close for three solid weeks, and I don't intend to give anybody any reasons."

FROM the moment that they sat down to lunch with Mr. Cuyler both Horton and Bowker recognized the truth of the president's description of him. He was a short, stout man, forceful and incisive; his manner invited, and yet defied, contradiction.

"A pretty course—a pretty course from up here," he began. "Looks too easy, though; not enough trouble. Par seventy-two? That 's fair enough. Suppose you young fellows crack eighty right along. I 'm not in *your* class; *I* 'm satisfied with eighty-five or so. Bob, did you hear I 've got to quit?"

"Not *golf?*" inquired Corbett.

"Yes, sir; doctors say so. Say it 's hurting me. *I* can't see it, but I look at it this way: what do they *gain* by making me quit? Answer, nothing at all. Can't be mercenary. Next reason, I 'm not fool enough to pay a doctor—best doctor in the world—thirteen or fourteen hundred a year for advice, and then not take it. So pretty soon I 'll have to stop."

Bowker kicked Horton under the table.

"Er—you 'll be glad to have played Warwick," said Horton, desperately.

"I dare say, sir. Heard a lot about it; very hard, they say. Long carries."

"Corbett tells us you 're a long driver, though," remarked Bowker.

"Very long at times, very long indeed. Out at Montclair I was driving well—remember it, Bob?"

"You surely were," said Corbett.

"What was it I made? Eighty-nine, I think. It was a bad day, extremely bad. It 's an easy course; ought to have been eighty-one or two. I 'm likely to play very well or very badly, gentlemen. Don't be alarmed whatever happens. If I 'm on my game, I may give you a rub."

"A great many good players do poorly the first time around Warwick," said Corbett, gravely. "There 's no doubt that it 's the hardest course in the East, anyway."

"Let 's be at it!" said Cuyler, impatiently.

As the quartet emerged from the club-house, the capitalist paused.

"How much of this is yours?" he queried.

"Over two hundred acres. The land

across the road is held at three thousand an acre, but of course that 's developed."

"Looks like a good buy. We 'll talk business later, Bob. It 's better than I expected. Would n't mind having it in my own family. Well, where do we begin?"

"The first hole," said Horton, "is just over the brow of the first hill. You have a card, have n't you?"

"Thanks. Three hundred and ninety yards. How far does that rough go?"

"A hundred and eighty. It is n't the sort of rough you 're probably used to; it 's simply good grass about four inches high," cautioned Horton.

"Shoot!" said Mr. Cuyler.

The champion drove prettily; Corbett and Bowker followed; the capitalist stood on the tee and waved his driver threateningly.

"I have n't had a club in my hands for nineteen days," he said, "and my hands are cold. Never mind; I 'll scratch along somehow." He drove clear across the taller grass, and was delighted to find his ball within twenty yards of Horton's.

"Beautiful drive, Mr. Cuyler," said Bowker in his ear. "Horton 's champion of the club,—handicapped four in the national,—and he hit his ball perfectly, too."

"Oh, I get 'em off now and then. Brassy, boy!" He topped it badly, but the ball rolled to the summit of the little hill, and dipped toward the hollow.

"On!" called Horton. "Good shot!"

They all made fours; as they proceeded to the second tee, Mr. Cuyler was moved to eloquence.

"Any man who takes more than four on that hole," he said, "ought to be put off the course. Three hundred and ninety yards is a short hole. I could have made it with a drive and a mashy. Can't expect to use the right clubs when I don't know where the flag is." He imbedded his ball in an immense cone of sand. "Don't suppose any of you brought a pair of gloves? Well, never mind; only it ends *me*. Can't hold on to a club without 'em; it turns right over in my hand." He lunged powerfully, and surveyed the result for several seconds. "Well, that 's a shot any lady 'd be proud of."

"Lady!" said Bowker. "You 're halfway to the green!"

"No!"

"Look at it! It did n't carry far, but it must have rolled a hundred and fifty yards."

"I don't know what it is," said Mr. Cuyler, speaking gently, in order that Corbett would not overhear him, "but usually I get an enormous roll on the ball. Have n't the least idea what does it. Something I do to it, I suppose."

"You keep on hitting 'em the same way," said Horton, sagely, "and you 'll make a good score."

"It 's a fearful handicap; I don't know the distances," said Mr. Cuyler. "Play to left or right of the green?"

"Left, by all means, and well to the left."

Mr. Cuyler sliced thirty degrees to the right.

"I knew it," he said bitterly. "The caddy stood just where I could see him out of the tail of my eye. Boy, are you on exhibition? Did you mark that ball? Know where it is?" He went forward, elucidating the caddy's pedigree to him as he went. The others played up to the green; Mr. Cuyler found himself hole high, in grass to his shoe-tops. "If I only had a mashy-niblick," he accused the caddy. "This thing is n't balanced right. Still—" He chipped out to the green, and took two putts; and overcome by the realization that his score was good, he regarded the ball for several seconds and stole furtive glances at his partners. Once he made as though to speak to Corbett, but chose the part of discretion, and endeavored to look diffident.

"Did you see him play his third?" said Horton to Bowker, very loudly. "He talks about playing in the eighties. I don't believe he ever made an eighty in his life; he makes seventies." The capitalist, who had started angrily, became calmer at the conclusion of the last sentence.

"I should have been on in two," he asserted, still holding Corbett with his eye.

"He went forward, elucidating the caddy's pedigree to him as he went"

olutely threw away a stroke. My
lar game, though—throw away one
e every hole. Well, I got a five;
ld have been a four. I was saying, if
d a mashy-niblick I 'd have *had* a four. Well, I 'm one over four for two holes. Where 's the next one?"

They showed it to him. On the right, parallel with the line, ran a row of trees cunningly planted in echelon; on the left,

a boundary wall of jagged stones. Curling delicately around the green, a brook offered lodging to any transient ball which left the straightest route or overran. Between this and the tee lay luxuriant grass that was evidently meant to be retentive.

"Not having had a club in my hands for nineteen days," said Mr. Cuyler, "I *may* not make it. I see you 've got to land on the green, and stick. I may not do it; probably I won't." He did n't; but the ball bobbed and bobbed until at last it trickled within a dozen feet of the hole and came to rest. He looked at the divot he had slashed; he examined critically the head of his driver. "Little muscular strain in my shoulder," he confessed. "Had a touch of neuritis last night. It 's a wonder I can get 'em off the ground."

"If there had n't been power behind it," said Bowker, "you would n't have. That 's what got you through." He pitched squarely on the flag; the ball bounded into the brook.

"You hesitate at the top of your swing," said Mr. Cuyler. "You 'll pardon me for saying so, but it 's very noticeable." He marched dignifiedly down to his ball, and took three skittish putts. "One over four for *three* holes," he stated, fighting down his pride. "If your course has correct architecture, the next hole ought to be a long one."

"Five hundred and thirty yards," said Corbett. "You want to clear the brook on your drive, that 's all."

"He 'd better play safe," objected Bowker.

Mr. Cuyler addressed his ball gingerly. His hands trembled, and his shoulders sagged limply. His mouth was firmly set; his eyes showed indomitable resolution, mixed with unholy fear.

"If you gentlemen will stop talking," he mumbled. "It throws me off; it *always* throws me off." In his anxiety he touched the ball, so that it toppled from its nest of sand. "There!" he snapped. "That 's what I get for it! Took my mind off it! Enough to rattle *any*body. It makes you stiffen up—and—" Here he drove with admirable precision into the second brook. There was a silver splash in the sunshine, a dot of white on the fairway ahead.

"*Out,* by George!" breathed Bowker.

"You hit that hard," said Horton.

"Right on your drive to-day," said Corbett.

The capitalist faced them frowningly.

"I don't know what it is," he admitted; "it 's beyond me. No matter how I hit 'em, they *go!* I must put something on the ball." He clipped the heads from a pair of misplaced daisies. "It was the follow through that saved me," he reported. "The shot was rotten—all but the follow through. That saved it. That always comes when I need it. And it 's funny, because I don't feel like playing golf to-day. I don't believe I slept three hours last night." He followed the flight of Horton's ball, a perfectly straight, clean drive which escaped the water hazard by the barest of margins. "How far do you estimate that shot?" he demanded.

"He averaged two hundred and thirty off the tee in the championship," said Corbett.

"My reason for asking," said Mr. Cuyler, smiling a trifle cynically as Bowker pulled into trouble, "is that I wondered how far mine went. I think I could do better if my shoulders were n't so stiff with neuritis." He topped savagely, and analyzed the effort with a wealth of imagery. His third attempt was successful enough to justify a putter on the fourth. "Down in five," he announced, beaming rapturously and breathing hard.

"Four," said Horton.

"Four," said Corbett.

"Six," said Bowker.

"I am almost sorry," proclaimed the capitalist, drying the moisture from his clammy hands, "that I 'm starting so well. Of course it 's nothing extraordinary, but I seem to be one over par for four holes. It 's too good; it distresses me. Ought not to keep medal scores at all—that 's *my* theory. Now I 'll probably press; natural for anybody. I wish I had n't lost a stroke on the second; I 'd be even with par."

"Steady as a church," said Corbett.

"Only one mistake in four holes," said Bowker.

"I thought I was a long driver," said Horton, aggrievedly, "but you 're right with me every shot."

Mr. Cuyler stared at the lofty hill which confronted him.

"There 's one thing about it," he proclaimed through chattering teeth. "I—I 've got nerve enough, but against this wind, with a heavy ball—well, it 's all in the day's work. What difference does it make?"

"Not the least," Bowker assured him heartily. "We all play for the fun of it."

Here Mr. Cuyler hooked viciously; almost before the club-head had passed the ball he was scrutinizing it with every symptom of apoplexy.

"Oh, the idiots!" he rasped. "The miserable, lying, cheating, swindling idiots! Look! Look at that! Feel of that club! It 's new; just had it made. Took it out of the bag to-day for the first time. Feel where the balance is! There 's *two ounces* too much lead back there. Feel it turn over of its own weight at the top of the swing! The idea of trying to play golf with a stuffed mallet like that! Now I 'm mad! I 'll tell you exactly what 'll happen: I 'll dub every shot from here to the finish. Watch me!"

Accordingly, they watched him dub two of them, and run down an approach putt for a par four.

"That 's the principle of it," praised Bowker.

"Good recovery, Mr. Cuyler!" said Horton.

"You can't beat him," declared Corbett.

But the capitalist was shaking from head to foot. Despite his theory, he had requisitioned a card from his caddy, and recorded his own score; twice, as he was making the entries, the pasteboard fluttered from his palsied fingers.

"Four," he whispered. "One over four, one over four, two over four, two over four. I 'm two over four for five holes."

"Your shot, Mr. Cuyler."

"Where?" he inquired weakly. They indicated a yellow flag which, to his disordered fancy, marked a hill at least a mile and a half to westward. "My wrists have gone back on me," he muttered. "Broke one of 'em a few years ago. They 've gone back; afraid to *hit* a ball any more. If I try to spare it, I 'll fluff it. Hardest shot for anybody in the world 's a spared shot." The mere weight of the club carried the ball out in soaring flight; Mr. Cuyler sat down on the tee-box and mopped his glistening countenance. His expression, as he looked at Corbett, was the harbinger of speech, but he thought better of it, and kept silence, although the effort must have tortured him.

"Bully!" said Bowker. "You 'll be under forty for nine holes!"

"Oh, no I won't. You don't know me. You 're a *young* man. *I* can't climb around these hills; all out of breath when I come to my second shot. I 'll miss it *sure.*"

He topped it, but it rolled miraculously to the green. He putted, and the ball sank with a gratifying tinkle.

"Three for me," he said, fumbling for the card and dropping his pencil. "Three, and it 's a par four! It 's three hundred and sixty yards; it 's uphill—a birdie three. I 'm one over four for six holes." He stretched his arms wide, and inhaled deeply. "Gad! what a wonderful course!" he said. "A *wonderful* course! It 's the hardest in the metropolitan district,—everybody says so,—and I 'm one over four for six holes! Did n't expect me to be going so strong, did you? Where 's the next? Where 's the seventh?"

"Foot of the hill," Bowker told him. "Long, but very easy. All you have to do is swipe it; she 'll roll indefinitely."

Obediently, Mr. Cuyler swiped it. He caught the ball on the toe of the club; it glanced to the right, found the slope, and leaped amazingly downward. Mr. Cuyler, posing rigidly in the attitude in which all experts are photographed, waited until his muscles ached.

"Foundered," he said, "but it rolled. "I don't know what it is, but I put some

stuff on 'em. They certainly do roll for me."

The other three all outdrove him, but his soul was beyond envy. He found his ball in a hanging lie. Wild-eyed and panting, he sclaffed badly; but it was beyond his power to nullify the influence of a twenty-per-cent. grade, and he had a short putt for a three. The ball hung on the lip of the cup; Mr. Cuyler whirled toward his caddy.

"There you go again!" he roared. "You coughed! You do that once more—"

"In!" cried Bowker behind him.

"What? Did it go down?"

"It fiddled around and then dropped. Look in the cup!"

"A three for Mr. Cuyler," said Horton, noting it.

"Even fours to here," commented Corbett. "That 's remarkable, especially for a man who never saw the place before to-day."

"But I 'm so sore at that caddy," growled Mr. Cuyler, "I 'm likely to go all to pieces any minute. Just my luck, anyway. Wish I 'd had some gloves. Well, now for a short slice and a merry one! Take me ten strokes now, I suppose; lucky if I get around under fifty."

As a matter of fact, he finished the first nine holes in thirty-seven, and took stimulants more from necessity than from inclination.

It was an hour before they could persuade him back to the course.

"I 'm satisfied," he said. "You gentlemen go ahead. I 'm tired now; I 'd probably hold you back. I 'm tired. Nine holes is plenty for an old man, anyway."

"Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination," said Horton, gallantly, "can a man be considered old when he can go out in thirty-seven at Warwick!"

Eventually they led him out, and again he paused to admire the landscape.

"What rent do you pay?" he asked.

"Twenty thousand," said Corbett.

"I should want thirty; that 's six per cent. on the investment. Where 's the next hole?"

Joyously they chorused directions for reaching the tenth, which was guarded by another of the Inness brooks and by a semicircle of trees.

"Almost wish I had n't said I 'd play," the man of money told them. "Sat too long in the house; got cold." Thus armed with a reasonable excuse, he drove almost at right angles to the course.

"Too bad!" said Horton, sorrowfully.

"You bet it 's too bad," murmured Corbett.

"Just cold—nothing but cold," explained Mr. Cuyler. "Serves me right; ought to have had more sense. Now I can't relax in the swing." He took four shots in the rough, gouged four tremendous clots of sod, approached execrably, putted miserably, and was down in nine. His subsequent monologue was illuminating. The three conspirators stole covert glances at one another as they walked to the eleventh tee.

"We think we 're extravagant if we play for a ball a hole," whispered Corbett to Bowker. "It 's possible that we played the tenth for half a million—and lost!"

"Give him a chance!" said Bowker, mirthlessly.

The eleventh was rated on the card as a par five; Mr. Cuyler, assisted by a flat stone at the root of a tree, accomplished it in seven, broke his putter over his knee, and kicked his tweed hat into the brook.

"Now I 've strained my thumb!" he said pathetically. "Never mind; come ahead! Everything breaks against me. I don't care; I play for the fun of it. It keeps me out in the open air. If that caddy eats another apple as loudly as he did the last one, I 'll brain him."

The twelfth was a simple iron shot; he played it perfectly, got his three, and smiled wearily.

"Nineteen for three holes," he observed. "Great golf! One over six! And now I 've got to putt with a cleik!"

"Lend you my putter," said three voices in unison.

He shook his head.

"Oh, no. No use, anyway. I 'm done. My nerves are all shot to pieces. First

"'Do you *want* to throw me off my game?'"

time in my life I ever had a stimulant between rounds. No chance now. Is this a long one?"

"Straight out," said Horton, and a moment later he added: "That 's absolutely perfect. Two degrees off that line, and you 'd have been either out of bounds or in the rough."

"But—but that was a hook!"

"Exactly. Placed perfectly."

"But I was playing off to the right more!"

"You were standing just as I 'm going to. I 'd have told you if you were n't."

"It may be all right," said Mr. Cuyler, mournfully, "but if I 've got to play these holes without even knowing where I 'm to shoot, I 'll be so muddled I can't hit a balloon." Nevertheless, he brought off another shot which Horton characterized as perfect. An approach and two putts gave him his five.

The fourteenth tee was on the edge of a sickening swamp, inhabited by bullfrogs that croaked malevolently. Once more a battery of trees was placed to penalize a slice; on the left an artistic rockery glinted in the sun.

"If those darned frogs would keep quiet," said Mr. Cuyler, warmly, "perhaps I could give some attention to this ball. How far is it across the Gulf of Mexico?"

"A good, full shot."

"And a good, full shot is something a man of seventy—I 'm nearly seventy—

could n't make to save his life. Well, here goes. If I miss it, somebody 'll have to lend me a dredge!" He drove neatly across the swamp; the ball rolled easily to the green. One after the other, Corbett, Bowker, Horton topped among the frogs.

"Twenty-seven for five holes," said Mr. Cuyler, tremulously, "and I beat all three of you! Are there any more Everglades, or do you play the rest of the way on dry land? Say, I 'm shivering! This place is n't malarial, is it?"

"We go right back across it," said Corbett; "but this time it 's shorter. Don't take any chances. Use a high tee, and slam it."

Mr. Cuyler annihilated him with a single glance.

"If there 's anything that puts me off my game quicker than anything else," he lectured, "it 's to have a man advise me. I wish you had n't said that. From my friends I want friendship only; when I need advice, I go to a professional." While the trio stood motionless, agonized, he drove a dead, high ball, which missed the water by an eyelash, and permitted him to make his four even with a poor second shot. "You pretty nearly made me spoil that hole," he said severely. "I beg of you, don't do it again."

Bowker and Corbett were shaking hands when the capitalist, in the act of driving, turned quickly upon them.

"Confound it!" he said wrathfully. "What are you two trying to do? Do you *want* to throw me off my game? Can't anybody in this whole crowd stand still when I 'm going to shoot?"

"I 'm sorry," said Corbett, hastily.

"You ought to be!" He returned to the ball. "Confound it!" he repeated. "Something 's wrong every hole. First it 's a caddy, and then it is n't. You 've got me shaking like a convict. Look at me!"

Indeed, his hands were strikingly unsteady.

"There 's no hurry," soothed Horton. "Take your time, Mr. Cuyler."

"Oh, another counselor!" He breathed hard, and swung his club. "If I were n't a guest here—" Choking incontinently, he slashed at the ball, and saw it disappear over a near-by ridge. "Is it safe?" he asked anxiously.

"Could n't be better."

"You really should n't disturb a man who 's driving, you know."

"We 're very sorry, Mr. Cuyler."

"I 'm going badly enough as it is without being disturbed."

"You 're doing excellently."

"I 'm glad you think so—"

"All you need is a four to be even fives for this round."

"Yes, but the way to have a man get fours is n't to touch up his nerves until they 're all on edge." In evident irritation he topped two brassy shots; the second was a yard from the green.

"Play it safe!" said Corbett, unthinking.

Mr. Cuyler, gritting his teeth, struck blindly with his mashy, and the ball ran unerringly to the cup and dropped. He looked at the cup, looked at Corbett, opened his mouth, closed it again, and said nothing.

"Fives!" said Horton, jubilantly. "You need two fours for an eighty!"

The capitalist went through the motions of addressing, but his legs shook, and in the waggle he could n't bring the face of his driver within six inches of the ball.

"How—how far is it?" he faltered.

"Four hundred and twenty-five—a good four."

His face was ashen, and his mouth was working grotesquely as he swung. He heeled the ball; it wandered casually down a gentle slope, and found a cozy seat in a boot-mark.

"All over," he said. "I 'm all through. Did the best I could; too much for me. I don't believe I can even lift the club."

"Try!" begged Horton. "You can make it up—"

"No, it 's too late! I wasted two strokes in the first nine; they 'd have helped me here! It 's too late now." He swung half-heartedly.

"Only one more!" urged Bowker at his elbow. "Just an ordinary iron. Get a

five here and a three on the home hole, and you 'll still have your eighty."

"No, I never have any luck." He could hardly hold the club the caddy gave him; he stared at it stupidly; when he finally used it, the stroke was feeble, unorthodox, clumsy, and yet effective. It left him so close to the hole that he went down in two putts, one of a foot, the other of two inches; and he remained crouching until Corbett took him tenderly by the arm and escorted him to the last tee.

"Lots of nerve, Mr. Cuyler," he encouraged. "It 's only a hundred and sixty yards. Just hit it cleanly; that 's all you need. Don't bother about the brook or anything else. Just one more hole, *please!* You 've done magnificently. I know you 're tired, but you 'll want to remember this. Take a few practice swings."

Bowker, who had been talking violently to Horton, joined them, and stepped on Corbett's toe.

"They 've changed the hole, Mr. Cuyler," he said. "It 's only about a hundred yards. Take a wooden club, and merely tap it. You *can't* fall down now."

"Never mind about the practice swings; let him *drive!*" warned Horton. "Hurry up! *Speed!* Make him shoot, or he 'll faint!"

Mr. Cuyler regarded his driver dispassionately.

"You know," he said almost inaudibly, "I 'm an old man—little bit of vertigo. If I 'd had my gloves with me—and my regular putter—"

There was a click of wood against rubber; three men shaded their eyes. Horton emitted a yell of triumph, and without delaying to play his own ball, dashed for the green. Corbett and Bowker had the capitalist between them; they guided him carefully over the tiny foot-bridge, set him firmly in position, gave him a club—any club!

"Two putts, Mr. Cuyler!"

"Don't try to sink it; get near the hole."

"Play it right for here—where my hand is now. Easy!"

"Not too hard, whatever you do! It 's a fast green!"

"Don't hurry! Lots of time!"

"Get his club in line, Corbett!"

"It 's in line now."

"For Heaven's sake! that 's a deep-faced mashy he 's got!"

"That 's fair enough; let it alone!"

"Don't let him hit it too hard!"

"No; just easy, Mr. Cuyler! Take two for it!"

"*Now* putt!"

Mr. Cuyler putted with a potent shove. The ball, traveling swiftly, struck the back of the tin, hopped nimbly upward, and was abruptly swallowed by the metallic haven of victory.

"Seventy-nine!" gasped Horton, falling recumbent upon the turf. That made it unanimous.

It was eight o'clock before the guest of honor had recovered sufficiently to be helped into the private dining-room; and it was ten o'clock before he was able to return thanks for the initial toast.

"Boys," he said, "it was a fine day. I 'm glad it was, because it 's my last. I guess the doctors were right. My heart won't stand it. I 'm sorry, because if I had time to practise, I might be pretty good. It is n't usual to drag business into pleasure, but I 'm going to this time. Bob Corbett here has been trying to get me interested in the club property. It looks good to me—as an investment, I mean. I understand you 've been in danger of losing your club. That won't happen. It 's a lovely club; it 's the best and the hardest course I ever played over. I made my best score on it, and I had a couple of bad holes, too. Some of your holes are too short, but you 've got to play 'em with deadly accuracy. That 's how I made my score to-day—I was deadly accurate. Well, it 's too lovely a club to let go by default. So I 'm going to take it over, and lease it to you for a term of years. All I ask from you, to please an old man's vanity, is your affidavits about my card. You 'll do that, won't you?"

"Certainly we will," said Bowker, clearing his throat. "Is it—is it absolutely definite that you 're through with golf?"

"Absolutely."

"He gave all his clubs to the caddy," said Corbett to Bowker.

"And never," said Mr. Cuyler, impressively—"never in my life did I ever give anything away until I was mighty sure I was all through with it."

Bowker made for the door.

"I 'll be with you in a couple of minutes. I 'm going to telephone the papers."

"Not about this purchase!" snapped Mr. Cuyler.

"No, sir; about your record."

The capitalist actually blushed.

"Well, in that case you might hint—only *hint,* of course—that—ah—I had n't played Warwick before, and that—ah—unfortunately, I was suffering somewhat from rheumatism."

"I 'll have a paragraph on it," said Bowker, vanishing.

They took the financier to the station for the last train. After it had gone, the three sat on a baggage-truck and laughed themselves into hysteria.

"Obtaining money under false pretenses," said Horton, when he had recovered a fraction of his poise. "And there 'll be murder if he ever finds it out."

"He can't. For *two* reasons; the other one is—sentimental."

"That 's so," said Bowker, sobering. "You know, I really think he cried a little—from pure joy."

"No harm to anybody; it 's a good investment, really."

"When 'll the course be ready, Bob?"

"Day after to-morrow," said Corbett. "All we 've got to do is to cover up our tracks, put those temporary tees out of commission, change the flags back, change all the cups, and that sort of thing."

"If he ever comes out again—"

"Tell him we 've rebuilt the links. That 's simple."

"Has any one the least idea how long that course was?"

"I don't know how long it was," said Horton, "but I played it in sixty-one the day before yesterday, and fifty-nine yesterday. A stranger would n't suspect the card; those hills and water hazards are too deceptive. The only thing *I* was afraid of was that he 'd spot the cups. Good Lord! they were as big as bushel-baskets! An extra half-inch in diameter! Why, they were n't cups; they were craters!"

"What got *me,*" chuckled Bowker, "was the way you could take a perfectly free, natural swing at that ball, and not get more than a hundred and forty yards with it!"

"Why not?" said Horton, surprisedly. "I had every one of those darned clubs built specially for this afternoon; there was n't one of them that weighed more than eight ounces!"

PERHAPS it was best for Mr. Cuyler's peace of mind that after buying the Warwick property and leasing it to the club he never saw it again. Undoubtedly it was best for him that he never played around the regular course. Because if he had done that, he would certainly have been in a frame of mind to appreciate the verse painted in small letters above the players' entrance to the club-house. As has been said before, it is n't humorous.

Aaron Burr
Photograph by Janet M. Cummings of the portrait by Gilbert Stuart

Our Nation in the Building

The Romance of American Union

By HELEN NICOLAY
Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

Part III

CHAPTER IV

A BALEFUL DON QUIXOTE

PRESIDENTIAL elections were a serious matter. The Constitution originally provided that the man receiving the highest number of electoral votes should be President, and the one receiving the next highest number, Vice-President. This was ideal, but it did not serve the purpose. The first election after Washington retired was a disappointment; in the opinion of many the second narrowly escaped being a disaster. While the fright over this election was still upon the country, Congress proposed, and the States ratified, a constitutional amendment obliging Presidential electors to vote distinctly and unmistakably, upon separate ballots, for one man for President and another for Vice-President. Jefferson's second election was conducted under the amended law, and this time there was no uncertainty either in the vote or in the character of George Clinton, the man chosen to succeed Jefferson in case he should not round out his

term of office. The country shuddered even yet over what might have happened had death removed Jefferson while Burr was Vice-President.

Personality counted for more in American politics than it can to-day, after the leveling effects of free schools and free criticism have been at work for a century pulling down heroes and exalting the rank and file of the voters. Every member of that earlier group of leaders—Washington, with his unfailing rectitude; Adams, learned and hotly partizan; Jefferson, with his many interests; Franklin, of broad charity and homely epigram; John Marshall, "master in the common sense of Constitutional law"; Randolph of Roanoke, body and fine intellect alike wrecked by drugs and self-esteem; and all the rest of them—stand out individual and distinct against a blurred background of "the people." But of all the political characters of that day, or, indeed, from that day to this, there is no one quite so mysterious, so elusive, so apparently useless as Burr, weaving the dark pattern of his ambition into the country's history.

And because no man can live exclusively to himself either for good or evil, with every mention of Burr's name the figure of Hamilton rises, an avenging ghost. Even before that precocious young native of the West Indies walked into our military history at Princeton, a lad only nineteen, lost in thought, a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes while his hand rested upon a cannon that he patted absent-mindedly as if it were a favorite horse, he had done valiant work for American liberty with his pen. From the time he touched our shores to the July morning more than thirty years later when Burr's bullet laid him low he was a force to be reckoned with. And his was one of those natures, keenly alive on many sides, whose astonishing maturity of intellect did not snuff out the zest of life. He became "my boy" to Washington very early in his service; worked willingly at headquarters day in and day out, with a sober application equal to Washington's own, yet contrived to snatch from such never-ending drudgery youth's dear and fleeting joys. He brought gaiety even to Washington's mess-table, courted black-eyed Elizabeth Schuyler under the muzzles of British guns, and in the years of their married life together managed with all his prodigious labors to bend social graces as well as the solid qualities of his mind to enriching their days and nights. Besides being a great statesman, he was "an enjoying gentleman," to use the quaint old phrase. Talleyrand, corrupt and appreciative, looked upon him with amazement. "Il avait diviné l'Europe," he said, which, from a European of that day, about an American, was near the highest praise. Hamilton's management of the treasury, without breath of scandal or self-seeking, filled the Frenchman with even greater astonishment. "I have beheld one of the wonders of the world," he exclaimed—"a man who has made a nation rich laboring all night to provide his family with bread."

To Americans such clean devotion to country was a matter of course, commendable, but no more than duty. But all acknowledged Hamilton's remarkable ability. Some even of his own party feared him. Adams's dread of him amounted to obsession. Many who absolved Washington from leanings toward monarchy charged Hamilton with deliberate intent to change the form of government. Jefferson, who opposed him politically and clashed with him personally, fully appreciated his power. When an old man at Monticello, looking back over the past, he used to say that the Republicans had done so and so; but if he spoke of the Federalists, he was apt to say that Hamilton took this or that ground. Taxed with this, he admitted, smiling, that it was quite true. He had fallen into the habit, he supposed, because he regarded Hamilton as the "master-spirit of his party."

Burr also was a master-spirit, a name to conjure with—in black magic. About the same age as Hamilton, he was, like him, slender of frame, delicate of feature, and refined in all small matters of taste. In his blood were warring elements: German aristocracy on his father's side; on

his mother's, uncompromising Puritanism. Death deprived him of both parents when he was very young. His unusually quick wit conspired with the fact of a considerable inheritance to render his childhood less disciplined than it should have been. One is tempted to believe that his early trend toward evil was at the outset only the revolt of childish, untrained logic against shams as he saw them in his elders and guardians. Being misunderstood, it quickly became the bravado of proud youth, and in manhood grew to larger villainies threatening to involve a continent.

At the age of sixteen he was leaving Princeton equipped with his diploma, disillusionment concerning his professors, and a precocious knowledge of dissipation. In some directions all he craved of the latter was knowledge. For instance, he never gambled after an early success at billiards. At seventeen he was deep in the study of theology, from which he soon emerged with the conviction that "the road to heaven is open to all alike," and thereafter shelved the matter as unprofitable for discussion.

His youthful ambition was military. The excitement, the sudden changes of fortune, and the opportunity it gave for indulging that bent toward mystery which he possessed—all this attracted him. Despite his refusal to follow up that first success at billiards, the game of war offered gambling on a scale grand enough to compel his interest. In his first campaign—with Arnold to Quebec in 1775—he showed both audacity and bravery. He played the spy in priest's robes during the advance, and it was he who rescued Montgomery's body where it fell.

Like Hamilton, he became military aide to Washington, but the sober atmosphere of headquarters was not to his taste. The slow-moving rectitude of his chief's mind reproached and irritated this descendant of Jonathan Edwards, whose rapier-like intellect was already turning to devious ways. The general was coldly unresponsive to the questions about military science that thronged to the younger man's lips, and on his part he had no mind to remain a mere drudging clerk, as Washington seemed to expect. The relation soon came to an end, with resentment on the part of Burr, and on Washington's a distrust that after events failed to remove. Three times while he was President, Washington was waited upon by committees of Congress to urge Burr for the French mission, a suggestion he put aside with the remark that he had no confidence in the young man.

Burr's undeniable military genius was for small matters and sharp emergencies. He was blessed with a body needing little food and little sleep, while able to endure immense fatigue. He was a strict disciplinarian, had a power of detecting wrongdoers that bordered upon the miraculous, and in a crisis he could exercise an almost serpent-like fascination over untrained men, bringing them under perfect, if temporary, control.

His resignation from the army appears to mark the time when he definitely broke with the established code of morals. Until then he seemed, intermittently at least, to follow St. Paul's injunction to prove all things in a half-hearted hope of finding somewhere one "good" enough to claim and hold his loyalty. But he made his choice and cast adrift, with no rudder save ambition. "The adventure is the best of it all," he told a young acquaintance, speaking of life in general, and that came to be his guiding motto.

He established himself as a lawyer in New York State, where Hamilton was also practising; but his real interest was politics, law being only a tool to that end. Hamilton was diffuse and eloquent in argument; Burr chose to be concise and conversational. Hamilton was the heart and brains of Federalism; Burr aimed to become the leader of the Jeffersonian Republicans.

He saw the chances for political combinations latent in our form of government, and set himself to use them. An instrument lay ready to his hand in the benevolent and patriotic society started by Hamilton some years before to offset General Knox's well-meant blunder, the So-

ciety of the Cincinnati, whose "aristocratic" tendency had set the country by the ears at the end of the Revolution. This younger organization had mouth-filling titles, Wiskenkee lodges, and sachems, grand, high, and plain, that fitted into his plans ideally. Its sub-title also, "The Columbian Order," suited him to perfection. To it and to politics he applied army principles, demanding perfect obedience from the rank and file, adding company drill in the form of committee rule, thus lodging power in a few capable, if not always scrupulous, hands, and started Tammany on its long and vigorous career. That Hamilton himself had been the founder made its deflection to Democratic uses all the more delightful.

By adroit management, by refusing to admit failure even when party fortunes were low, and by his hypnotic power over men, he became one of the most skilful, as he was one of the earliest, New York politicians in the unenviable sense of that word. He reached to within one vote of the Presidency, helping himself in the final climb by use of the injudicious pamphlet Hamilton wrote attacking John Adams. Hamilton thought Jefferson "an atheist in religion and a fanatic in politics," but of the two he vastly preferred him for President. Aside from personal prejudices, he pointed out that if Jefferson were elected, all responsibility for bad measures would rest with his party, while if the Federalists interfered and effected Burr's election, the whole responsibility would rest upon them.

Jefferson, on his part, was little drawn toward Burr. Hamilton, watching them, thought that there was "a most serious schism between the chief and his heir-apparent." Yet they never quarreled. Burr dined at the White House when etiquette demanded, and also at the tables of the cabinet. His daughter became a general favorite in society; but on the whole he was a disturbing element in Washington, and more than one of the many duels of the period can be traced to his door, and he continued to lose in popularity. As the time for the next Presidential election approached he went to the President to learn his intentions. Jefferson replied coldly that he had not interfered in 1800 and did not mean to do so now.

Months before the election Burr's evil genius settled the matter beyond recall. He and Hamilton had been singled out for antagonists from the beginning, and the story of their duel is too familiar to bear repetition. Hamilton's opinion that Burr was "in every sense a profligate" had been often repeated with details and amplifications. It is only astonishing that in a period of high feeling and strict adherence to "the code" their final encounter was so long delayed. Yet when Hamilton fell mortally wounded on that early July morning, his death seemed nothing short of a national calamity and Burr's act wilful murder. Men forgot the bitterness with which they had assailed Hamilton as a monarchist and an abettor of South American revolution. They remembered only his charming personality, the immense services he had rendered the country, and his magician's success in making a sound financial credit for the nation out of doubts and debts and an unexplored wilderness. "No one wished to get rid of Hamilton *that* way!" John Adams declared, shocked into sincere and regretful speech.

Burr returned to his home after the duel apparently unmoved. A kinsman arriving from a distance to breakfast with him had no inkling of what had occurred, and on resuming his journey could not credit the news, so sure was he from evidence of his own senses that it was a lie.

"The subject in dispute is, which shall have the honor of hanging the Vice-President?" Burr wrote his daughter, after the grand juries of both New York and New Jersey found indictments against him. Seeing that the storm of denunciation continued unabated, he left his house at night by water and disappeared for a time. But with the reopening of Congress he was on hand, took his seat as presiding officer of the Senate, and discharged his duties throughout the winter, though a

fugitive from justice and under indictment for a capital offense.

The fantastic situation reached its climax when it fell to his lot to conduct the impeachment trial of a justice of the Supreme Court before the Senate. The spectacle of this malefactor thus engaged must have caused laughter among the immortals. Mortals, however, were impressed, he bore himself with such dignity and composure. A reaction set in, and for a time the duel was almost forgotten in admiration of his conduct of the trial "with the impartiality of an angel and the vigor of a devil." For a moment this admiration changed to emotion, even to tears, when, two days before his term as Vice-President ended, he took leave of the Senate in a short speech grave to the point of coldness. "It was the solemnity, the anxiety, the expectation and the interest which I saw strongly painted on the countenances of the auditors that inspired whatever was said," he explained. "I neither shed tears nor assumed tenderness; but tears did flow abundantly."

Jefferson was undoubtedly glad to have him out of his official family. A Vice-President hanged for murder would not have been an edifying spectacle to present to the nations, but a Vice-President guilty and going unpunished was an object-lesson even less desirable.

A month later Burr went into the South. His errand is even yet a subject of doubt. In that day of slow and difficult communication his projects and his progress were shrouded in eloquent mystery. Yet he traveled in a state befitting one who had held high office. "My boat," he wrote his daughter, "is a floating house." And when he reached the rich and settled regions of the lower Mississippi, he chose his society with the regal assumption that he would be welcome. "During the residue of my voyage to New Orleans, about 300 miles, I shall take breakfast and dinner each day at the house of some gentleman on shore. . . . I take no letters of introduction; but whenever I hear of any gentleman whose acquaintance or hospitality I should desire, I send word that I am coming to see him, and have always met a most cordial reception."

To all these people he told variations of one story. To an angular major-general of Tennessee militia named Andrew Jackson, whom he visited at Nashville, he talked about Spanish aggression in the Southwest. For the benefit of Harman Blennerhasset, an excitable Irishman who lived with his young wife in a fool's paradise on an island near Marietta, Ohio, he hinted at interesting conspiracy. To others he explained that his sole intention was to buy and colonize a large tract known as the Bastop lands on the Washita River. To General Wilkinson, the highest military officer of the United States, and incidentally in the pay of Spain, he unfolded a scheme of a new Western empire made up of Mexico and the dissatisfied Southwestern States. He had known Wilkinson of old and did not overestimate his loyalty. To no one, however, did he commit himself definitely. Perhaps he had not mapped out, even in his own mind, the limit of his desires. He was an opportunist, with a leaning toward surprising coups, and in this first trip he may have been merely taking soundings, trusting to chance to determine the final outcome.

The throne of Montezuma is believed to have gleamed as his ultimate goal, and there are indications that his plottings began even before he left the Vice-Presidency—in fact, at the very time when he was impressing the country by his dignity in trying circumstances. If these suppositions be true, the scheme included such spectacular events as the capture of Washington, the kidnapping of President Jefferson, and tampering with the United States navy. The British minister at Washington averred that he dangled part of such a plot before his eyes, offering to put the new empire under protection of the British flag in return for help in taking New Orleans. But finding that his Majesty's home office refused to be dazzled, he turned with characteristic effrontery to Spain, attempting to get money with which to rob her of her own colonies.

With such unlikely foreign help, the aid of young and wealthy adventurers in the East and West, the active coöperation of General Wilkinson, the credit of the rich Allston family of South Carolina, into which his daughter had married, and last, but not least, assistance from the priests of Texas and Mexico, he would take his seat upon the throne, make his daughter chief lady of the empire, his son-in-law heir presumptive, Wilkinson general-in-chief, and Blennerhasset minister to England. The scheme is as grotesque as any nightmare, and this final touch encourages the suspicion that Burr was playing upon personal vanity and enjoying his own sardonic joke. He was a knave, but no fool, and the idea of the gullible Blennerhasset in the rôle of ambassador to anything could never have entered a sane man's plans. But there was no harm in raising hopes; and he went his charming, insinuating way, scattering his poison and relishing the antics of his victims.

His desire for the help of the priests made necessary marked attentions to the Catholics of New Orleans. Always alive to the dramatic contrasts of his position, he set himself to win their favor with a keen delight in the situation. In view of his reputation as a libertine and his late prominence as a murderer, it especially pleased him to visit the chaste ladies of the Ursuline convent in company with the reverend bishop. He wrote his daughter a detailed and lively account of the visit.

We conversed at first through the gates; but presently I was admitted within, and I passed an hour with them, greatly to my satisfaction. None of that calm monotony which I expected. All was gaiety, *wit,* and sprightliness. Saint A. is a very accomplished lady. . . . All except two appear to be past thirty. They were dressed with perfect neatness, their veils thrown back. We had a repast of wine, fruit, and cakes. I was conducted to every part of the building. . . . At parting I asked them to remember me in their prayers, which they all promised with great promptness and courtesy—Saint A. with earnestness. . . . I will ask Saint A. to pray for thee too. I believe much in the efficacy of her prayers.

Burr's vague hints met with astonishingly cordial response. One resident of New Orleans promised $50,000 toward the enterprise. But to rail at conditions in the exaggerated and sometimes profane manner of the Southwest was one thing; it was quite another to follow words with action. The American privilege of free speech, bought and paid for, was easy to exercise while Burr sat opposite, listening with the absorbed interest that was his subtlest flattery. But after the fumes of wine had passed and the hypnotic charm of Burr's presence was removed, it was a more serious matter to count the cost of treason.

Burr returned to the East, very possibly duped by the dupes he had made, a not uncommon form of auto-suggestion. August, 1806, saw him again journeying westward, this time accompanied by his daughter. But sane and loyal men had had time to rally, and seeing the connection between Burr's plot and old jealousies of East and West, as well as old border resentments still smoldering against France and Spain, they denounced him in the newspapers. A few of his partizans were active. Blennerhasset set about a noisy attempt to raise a force of Ohioans, and Jackson, who should have seen under the tempter's mask by this time, called out the militia of western Tennessee, ready to invade either Florida or Mexico, though the United States was at peace with Spain. But even his impetuous eagerness could not overlook certain dark hints, and he demanded assurance of Burr's loyalty.

Society in the Southwest made much of the Burrs, but the authorities began to deal blow after blow. In Kentucky, Burr's name was twice presented to the grand jury for treason. Henry Clay, a young and already distinguished lawyer, acted as his counsel. Though successful in this case, a doubt lingered in Clay's own mind, and he, like Jackson, demanded a statement of intentions, which Burr cheerfully furnished. One after another

the men Burr had counted upon as supporters ranged themselves against him. General Wilkinson, having sounded his subordinate officers and found them hopelessly loyal, took the next logical step for a man of his caliber and turned informer. Jefferson, deeming the time ripe at last for Federal interference, issued a proclamation for Burr's arrest. He had been in possession of some facts and many suspicions as early as January, 1806, but thought the enterprise too fantastic for government action. "It is," he wrote, "the most extraordinary since the days of Don Quixote," "so extravagant that those who know his understanding would not believe it if the proofs admitted doubt." At that time he was inclined to leave it to be dealt with by the state authorities.

The President's proclamation was answered from all parts of the country by military organizations offering their services. The document itself, traveling westward from post to post, overtook Burr near Natchez as he was dropping down the Mississippi with the flotilla Blennerhasset had collected for him. These boats were supposed to contain settlers and supplies for the Bastop lands. Burr slipped his chests of arms overboard, surrendered gracefully to the acting governor of Mississippi, gave bonds, then vanished in disguise into the Indian country. A reward of two thousand dollars was offered for his capture, and a month later he was taken into custody near the Spanish border in Alabama.

On his arrival in Richmond, where the trial took place, he found himself overburdened with social attentions. He invited his daughter to visit him in jail.

I have three rooms in the third story of the penitentiary, making an extent of 100 feet. My jailor is quite a polite and civil man . . . you would have laughed to have heard the compliments the first evening. . . . While I have been writing different servants have arrived with messages, notes and inquiries, bringing oranges, lemons, pineapples, raspberries, apricots, cream, butter, ice, and some ordinary articles. . . . My friends and acquaintances of both sexes are permitted to visit me without interruption, without inquiring their business, and without the presence of a spy. It is well I have an antechamber or I should often be *gêné* with visitors. If you come I can give you a bedroom and parlor on this floor. The bedroom has three large closets and is a much more commodious one than you ever had in your life.

Released on bail, he accepted hospitality outside his hundred-foot suite, and Chief-Justice Marshall, who was to preside at the trial, found himself one day at the same dinner-table, to his manifest great embarrassment and the prisoner's covert glee.

The attention of the whole country centered upon Richmond, and the nation's most famous men crowded the court-room; the younger aspirants to political honor eager to see and take note, the older men bringing with them their burden of experience and their personal liking or distrust. Witnesses were summoned from far and near, for, as Jefferson picturesquely expressed it, Burr's crimes had been "sown from Maine through the whole line of western waters to New Orleans." Andrew Jackson was one of these witnesses. If Chief-Justice Marshall had had his way, President Jefferson would have been another; but he refused to do more than send his papers. The right of a President of the United States to the custody of his own executive papers was a by-subject of discussion. Clad in black, with queue and powder, Burr was once more a model of correct dignity, and conducted his own case with consummate skill, the four eminent counsel he had retained being thrust quite into the background. The verdict of not guilty was reached after a trial lasting two weeks. It was proved that Burr had not waged war against the United States or adhered to its enemies, and that the levying of men that actually occurred had not taken place in the State where the trial was held. Politics, of course, entered into it at every turn. It was claimed that the Federalists

made Burr's cause their own and did everything to shield him. He had never been a Federalist; but this shifty soldier of fortune had a way of enlisting the sympathies of every party in turn. Jefferson took a deep, some thought a vindictive, interest in the trial; but if personal dislike entered into it, he did not let it interfere to the hurt of others. "Remove the major!" he exclaimed, when urged to retaliate upon an officer at Richmond who opened his house to Burr's friends. "Remove the major! I would sooner divide my last hoe-cake with him."

Again at liberty, Burr went to Baltimore; but, feeling the chill of public sentiment against him, made a hurried departure for England. The story of his wanderings abroad, of his return to America and of his existence in ostracized poverty until death released him at the age of eighty, reads like some grim masterpiece of fiction. Whatever the portion of malefactors beyond the tomb, that thirty years' martyrdom in the flesh, within sight of those he had hoodwinked and those he had envied, ought to count as no small part of his final expiation. Success, had it been possible, would have made him Emperor of Mexico; death as a traitor would still have been attended with some splendor and renown: but the sordid existence to which he was condemned for more than a quarter of a century had in it not one drop of balm.

Yet he bore his reverses, as he had his success, with a malevolent grace all his own. One cannot help admiring his courage after all zest had died out of "the adventure." For at first there was zest in the game. He cut an attractive figure abroad in society, sometimes under a borrowed name, sometimes under his own. Invited at last to leave London, he had the audacity to claim that he was a British subject, which so puzzled the cabinet that they referred it to the law officers, thereby granting him a respite of some months. Afterward he wandered through Scotland, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany, always asked to move on, growing daily poorer. Learning that Napoleon had given his consent to the independence of Mexico, he hurried to Paris, to meet with studied coldness and have his passports refused at the instigation of the American minister. It was here that he received that oft-quoted message from Talleyrand, "Say to Colonel Burr that I will receive him to-morrow; but tell him also that General Hamilton's likeness always hangs over my mantel," and even Burr's effrontery was not enough to carry him to the interview.

Americans living in Paris would have nothing to do with him. One of them, however, lent him a little money upon which to live through the chill of a Parisian winter. His letters to his daughter, infrequent for lack of wherewithal to pay postage, mocked at want. "How sedate and sage one is with only three sous!" he wrote, recounting gaily the subterfuges by which he sought to outwit poverty. When remittances came he indulged in all sorts of speculation in the hope of recouping his fortune, invading for this purpose the opening fields of science and mechanics. His restless mind was as eager in these directions as that of Jefferson, with this important difference: Burr thought of them with himself as the center and beneficiary, while Jefferson's interest was philosophic and personal.

In one of his rare moments of affluence Burr ordered a new set of false teeth, became intimate with the operator, watched the process closely, and when permission was finally given him to sail for America, bought and carried with him a thousand artificial teeth as a speculation. But the French ship on which he sailed had the bad luck to be captured by the British, and he found himself in London instead of America, with this strange luggage as his only asset. He placed his newly acquired knowledge at the disposal of his hosts, but they patriotically spurned the idea of having anything to do with French teeth.

Reaching America at last under a name not his own, he made his way in wig and ill-fitting coat to the custom-house to get permission to land his effects. The official

on duty proved to be the son of an old enemy who would gladly have reported his arrival; and when his books were opened, all bore the name of Burr, instead of the Arnot he had just signed. But there was no need for his elaborate precautions; he and his misdeeds were forgotten. War had just been declared against England; even his two largest creditors had no eyes for his return. It was humiliating, but convenient. He slipped into an unimportant law practice in New York City. Clay, meeting him, refused his proffered hand; and as such rebuffs were repeated, he drew more and more into himself.

Then came the great sorrow of his life. His daughter, sailing from Charleston to join him, fell a victim to one of the unexplained tragedies of the ocean. There were weeks of suspense; but when the last slender thread of hope was broken, he put away everything that could remind him of the one being he had really loved, and bore his grief in silence. He sank lower and lower in the professional scale into mere pettifogging practice. Women took care of him out of pity, as they had before out of love. He could make love even yet. In a last effort to mend his fortune he persuaded a rich widow to marry him. They soon parted, and when paralysis claimed him three years before his death, it was in the home of a humble and kindly matron that he awaited the final summons.

It is a sordid story, and morally quite what he deserved; but it is a sad story, too, with enough of doubt in it to indulge the hope that the blackest charge against his name is false—that he did not deliberately plot to break up the Union for his own personal glory. He denied this at his trial, and in old age in the very presence of death. He admitted plotting revolution in Mexico, but as for the other, he asserted hotly that he would as soon have thought of dividing the moon among his friends.

Feeling against Mexico was in the air. Jackson's eagerness to cross the border never called forth serious reproach. The time came when the feeling could no longer be restrained. Burr's biographer described him lying a paralytic, eyes blazing, newspaper in hand, when war was finally declared. "There! You see," he exclaimed, "I was right. I was only thirty years too soon. What was treason in me is patriotism now."

The final estimate of a man may not agree with even his honest opinion of himself, and it is possible that this being of strangely warped and gifted nature was sincere in his own villainies, the victim of his own talents and eccentricities. Since the Almighty works with what to the finite mind seem such very poor tools, it ill becomes fellow-mortals to usurp day of judgment power; but it seems strange indeed that Destiny could not have used his youthful military talents and spared a bullet for him in some brilliant brush with the enemy.

(The next paper in this series will be published in April. Thereafter, for a while, fairly long instalments will appear every other month)

CURRENT COMMENT

Preparedness: a Letter and an Answer

November 27, 1915.

Dear Sir:

I have just laid down the Christmas CENTURY, containing an article by you entitled "Army Reform," which is my excuse for addressing you.

I, like many hundreds of thousands of Americans, am very much interested in the question of preparedness. Probably no question which ever came before the public of these United States has excited so much real interest as that has, and men of intelligence all over the country are giving careful thought to it. Nevertheless, crying "Wolf! wolf!" is not going to help the thing along, and your article contains so many absurdities that I cannot leave it unchallenged.

In the first place, you make the assertion that either England or Germany could land an army of four hundred thousand men on our coasts in two weeks, admitting, of course, that our navy was out of the way.

By what train of reasoning can you consider these two nations on a parity? What is the first requisite of conducting an invasion? Is n't it having bottoms to carry troops, arms, animals, and supplies? Transports are drawn from the merchant marine. Then how could Germany, with one fourth of England's merchant ships, expect to be able to transport as many troops?

As a matter of fact, at the outbreak of the present war Germany had a tonnage of 2,350,000 tons of ocean-going ships. On the basis of ten tons of bottom to each man, this would mean that in case she had her army mobilized at Cuxhaven and every merchant ship flying her flag in harbor there, she could at most load up 235,000 men. As the speed of a fleet of transports, like that of any other fleet, is governed by its slowest unit, the time in crossing would be nearer three weeks than two.

Having the men standing on the seashore in Europe all ready to invade us is a very different thing from having them on board ships ready to get off on the Long Island coast. With good railroad communications Germany has found it impossible to maintain an army in Russia three hundred miles from her own frontier, and maintaining one three thousand miles across the water is a greater problem still. You may rest assured that if it were not for this difficulty the kaiser would have had at us long ago, and before he undertook to clean up Europe.

We are going to have a larger army and a much larger navy before long, but we are not going to have a million men under arms or in training. We certainly need army reform, but not in the sense you use the term. We want to get rid of political generals like Gen. Wood and have men educated at West Point in charge, and we want to cut out the "Lizzyboyism" at West Point and get down to business. Do not blame Congress and do not blame the people for all the faults of the army. Congress has made liberal appropriations, and where has the money gone? Why did West Point have to be rebuilt? Why does a captain or a first lieutenant on duty there have to have quarters like those in a high-grade apartment-building on Riverside Drive?

The surest way to kill a good idea is to dress it up in the apparel of ridiculousness, and such articles as yours go a long way toward accomplishing that end. The people of this country are practical and are not easily scared. They see the need of being ready for eventualities at the close of the war in Europe, but they are not going to be stampeded by the self-seeking army and navy league or by those who are investing their money in munition plants and have visions of that business growing into a permanent institution.

When the army reform comes, the comfortably situated cabal which has held forth in Washington since the Spanish

War will wonder whether reform is altogether what it wanted. There will be more saddle galls and less fatty degeneration of the heart.

We want an army of 150,000 regulars and 200,000 reservists, all fit and well trained, and a navy second in numbers to none but England's and superior to *all* in efficiency, composed largely of coast-defense vessels. Then we need fear no invasion from either Europe or Asia.

Very truly yours,

JAMES B. LATIMER.

Mr. Eric Fisher Wood.

December 7, 1915.

My dear Mr. Latimer:

I acknowledge your letter of November 27, which is easily the most sensible among several scores that I have recently received from anti-preparationists.

I find that the vast majority of those who, like yourself, oppose the attainment by the United States of adequate military preparedness do so only because they have not yet given the matter careful thought, and have not taken pains to examine the facts and statistics bearing upon the subject. Nine anti-preparationists out of ten abandon their cause and become firm advocates of adequate preparedness as soon as they have put aside sentimental prejudices and dispassionately considered the facts. To-day thousands are preparationists who yesterday were anti-preparationists. I myself am one of the converted. I hope that you also will modify your conclusions when I have proved to you that every one of the premises stated in your letter is incorrect.

I have never intimated that England or Germany are on a parity as regards either number of ships or total tonnage of merchant marine. I am quite aware that Great Britain has four times the ship capacity that Germany possesses. I did state that either nation would be able to land 450,000 troops on our Atlantic seaboard within two weeks' time, using only half its merchant ships. This is true, as will be seen below. Great Britain could perhaps do better than that, or, on the other hand, her larger number of ships might not more than balance Germany's more thorough preparation and her well-known efficiency in the movement of troops.

You state that at the outbreak of the present war Germany possessed only 2,350,000 tons of ocean-going ships. Lloyd's Register for 1914–15 credits her with 5,090,331 tons of steel merchant ships. The regulations of the German army do not, however, permit the use of steamers of less than 2000 tons for the transportation of troops; of such ships Germany possesses, according to Lloyd's Register for 1914, 4,018,185 tons.

The Japanese Field Service Regulations specify that three gross tons are sufficient to transport a man and all necessary equipment and supplies, no matter what the size of the ship. In the United States Field Service Regulations for 1914, page 208, we find the following:

Paragraph 14:

Estimating transport capacity of ships: Allow 3 to 14 gross tons per man[1] . . . for ships of more than 5000 tons, and 4 to 5 per man and 10 to 12 per animal for smaller ships. This allowance includes rations, water, forage, etc., for the voyage and a margin for reserve supplies. The gross tonnage of a ship is her total internal space capacity, which is completely closed in and protected from sea and weather, measured in register tons.

On this basis it is plainly seen that half of Germany's marine ships of over 2000 tons displacement could easily accommodate 450,000 men.

Before the present war there were many theories as to how long it would take Germany to mobilize after she had declared war on France. In point of fact, inside the German border and ranged parallel with the boundary of Belgium a large German army was marking time before any declaration of war, and at that moment needed only to be given the word to step across the border. It is certainly not unreasonable to suppose that Germany

[1] According to the exigencies of the situation

might embark her men before she chose to declare war against America.

The speed of a transport fleet is not controlled by the slowest unit, since transports travel in groups according to their speed. Moreover, Lloyd's Register for 1914–15 shows that there is *not a single ship* of over 2000 tons in the *entire German merchant marine* which does not possess speed enough to cross the Atlantic Ocean in twelve days.

You state that Germany has found it impossible to maintain an army in Russia three hundred miles from her own frontier. Even the daily newspapers show that she has not only done so for three months past, but continues to do so at present.

It is interesting to note that you imply that three thousand miles of water was all that has kept the kaiser from "having at us." Five times three thousand miles of water did not keep him from "having at" China.

I cannot agree with you that General Wood is a political general. He has been for twenty-nine years an army-officer, having received his commission in 1886, at which time he was made lieutenant in the medical corps. He showed great ability during campaigns against the Indians, and for his services in the Apache campaign was awarded the medal of honor, which is an equivalent of the British Victoria Cross and is the highest military award in the gift of the United States. In 1898 he had reached the grade of captain, the same rank which Ulysses Grant held at the beginning of the Civil War. Officers in the medical corps of the army have in war-time the same right to win promotion to the higher ranks as have officers in other branches of the service. At the beginning of the Spanish War, General Wood was by President McKinley appointed colonel of volunteers. He won promotion to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers while in the field in Cuba. Five months after he was made major-general of volunteers by President McKinley for efficient and meritorious service. Later President McKinley made him brigadier-general in the regular army, and in 1903 he was made major-general of regulars by President Roosevelt. He is considered by fellow-members of his profession to be the most capable general officer in America.

A large part of the liberal appropriations made by Congress has been spent by congressmen and civil secretaries on useless pork-barrel army-posts and useless pork-barrel navy-yards. West Point was not rebuilt; it was enlarged. Lord Kitchener says that West Point is the greatest military school in the world.

As to the quarters of the captains and first lieutenants serving at West Point, it is incomprehensible that any one who has ever seen them should compare them to "a high-grade apartment-building on Riverside Drive." Last Saturday, when I went to West Point to lecture to the officers and cadets on the Battle of the Marne, I was a guest in the quarters of First Lieutenant R. E. Lee. His quarters are typical of those occupied by the bachelor officers, and consist of a small sitting-room, bedroom, and bath, together with a small office. I have Lieutenant Lee's permission to be explicit. His bedroom is 10 by 11 feet; his sitting-room 10 by 17 feet; his office 10 by 9 feet; the bath-room 7 feet wide. The finish of all the rooms is simple to the point of severity.

So called coast-defense vessels are now obsolete. One reason for this is that the super-dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers possess greater speed and heavier guns. An enemy attacking our coast would with their more powerful guns be able to outrange those of our smaller coast-defense vessels, and with their greater speed they could easily choose and maintain a range outside of the latter's fire-zone. The battle-ships could then, without danger to themselves, pound to pieces the coast-defense vessels, which do not even possess the requisite speed to escape.

I do not know a single army-officer who has fatty degeneration of the heart. Nor do you.

Very sincerely yours,

ERIC FISHER WOOD.

"The Hopes of the Hyphenated"

IN "The Hopes of the Hyphenated," which appeared in the January number, Mr. Creel undoubtedly points out that which would be ideal both from the point of view of the alien coming to this country and from that of the Government. The article blames the Government, however, for the failure to work out these ideals without allowing that a part of the failure may be due to the age and character of the immigrant.

The point is made that the immigrant is discouraged in his first reception, and delayed and discomfited beyond reason, but the fact must not be lost sight of that it is neither economical nor good management to provide quarters and an inspection force sufficient to handle in a few hours the widely separated rushes, when these same quarters and men will be idle for months between the chance arrival of several ships at the same time.

It is true that a very large percentage of the uneducated aliens crowd into colonies of their own race. Those who come here for the first time generally come alone for the purpose of making enough money to repay their borrowed passage-money, to support those left at home, to provide a little capital, and finally to pay for bringing their families to them. That is the primary reason why so much of the alien's money is sent abroad, and why they go to the community where they can exist at the least expense. If our millions go abroad, we receive full value in labor here, and that labor is to a great extent of the sort that our own people are not physically or mentally fitted to do.

For years, while superintending construction-gangs of Italians, Poles, Hungarians, and Bohemians, I was admitted to their friendship and a knowledge of their troubles. Among other things, they came to me to send their remittances home, and in few cases was it sent out of this country for other than the reasons given above. I often asked the older men why they came to our work instead of going to the farms, and their answers were always the same. They were too far along in life to learn a new language quickly, and if one must be away from home, why be entirely alone on a farm when one can make more and spend less, and have many friends who speak your tongue and think your thoughts, by living in the colonies or camps? And the work with shovel and a hoe was much the same whether in a foundation or a field.

Many go back to the old country in the end, but they are the older men who have no families or children with them. It is the nature of all of us to want to spend our old age in the place we remember with the most pleasure, and the alien of more than middle age naturally thinks back to the scene of his younger days as the best place to pass his final years. It is the young and the second generation who will take up citizenship; but those who come to prepare the way for the rest of the family cannot be hurried into this advance either by law or outside effort. If, as Mr. Creel suggests, the Federal Government will adopt a system by which a large number of one race may be given land in the same locality and monetary help, there are thousands who may be benefited, and the land will be in the hands of some of the best intensive farmers on earth.

With the German and English races it is quite different. Few of them come to us who are of the peasant class or are uneducated. They make good citizens in that they are sober and industrious, but comparatively few of them have become citizens, and such a crisis as the present quickly shows that the welfare of their adopted country is a secondary consideration when compared with the interests of the country of their birth.

If our Government fails to make over aliens into good citizens, the failure is not with the poor and uneducated, but with the well-to-do and well-educated foreigner who comes into our business world, taking all and giving nothing.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Misdirected Valentines

By JAMES K. JONES

With pictures by Oliver Herford

Henry Ford to the *Dove of Peace*

EXCELLENT bird, though most have called you "Honey!"
And flirted with your charms, and bought you wine,
I am a business man, and I 've the money.
Say you 'll be mine!

I cannot bear to see a bayonet glisten,
I loathe this talk of "National Defense";
A business man should make mad Europe listen
To common sense.

Don't you agree? I 've galloped through the matter
And think the whole affair is awful rot.
Where I was bred we called it "silly chatter,"
Though some do not.

My frank sincerity should make you dimple.
None of them know what they are fighting for.
What will I do for you? Why, that 's quite simple.
I 'll stop the war!

Theodore Roosevelt to the *Ballot-box*

RECEPTACLE omnivorous,
A bovine and herbivorous
Administration 's risen from your prison of the vote.
I think it is a platitude
To say I 've little gratitude
Toward Washington pacific. Nay, horrific is my gloat.

Ha! ha! I 'll take a crabbin'-net,
And go for Wilson's cabinet.
I 'm hampered by my Moose, for I 've small use for what 's passé.
But still, though time grows tenuous,
I 'm really just as strenuous
And clever as I ever was. I 'll have another day!

So, excellent receptacle,
Pray spare thy glances skeptical.
Athwart my mental vistas Carranzistas bite the dust.
What violets from Parma meant,
I symbolize by armament,
And cast my fate before you. I adore you. And *you must!*

The King of Greece to *his Neutrality*

SWEETHEART, my position 's really sinister.
I 'm distressed by a hot prime minister.
Although I have been wavering
And wondering and quavering,
The truth is, I am married. *Do you get me?*
My wife? Well, her brother is bewitchin' her.
And then, on the other hand, there 's Kitchener!
The kaiser 's so sky-high a
World-figure with Sophia,
She does her very best to fuss and fret me.

Yes, once when I stood in perturbation
She rather recommended this flirtation,
But now the situation
Is increasing her vexation,
And opposite advisers will upset me.
So, if you believe that I am making you
A mock, and, like a recreant, forsaking you,
Bear in mind, though I 'd be true,
There are other factors too:
Venizelos and my wife won't let me!

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

Portrait of Ethel Barrymore

By James Montgomery Flagg

THE CENTURY

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"Mademoiselle l'Anglaise"

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "Brother Leo," etc.

Illustrations by William D. Stevens

IN the new Latin Quarter beyond Montparnasse you may, if you like, be very respectable. You leave the Boule' Miche', cut up the Boulevard Raspail, and cross by the lion—a large and rather lumpy lion—at the top of the Boulevard Arago.

The plane-trees, in splendid rows of four, sweep down to high iron gateways, behind which lie the gardens. Long before the boulevard becomes the working-quarter and out of sight of the farther haunts of the *Apache*, a little to the left of the big gray jail, you may enjoy every consideration, including a garden and a studio as private as the Faubourg St.-Germain.

It seemed exactly the place for Lucia Dale, for she intended to be very private indeed. She was alone and beautiful and young, so that it was discreet to be private; and then she wanted to work. She wanted to work from the earliest light to the latest; she wanted to be strenuous, to achieve, and not to become in the least French while she was doing it.

She did not like the French; she was sure that they were an insincere, light, and unreliable nation. She admitted that they could paint; she even acknowledged that, as far as art went, France went with her, the rest of Europe some way behind, and the British Isles hardly in the order of the "also ran."

Lucia admired a little grudgingly the Latin sense of form. She had crossed the channel for it, and accepted Paris for it,—accepted, that is to say, what she had to accept of Paris,—and taken for a year the little house beyond the iron doors for nothing else but to acquire this lacking attribute. When once she had got the sense

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of form, she meant to hurry back to England with it under her arm, and keep it forever upon those inhospitable and shapeless shores.

Meanwhile she talked French very well, but did not encourage conversation. Society is mixed in the gardens. It is mixed as to race: there are Russians, Greeks,—there were Austrians and a German once,—Poles, Americans, and the French themselves; but the mixture of race is as nothing compared with the inequality of social position.

The Russians don't know the Poles, the Austrians and the German cultivated a deep mutual distaste, the French don't know one another. They only know that they would rather not. The Americans alone, with their kindly, unintimate heartiness, were accepted by every one.

They had lived for years in Paris, the husbands—there were three sets of Americans, and they were all emphatically married—were hail fellow well met with all the quarter. The wives, equally kind, but perhaps more guardedly innocent, accepted with admirable tolerance a bowing acquaintance even with the Poles, who were not at all clean, and with the Russians, who talked all night.

The American ladies did not talk any language but their own, which made it simpler. Even in their own language it was wonderful what they failed to understand. The concierge, with whom they were great favorites, told them what she thought was good for them. She told them of the arrival of Lucia Dale.

"This one," she explained, "is quite alone. She is English. One would say she is too young and too pretty to be alone by herself, but one would be wrong. She has an eye of ice and of iron; she inspires fear. And the questions she asks about drains! One would suppose the English slept in them, they are so particular."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Herbert P. Birdseye. "I 'll run right across and ask her if I can help her settle."

The concierge barred the way; she crossed her arms over her high and shelf-like bosom, emphatically shaking her head.

"You are kindness itself, Madame," she asserted, "but the Englishwoman is of a coldness inconceivable; she has already said that she does not like Americans."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Birdseye, "but that 's dreadful! How in the world am I to help her?"

"For that!" said madame. "She does not need help; she is of a competence. Also, a *bonne* is to come in by the day. She has made her own arrangements. No one from the quarter! It appears she has an uncle who resides across the river, an English curé. The *drôle,* he has, I am told, a wife! I said, 'Hein! we have all sorts in this garden, but not a curé with a wife! They place themselves elsewhere.' She said, 'I do not think he will come here at all, but I give him to you as a reference!' A fine reference that! But she has a good banker. She is indeed something of the solid, that little one. And on one side of her live the Russians, and on the other, that bad subject Monsieur Gervase!"

Here the concierge smiled broadly, for if there was a soft spot in her capacious, but iron-clad, bosom, it contained as sole lodger that bad subject Gervase-St. Anne-Marie de Martel, commonly known in the quarter as "M'sieur Gervase."

Monsieur Gervase was a sculptor, but that was only one of the things he was. He was all the things he should n't be, and, most surprisingly, many of the things he should. As a son he was immaculate; but he was a son only on Sundays. The

rest of the week he was occupied in leading at least nine lives with intense zest and some confusion as to the twenty-four hours and the ten commandments. On Sunday he crossed the river and went to mass with the Comtesse de Martel, kissed the hands of his aunts, and behaved with a propriety to touch the hearts of several otherwise amusing young cousins.

The Comtesse de Martel was a woman with a great deal of religion and a certain amount of tact. She was perfectly satisfied with the Sundays of Monsieur Gervase, and once in a blue moon, after a carefully given warning, she descended upon the gardens.

The day before she arrived the quarter arose and came to the assistance of Monsieur Gervase, especially Fanchette and Loulou, his favorite models; they cleaned out the studio for madame and placed in a row a charming series of statuettes, borrowed for the purpose from the delighted Americans. The real work of Monsieur Gervase bore not the least resemblance to these pious heads of pretty infants, and room was made for it in the studios round the gardens.

Fanchette or Loulou, as the case may be, would knock upon one of the studio doors and say: "Madame La Comtesse de Martel calls upon Monsieur Gervase on Sunday. Would you be so kind as to permit 'Woman at Dawn' or 'The Drinking Lady' or the 'End of Pleasure' to spend the day with you?"

After the departure of madame, Monsieur Gervase would give a great entertainment, and "Woman at Dawn," "The Drinking Lady," and the "End of Pleasure" would return to him with their accommodating hosts. The concierge would shut her ears to late pianos, errant voices, and steps infirmly returning to curiously inaccessible front doors. "After all," she would say to the Americans next day, *"le bon Dieu* made youth. When one opens a bottle of champagne, if it is good, a little spills, is it not so?"

Monsieur Gervase was hard at work smoking a cigarette upon his door-step. It was a lovely morning in April, 1914. The purple iris round the fountain was blooming gaily, the little red daisies were open wide-eyed to the sun, across the court a pink almond blossom flung its delicate tracery against a pale-gray wall, the birds sang in a tumult of excitement over the unfolding spring. Lucia Dale came to the door and shook off the crumbs from a snowy white table-cloth.

She herself was very like the early spring. Her figure was slender,—a little too slender, almost spare,—but Gervase forgave her her slenderness for the grace of her sloping shoulders and the line of her exquisite throat; it was like a slim column in a sun-haunted cloister. Her hair was very fine and silky, with a dozen different lights in it; her face in repose was only a promise, an unkindled, delicate promise. She had particularly cold gray eyes, as the concierge had discovered, but above them was a sweep of dark lashes, and fine arched eyebrows a shade darker than her hair.

Gervase thought she had an admirable way of whipping crumbs from a table-cloth. He was inspired by a desire to help her. He said, taking his cigarette out of his mouth and bowing—he had no hat on:

"Bonjour, Mademoiselle. We are, I presume, to be neighbors?"

She folded the table-cloth methodically; over it she regarded Monsieur Gervase with her fine cold eyes.

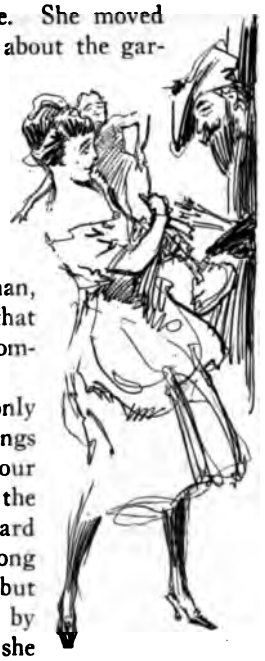
"Certainly you presume, Monsieur," she replied. Then she shut the door.

Gervase's face burned like fire; it was as if she had struck him. He could not remember such a thing ever happening in the gardens before. He could not believe any woman would do such a cruel thing on such a day, least of all to him, Gervase.

It was not gracious, it was not kind; it was essentially English. His mother was right: the English were a race of barbarians like the Germans, whom they pretended to dislike. He would not presume again. Probably she had not even noticed how his tie, his pocket-handkerchief, his socks were in themselves a study in how to please her. He had made it on purpose for her. For her and for her alone he had appeared smart upon his door-step at the unnatural hour of eight o'clock in the morning! Well, it was a mistake; such a nationality was not worthy of such a sacrifice.

He retired into his studio, dragged on his apron, and worked extremely badly for several hours.

For a fortnight he sedulously avoided Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. This is not to say he did not notice her. You cannot very well help noticing your next-door neighbor when your door-steps touch; and if she was disagreeable to speak to, she was beautiful to notice. She moved easily and lightly about the gardens like a goddess off a frieze. Her coats and skirts, the only things the English mind has ever mastered in the service of woman, were of the best that mind could accomplish.



She went out only in the early mornings for about half an hour and again when the light failed toward the close of the long golden afternoons, but she was always in by seven o'clock, and she was always alone. Sometimes, perhaps twice a week, a middle-aged, gray-haired lady came to tea. Gervase approved of this. She had snubbed him, and it gave him a sense of security to think she had included the whole masculine universe in her snub.

The concierge for the first time in her career was unable to give him any further information on the subject of Mademoiselle l'Anglaise.

"Voyez-vous," she exclaimed, "as a rule, when they don't speak, the *bonne* expounds. This one has a *bonne* very elderly and thin—thin to a degree that suggests a perpetual Lent, out of whom one extracts nothing. Monsieur Gervase, I tell you this for your good: avoid thin women! There is nothing to them—nothing but the severity of the thing blighted. What others have left alone should never be sought. It is a pear with a wasp in it that tastes sweetest. Of mademoiselle herself I say nothing. She pays her rent regularly and makes no complaints. How can I tell you where she goes in the afternoons? Paris is free. But I should strongly advise you not to follow her."

"Certainly I shall not follow her," said Gervase, with some audacity, curling his short mustache. "By and by I shall accompany her. I do not follow women."

"Méchant!" exclaimed the concierge with delight. Still, she did not believe he would ever accompany Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. "Ice melts," said madame to herself; "but iron and ice never."

Then one cold April day when all the almond blossoms had been drenched and blinded and flung madly to and fro about the garden there was a hurried, frightened knock at Monsieur Gervase's door. It was a shrinking, timid, ineffectual knock, and Monsieur Gervase flew to the door to answer it. It is only a woman who knocks like that, and of women only one who is superlatively shy. As far as Gervase knew, and in this direction he knew very far, there was only one very shy woman in the garden.

He flung open the door, to find his next-door neighbor standing bareheaded in the rain.

"O Monsieur!" she cried, "I cannot find the concierge, and the stove is exploding!"

Gervase followed her with delight, while she explained and apologized, into her little front door. He blessed those seldom endearing stoves of the gardens! He knew their ways, the crumpled rose-leaves of the artist's life. This one was not exploding,—they never really did explode,—but it was thinking seriously of doing something very tiresome, and meanwhile it roared splendidly like a lion, and sent up terrifying small spurts of flame.

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise hovered courageously about him while with a knowing touch or two, a practised eye, and a sculptor's sure, effectual hand, Monsieur Gervase calmed down the *crise* that was afflicting the stove.

"My servant is out," mademoiselle stammered. "How kind, how clever of you, Monsieur! I regret so to have troubled you, but I—I cannot talk Russian, and besides—it is *quite* all right now, is n't it?"

Gervase concealed a smile.

"Should I incommode you, Mademoiselle," he asked gravely, "if I remained five minutes just to see if it continues all right?"

"Oh, thank you; must I really bother you?" she said regretfully. Monsieur Gervase looked at her; he had singularly expressive eyes. The severity of Mademoiselle l'Anglaise shook a little.

"But of course," she said quickly, "please stay. I should like it. It has been very wet all day."

"Personally, I like wet weather," said Monsieur Gervase, firmly. "There is something in it—how shall I say—responsive?"

Mademoiselle turned away, but it did not appear that she was offended; on the contrary, she crossed to a little table and returned with a box of cigarettes.

"It cannot be that you smoke!" cried Gervase in horror. "Or that distinguished, gray-haired lady who calls here for tea? It would be sacrilege."

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise laughed. It was a bubbling, happy little laugh, and when it happened, every promise of her face found its fulfilment; there was even a dimple.

"It is quite true my aunt does n't smoke," she admitted; "but I have cousins."

"I have not seen them," said Gervase, sternly.

"They come," said mademoiselle, with the dimple still lurking in her cheek, "on Sunday afternoons, when you are out."

This might have been a mortal blow for Gervase, but something had saved it: she had noticed when he was out.

He glanced about the studio with speculative, delighted eyes. It was like no studio that he had ever seen before. It reminded him of his mother's garden in Brittany. Madame de Martel had a passion for neat parterres, tidy hedges, and rows of delicate sweet-peas.

There was a great deal of space in the studio, and there was perfect order, and then there were pictures. Great Heavens! He had n't supposed she could paint like this! There were water-colors, pastels, oils, all very small and very fine, with delicate, firm lines, and a bloom about them like the freshness of youth. As a rule they were landscapes worked up from old sketches, carried in her eye or in her heart, perhaps. Her sense of color seized upon his senses. This slim, austere little person rioted in color! He felt like seizing her by the hands and dancing with her round the studio.

"Parbleu!" he cried, "you can work!"

She looked quickly at him, with a sudden letting down of barriers.

"You think so?" she asked with a little catch in her breath. "You think I can do something good one day? For that it would be worth while having had to come to France."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," cried Gervase, with a little gesture of ironic despair, "poor France!"

For a Frenchman, to hate France is as if you hated his mother. Mademoiselle l'Anglaise flushed a little.

"Forgive me!" she said. "I should not have said that. Do you really think I can paint?"

Gervase looked away from her, at the canvases before him; he pulled them about with practised hands. It was some time before he answered her directly. The stove sank into brooding normality. It would n't exactly burn, and the idea of going out had not yet occurred to it.

"Yes," he said at last, "you can paint. One sees that, but your figures are bad. Where have you studied?"

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise sat down in an old, black oak chair; against it her hair looked like sunshine above pine-trees.

"I don't like drawing from the life," she asserted calmly.

Gervase flung enraged hands above his head.

"Mademoiselle," he cried, "it is an infamy! You have no business here at all; you should reside in a convent on the top of a mountain, where nothing passes but the sunset and the dawn. This is an outrage to art. You do not love the figure! You do not wish to draw from life! What, then, do you wish to draw from? You are not, one sees, a Futurist or an Imagist; what, then, are you? Do you not know that life is as big as the sky, as crushing as a volcano, as hot as fire, and as good as the sunshine? What are you doing here at all? Why are you alive? Of what use is it to have meals, to sleep, to be beautiful and young! You make me feel sick. You deprive me of force. I could cry aloud when I look at you, and you have no excuse; for God gave you everything, including an artist's eye! *Mon Dieu!* what waste!"

She sat looking at him. Gravity dawned into amusement in her eyes, and then swept back to a deeper seriousness.

At the end of his speech Gervase flung himself back into an arm-chair, shivering. For a moment she really thought he was worse than the stove. She was not in the least afraid of him, however.

"You see," she said, "I don't agree with you at all. I do not like life very much, not what you mean by it; but I do love style. I would make great sacrifices for it. You are an artist yourself, I know, and I am sure you are telling me the truth; so that, if you really think it necessary, I will study in a studio from models. I shall not like it at all. I am very much afraid of people I don't know, and I dislike them awfully."

"All the better for those you do know," said Gervase. He was calm again now, and eyed her with some friendliness and more amusement. "But, yes, if you want to be an artist, you must work from the life," he continued. "What you have done here is good. It shows more than promise, it is to some extent even achievement; but it is a little achievement,—how does one say it?—it is not up to the measure of your capacity. For that you must get rid of fear. Fear, dislike of life, these are shabby things, silly, prudent little obstacles that all artists must overcome." He leaned forward, and held her with his audacious, sparkling eyes. "Mademoiselle, don't be afraid; like life a little. It is sad, it is bad, but it can be very amusing. And, after all, it is what we have got. Let us make the best of it. Permit me, Mademoiselle, to assist you to like life a little?"

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise met his eyes; she looked into them for a long time, and

she did not tell him that he had presumed again. She knew quite well that she could trust him, and also what she could trust him for; and she made up her mind then and there to trust him to that extent and never any further.

Gervase had no idea what was passing in her mind. He saw only that she was in some queer woman's way testing him, and that in her eyes the test had succeeded. She rose tranquilly and held out her hand to him.

"Monsieur," she said, "I thank you very much for your assistance, and I think the stove is quite safe now."

THE gardens watched with intense amusement the approaches of Monsieur Gervase. It was admitted that Mademoiselle l'Anglaise had yielded a little of her rigor, but there was a division of opinion in the gardens as to how much further she would yield it. Monsieur Gervase himself shared this uncertainty.

He had known many women, and he had respected only one. He paid his tribute to the sanctity of women in the person of Madame de Martel. For her he had idealism and a fastidious homage. The rest of her sex simply amused him. They amused him very much; they were, in fact, his chief diversion, and for a time he included in their ranks Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. She was different from any of the others, and the amusement she afforded him had a peculiar flavor; but it was some time before he became aware that she had ceased to amuse him at all.

The change began perhaps when the guarded coldness of her eyes softened to meet his, and when her quiet welcome, always a little austere and grave, began to give him the sensation of awe. She was not really stern; she was very gentle and kind, and she was so sincere that she brought the tears to his eyes. It seemed to him that she walked about in the world of shams and dupes, as immaculate as a blue-eyed Madonna out of a Tuscan picture. She had that starry innocence that undermined celestial faith, which goes with flowers and angels, and it was in Paris that she walked about, not heralded or guarded by any angel, a little, graceful, unprotected English girl. Gervase ceased to think of how far he could go with her or how soon he could break down her delicate barriers. A new idea occurred to him. He became very much absorbed in taking care of Mademoiselle l'Anglaise; he took care of her even against himself!

For one thing, he would not let her walk back alone from the life schools through the grands boulevards at five o'clock in the afternoon. The first and the second day he met her at the door of the schools, and she accepted his escort with her sweet, shy friendliness; but on the third day she eluded him and returned earlier.

And then Gervase knew that he was n't amused at all. He was n't even angry; he was simply abjectly afraid. It actually meant more to him that she should be safe than that he should get his way. Frightened, he dashed back to the gardens.

"Has Mademoiselle l'Anglaise returned?" he asked the concierge, fiercely.

"But of course," said the concierge with great tranquillity. "Why should she not return?"

Gervase dismissed the question angrily.

"She has no business to be out alone," he muttered. For a moment it seemed as if he would knock down one of the Poles for standing on his own door-step and looking across to the house of mademoiselle. Gervase knocked sharply at her door. Mademoiselle l'Anglaise was flushed a little, too, and she seemed relieved to see him.

"Oh, it 's you!" she said quickly. "You 'll come in, won't you?" She had previously told Gervase she could not receive him unless her aunt was present.

He came in and stood before her, angry as the French alone are angry, with the gentlest sharpness, as fine and cutting as a knife-blade.

"Mademoiselle," he said formally, "I shall not intrude long upon your kindness. I have come to make a little assertion. I do not find you generous."

"O Monsieur!" she murmured, as if for the first time she was a little frightened of him. She had never seen his eyes look cold before. "What is it? What do you mean?"

He moved away from her a little.

"You have twice placed me in a position that I find unbearable. I cannot permit it to occur again." He was very pale and spoke with intense calm. "Why do you refuse my company? Is it that I am personally distasteful to you?"

"Oh!" cried Lucia. "Why, you are my only friend in Paris. You know you are not distasteful to me, Monsieur."

"It is true I had that idea," he said more gently; "but then, Mademoiselle, if I am not distasteful to you, if we are friends, why do you contrive to rebuff me? You do not only hurt my pride, which is a serious wrong to a Frenchman, but you frighten me."

"Oh, but how can I frighten you?" she asked nervously. "I—I have n't even tried."

He was still firm, though the softness of her voice shook him more than his own anger.

"You have quite succeeded without trying," he said quietly. "You are alone in Paris, and Paris is up to a certain point safe; but I, who know and love her, wish her never to offend you. By declining to accept my care of you, I fear greatly that you may be offended."

Lucia met his eyes with her direct simplicity.

"Yes," she agreed, "sometimes I am offended; but I was thinking of getting a big dog."

Gervase laughed helplessly.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he said, "what a precaution! And now are you still thinking of getting that big dog, Mademoiselle?" He came nearer to her, and laid his hand very gently on her shoulder. She did not draw it away from him, as he had half expected.

"But it means every day," she said, her voice shaking a little, "and I *can* take care of myself, I really can. I would n't let—any of my cousins come for me."

"Please do not speak of care," said Gervase in quite a different voice, "but say to yourself, 'Every day I will give my friend a pleasure.' "

Lucia drew back a little. She still hesitated; she wanted to be wise and kind and, above all, to be just. She was very frightened of the boulevards at five o'clock in the afternoon, and she was not frightened of Gervase at all. She had a peculiar feeling about Gervase. It seemed as if she were safer with him than she had ever been with any one else in her life, and yet he was a Frenchman.

"I don't know," she said, "if you really—" She left this sentence unfinished, and began another: "And if you 'll promise to do anything else you 'd rather do, and come for me only when you 're perfectly free?"

"Willingly," said Gervase. "There could be no promise easier for me to make than that."

Lucia looked relieved. "Well, then," she said, "thank you. I won't get the big dog. Will you stay to tea?"

Gervase shook his head.

"No, I—I don't think so," he said. He did n't give any reason why he could n't stay to tea; he did not even seem to see her hand. He went very quickly to the door, and turned then to laugh back at her. "The place for the big dog," he

explained, "is on the door-step—*n'est-ce pas?*"

AND all the brilliant, sunny months of May and June Gervase was good!

"He is like a little boy on the eve of his first communion," the concierge remarked to the friendly Americans. "It is a goodness so spotless that one wonders if even the good God is not a little relieved when a smut falls. It is like this weather that never breaks—a peace before a storm."

It was a hot night in July when the storm broke. The moon rose early and flooded all the quarter; it flooded the studio of Monsieur Gervase and made him as mad as his light heart.

That very day he had called Mademoiselle l'Anglaise "Lucia." It had slipped from him, as they stood in the garden together, like some lovely dropped flower into a trembling stillness. He had waited for a rebuke, but no rebuke had come; only the delicate color of her face had grown deeper under his gaze, and because he was young and in love as he had never been before, curiously, deeply, with the very best that was in him, he had a terrible moment of intoxication.

He could not stay in the gardens alone; the world and all that was in it could hardly contain his joy. He rushed out into the quarter and searched for Fanchette and Loulou. He found them and a dozen of his most intimate friends, and dragged them back with him into the studio. They danced in the moonlight, and their cries and their laughter shook the gardens broad awake, and Gervase, a little, a very little, drunk with wine, and a great deal with some fiercer, subtler fluid, forgot everything but his joy.

He went out in the lightest of costumes,—it was even breathed that he wore no costume at all!—he curled up like a faun on the stone fountain, and with a mandolin under his arm he lifted up his clear, light baritone voice under the window of Mademoiselle l'Anglaise—the window which, in the English manner, was invariably open to any air—and sang "Santa Lucia" very loudly three times over, and his friends—most regrettably, for they were drunker than Gervase—joined in the chorus. Even the concierge observed next morning that it was out of place.

Lucia laid her burning cheek on the pillow and cried. She thought he meant to insult her. She remembered how light Frenchmen were, and also she heard, though it was four o'clock in the morning, the voices of Loulou and Fanchette. Somebody kissed somebody else just under her window. There were a good many of them, and the kisses may have had nothing at all to do with Gervase. On the other hand, they may have had a good deal. Gervase was in the mood for vicarious kisses. He would, if there had been nothing else to kiss, have embraced the dirtiest of the Poles.

Lucia was barely dressed next morning when she heard his voice under her window, ardent and terribly assertive. "Lucia! Lucia!" he cried impatiently. Then she knew she had cheapened herself to him, and she grew very cold. Her eyes were like the Atlantic in an autumn gale, slate-gray and angry.

She opened the door, but stood in front of it.

"Whom are you calling?" she asked. "I cannot suppose it is myself; but there is no one here but me. My servant's name is Josephine, and she has gone out."

Gervase should have stopped then, but he was in a torrent of feeling that seemed strong enough to carry him over any obstacles.

"No, no, it was you," he said urgently. "It is always you that I am calling. Do you not know it? Speak to me. I could not wait; I have not slept all night—Lucia!"

"I also have not slept very well," she said. "You and your friends made sleep impossible."

He saw then; but he had gone too far to stop, and it still seemed to him that if he went further she must understand.

"Don't! Don't!" he said quickly. "I cannot bear it now. I will explain everything. Do not stand there between me and my happiness. Give me your hand! I cannot live without it. Give me your hand!"

Lucia did not move. She looked at him with exactly the same eyes with which three months before she had regarded him across the table-cloth.

"Monsieur Gervase," she said, "I do not know whether you are drunk or sober. There can be no doubt of what you were last night. You ask me to give you my hand. Am I to suppose that you wish to marry me?"

Gervase gazed helplessly at her.

"But, yes," he muttered; "what else? Only you are wrong; it is not a wish; it is a fire."

Her eyes never wavered.

"I am sorry," she said, "very sorry; but I am afraid you made a great mistake."

"Ah," he said, "you do not love me!"

Something in Lucia winced suddenly under his words. She could not have told what it was, but it cried out like a creature mortally touched. She controlled it before she answered him.

"Monsieur, you are three things I do not like: you are a Catholic, you are—*méchant,* you are a Frenchman."

Gervase drew himself together, and flung his bad head back defiantly.

"Yes, Mademoiselle," he said, "and I was all these three things yesterday."

"Then the mistake is mine," said Lucia, coldly.

Gervase turned without speaking and walked away a little unsteadily into the sunshine, as if he were going blind.

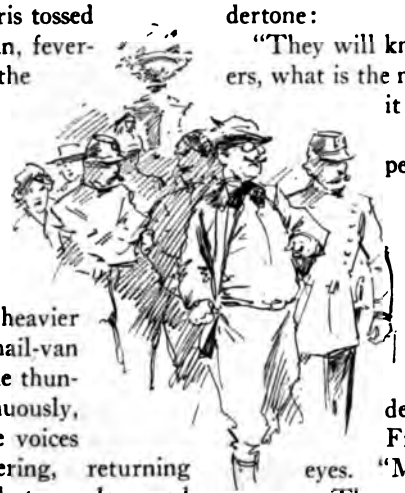
Afterward Lucia remembered how she had sent him away from her, stumbling as if he had met darkness face to face.

Monsieur Gervase did not reappear in the gardens. It was a triumph for Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. Her rigor had not yielded; but the quarter did not like her any the better for that. Rigor was not its favorite quality in women.

Day followed brilliant, breathless summer day, and no one spoke to Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. They spoke among themselves, however, gathering by the concierge's door night and morning; they spoke about Serbia and Austria and what Russia might be going to do; and then they paused and looked at one another, for they knew that what Russia did must mean France. Every now and then they looked anxiously up the street as if they saw something coming.

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise did not notice any of these things. Methodically and carefully she worked from the first light to the last. She read only the English newspapers, because she thought the French ones were improper. The English papers were full of Home Rule and coal-strikes. She thought the Liberal Government very wrong indeed and that strikes ought to be stopped. She could n't have said why, but it seemed to her as if Home Rule and strikes were rather like the way Gervase had behaved in the garden. She did not go to the life schools any more.

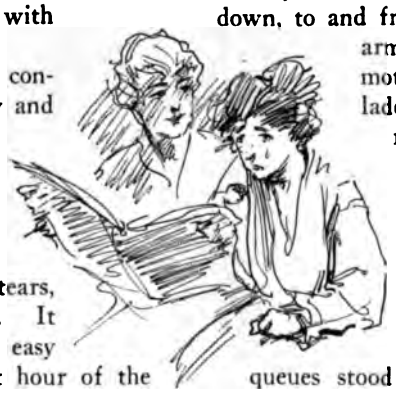
Then one night she could not sleep. There was a strange sound in the streets, as if Paris was awake, as if Paris might conceivably never go to sleep again. All night long there was movement, heavy, ceaseless movement. Paris tossed to and fro like a sick man, feverishly, incessantly, till the dawn.



The Boulevard Arago shook under the passing of huge wagons and rumbling motors; sometimes with a scream a flying taxi rattled and clamored through the heavier sounds. Sometimes a mail-van shot past with a noise like thunder, and always continuously, interminably, there were voices in the streets—wandering, returning voices, never very loud, but ceaseless, and strangely intent, as if some subject had taken hold of the night, and could not be dismissed.

In the morning the concierge forgot the milk, and Josephine never came. Mademoiselle l'Anglaise made herself a hasty breakfast and then went out into the garden. There was no one in the garden; every one was at the gate. The concierge was there, and the Austrians appeared to be having an altercation with the Russians.

From time to time the concierge intervened, and by and by two gendarmes appeared; and the Austrians marched off with them. The Russians went on talking fiercely and loudly; the Poles, in tears, kept asking for a taxi. It ought to have been very easy to get them one at that hour of the morning; but it appeared that there were no taxis. It is true that taxis flashed by, hundreds of them, like a flight of birds in a storm, but nobody seemed able to stop them. Mademoiselle l'Anglaise stood there for a moment or two before any one observed her. Then she asked a question.



"Madame," she said to the concierge, "what is the matter?"

Every one stared at her as if she had flung a bomb among them. One of the Russians laughed, and observed in an undertone:

"They will know one day, those islanders, what is the matter; but we shall know it first, God save us!"

Madame turned her competent small eyes sharply upon Lucia Dale.

"It is a little thing you may have heard of, Mademoiselle," she observed quietly, "called war. France moves."

"Et l'Angleterre?" demanded a pretty little Frenchwoman, with red eyes. "Marchera-t-elle?"

Then Lucia bought a newspaper, and read it through very carefully. No one told her what had happened to Gervase-St. Anne-Marie de Martel, but she knew.

Every one supposed she would go back to her country; there was still time. And day by day France moved. There were four unforgetable days when Paris shot to and fro like a piece of complicated machinery let loose from control. Up and down, to and fro, tore the motors—gray army motors, civil-service motors, interminable, heavy-laden stores; and regiments, red-tunicked, blue-coated, white with dust, streamed interminably toward an unknown goal.

People stretched along the pavements in serried ranks, and jostled death in the streets. Endless queues stood for hours and days in front of railway stations and consulates under the brazen sky. Women fainted, children cried, men groaned, but there had ceased to be anything impressive about personal pain; it was swallowed up in one prolonged implacable effort to get ready, to get ready, to be in time.

The houses were mere gateways for the ceaseless, passionate movement of the throng. There was no noise and no excitement beyond the ominous, terrible speed of the state itself.

In the midst of this appalling larger movement homes fell apart, and were torn up by the roots; hearts broke, and hopes turned sick as quietly, as gently as leaves fall from the late summer trees.

Wives, mothers, sisters parted from their men forever, and no one said good-by. "Au revoir!" always "Au revoir!" piteously, with tears under the quiet voice. "Au revoir, Pierre! Au revoir, Jacques! Au revoir, mon brave!" There was no time for panic or for tears.

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise watched them. She could not help them, but she made no attempt to go away. Day by day, hour by hour, the question stabbed at her aching heart.

"Mademoiselle," they asked her, "l'Angleterre marchera-t-elle?" And every day mademoiselle put her heart into the answer.

"I *know* that my country will fight."

And on the fifth of August the concierge came to her door, and cried with tears and laughter:

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, you belong to us now! England is with us!" And then mademoiselle said to her: "I—I also am with you!" and they cried together over the morning milk.

Paris was still now. There was no movement any more. The grands boulevards were empty; the big shops had their heavy shutters down; the huge *hôtels* were changing suddenly and secretly into hospitals. The Champs-Elysées was as empty as a desert.

The Americans—not the beloved inhabitants, but the tourist Americans—with cries for lost suitcases, with passionate insistence upon checks without value, with incredulous assertions of personal rights, had vanished, shrieking to the last, into merciful oblivion. The Paris Americans moved unwillingly, considerately, slowly; they left their hearts behind them, but they moved. The Russians left, the Poles left, unwashed to the last.

There was no one in the garden but the French themselves and Mademoiselle l'Anglaise, and it was then she found that she belonged to them.

She found it because the laundress refused to accept money for the washing.

"Tiens," she explained, "it will be difficult for you to get money just now. I will take the washing just the same. What difference does it make? We are all of one family here."

The concierge's daughter came in and said:

"Since Josephine has not come back, it is I who will assist mademoiselle in the house. We cannot permit her to suffer."

The little Frenchwoman with red eyes crossed the gardens every morning with her paper and with letters, unstamped, precious letters that came very slowly from *là-bas*.

"No," she exclaimed frankly, *"he"* was not exactly her husband. If they had had time before he went—but they had not had time." And Mademoiselle l'Anglaise took her English papers across to her and translated for her what England was doing, and they talked about the navy just as if madame were as much married as Lucia's aunt, who had gone away long ago, thoroughly annoyed with Lucia for desiring to remain.

It cheered the people in the garden to talk about the navy. It was always referred to as mademoiselle's navy, and respected very much.

Then one day the concierge said apolo-

getically to Lucia, "Fanchette and Loulou —it appears they starve." Mademoiselle l'Anglaise said nothing, but in twenty-four hours' time she had started a workroom in her studio to provide the Red Cross with bandages, splints, and swabs. She taught Loulou and Fanchette and a dozen other women of the quarter —poor light women blown here and there from a life of work to a life of sin and back again, but quite like other women, and desiring with all their hearts to serve their men. They were very happy in the studio of Mademoiselle l'Anglaise. She paid them well, and every day before they left she sat among them and told them all she knew, all she could find out, in those secret, breathless August days, of what was happening *là-bas*.

And when they knew that all France and the little band of undaunted, beaten, unbeatable English were falling back, horribly, swiftly, menaced and shaken, toward Paris, no one in the quarter stood more firmly in front of fear than Mademoiselle l'Anglaise.

"You will see," she said proudly, "they cannot get to Paris. Your men are there and mine —between us. It is enough. Do you doubt them?" No memories of 1870 quelled her, no reports shook her, and when bombs dropped at the corner of the street, she said, "This is the mentality of the Germans. It does not do to give them the satisfaction of noticing them. I shall go out and get the evening paper. Do not let us be afraid." And she went out and bought the evening paper and came back with it, laughing; for in her heart, and always before her eyes, France stood as one man, gallant and gay, audacious and tender, whose only fear was lest she might be offended. She knew he had no other fear but that. She had no news of him, she asked for none, and no one spoke his name to her.

The concierge went once to see Madame de Martel, who would not leave her house in Paris; but Madame la Comtesse knew no more than the laundress across the way, who had four sons and a husband somewhere at the front. They got occasional post-cards, and when post-cards failed they waited. Usually they waited.

Then perhaps a terrible day arrived with a letter from the ministry of war, and then never any more at all. The laundress had three of these final communications, and went on washing, and at last Madame la Comtesse de Martel got one, too. It was a shade less terrible at first, for it merely said that Gervase St. Anne-Marie was severely wounded, and had been specially recommended for the military cross, for conspicuous gallantry.

As a special privilege, he was sent back as soon as he could travel to Paris. The American hospital took him, that hospital where all that science, passionate sympathy, money poured out like water, and skill flung without price for the service of France can do to lessen the tide of suffering is done daily and hourly by the untiring friends of France.

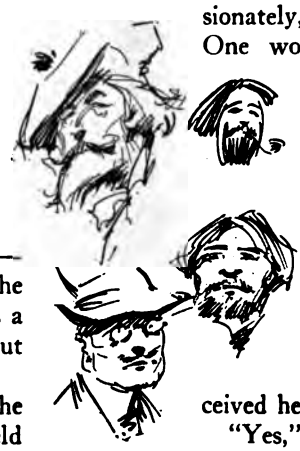
It was late October now; the Germans had been rolled back. Paris was breathing again a little, very lightly, with long pauses.

The Champs-Elysées was still quite empty except for the autumn leaves; they blew about like the light young lives, a

golden crowd, resistless, gay, with only death to guide them.

It was Loulou who told Mademoiselle l'Anglaise.

Lucia found her weeping pitifully under the trees outside the iron gates. It was long after sunset, but the light had lingered to meet the stars.



"Loulou, you are in trouble. Tell me, is it your brother?" Lucia asked tenderly. Loulou shook her head.

"I kissed him," she sobbed—"I kissed him here under the trees before he went. It was a little thing to do for him; but he liked it—he liked kisses."

Lucia's face whitened. She said nothing, but her eyes held the girl's; she knew quite well who it was that liked kisses.

"Ah, but you—you knew him also!" cried Loulou. "I saw him with you myself one day, and you laughed. I remembered, for I had not heard you laugh before. They say he is blind."

Lucia put her hand up before her eyes.

"Yes," she said stiffly, "blind."

"And he has but one arm, the poor young man," Loulou continued, "and he will never be able to model again! Ah, the things he did of us! The artist! and one never got tired with him. Always he had his joke. He made us laugh. That keeps one going, you know, Mademoiselle. And his poor mother! They say when she was told, she asked the good God to let him die, and she is his mother."

The door shot open, and the concierge joined them. She did not even listen to Loulou; she put her arms around Mademoiselle l'Anglaise and said:

"My little one, my little one, cry, then!"

But Mademoiselle l'Anglaise did not cry. She clung for a moment to the concierge, and shivered all over as if she were in a cold wind, and then drawing herself away, she ran past her back into the garden.

"Idiot!" said the concierge, dispassionately, to Loulou. "Stop your tears! One would think you were not a Frenchwoman. Where is it that they have taken him? *Bon!* Now return, animal, to thy bed. It is not for thee to cry; of the two he preferred Fanchette."

Mademoiselle l'Anglaise put on her hat and coat and her gloves.

It was long past visiting hours, but the matron received her.

"Yes," she said doubtfully, "you can see him. By the by," she added, "did he ever call you Mademoiselle l'Anglaise?"

"Yes," said Lucia. The matron's face cleared.

"Then it is you he asks for," she said. "Certainly you may go to him; but be prepared. He cannot see you."

"Will he live?" Lucia asked, looking straight before her. The matron hesitated, then she said:

"We are afraid that he will live." Lucia asked no more questions.

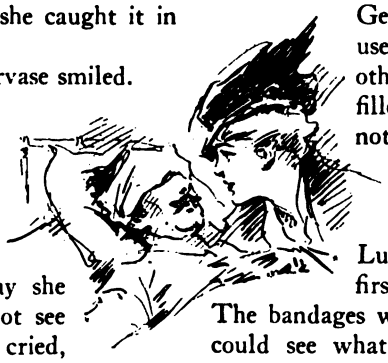
He was by himself in a quiet little cubicle, all that was left of Gervase-St. Anne-Marie. His eyes and his head were bandaged, one arm had been amputated, and one leg was crushed. They had wished to remove this, too, but he had refused his consent.

"I prefer being one-sided," he murmured to the surgeon. "I have never cared for uniformity." And the surgeon, hoping death for him, had left it. But Gervase was very strong; he had not died.

Lucia knelt down by his side, and very gently bending over him she kissed his lips. She said his name, "Gervase!" He lifted his hand tremblingly toward his sightless, bandaged eyes; she caught it in her own and murmured:

"You know me?" Gervase smiled.

"No," he whispered; "you have kissed me. I do not think I know you —Mademoiselle l'Anglaise."



She came to him daily after that, and every day she kissed him. He could not see that, as she sat by him, she cried, because she kept so very still. For a long while he hardly spoke to her, but he always knew her. He knew her footsteps across the floor, he counted the hours between her visits. It was like some strange and glorious dream.

He knew the dream must end. Very gently he ceased to seek her rare caresses: when her hand lay on his he did not press it; he no longer moved his head, as some one thirsty, for her light, swift kiss. He said to himself: "The first day I sit up I will send her away. She must not come any more."

They noticed that he seemed to dread the first time for getting up. His mother came daily; sometimes she talked to him of Lucia, of whom she had heard from the concierge. She told him of her workroom for the models, and of how she had lighted the quarter by her serenity, her courage. "She was worth a regiment," Madame la Comtesse told him. "One wonders a little why she stayed in France."

Gervase said nothing; he was waiting for her to come. She always came at six, when her day's work was over.

His mother looked at him questioningly.

"You are tired to-day," she said. "Next week I am going to take you to Brittany."

Gervase winced; he was not used to being taken about by others. His mother's eyes filled with tears. She could not give him her eyes; that was what she was always thinking.

He was alone when Lucia came at six. For the first time she did not kiss him. The bandages were off his head, and she could see what they had done to him. She moved a chair near him, and put her hand over his.

"To-day," she said, "I told them—your old friends in the gardens—that you were to sit up. They were so glad. When you can drive, Gervase, I want you to—to come to tea with me in the garden."

"Mademoiselle," he said, clearing his throat, "your visits have been like those of an angel. I cannot express to you very well what they have been to me. And now, and now,"—his voice shook, but he went on relentlessly,—"I am to tell you—I am to ask you—not to come any more, Mademoiselle."

"Yes," she said calmly, but without withdrawing her small, firm hand.

He leaned back in his chair.

"It is," he explained after a pause, "you see, because I am strong now, quite strong, and do not need visitors. I myself go away next week."

She sat astonishingly still, saying nothing,—at least for a moment she sat still,—and then he heard the soft movement of her dress, and knew that she had moved. She was close to him now, kneeling beside his chair.

"Gervase," she whispered, "would you know the truth if you heard it? You would not think I was lying to you? You would believe me? I did tell you the truth at least always, did n't I?"

He drew a quick, deep breath.

"Ah, don't make it hard for me!" he muttered. "I am—a coward, Mademoiselle! I was not afraid of the Germans, but of you I am afraid!" She laughed again, close against him now, with such a gentle, happy laugh. He had a quick ear for truth, and he knew it was a happy laugh.

"I love you!" she said. "I stayed for you, I worked for you, I waited for you. I love France. I thought that they would tell me you were dead. You are not dead."

Her arms were round his neck, her head upon his shoulder. He could feel her slender, light form pressed against his side; her heart beat with his heart.

He knew he was not dead.

Charles F. Thurman

Our Prison Problem

By CHARLES SEYMOUR WHITMAN

Governor of the State of New York

THE humane administration of penal institutions, with emphasis placed upon reformation and reclamation rather than upon punishment and retribution, is the dictate of common sense as well as of decency. Any system that sends hate-filled, despairing men back into the world is a crime against the tax-payer and a menace to the society that it is presumed to protect.

In comparison with advance along other lines, the progress of the United States in the science of penology has been slow and even grudging. We do not burn witches to-day, nor are insane persons whipped in order that devils may be driven out, but the harsh ignorances of early days still find reflection in the American attitude toward the convict.

In ten States the law permits the leasing of prisoners to private persons, an evil that entails all the injustices and degradations of peonage. In eighteen others the contract-labor system is in vogue, and in eleven there is continued maintenance of the whipping-post, chains, and dungeons. In the majority of States the buildings themselves are gloomy, insanitary inheritances from a distant past, presided over by political henchmen who have no larger vision than the salary that is the reward of their partizanship. In view of these conditions, the wonder is not that our prison population shows a steady annual increase, but that the increase is not more rapid.

Prison reform, rightly conceived and administered, is social insurance in its very essence. In this work, however, as in every other forward movement, there are as many varieties of reform as there are reformers, and not the least drawback to intelligent progress has been the revulsion against well-meaning theorists who have tried to proceed through sentiment instead of through system. For purposes of definition as well as of illustration, I choose to cite the work at Great Meadow Prison, Comstock, New York, as the standard of prison reform to which I hold personally and officially, and to which I feel that every State in the Union can be invited.

In this institution there are a thousand inmates, comprising every type of criminal from pickpockets to murderers, and every length of sentence from one year to life. About it, however, there is no wall patrolled by armed guards. Every man is at work in the sun and air, often miles away from the prison, and since the officials carry neither guns nor clubs, they are no more than overseers. The one safeguard against escape is the word of honor that every prisoner pledges to Warden William J. Homer. The effectiveness of this promise is attested by the fact that there has been only one escape attempted in the last two years.

These are changes that have been brought about in a comparatively brief period. When Warden Homer went to Great Meadow in 1911, he found a yelling, ribald population locked in cells, sharpening knives in the hope of killing a keeper, and braving solitary confinement and starvation in order to express hatred and rebellion. One by one he opened the doors, providing wholesome, helpful labor in the woods, the fields, the quarries, the dairies, and on the roads. Against this toil he balanced recreation on the ball-field, moving-picture shows, concerts, and

wise aid in education and vocational guidance.

The solid rock of any system of prison reform is discipline, and there are as great dangers in a foolish sentimentalism as in a brutal tyranny. The average convict is one whose life has been lacking in discipline, and his need is to learn the habits of obedience, order, and respect for authority. When I say that the atmosphere at Great Meadow is that of a school rather than of a place of punishment, I am trying to say that Warden Homer has found the firm ground that permits warm personal interest without sacrifice of control and mastery.

The results of the Great Meadow idea can be shown in plain, understandable figures. During the four years of the Homer régime, over eighteen hundred men have been released on parole, and of this number fewer than one hundred have relapsed into a life of crime. Under the old system, seventy-five per cent. of discharged convicts invariably committed crimes that sent them back to the penitentiary for longer terms.

The "honor and trust" method also saves money as well as men. It is economical as well as humane. Great Meadow receives an annual appropriation of $150,000, but when the labor of the inmates is measured in dollars and cents, it will be found that the institution is more than self-supporting. In the products of the farm and the dairy, in the four million young trees turned out of the nurseries for the use of the Conservation Commission, in the manufacture of concrete and the erection of buildings, in the sale of crushed stone, in the matter of live stock, poultry, and swine, in the building of roads and sewers and bridges, in the making of their own clothing, shoes, and hosiery, may be found a return to the taxpayer that shows profit without competition with free labor.

Before Warden Homer took charge, the one item of "preliminary improvement of grounds" cost the State $75,000. Three times the amount of work has since been done by the inmates without a cent of cost to the State. A dam, for which contractors asked $30,000, was completed by the men for $473, and a $30,000 water system is being installed for no more than the $10,000 necessary for materials.

The results achieved at Great Meadow are not due to physical advantages, for a less favorable laboratory for social experiment could not well be imagined. While the farm has 1080 acres in it, only 440 acres lend themselves to tillage, and the heavy clay soil cakes greasily in wet weather and bakes hard in hot. The summers are short, the winters long and hard, and Comstock's inaccessibility makes it almost impossible for the relatives of the poorer inmates to visit them.

I know that many kindly, honest people are convinced that prison reform is a mere cloak for mollycoddling the convict, but when the dividends in lives mended and dollars made are counted up, I feel sure that even the most prejudiced must gain some glimpse of the values that can be induced to flow from these sane adventures in reclamation.

Not only from my observations of the Great Meadow experiment, but from my study of the results obtained in Colorado, I am unalterably of the opinion that prisoners must be taken away from high walls and stone pavements and put upon the land. Even were it not the case that the majority of criminals are sick of mind or body, needing the wholesome corrective of outdoor labor, there would still be the fact that the wide, clean spaces of a farm are best adapted to the work of character-building.

As governor, I have followed the various reforms at Sing Sing with deepest interest and keenest sympathy, but, I must confess, with little hope of any great permanent betterment under existing physical conditions. The institution, to my mind, is one of those ugly, impossible things that call for destruction rather than for a program of improvement.

Huddled down on the damp, river level of the Hudson, the ancient cell block is cut up into cubbyholes measuring seven feet long, three feet four inches wide, and

six and a half feet high. Each one allows only 168.67 cubic feet of air, although the tenement-house law requires 400 cubic feet for rooms; yet even to-day the repulsive spectacle is witnessed of two human beings cooped in these stifling little torture-chambers. Without plumbing, without toilets, the men in them drag through days and nights that are filled with dangers of sickness, disease, and moral degeneracy.

Sing Sing was condemned as unfit as far back as 1848, and in 1905 general indignation culminated in legislative action providing for the purchase of a new site. That a new and finer Sing Sing has not yet arisen may be construed as an indictment of bungling administrative machinery rather than a proof of public indifference. In the State of New York the prison problem is committed to the jurisdiction of seventeen separate boards and officials, creating such confusion that anything approaching intelligent, united effort is almost impossible. The crying need is for one central department with full powers of control, so that a program, when agreed upon, can be presented effectively and fought through to success.

An end to the pull and haul of conflicting boards and officials, and a new, wholesome Sing Sing on a farm site, are tasks to which I have addressed myself as governor; for I hold that social advance is as much measured by the condition of prisons as by schools, hospitals, and libraries.

Larger importance must be attached to the selection of wardens, and I look for the day when experts in this great work will be made the object of competitive bidding by the various States, just as German cities now bid for the services of municipal experts. It is unthinkable that the lives and hopes of the erring and unfortunate should continue to be cheap stakes in the game of partizan politics. The dawn of this new conception of a wardenship as a man's-size job is attested by the fact that I have been able to place Sing Sing in charge of Professor George W. Kirchwey, formerly dean of the Columbia Law School, who is continuing the work unselfishly begun and carried on by Warden Osborne.

During my work as district attorney in the City of New York, called upon daily to prosecute the sad hundreds caught in the net of the law, the truth was brought home to me that while certain men are congenitally evil, the majority of criminals are transgressors by reason of mental or physical defects or by lack of some advantage that life should have afforded them. Out of these observations I have gained the conviction that every State should provide a species of anteroom for its penitentiary, a receiving-station where sentenced men could be subjected to inspection and study.

This winnowing process would discover those of feeble mind, and set apart the diseased, the depraved, and the irreclaimable. As it is to-day, half-wits, degenerates, habitual criminals, first offenders, evil old age, and impressionable youth are all herded together in one ghastly jumble, and the sorting out is left to time and the vigilance of wardens. Sing Sing, with its ancient cell block torn down, and certain improvements made, might well serve as this clearing-house.

Education is another principal plank in any sound platform of prison betterment, for illiteracy plays no little part in the manufacture of criminals. Of the one thousand inmates of Great Meadow, for instance, 248 were unable to read and write, and an equal number possessed only the most elementary knowledge. Warden Homer employs one head teacher, and this man, with eight assistants drawn from the inmates, conducts thirteen daily classes for the instruction of 637 prisoners. The opening of this door, so long closed to them, has done as much as any other one thing to arouse hope and ambition in the men. The educational facilities of prisons should be bettered and broadened, for the State commits a crime against itself as well as against the individual person when it sends unenlightened ignorance back into the world.

In presenting Great Meadow as an example of sane and successful experimenta-

tion with the prison problem, I have no desire to set it down as the last word in reform. While Warden Homer has done all that is humanly possible under existing conditions, much remains to be done, and in the doing there will be the imperative need of an *open mind* on the part of people as well as of lawmakers. Change for the excitement of change is no more stupid than the standpattism that is based on traditions and prejudices. Extreme age must not be permitted to perpetuate evils, and every suggested reform, no matter what the source, must have its fair hearing.

New York stands with the most advanced States in the matter of indeterminate sentences, but the question is one that still calls for sincere and intelligent thought. For instance, some method must be found for insuring equality of punishment, so that two men, convicted of precisely identical crimes, will not enter a prison with widely different sentences.

Study must also be given to the day when the prisoner, released at last, steps out of the penitentiary gates to take his place in the world once more. It is at this point that the efforts for reform have stopped in the past, yet it must be clear that the very finest reformative work may be wasted on these men if they are to be turned adrift without money and without prospects. The majority of States give the discharged prisoner five dollars, but New York is more generous in that it allows him ten. This amount is too narrow a margin for safety, since the man's one recourse is to vagrancy and crime unless he finds a job before his money goes. It must be remembered, too, that the hunt for work is complicated by the tyrannies of policemen and the suspicions of employers.

In this connection, warm praise must be given to the individual wardens and the various volunteer agencies that have grappled splendidly with this task of providing work for the released convict; but the duty is too imperative to be left to unofficial and haphazard hands. I feel that an employment bureau should be created in the department of correction so that the securing of work for these wards of the State may be made a matter of administrative routine.

With regard to the question of money, there are many and conflicting views, but I am confident that some measure of compensation for the labor that convicts perform in prison provides a safe way past the difficulties.

I do not by any means go to the length of putting the convict on a par with free labor, but I do feel that a certain percentage of his earnings should be allotted to him, either to go to the support of his family, or for his own use on the day of release.

At the outset of this article I employed social insurance as the term best fitted to convey my idea of the purpose of prison reform. Surely even the most prejudiced opponent of the new penology must agree that the honor and trust system at Great Meadow, with its ninety-six per cent. of reclamation, carries more safety to society than the Bastille method, which plunges seventy-five per cent. of discharged convicts into darker ways of crime.

The punitive theory of imprisonment has proved a tragic failure at every point. Europe, as recently as one hundred years ago, persisted in the torture-chamber, with its thumb-screw, iron boots, spiked chair, lash and water torment, but crime increased by leaps and bounds.

The theory of deterrence has fared little better. In England, in 1780, there were two hundred and forty crimes punishable by death, and every highway had its line of gibbets; but crime was fanned only to a more furious blaze. During the reign of Henry VIII, seventy thousand thieves were hung; but it was found that more pockets were picked during the hangings than at any other time.

To-day, when the maintenance of penal institutions is one of the principal items in every state budget, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to give careful, patient trial to the theory that prisons are not society's revenge or society's threat, but society's effort to correct and reclaim.

Wherever tried, the record is one of

success. New York, with its Great Meadow; Colorado, Arizona, Oregon, and Illinois join in the presentation of figures that show the well-nigh miraculous results obtained by humane methods.

But even were these proofs lacking, and though the experiment loomed darkly ahead under a cloud of doubt and fear, the adventure would still be worth while, for in the struggle there is appeal to pity, to charity, to justice, and to every other generous instinct in human nature.

Poison

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

"COME, we 'll set traps and poison for the mice,
And we 'll put salt down the ants' holes, and see
How many we can kill; and if you help,
You may go fishing in the afternoon.
Father will teach you how to bait the hook
With angleworms which you and I will dig,
Or grasshoppers; and you will catch, perhaps,
A minnow or two. That will be fun, my boy."

His little boy with troubled eyes looked up.
What father said must all be right and fine;
He was ashamed when he remembered how
He had thought mice were cunning little things,—
Like fairy squirrels, only their tails were bald,—
And how he had been watching ants at work
The day before, and thought them quaint and wise,
Digging their little houses underground,
And making tiny sandpiles round their doors.
Fishing was manly sport, and he would try
His hardest to forget how the worm strove
To get away from the sharp, curly hook
That cut it so; and how the minnows gasped
On the hot grass.
A woman, listening,
Said to herself, "Alas! poor little boy,
That it should be your father setting traps
To strangle all your childhood chivalry,
And poison fellow-feeling in your heart!"

Caste in Criticism. By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

IT is one of the sardonic conclusions of modern research that an aristocracy's prejudices against certain vocations and means of livelihood are prejudices that have come down from the early days of savagery, when manual labor and industrial occupations were left to women and slaves, and the free males of the tribe were properly engaged only in war and hunting, government and priestcraft. So the younger son of an English governing family, still, like an Iroquois brave, is unable to seek a career outside of the army, politics, or the church, although amateur sport now carries some of the honors of tribal hunting, and learning, which used to be a part of priestcraft, is as respectable as holy orders. As a further extension of these caste prejudices, a gentleman is a man who does not work for his living, and an occupation is degraded that is pursued for gain.

In America, with a democratic ideal and a wholly industrial basis for society, such prejudices are not yet very strong. Our leisure class is not large enough to impose them on us, although it has imported them in some degree for its own edification. We have little of the feeling that a gentleman must be a gentleman of leisure or engage only in pursuits that are not mercenary. We are more inclined to consider idleness a disgrace and to despise an occupation that is merely ornamental. There is with us a sneer in the word amateur,—one who practises an art for the love of it,—and the professional is the man whom we admire, because of his greater skill. We share somewhat, with the British, their dislike of professionalism in sport and politics, those traditional occupations of the leisure classes; but we scarcely share at all their suspicion of professionalism in art, and we have little of their reverence for ornamental culture or for erudition that has no useful end. We compel our arts and our sciences to serve us, and to earn their livings, or be slighted.

Thus poetry, the highest form of literary art traditionally, is humorously regarded by our people, and the poet is a common butt in our theater and our press. The painter, unless he is a portrait-painter, is not highly considered, but the illustrator is popular and much admired. The sculptor shares in the honors of the architect if he makes expensive public monuments. The musician and the singer have been recently established in general regard by grand-opera salaries and fabulous concert fees. The playwright has to make his fortune to be noted. The actor has to be a star or nothing. In fact, although academic criticism still rates our arts in the order of comparative honor that they hold abroad, our popular approval seems to rate them according to their utility and their earning power.

That may be not an unmixed evil. The past is full of proof that the popular art of one generation is the classical art of the next, and the verdict of the jury, in the lowest court of public approval, has a

way of being unexpectedly sustained on appeal to the supreme critical tribunals of posterity. The museums are full of dead pictures by forgotten artists who were acclaimed immortal in their day because they were classical, traditional, of the aristocracy of art. The books that live in all libraries are the books that were democratically vital to the readers of their time. It is notorious that no dramatic art that was unsuccessful with its own audience has ever found an audience in posterity. It is equally notorious that the judgments of academic criticism have been almost invariably wrong when the judgment was delivered on its contemporary art.

Such considerations need not deceive us into believing that what is popular in American art is therefore good. But they may console us for much of the foreign condemnation of what is popular. As foreign art, as British art particularly, is an entertainment for the leisure classes, so foreign criticism, and particularly British criticism, forms its judgments according to the prejudices of the leisure classes. These prejudices are apt to rule against anything in art that is not classic, traditional, stylish, and leisurely in form and high bred, philosophical, and aristocratic in matter. Ruskin was such a critic when he described George Eliot's "Middlemarch" as "the sweepings of a Pentonville bus." James Stephens is such a critic when he declares that we cannot have a literature in America because "without a social order there can be no literature; for that the house must be in order."

Stephens seems to repeat the prejudice when he says "the secret of good writing is to be found in the words used by the writer and the way he uses these words; but before any American writer I know of can escape from mediocrity he or she must jettison their present vocabularies and provide themselves with new ones." (And in this case the critic exalts diction in a sentence the syntax of which is disgraceful, as a snob will see only the good manners of a behavior that is morally bad.) There was a time when Latin was the language of aristocratic literature, and Dante had to defend himself for writing his poetry in his native, but vulgar, tongue; and even Edmund Spenser was criticized for refusing to use Latin meters in his English verse. The same tradition of aristocratic expression in literature has animated academic criticism at all times. American literature will have to endure its condemnation. If we produce a literature that bears the same relation to American life that American plumbing does, for example, we shall be doing a sane thing, but a thing that will surely be anathematized by all the high priests of art. And they will anathematize it, although literature has to be vital to be anything at all; although it has to serve life, not esthetics; although the religion of "art for art's sake" is a religion that ministers to its idol, but not to humanity; although such religions are dying everywhere, and the religion of social service is taking their place; and although the priests of art also, in their turn, will have to come down out of their temples, to serve among the people, or be mocked.

"He had taken her little white-garbed figure in his arms and kissed her and kissed her"

Playing the Game

By ETHEL M. KELLEY

Author of "Making Over Mary," etc.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

BILLY SEARS covered his gleaming shoulders with the "father and mother of all bath-towels," a huge bath-mat that he insisted on appropriating for the acceleration of his morning massage, and stuck his head suddenly into the corridor.

"Will you bring my mail here, Mrs. G.?" he called. "I 'm expecting some important letters. Thank you. I 'm an incorrigible creature, and I ought to be spoken to about it."

"And I don't know who 'll be after doing it if I don't," Mrs. Gregory, the rosy housekeeper, grumbled as she teetered heavily past the bath-room door, rubbing her immaculate hands down the sides of her immaculate apron. Once in the kitchen, however, she smiled broadly to herself.

"The tike," she said, "sticking his head and shoulders up out of his steaming bath just to get a couple o' duns and a letter from his father! And that other—him"—shenodded contemptuously toward the left-hand suite, the most luxurious portion of the apartment—"he won't be after reading one o' them billydoos I 've stacked up by his plate until ivery hair is in place, and he 's ate out a section o' grape-fruit. And he calls himself a man"—she turned the flame a bit higher under the oatmeal, and measured a gill of cold water to settle the coffee with—"and wears pants!" she concluded explosively.

Meantime the subjects of her criticism, each in his separate way, were getting ready for breakfast. Billy had crumpled the two damp duns in his big fist, and thrown them on his dressing-table. He was reading his father's letter as he brushed his hair.

James Kennedy was shaving in a way that would have made Billy writhe in mingled admiration and contempt if he had been a witness of the operation. It was never Kennedy who delayed the prompt service of breakfast at half-past eight. Punctuality was one of his passions. It was not even an attribute of any of the other men in the establishment. "Kid" Kennedy, his younger brother, and Brander Kellogg, the fourth of the quartet of good-looking young bachelors under Mrs. Gregory's charge, were obliged to be at their respective offices at eight, and they were already up and out of the house before that efficient guardian so much as tapped upon the doors of the later risers.

By making the supreme effort of his existence anew every morning, Billy was able to respond to Mrs. Gregory's summons and approximate the breakfast-hour; that is, he pulled out his chair ten minutes later than the appointed time with almost clock-like regularity.

Billy's father always added one line of good advice as a postscript to his letters. Sometimes it was, "Wear off your extra fat if you 've got an ounce of it"; sometimes it was, "Don't make any investment without asking your dad first." To-day it was, "Go slow with women," and Billy read the paternal admonition gravely for perhaps the first time in his life. He was not whistling when he took his seat at the table a few minutes later. To Kennedy, who never whistled after the period of his morning ablutions, this did not appear as extraordinary as it actually was.

"Good morning, Billy," he said affably—he was always affable—as that person pulled at his chair with something very like a scowl when it caught in the rug; but he answered with his usual cheerfulness:

"Good morning, old horse. Feeling fit?"

"Surest thing you know."

"Staff all well?" Billy indicated the letters.

"I have n't opened them yet."

Mrs. Gregory, entering with the eggs, cast her eyes supplicatingly toward heaven at this.

"A bit of a hang-over, Mrs. G.?" Billy inquired sympathetically. "Let me advise black coffee and bromo-seltzer for that, after a pick-me-up of some kind, of course."

"Get away with you!"

"Will you go out to the Evans's to-night?" Kennedy asked. "It 'll be hot, and we can all pile into the machine and go somewhere. Out to Egglestone's, perhaps, for coffee and sandwiches later."

"Thank you, I don't think I 'll go to-night," Billy said.

"You won't? I thought you told Evelyn you would."

"I did n't say for sure."

"She expects you."

"I 'll 'phone."

"Brander 'll be going. Guess we 'd better take the kid along. He 's doing too many movies lately."

"Too many movies? At his age he could n't be."

"For his eyes, I mean. Don't you notice how he 's been blinking?"

Kennedy was beginning on his letters. He opened them with his bread-and-butter knife.

"Sorry I have n't a hair-pin to loan you," Billy murmured, dodging the an-

swering missile, an egg-shell. "Look here, that was all eggy!"

"Strange!" Kennedy said, "when it 's never had anything but an egg in it. Dinner at the Wilsons' next Thursday, must put that down. Dance on Friday; can't go; hooked up to the boss's daughter. Cards to a tea-party. Can't go to tea-parties. The rest are all letters."

"I don't know how you do it," Billy complained—"write to 'em. I can't. What in the name of Goshen do you say?"

"Oh, I don't know. Anything interests them—business, theaters, last time you saw them, then one or two local touches. You know what they expect."

"Yes, I know what they expect," Billy said unexpectedly; "but tell me, Jimmie, for future reference, and because I know a feller that would like to know—a friend of mine." He winked solemnly. "How much of what they expect have we got a right to give 'em?"

"You mean if we have n't arrived at that stage where we propose to give 'em what they want."

"Well, dang it all! none of us wants to get married yet awhile."

"No," Kennedy said, "we don't. If they do, in a way, that 's their lookout. As long as we remember we are gent—"

"Don't say it, Jimmie! Don't say it!" Billy begged him. "If that word is still in the language, I don't want to know it."

"It 's a good word," Kennedy insisted stoutly. It was often a little difficult for him to understand the strange places in the conversation at which the others drew the line. Sometimes in the midst of a serious conversation to which he had contributed no confidences a degree warmer than those of the other men, and he was unquestionably the lady's man among them, when he was talking quite gravely of his experiences, he would either get "the laugh" at some inexplicable moment, or be shut up good-naturedly. It seemed strange to him that the others should n't have more respect for his dignity.

"Boob!" said Billy to his back as they separated at the street corner. Then he turned to wave good-by to Mrs. Gregory, who, he had discovered some months before, always watched them out of her sight.

He did n't go to the Evans's that night or for many nights after; and the reason was that the last time he had been there, alone with Evelyn in the garden, on a misty, humid evening, he had taken her little white-garbed figure in his arms and kissed her and kissed her. He had not an idea he was going to do it, and when he was through with it, and tried to make some kind of an apology for the monstrous thing he had done, little Evelyn Evans had put her two confiding arms about his neck and called him by his name, over and over again, in a queer, throaty little voice that he could n't get out of his memory. He was not in love with Evelyn. They were too young to think of being married. He was twenty-five, to be sure, and she was four years younger, but that was too young nowadays. The reason he had kissed her was that she expected to be kissed. That could n't have been plainer to any man who knew anything about it; she expected it, and wanted it. She had been waiting for him to do it, and he had done it. Of course he had kissed a good many other girls in his time, but that was different; all good-looking and healthy young people did a certain amount of spooning, but this was n't spooning exactly; it was love-making; it was pretty close to being engaged to a girl. In fact, it was the way you got engaged to them.

Billy thought if he stayed away for a while, if he went back again in a week or two very coolly and casually, that Evelyn would know without any talking or without getting her feelings really hurt. If you discussed a thing like that with a girl, he knew you were likely to get "in Dutch." He had decided not to discuss it.

All that day at the office his father's postscript kept recurring to him—"Go slow with women." He wondered exactly what his father considered going slow. He knew his father for the most honorable and upright of men, and yet he knew a great deal about women; even his mother admitted that. How had he come

by his knowledge, Billy wondered, if that had been his slogan, "Go slow with women"? How could you go slow with them when they were willing to go so fast? For the first time in his healthy young life he began wondering about other men's relations with women—with nice women. He knew pretty well how things were with the men who were n't "straight." All that was a matter of taste; to him personally it was disgusting. You could marry only one woman,—one woman at once, anyway, he thought, grinning to himself,—but how the deuce was it that you got your experience of a whole world of women, even enough experience to pick and choose among them, without trying them out more or less? What was the happy medium? How could you find out?

"Brander," he asked that evening, when in the comfortable litter of their sitting-room they smoked their companionable pipes together, "what *do* you know about girls?"

The Kennedys were out together, James having, as Brander put it, "grafted a meal-ticket in finger-bowl row for the kid," and borrowed Billy's evening clothes for him.

"Girls?" Brander was only mildly interested. "Oh, I don't know. What do you want me to know about them? Squabs, broilers, and hens. Go slow with the squabs, careful with the broilers, and run like sixty from the hens. That 's all I know, but between you and me and the roller-towel, Billy, it 's a Hades of a lot."

"I dessay," said Billy. "How the deuce did you get to be such a shining example of a *boint* child, then?"

"By the Homeric method, 'An' what I thought I might require, I went and took the same as he.' "

"I wonder if you did," said Billy.

Kellogg cocked an eye. "I wonder," he said.

Mrs. Gregory hearing the commotion, and the dull thud of Brander's big frame as he fell, left her dishes and flew to the scene of the fray. Brander wrenched Billy's hand away from his mouth.

"What do you know about—" Billy gently, but firmly, cut off his wind; but he freed himself—"the Wars of the Roses, Mrs. G.?" he concluded suavely as he rose and shook himself.

Whereupon, with Billy at the piano, he instructed Mrs. Gregory, though not a step she took was any fault of her own, in the intricacies of the Lame Duck.

"The mountain is coming to Mohammed, Billy," Kennedy announced the next morning as he opened his mail. "Evelyn is coming to see you this evening, if you 're well enough to sit up and take notice. I told the girls any night this week, and Edith said she did n't think you and Evelyn were on speaking terms; but if she could work it, they 'd come to-night. By this brief communication"—he indicated the half-dozen closely written pages in his hand—"I learn she has worked it."

"Fine!" said Billy. "Fine!" He was not sorry. He wanted to see Evelyn again. He had missed her more than he was willing to admit. If she was coming to see him, she had forgiven him. The incident was closed. Billy was twenty-five, and he actually believed this.

"What 'll we have, ginger-ale, cheese—"

"It 's too hot," said Billy, "sandwiches and cake and ice-cream—cool things."

"Ice-cream is such a fuss," Kennedy objected.

"Oh, I 'll open it up and dig it out," Billy said. "Evelyn likes it."

The party was fairly successful except from Billy's point of view; perhaps it was very successful indeed. He and Evelyn met without embarrassment, but she did n't look well. She was pale, with big shadows under her eyes. She avoided looking at him when they shook hands, and told him she would n't have come if Edith had n't been so very much disappointed when she refused.

Mrs. Gregory was in her element. They danced and sang. Billy did some glee-club songs, and Kennedy sang "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes." Later in the evening Billy saw him kiss Edith in the butler's-pantry as they were ostensibly making a tour of inspection of the premises. Edith was n't at all interested in the

housekeeping, either, Billy could see. Her hand touched Kennedy's as they passed through the door, and it pressed and clung to his. Kennedy kept as close to her as the law allowed all the rest of the evening. Brander Kellogg had his arm around Lucy Kingston, the other girl of the party, all the way home in the automobile.. It was a rotten world. By the time he had shaken Evelyn's cold little hand in parting Billy was almost ready to forswear it for good. What did these fellows think they were doing, anyway? Trifling with the big things of life as if they were so many candy toys, playing at love-making as unconcernedly as if they were eating ice-cream. What did they mean by it?

His father's next letter closed with the poignant advice to "play the game." Whatever the game was, or however he happened to find himself sitting in, "play the game." That evening he went to see Evelyn.

He found her in the summer-house in the garden, framed in frilly vines and soft green leaves, her head buried in her hands, crying as if her heart would break; and when he saw her, he put out his arms without a word, and she put her head down on his shoulder, and finished her weeping there.

"Will you marry me, Evelyn?" That was what he ought to say. "Evelyn, will you marry me? I 've got you into this. I started something, and now I 've got to see it through. Evelyn, will you marry me?" It droned through his mind as he put his lips to her hair, as he pressed her tender little form closer to him, as he patted and comforted and soothed her, as he sought her lips, and made them yield to him; but he did not say it. Instead, he found himself beseeching her to tell him that she loved him, that she had been lonely without him, that she was glad he had come back to her; and she told him with adorable sweetness that she did, that she had, that she was, and then he gathered her in his arms again, and told her how lovely she was, and how much she meant to him—and that was all. If he left her radiant with happiness, it was because she did n't yet understand what a pup he was, what a cur he was trying to be. He spent a sleepless night—comparatively sleepless, that is; it was at least an hour before he took more than a catnap.

In the morning he looked at Kennedy's pile of letters with a snarl of disgust. The only reason that he did n't tell Brander that he was a little yellow dog, and try to prove it to him scientifically, was that Brander was n't there at the time. He felt a great rage at Brander. He knew instinctively that Brander's affairs with the girls were conducted much like his own. Brander was dangerous; one could see that. Any woman that would fall for Kennedy deserved what she got, and no real girl could stand him. As a matter of fact, Kennedy was the one of the trio who did the most harm. He was a natural-born philanderer, and he worked up all his affairs with instinctive artistry; but no virile youngster of Billy's kind understands this.

He went back to his room and waited till he heard Kennedy slam the front door before he began his own breakfast. He would be late to the office for once. Serve him right if he got fired. There was punishment coming to him. He might as well help it along from all directions at once.

"Were you happily married, Mrs. G.?" he asked suddenly.

"I was." Mrs. Gregory folded her arms, two clean forks projecting from her hand. "I was, and thin ag'in I was n't."

"Is it so?" Billy murmured. "You were twice married?"

"No, it was the same one all the time. He was irregular in the habits he had. But I 'm not finding fault with him; there 's bad in us all, to be sure."

" 'There 's so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it ill behooves the rest of us'—how the deuce does that thing go? Do you remember the er—occasion on which he proposed to you, Mrs. G.?" Billy was collecting data unscrupulously against his inmost

"At sight of her his heart swelled. Poor baby! poor darling! poor little girl!"

need. He wanted to know how these things happened.

"Sure, I do. He sang 'Kathleen Mavourneen' to me, and thin he said would I be the pride of his heart forever, and I agreed to it."

"Do the young people in Ireland do much spooning, Mrs. G.? I mean regular sweethearting, before they 're engaged or anything."

"They do and thin ag'in they don't."

"You surprise me," said Billy. "Whin do they, an' whin don't they?"

"The byes an' the gurrls has a bit of a flutter together till the time o' the mating, an' thin—"

"Oh, I know all about *thin*. It 's before *thin* that I am collecting statistics."

"Oh, they do the right thing by each other in Ireland," Mrs. Gregory said.

"Well, how in the name of Jehoshaphat is anybody ever going to find out what the right thing is?" Billy cried from the depths of his being. Then he rose, stretched himself, and chucked the housekeeper under her triple chin. "Oh, wisha, wurra!" he cried. "God be with me, a lone old creature on a stick! And likewise damn! I am now going to the office and explain that you set the house afire, and I was detained putting it out for you."

He knew now that he must n't stay away from Evelyn. He must take her out, do things with her, not seem to be avoiding her. He must play the game, and not shirk. If he got in too deep, he must marry her. He must do the honorable thing; but how deep was too deep, and how did you know when you got there? What did the other fellows do in such circumstances? He worked through the office routine, dictating letters, attending conferences, making estimates, with his eye on his associates. How did these men live their lives? What was the code they had evolved, and how in the deuce had they evolved it? Not every man married every girl he kissed. There must be a large proportion of men among the men he knew that had made love to a good many girls, and yet they all seemed, or they seemed in the main, self-respecting; he knew they were respected.

The heat increased, and the apartment got rather stuffy as the season advanced. He had a revulsion of feeling about the boys as his soul worked on through its new-found torture. Mrs. Gregory and the dear old flat, the boys and their evenings together, meant more to him; even his breakfasts with Kennedy were lingered over feverishly, though the whole atmosphere was less comfortable in midsummer. He had money enough to support a wife "gingerly." They could live out in the "young married people's quarter and have a maid." If women's clothes did n't cost too darn much they could have a runabout.

He managed to see Evelyn mostly in public. He took her about a good deal, and when they were alone together he kissed her and held her hand. He figured it out that if they could get it on a "spooning basis" he might taper it off until they were nicely Platonic, though he had n't much hopes of this. "Play the game," was his motto. He was going to play it carefully if he could; but, anyhow, he was going to stay in. That much he had decided. Evelyn was a puzzle to him. She was n't as demonstrative as she had been at first, but she was very, very sweet and very docile. She seemed to have lost weight and color. That was his fault,—he was making her unhappy,—but, maybe —he hoped against hope that she would get over it.

It was after two months of this backing and filling on his part that the climax was precipitated. Edith telephoned him that Evelyn had typhoid fever, and was going to be taken to the hospital. She wanted to see him before she went.

He was alone in the dining-room—the telephone was there—when he got this message. Mrs. Gregory found him there, his elbows on the table, and his hands buried in them.

"What is it, m' darlint?" she said, with a motherly arm on his shoulder. "Is it trouble you 're in? Is it trouble?"

"It 's trouble I 'm in, and it 's joy, too,"

he said. "I 'm goin' to be married. That 's joy, of course, but the girl I 'm going to marry is going to be taken to the hospital this afternoon."

"An' that sure is trouble. The gurrl you 're going to marry now; she 'll get better all right, she 'll get better. And sure and I hope she 's a sweet one, and worthy of a nice boy like you."

"I 'm sure I hope so, too," said Billy, earnestly and rather forlornly. He was still thinking of himself, he noted, and a man who could think of himself at such a crisis was certainly not fit to live. Still, he hoped she was worthy of him, just as Mrs. Gregory had said.

He found Evelyn in a pale-blue house-dress, all ruffles and lacework. At sight of her his heart swelled. Poor baby! poor darling! poor little girl! How she had suffered! Of course you could n't actually get typhoid from neglect or even from heartbreak, but there was such a thing as getting run down, and getting yourself in a susceptible condition. Play the game. That meant, accept your responsibilities as they came. This was his responsibility; he had n't been sure of that before, but now he was sure.

"Evelyn," he said as he held her hand in his—"Evelyn, will you marry me?"

"Billy," she said, "that was what I sent for you for. I 've been nearly crazy. You will have to forgive me. The doctor says I 've got a very light case, but you never can tell. If I died, and you did n't know how I felt, it would be cheating you terribly. I 'm not really in love with you, Billy, in the way that makes marriage. I thought I was at first, it was all so new and so beautiful; but we are n't close enough to each other. If we have any of the same thoughts, we don't have them together. It 's all been a mistake and a failure. If you had been one of the other boys, I would n't have been so sure that you meant it; but I knew that you were n't like the rest, that you meant it, that all this while you 've been expecting me to marry you. I can't, Billy; I can't."

"Why did n't you tell me before?" he asked her.

"I wanted to be sure."

"Bless you for telling me now," Billy said, "for your courage and your strength and your sweetness!"

"It does n't hurt you too much?"

"It hurts a good deal," he said truthfully. "I thought that you cared."

"I tried to care, and then I found that I could n't. I—tried to—to play the game out, you know, as you 're always saying one ought to."

"Am I?" said Billy. Then he smiled. "There are some games," he said, "where a show-down is really quite a shock to one. There are lots of things," he went on after a moment, "that I should like to give myself the luxury of saying to you. I 'd like to explain at great length and in detail what a compound, seven-ringed, prize-worm kind of two-spot I feel like, and what a beauty I think you are, and how I respect and admire you from the depths of my moth-eaten soul; but time is pressing, and you 've got to go and have your typhoid fever, and I 've got to go and possess my soul in patience while you 're having it, and pray to whatever gods there be for your quick recovery and my ultimate regeneration. I must n't tire you any longer. Would you kiss me once before you go, dear?"

She kissed him.

"And there 's a question I want to ask you, the time-honored question that always comes along about now in the magazine stories—is there anybody else?"

"Oh, no, Billy dear! No, there is n't."

"That 's all right, then. Now, don't you worry; you 'll never have to think of all this truck again—unless, you know, sometime—"

"I 'd thought of that," she said. "Of course we might come to care; but I don't have to think about it now, Billy, do I?"

"You certainly don't," Billy said; "but I do, and God knows I consider myself lucky to have the chance. Good-by, dear."

It was two days later before Mrs. Gregory found him alone again. He was spending his Saturday half-holiday in the

house, smoking and reading, but mostly doing accounts, or figuring on something that evidently interested him deeply.

"I hope that your swateheart is after getting better, Mr. Billy," she said.

"She is that," said Billy. "In fact, they don't think she has typhoid at all. They 'll be able to tell in a day or so, but now she 's merely under suspicion, and resting up. If she 's got it, why, it 's so light they can't tell it."

"Will you be after being married when she 's out, Mr. Billy?"

"Well, not as soon as that, Mrs. G. There are several little formalities to be gone through with before that event—mere technicalities, you know."

"But you think it 'll be soon?"

"It 'll be soon, Mrs. G., or my name is n't Yours Hectically."

"You 're that terrible in love?"

"Your diagnosis is a credit to you."

"Sure, you 're the nice steady young fellow, with his heart in the right place, not like thim other two. Sure, did n't you think I saw them, on the night o' the party, sparking them girls that was here, and Hiven only knowing their intentions."

"Well, if Heaven does, it 's all right," Billy said; "besides, you can trust 'em. Almost any man will play the game decently whether he intends to or not. It just depends on the way things turn, and whether you 're a skunk or not—and—well, several things. I guess almost everybody is pretty decent about those things when you come right down to it. There is probably only one real worm in this apartment, and I sha'n't tell you his name, because from now on he 's going to be a genuine caterpillar butterfly. Besides, I need your good opinion to carry me through, so I shall not undeceive you in your estimate of my character; but there is one thing I should like to put myself on record as conveying to you. You asked me if the young lady of my choice was worthy of me. I 've discovered she is. Now, is n't that gratifying?"

"It sure is, Mr. Billy." She hesitated at the door, the miniature feather-duster that she had been brandishing tickling her triple chin unheedingly. "I 'll be after losing you, thin, from the flat here. I 'll be missing you with your jokes and your goings-on. I 'll be missing you."

"Mrs. G."—Billy looked up from his figuring solemnly—"did you imagine for one little minute that I 'd leave you here alone with two unscrupulous characters like Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Kellogg? I would n't think of such a thing. When I 'm married, you go with me. There 's only one little drawback to that plan, but that will, I think, be easily overcome—"

"And what is that, sor?"

"The girl does n't realize yet that we 're going to be married."

The Frozen Brook

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

THE robe and hush of death on everything.
No voice of bird, no whisper of the breeze;
All shrouded white the hollow and the trees;
And, underneath, the brook, a captive part
Of this white spell, still holding in its heart
The ripple and the laughter of the spring.

British War Posters

Chiefly by Spencer Pryse and Frank Brangwyn

From the collection of Mrs. Fiske Warren

A Belgian Madonna

By Spencer Pryse

War-sufferers' poster

By Frank Brangwyn

The remaking of Belgium

By Frank Brangwyn

The violation of Belgium

By Frank Brangwyn

A war cartoon

By Spencer Pryse

Belgium, 1914

By Spencer Pryse

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At Neuve Chapelle
By Frank Brangwyn

Ypres Tower
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The vow of vengeance
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Mars appeals to Vulcan
By Frank Brangwyn

Men on the march

By Frank Brangwyn

A 1914 War Society poster

By Frank Brangwyn

Wounded horses

Two Blue Cross Fund posters

The Japanese Menace

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

Editor of "The China Press," Shanghai; Author of "The New Far East," "America and the Far Eastern Question," etc.

What Japan has now to do is to keep perfectly quiet, to lull the suspicions that have arisen against her, and to wait, meanwhile strengthening the foundations of her national power, watching and waiting for the opportunity which must one day surely come in the Orient. When that day arrives, she will be able to follow her own course; not only able to put meddling Powers in their places, but even, as necessity arises, to meddle with the affairs of other Powers. Then truly she will be able to reap advantage for herself.—From the "Secret Memoirs of Count Hayashi," former Japanese minister for foreign affairs.

FEW important issues between two major nations affect those nations exclusively or can nowadays be adjusted by those nations exclusively. This axiom expresses a condition of modern world progress which the great war has strikingly demonstrated. Issues between Japan and the United States, contacts which create these issues, and relations dependent on them cannot therefore be entirely separated from interests and policies of other nations in any comprehensive discussion. This is the broader view necessary to perspective.

Restricted to the Pacific basin, where its major elements must be worked out, the problem of the relations of Japan and the United States comprises two principal factors—direct contacts of the two governments and peoples, and conditions involved with the fate of China. Both factors are surcharged with forces making for international friction and war, yet I am amazed to find American public opinion little concerned about them. Americans are so engrossed with the terrific spectacle presented in Europe that they seem to be blind or indifferent to a more sinister and more imminent menace to our peace and security that is creeping upon us from the opposite side.

A fact which this war must have driven into all strata of popular thought in America is the fallacy of assuming that even generous motives and good intentions of one people will always be understood and accepted by another people or nation as they are meant. As to Oriental peoples, and Japan in particular, Americans themselves know that collectively and individually we wish them well, and that neither as people or nation do we harbor any hostile thoughts or invidious designs against them. What most Americans do not comprehend is that this sincere attitude of ours means little to the Japanese, who doubt its sincerity, and do not reciprocate. To most Americans, talk of war between Japan and the United States seems foolish, because most Americans do not perceive anything to fight about; and if the purposes of Japan as a nation, and the ideals

of the Japanese as a people, vis-à-vis America, complemented the sentiments of Americans, then talk about war between these nations would be foolish. It is evident, then, that whatever elements of doubt now exist about this matter lie chiefly, with Americans, in ignorance about the real motives, ambitions, and purposes of Japan. Americans understand themselves well enough, and know that nationally we have no rancor and no designs for aggression; but how about the other fellow? It takes two to make a quarrel, but one can start a fight.

It may be as well to present my conclusions about some of these questions before my premises and argument, and I will summarize them as follows:

(*a*) Japan is making deliberate preparations in anticipation, if not actually in expectation, of a collision with the United States.

(*b*) Japanese popular thought and feeling have been deliberately prepared for this eventuality by the Government, and now are extremely hostile toward the United States.

(*c*) While Japanese statesmen have stimulated and formulated such a sentiment in Japan, a Japanese propaganda operating by various processes in America has almost succeeded in lulling our nation into a false security, and has prevented and retarded measures to prepare our nation against a clash.

(*d*) The fate of China, the stability of the Monroe Doctrine (now embracing the new ideal of Pan-Americanism), the balance of power in the Pacific Ocean, and whether a Yellow Peril ever will become a reality, are questions included in the outcome of the relations of Japan and the United States.

(*e*) The great war has destroyed the international balance of power in the far East, creating a condition disturbing the peace of that region, and by reaction also menacing the peace of America.

(*f*) Decided constructive action by the United States is required to recreate that balance of power in the settlement of the great war, and meanwhile this Government should strive energetically to preserve the *status quo*.

Put nakedly and abruptly, without the details and circumstances that build them up logically, these conclusions probably will astonish and startle Americans who have not closely followed events in the far East in the last decade. It is not feasible to give those details in this article, or to sketch more than their prominent features.

The result of the Russo-Japanese War gave Japan new outlooks, and launched her statesmen on a course of fresh ambitions. We need not revert to that war now except to mention the principal reasons Japan then gave for engaging in it, and which she used with great success to enlist the sympathy of Americans for her cause. Japan, as she told the world, went to war against Russia to preserve the independence of Korea, to maintain the "open door" in Manchuria, to assure the territorial integrity and political autonomy of China. Korea is now annexed to Japan, the "open door" in Manchuria is closed tightly, and Japan's course in the last year in attempting to bring China completely under Japan's suzerainty is too recent an event to require review. I take it that these facts will not be gainsaid now, although how Japan once denied intent to do any of those things is easily remembered; and in some cases she even officially denied the acts for some time after they were accomplished.

What I am now concerned with are Japan's governing motives in that series of acts and the violations of her solemn international obligations. For convenience, these motives may be divided as professed and real. Japan's real motives in those instances were her own national aggrandizement at the expense of weaker nations, and of strong ones, for that matter. Her professed motives varied somewhat, but in the cases of her annexation of Korea and the occupation of Manchuria, the professed motive was an alleged necessity to secure territory where Japan could send her surplus population. So persistently and with such plausibility was this idea propagated throughout the world that we

find it given place in discussion of these problems by Westerners after Japan herself has abandoned it. I was surprised to notice that Mr. J. O. P. Bland, in his article in the CENTURY MAGAZINE for January, treats that pretense seriously. It is the one point where I would differ from Mr. Bland's reasoning, although I can perceive between the lines of it the restraints which his position as British subject impose at this juncture. The idea of Korea and Manchuria providing a satisfactory field for Japan's excess population is an exploded fallacy that no longer is widely entertained in Japan, and which no longer, if it ever did, has a place in Japan's genuine, as distinguished from her pretended, foreign policy.

While on this topic I may state that some false assumptions about it are widely accepted. First, it is incorrect to say that Japan is overpopulated in a territorial sense, for a large area of the territory of Japan proper is sparsely populated, and nearly half of the arable land of Japan proper is uncultivated. It therefore is not lack of land that impels Japanese to emigrate; it is a desire for economic betterment. There is a good deal of room, expressed in land, in Korea and Manchuria. Manchuria has long been a part of China, and large parts of China are even more densely populated than Japan. Yet Chinese have not gone to Manchuria in large numbers for various reasons, among which are climate and lack of communications and security. These conditions are passing, and China now would herself like to use Manchuria for her surplus population; but when she sought a few years ago to make practical effort in that way, she was blocked by Japan. That being so, I cannot accept Mr. Bland's assumption of a sort of right for Japan to take Korea and Manchuria on those grounds. If it comes to right, then China's right should supersede Japan's, for China's need for her own undeveloped territory is fully as great. If the legality and ethics of the question are to be considered at all, then China has a prior and better claim.

But the curious, though perfectly logical, outcome of Japan's efforts to colonize in Korea and Manchuria and in other parts of China is that, notwithstanding their Government has maintained many unjust preferential conditions for them in comparison with Koreans and Chinese, Japanese immigration to the continent of Asia is a failure. The reason is simple. In going to Korea and China, Japanese find that they have transplanted themselves to an even lower standard of living than obtains in Japan; that is, to a more cramped economic field, not a wider one. Japanese cannot, even with preferential facilities, compete in large numbers with their neighbor Orientals. Chinese and Koreans are able to, and do, undercut Japanese in business economies and standards of living. Preferential exactions in their behalf by their Government enables some Japanese, perhaps a few tens of thousands, to improve their state slightly by pursuing commercial and other occupations in China; but to the millions of Japan's peasantry China offers no lure and little opportunity for betterment.

The application of this situation to Japan's contacts with America is obvious. It is not toward the East, with its lower economic level, that Japan's millions yearn; but toward the West, with its higher economic standards, under which Japanese of all classes can cut and still find room for an immense improvement of their condition. This explains the Japanese effort to retain their position in California, Japan's tentative approaches in Mexico and other American countries; in fact, it provides the key to one phase of Japan's attitude toward the United States. In the last few years two points have taken clear shape in Japanese minds: Korea and China do not provide a satisfactory outlet for them, and the only really desirable field for emigration (North and South America) is barred to them by the United States.

I am surprised at the seeming indifference of our citizens to this supremely grave issue that confronts our nation, at their apparent failure to realize that it exists, at their supreme assurance in their

own point of view and their comparative indifference to the Japanese point of view. Americans know that they have no thought of aggressing upon or attacking Japan, and they take for granted that Japanese have no thought of attacking them. Americans feel no reason why they should attack or aggress on Japan, and they jump to the conclusion that therefore Japan has no reason to attack us. Yes, I know the stock arguments and formulas of Japan's publicity propaganda in this country. They run like this: Japanese friendship for America is traditional; trade between Japan and the United States is large, and therefore precludes a conflict; Japan is too poor to make war even if she wanted to; Japan is bound by treaties to respect the "open door" and the integrity of China; Japan intends to assure those conditions by formulating a "Monroe Doctrine" for the Orient; in respect to the question of status of Japanese in the United States, Japan seeks only recognition of the principle of equality of treatment for Japanese already in this country, and is abiding by the so-called "gentlemen's agreement"; Japan desires only to coöperate with America in protecting and developing China; and any who argue or show facts to the contrary are "irresponsible" persons trying to "make trouble."

All of these arguments are fallacious in hypothesis, and most of them are untrue as to fact. As to the oft-repeated idea that Japan's trade with the United States precludes thought of war on her part, it is sufficient to recall that, a few weeks before the great war in Europe started, a prominent German statesman cited the vast commerce between Germany and England as a reason why those nations never could become enemies, while the truth was that the very magnitude and complexity of those relations, with their incidental competitive features, were among the chief causes of this war. And such conditions will be among the chief causes of future wars. Japan's "traditional" friendship for America is worth as much as is her traditional friendship for China or as any international traditional friendship is; while the fact is that just now the Japanese feel a very lively antipathy and contempt for this country, its institutions and its citizens, and by a calculated process have been educated to regard our nation as Japan's next antagonist in the series of wars required to establish the hegemony of the far East and the mastery of the Pacific in Japan's keeping. Japan's poverty and near-bankruptcy, instead of being a conclusive restraint, is one of her chief reasons for going to war; for she is grinding her people with taxation to maintain large military and naval establishments with the expectation of recouping at the expense of rich and helpless nations. Japan professes to adhere to the "open door" policy, but she strangles it in every way she can. Japan, for effect in America, likens her policy toward China to the Monroe Doctrine, whereas it is the absolute antithesis of the Monroe Doctrine both in hypothesis and working method. Japan pretends that the "point of honor" is her sole concern in the California issue; but in reality the Japanese are resolved to force their way into the Western Hemisphere by arms, if they can, provided they cannot accomplish it by diplomacy.

To repeat, there are two grave issues between Japan and the United States, the fate of China and Japanese immigration to the Americas. This latter issue does not touch the United States exclusively, but also all our neighbor republics to the south. This brings in both the old Monroe Doctrine and the new Pan-Americanism, for a Japanese colonization of countries on this hemisphere, in its political and economic reactions, would affect the United States scarcely less than a Japanese colonization of our own States. To Americans this issue probably will seem more important than the fate of China, although it is not really so. It is nearer, anyhow, and therefore looms larger.

Let us strip the immigration issue to the bone, and see what it amounts to. There are two distinct points of view, Japan's and ours. Americans pretty well understand their own. It is briefly: Ori-

entals have lower economic standards than ours, and therefore disturb our earning and living conditions; they have different political and religious ideas, which cannot easily be adjusted to ours; they have different racial and social characteristics, and therefore cannot be assimilated into our social body. So we cannot endure their presence here in large numbers.

Japan's point of view is merely that her people want to come to Western countries and to have the same rights and opportunities here that others have. The real pressure behind this desire I have already indicated, and it is a condition that cannot be ameliorated by arguments, or satisfied by concessions to "honor." In support of her point of view, Japan advances certain arguments, some of which seem plausible at first blush, but all of which are inconsistent in some degree, and almost wholly irreconcilable with what our nation can possibly concede. Japan insists that her subjects shall have the same position and rights in the United States as, let us say, Englishmen or Dutch or French or Germans. That seems fair enough, but consider. With whom does it rest to say who shall and who shall not join in our nationality, share our political and social life? With this nation, of course. To submit that decision in any part to a foreign nation would mean to qualify our sovereignty. I am not arguing that Japanese should be excluded. I only contend that Americans have the *exclusive* right to decide the conditions of citizenship and residence in their own country. A good deal can be said in favor of the Japanese even as residents of this nation. That is not the question between the two nations. We reserve to ourselves the right to exclude or admit whom we will, according to standards of citizenship which we make for ourselves. From this position, I am sure, Americans cannot be budged except by superior force of arms.

The small group of intelligent statesmen who control the Japanese Government understand this perfectly, yet they keep the question alive. It is inconsistent for any nation to try to force its subjects or citizens upon other nations, thus to expatriate them. Are Japanese immigrants to America so undesirable that their own Government should want to get rid of them by converting them into American citizens? Take it another way. From remarks recently made in this country by Baron Shibusawa, Japan does not care about her subjects becoming naturalized in this country, for thereby they would be lost to Japan, if their change was genuine, but only wants them to be treated like other foreigners. Here, again, America's answer necessarily is that she herself must reserve and exercise the right to discriminate among foreigners, according to circumstances. Our general immigration laws are a long list of discriminations; furthermore, Japan herself imposes, in that country, nearly the same disabilities on foreigners to which she objects here.

Does not this brief analysis suggest that behind Japan's outward position there is a deeper motive? It is clear that no concession that it is possible for the United States to make, without qualifying its internal sovereign powers, can meet what Japanese really want to obtain. So here we have a dead-lock, which can be loosened only by one side receding or by a fight.

It would seem, I grant, that no nation in Japan's position would be mad enough to try to force this legally untenable issue with another great nation; yet the present tone of the Japanese press and recent utterances of Japanese leaders and statesmen show plainly that the thought is seriously entertained, and furthermore that they think the hour has come to force it. With Japanese the feeling is now or never.

To comprehend Japan's point of view, it is necessary to understand her true relation to the great war, in which she is nominally a participant on the side of the Allies. To Japan the great war spelled opportunity, as predicted by Count Hayashi when he wrote, "She will be able to reap advantage for herself." And she has been a diligent reaper, too; but she has not yet got all her reapings safely housed, nor

is she yet convinced that the opportunity is exhausted.

I was in China when the war began and until recently, and I was a close observer of events. It was well understood that the British in China were opposed to Japan's participation at that time and tried to prevent it; but when Japan showed determination to enter, Great Britain was constrained outwardly to welcome her as an ally, and sent a detachment of British troops to take part in the operations against Tsingtau. That was intensely irritating to Japan, whose statesmen and publicists well understood the distrust that prompted Great Britain's action, and the feeling was so strong that the position of the small British force with the expedition was very unpleasant. However, Britain saved her point by technically joining in the Tsingtau venture, and thereby taking title to have a say in the eventual disposal of the place and the settlement of questions that inevitably would arise. Japan's subsequent course in China further strained British susceptibilities, but the exigencies of the European War imposed outward harmony. As time passed, the possibility of Japan sending troops to aid the Allies in Europe was broached, and as far back as a year ago means of compensating Japan were discussed, one proposal being to cede her a piece of territory in French Indo-China. Great Britain, which power has special reasons for not caring to enhance an Oriental nation's military prowess with her own Oriental subjects, has opposed the use of Japanese troops in Europe, India, and Egypt. The allied powers have few delusions about Japan's motives and attitude. They know that if Japan sends troops to Europe, she will want large compensation, and they also know that there is only one form of compensation that will satisfy Japan and which the allied powers can possibly deliver.

Japan's price for sending troops to Europe is a free hand in China and the northern Pacific. There you have it. Put another way, that means that the Allies, having no assets of their own to give Japan that would be worth anything to her, might in extremity allow Japan to take her chief pay from China. Such a course would mean a considerable sacrifice of British and French interests and prestige in the far East, a price that will not be paid except as a last resort. It would mean, also, that the interests and prospects of the United States, under the Hay Doctrine, would also be part of the compensation to Japan. If such a deal is made, the United States will not be consulted, but will be left to discover it, as it discovers most lessons of the war, in the "logic of events." I take it that few people in America caught the real significance of a news despatch out of Washington, published recently in the newspapers, of a plan to have China join the allied combination. This suggestion caused a furor in Japan, where the press violently assailed it as a blow at Japan, which it really was, being a device to protect British and French interests in China against the insidious machinations of Japan during the course of the war. Of course China's participation would not be felt either way in the military and naval operations, and the scheme did not contemplate her active participation.

This glance at the inner motives, the "wheels within wheels" of present-day far Eastern diplomacy, may illuminate Japan's actual international position. It is precarious, to say the least. Opportunity looms large for her, but it may pass before she can completely seize it, and there is a possibility that even what she has gained may be taken away when the war ends unless she can better secure it. The period from the present to the end of the war marks, perhaps, the crisis of Japan's national existence as a world power, when she must either firmly grasp her opportunity and fortify her position or see her vaulting ambitions fade forever. By the same tokens, this period must also be a critical one in relations between Japan and the United States.

The determining factors can be recounted succinctly. For years Japan, anticipating this crisis, has strained every

resource to be prepared for it, has feverishly and as secretly as was possible pushed her naval and military expansion, while using devices to restrain similar development by the United States. The margin of proportion in America's favor was narrowing rapidly when the great war came, and a few years more would probably have seen it closed, and swung to Japan's side. Because of the war, much has happened to upset previous calculations, and of these new developments none is more important to Japan than what is called the "preparedness" movement in this country. If any adequate defensive program goes through, based on recognition of existing conditions among nations, then Japan's hope of slipping by America in armed power without this nation knowing or thinking about it is disappointed. Certain conditions and proportions now existing never may occur in combination again.

To put it flatly, Japan has betrayed Great Britain in China, and the only thing that will prevent collapse of the Anglo-Japanese alliance after this war is because Great Britain cannot then find the necessary equivalent of support elsewhere. The true interest and equity of all the Western powers in China is to sustain the "open door" and the national stability of China. Japan has recently made some kind of secret trade with Russia to offset the expected defection of Great Britain; but well she knows that is an unstable and insecure dependency. After the war, Japan faces the (to her) terror of international isolation, with the consequences of her diplomatic obliquity reacting upon her, and extinguishing forever her dream of super-greatness. Furthermore, the United States, shaken awake, will not at once go to sleep again.

In following her chosen course, Japan has adopted the old Russian theory of diplomacy, the guiding principle of which is duplicity behind a mask of amiability, while her working formula is based on German militaristic efficiency as expounded by the Bernhardi school. To-day Germany, of Western nations, represents Japan's real ideal. Although technically at war with Germany, the Japanese press teems with flattering references to that power; while in the same columns the United States, a friendly nation, is continuously and opprobriously criticized.

There is one feature of the anti-American movement in Japan that is unique, I believe. It dates from the Portsmouth treaty, when, as is popularly reckoned, President Roosevelt took a prominent part in securing peace. Behind the scenes it is well understood that the Japanese Government was anxious for peace at that time, although assuming the attitude of victors, and that Mr. Roosevelt's activity was in the nature of coming to Japan's assistance diplomatically. But the peace terms were very disappointing to the Japanese people, who had been led by their Government to expect something different; and a consequence was that the meddling of the United States was blamed for robbing Japan of substantial fruits of victory. Of course the Japanese Government knew the truth, yet, with ample means to do so, it did nothing to counteract this popular impression, which obtains to this day, nourished among other sources for the prevailing dislike of America among Japanese. It is doubtful if a parallel exists in modern times for this instance of a friendly and beneficial act by one nation for another nation being deliberately used or allowed to create antagonism against the nation doing the favor.

At present, and during the remainder of the great war, the United States is exposed more than usual to an attack by Japan. Japan, because of the war, is herself freed from immediate complications; she can turn her back on Russia without alarm, and deterring influences of Great Britain and France are for the time ineffective. The United States probably is now at the minimum of its comparative armed power, and totally lacking in supports, moral and practical, from other powers, a condition not likely ever to occur again. China is helplessly weak. The Panama Canal is temporarily obstructed. The defenses of American possessions and strategical positions in the Pacific are in-

complete and insufficiently supplied. Japan cannot much longer bear the burden of large armaments without courting bankruptcy. If Japan ever is to challenge this nation on the crucial issues that lie between them, this to her seems to be a God-sent occasion.

There is a peaceful party in Japan, of course, which from conviction or timidity or caution or doubt is disinclined or hesitates to take such a plunge, with the consequent risk. This party has consistently opposed the nation's extraordinary armament program, and advocates a national policy based on trade and international mutuality. But this party has lost every test of strength with the imperial militarists. It does not control the policy of the Government at present, and it does not represent the inner sentiment of the Japanese nation.

Thinking Americans must begin to perceive that hereafter a policy of international isolation for our nation will be neither possible nor desirable. Our geographical isolation has been destroyed by time and science; our political and diplomatic isolation therefrom inevitably ceases, too. Since we cannot escape the effects of forces loose in the world, we must in self-interest, if no higher obligation is invoked, take part in regulating them. This means that no major international alliance or entente can hereafter be formed without it directly affecting our national interests and security; and a corollary of this proposition is that we probably will be forced into alliances or ententes ourselves. That condition should be squarely faced, and whatever we do or do not do by way of armaments should be predicated in some coördination of practical conditions in the world with our own national position and ambitions.

For instance, Americans cannot be unconcerned about the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and what it really means, for recent experience has again enforced the lesson that treaties may mean anything except what is written in them. There is much in constructions put by both nations on that alliance in the last few years to cause uneasiness to the United States. Yet I do not especially blame Great Britain for that. If an American reproaches a British subject with having sacrificed principles to certain expediencies of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the Britisher can reply, with justice, that in the far East the refusal or failure of the United States to supply its quota of police power, and its consistent diplomatic support to a definite entente organized to sustain the open door in China and to suppress trouble-making ambitions of some nations there, have driven Great Britain to make what combinations she could. In the eyes of other powers the United States has been trying to avoid her share of responsibility and expense for policing the outlying districts of the world, while at the same time claiming a full share of the benefits and equal rights of participation. There is no such thing as disinterested friendship in international affairs, and moral responsibility remains nothing but a phrase unless it is translated into practical effort.

Phrases, whether embodied in treaties and *communiqués* or uttered in after-dinner speeches, will not solve any of the problems of the Pacific or abate the danger to America from that direction. I am sure foreigners who visit the United States on political missions are often rather dazed at our failure to understand or to be interested in what they come to say to us. Baron Shibusawa recently visited this country. He came for a purpose. He had something to communicate. In trying to do this, he was constrained by etiquette and custom to adopt the language of diplomacy, to say very important things by indirection and inference. He must have been astonished that most of his hearers did not know what he was talking about, so after a few attempts he fell back on the usual "hot air," always sure of applause. That would get attention while his serious utterances passed uncomprehended.

Baron Shibusawa himself enunciated, in his speeches and interviews while here, his mission among us, euphemistically expressed. Put plainly, he came to try to

win over leading American financial interests to support Japan's policy in China. As Baron Shibusawa publicly put it, "America and Japan should coöperate in developing China." Let us see what he really means by that. Taking advantage of circumstances, Japan wrung from China last May an agreement whereby Japan, unless prevented by outside influence, can compel China to do whatever Japan wishes, under menace of force. China needs foreign capital and foreign knowledge to aid in developing her wonderful resources on modern lines, and she wants this assistance, too; but she wants it to enter China under conditions that will not qualify or limit China's sovereignty or injuriously exploit China. In that China is right. Entering China in certain forms, foreign capital is an actual menace to her national existence. Now Japan, having an "agreement" exacted from China by compulsion, virtually makes this proposition:

China will not, except under compulsion, grant preferential facilities in her territory to foreign investments and enterprises or give guaranties such as some foreign investors desire. Great Britain and the United States, the nations to which China naturally looks for foreign advice and capital, are inhibited by their ideals from putting such compulsion on China. Japan is in a convenient position to overawe China and exact the desired terms from her, and Japan is willing to use her power for these ends. But Japan herself cannot finance large enterprises in China. Therefore an ideal combination would be for Japan to exercise police power in China, to regulate her, and the United States and England provide the capital.

This proposition, I am reliably informed, was carried to London within a month after Japan got her so-called "agreement" signed at Peking last May; but it was coldly received, for the British foreign office fully understands what it would mean, and is not yet willing or forced to pay that price. Put sententiously, Japan's proposal means:

We will do the dirty work, and coerce China, while England and America furnish the money to exploit her.

Any one can see how this scheme would provide an attractive temporary opportunity for a small group of British and American financiers, which in the next decade or so could "clean up" a big profit at a minimum of political risk, provided their own governments would countenance the deal. But it also would mean a permanent injury to other and larger groups of British and American commerce and industry. It would mean the betrayal of China. It would, for the sake of an immediate and easy profit to a few financiers, mean the establishment of Japan in a position completely to dominate China politically and commercially, to the handicap of trade and enterprises of other foreign nations. It would mean using American capital to finance Japan's competing commercial campaign in China, instead of financing our own trade there. What has happened in Manchuria, in Korea, and is now happening in Shan-tung would happen in China as a whole. It would mean the eventual destruction of the position of Christian religious and educational work in China such as is now taking place in Korea. And, by giving Japan a virtual suzerainty over China, recognized or acquiesced in by America and Great Britain, it would in time create a real Yellow Peril, especially for us.

Baron Shibusawa's suggestion, except in isolated instances, apparently did not make much of an impression on the financial world of America, which probably does not see why it should ask Japan's permission to do dishonorably what may be done honestly and independently. But it serves to direct attention to certain circumstances of the far-Eastern situation created by the war, and to the urgent need for constructive effort to save international principles which have been considered by every American statesman of importance who has studied them to be essential to permanent peace in those regions. Those principles, and with them the interests and security of our nation, are in danger of being sacrificed to the unforeseen exigencies of this

war. The United States is in a position to influence these matters if it *acts,* and a plan to restore a safe and just balance of power in the far East should be formulated without delay, so that it will be ready, and a measure of support assured for it, when the peace settlement comes. We hear a good deal of talk about the responsibilities of our nation in this world crisis, and the part it can take in restoring the rule of law and justice among nations, but unfortunately there is little evidence of practical effort by it in that direction. Mere opportunism will not solve these questions rightly, with due regard for our own national interest.

It is a political axiom that America, by the Perry Expedition, forever ended the isolation of Japan. There are portents that, in turn, Japan may give the shock which will forever end the international isolation of America. John Hay, the father of the Hay Doctrine for China, said: "The storm-center of the world has gradually shifted to China. Whoever understands that mighty Empire socially, politically, economically, religiously, has a key to world politics for the next five centuries."

My Father and I

By BADGER CLARK

MY father prayed as he drew a bead on the graycoats,
Back in those blazing years when the house was divided.
Bless his old heart! There never was truer or kinder;
Yet he prayed, while hoping the ball from his clumsy old musket
Might thud to the body of some hot-eyed young Southerner
And tumble him limp in the mud of the Vicksburg trenches.
That was my father, serving the Lord and his country,
Praying and shooting whole-heartedly,
Never a doubt.
And now what about
Me in my own day of battle?
Could I put my prayers behind a slim Springfield bullet?
Hardly, except to mutter: "Jesus, we part here.
My country calls for my body, and takes my soul also.
Do you see those humans herded and driven against me?
Turn away, Jesus, for I 've got to kill them.
Why? Oh, well, it 's the way of my fathers,
And such evils bring some vast, vague good to my country.
I don't know why, but to-day my business is killing,
And my gods must be luck and the devil till this thing is over.
Leave me now, Lord. Your eye makes me slack in my duty."
My father could mix his prayers and his shooting,
And he was a rare, true man in his generation.
Now, I 'm fairly decent in mine, I reckon;
Yet if I should pray like him, I 'd spoil it by laughing.
What is the matter?

The Mute Stradivarius

By THEODORE CORRIE

THE air was filled with the scent of incense and with the sound of glorious music. Vespers were all but over in the convent of the Benedictines. Perched high on the spur of a great mountain, wrapped in snow for several months in the year, visited more often by belated travelers than by any other persons, the convent was nevertheless celebrated for its valuable collection of stringed instruments and for the musical gifts of its community.

Outside, the short wintry twilight had faded, but the chapel was brilliantly lighted; the final bars of a hymn of praise were being played by one of the monks on his own last earthly treasure, a genuine Stradivarius violin. In Brother Bruno's great blue eyes shone a strange look of mingled anguish and ecstasy, on his cheek were hectic spots of color; his bent, emaciated figure spoke eloquently of failing health, possibly of the endurance of some long-continued austerity.

On rush-bottomed chairs, near the entrance of the chapel, two strangers were seated side by side. The younger man, who might have been about fifty years of age, looked like a person of some consequence, though he wore a shabby overcoat and his hair badly needed brushing; during the last half-hour he had been running his fingers through it impatiently enough till in some places the thick, short locks stood nearly on end.

The other man, white-haired, swarthy-complexioned, inclined to be stout, wrapped to the chin in a coat of Russian sable, shivered occasionally. Two small holes showed above him in the roof, through which flakes of snow were drifting. Of ventilation, indeed, the building had plenty and to spare.

The younger man's attention was given to the blue-eyed monk; the eyes of the second traveler lingered hungrily on the violin itself, noting every flawless line and curve of a perfect instrument and the exquisite, golden sheen of the varnish. The "golden Stradivarius" it had been called long ago, and the name had stayed with it always, though death had passed the violin on from hand to hand as the inexorable centuries went by.

The music at an end and the blessing given, the monks filed out in the direction of the sacristy without once raising their eyes; so far as they were concerned the chapel might have been empty.

Count Spirini leaned back in his chair and sighed heavily. He had been present at the entire service without taking much part in it, while the man at his side had not only followed the prayers in a muffled undertone, but had crossed himself with curious frequency. Herr Goldstein was a very religious person, according to his friends; Count Spirini, a man of action and a well-known explorer of wild and savage places, was more versed in the scientific use of fire-arms and in the silent assistance of a good rapier than in any formal call to prayer. So, at any rate, said the world.

"To think," said the count, suddenly, pulling off one shabby glove and rubbing his benumbed fingers with it—"to think of a man like Brother Bruno dying up here by inches of a barren asceticism when he might be one of the first musicians of his time."

Goldstein smiled, screwing his eyelids

together till the pupils of his eyes were all but invisible.

"The monk?" said he. "One monk more or less, what does it matter? But the violin, my dear sir, *that* is a different affair altogether; it is virtually my violin."

He spoke in broken Italian with a strong guttural accent, and half put out a too familiar hand, but drew it back again. The man at his side might be a stranger to him, might be wearing a battered silver watch on a still more battered chain, might be wearing clothes obviously ancient; but Goldstein, an enormously wealthy man himself, and of the earth, earthy, yet knew good blood when he came across it. Like his father and his grandfather before him, he had been a money-lender in his younger days; now in his old age the collecting of violins had become his hobby, almost, one might say, his ruling passion, had he not generally tired of his purchases, and sold them again at a large profit after a few years.

Count Spirini turned in his chair with a movement swift enough to suggest the sudden drawing of a rapier.

"The violin yours?" said he. "How do you make that out?"

Goldstein smiled again.

"Well, I made an offer to the prior for it a fortnight ago, and, as you see, I am here to-day. The violin is virtually mine, I do assure you."

"How about Brother Bruno? The violin belongs to him, not to the prior."

Goldstein yawned without putting a hand to his lips.

"The monk? I dare say; but up here, my dear sir, I imagine the monks hold all their goods in common. And the chapel, as you see,"—he pointed one fat, beringed finger at the roof,—"the chapel is badly in need of a little restoration. The good prior seemingly cares very little for music, but he has one vanity left, that good man: he cares much, very much, for his chapel, and he can bargain, too, as well as any one I ever came across." He took a pinch of snuff and offered some to his companion, who shook his head and put his chilled hands into his pockets. "And so Brother Bruno is a dying man?" he suggested interrogatively; but went on without waiting for an answer: "There are other violins here. What can a monk want with one more than another? This particular instrument will be the keystone of my collection. As we have been here together,"—he drew out a scented leather case with a rampant monogram,—"allow me to offer you my card. You pulled me out of a snow-drift last night when I was all but choked. I shall be very glad at any time to show you the contents of my music-room. Believe me, I am not ungrateful."

Spirini took the card, scarcely looking at it. When he spoke again there was a touch of insistence in his voice.

"Brother Bruno has had that violin since he was a boy. It has been in his family for seven generations. By his looks I should imagine that he has not two months to live. Could you not be content with it afterward?"

Goldstein crossed himself.

"A violin from the hand of a dead man! Well, my dear sir, it might add an interest to the history of it. All my violins have a story of some sort attached to them, true or adapted; but, then, on the other hand, a violin secured is worth two in a convent any day, and it might be unlucky —afterward." He rose as he spoke, and yawned again more wearily than before. "This monk—you knew him formerly?"

"Surely," said Spirini. "He married my daughter."

A sudden flash of curiosity showed itself on Goldstein's face.

"Married—married your daughter?"

"She died," said Spirini, curtly. "But there is a child, who should by right inherit that violin."

Goldstein shrugged his shoulders. Those who had known him well formerly, elderly men with mortgaged estates, gamblers who had gambled neither wisely nor well, younger sons in difficulties, one and all had seen this gesture, and had learned to dread it. The Goldstein shrug was famous. It meant refusal when it did not mean something vastly worse.

"I am sorry," said he, "very sorry; but the prior and I have come to terms, subject to Brother Bruno's consent."

"He may not consent."

Goldstein shook his head.

"Brother Bruno seems a very devout son of holy church. Of course, if you like, you can see him. He is your son-in-law."

A suspicion of irony, almost of insolence, sounded now in his voice, which Spirini was quick to resent. He stood up at once, letting Goldstein's piece of glazed pasteboard fall to the floor.

"It might be better to see the prior. I am going to him now."

Goldstein laughed softly.

"Unhappily, my dear sir, the prior at this hour receives no strangers."

"No," said Spirini; "but the prior happens to be my brother." He was halfway across the chapel by this time, going toward the sacristy door and the more private part of the convent, and he never once looked behind him.

A sudden scowl crossed Goldstein's face, but it soon faded. The prior, he reflected, might be a brother, the emaciated young monk a son-in-law, and half the other monks in the convent the very dear friends of this martial-looking stranger,—appearances were often deceptive,—but fourteen thousand lire were not to be had every day even for a Stradivarius, and the prior idolized his chapel.

Once again he looked up at the roof, and then he laughed aloud. There was greed in his laughter and a vast egotism and something much more unpleasant still —long familiarity with the baser side of human nature.

"I AM sorry, Luigi, very sorry, but the violin is virtually disposed of already."

The prior spoke gently in a singularly melodious voice. He sat at a table covered with papers, in his own private parlor, near a fire of blazing pine-logs. At the moment he was busy trimming a large bundle of goose-quills. He always made his own pens, and his writing, a miracle of clear neatness, might have broken the heart of a board-school teacher.

Seated on an oaken settle, on the other side of the fire, for the last quarter of an hour Count Spirini had been talking energetically with an ever-increasing sense of difficulty. The prior wore the air of an interrupted person, patiently listening to some trivial matter in the midst of more important business. His manner did not help the count to become more fluent.

"Would n't it be possible," said Spirini at last, "for Pietro—I mean Brother Bruno—to keep the violin here for another two months or so before this fellow Goldstein gets possession of it?"

The prior shook his head, laying down one goose-quill and taking up another.

"You think that Brother Bruno is unlikely to live much longer. Is that it?"

Spirini flushed hotly as if detected in some fault.

"Oh," said he, some of the pent-up irritation of the last half-hour breaking from him, "why can't the poor devil keep his violin for a few weeks longer?"

"Because," said the prior, calmly, "the poor devil, as you call him, has in him the making of a great saint; and as for his dying,"—he tried the point of a newly trimmed quill on his thumb-nail,—"Brother Anselmo, who came up here sixty years ago, I am told, phthisical, and with a fearful cough, died only last week at the age of ninety. In this pure air men live long."

"Poor, poor souls!" Spirini said under his breath.

A straightforward man himself, outspoken to bluntness, in this net of asceticism he felt half choked in some subtle fashion, as if striving to breathe an alien atmosphere.

Dear to him formerly, his son-in-law was very dear to him still, though the two men had spoken to each other only once in the last seven years on necessary business in the prior's presence. This was Bruno's own wish, said his superior.

Yet with a dogged and characteristic patience every year since his daughter's death Spirini had made his appearance in the chapel on Christmas day. The convent kept high festival then, and the strict-

ness of its rule was a good deal relaxed. Year after year the count's efforts to see his son-in-law privately had been doomed to failure. For a long while he had felt baffled; to-day for the first time he began to feel hopeless.

The prior was trimming the last quill in the bundle by this time. Several faulty ones he had flung aside. His fingers, thin and tapering, moved with the swift precision of long practice.

Spirini kicked a fallen log back into the fire, and sat for several minutes in silence, moodily staring into the flames.

Like a ghostly, elusive procession past events filed before him as he sat. He saw his godson, the young Marchese Brunescho, sent up here to recover from an attack of pneumonia. He was a high-strung, delicate young fellow, deeply religious, too. The count anathematized himself in that he had taken too little heed of this side of a very impressionable character.

Then Brunescho came back again, very well in body, but seemingly altered in disposition—came back to marry Spirini's daughter, to whom he was already formally betrothed. She had returned home lately from her convent school, and between the two young people love pure and passionate sprang up in a day, like some mighty hurricane sweeping all before it.

Brunescho himself hastened the marriage by every means in his power; yet always subsequently in his wedded happiness there lingered something fevered, and the prior kept up with him a constant correspondence. Except in his wife's presence a shadow rested in his eyes; he had made her happy always. Spirini never forgot that.

When she died suddenly of heart failure, leaving a year-old child behind her, a child adored by both its parents, Brunescho's grief had been a fearful thing to witness. Even now Spirini shuddered a little as he thought of it.

Half crazed and seemingly beside himself, speaking of some oath to devote his life to religion on the restoration of his health, of a vow broken by reason of the great love which had possessed him, of a curse which had followed closely upon his marriage, the boy—for he was scarcely more than that—had fled back to the convent within an hour of his wife's funeral, and had stayed there ever since. That was now seven years ago.

A second log fell out of the fire, and the count roused himself with a start.

"Well," said he at last, "so Bruno is to become a saint, and this selling of his violin away from him, I take it, is to be his special form of martyrdom?"

"Music," said the prior, quietly, "with some men has always been a snare. I myself," he added, "was no mean musician once upon a time. I expect no more of another man than I ask of myself."

He could have added with perfect truth that he was apt to expect a good deal less. At the moment his face, in its utter lack of expression, might have reminded an onlooker of a drawn-down blind, because by reason of its very blankness there is always an extraordinary significance in a drawn blind before any house of life, be it closed for privacy, for the exclusion of sunshine, or in honor of the silent guest.

The count, stretching his hands to the fire, felt chilled in mind and body.

"Have you thought," he asked, "how much your church music will suffer?"

"Since Brother Bruno came here," said the other, "the convent has thought too much of its music."

Spirini moved uncomfortably in his seat.

"You have other violins, I know," said he in a low voice, "but Bruno, ever since he first came to me as a little chap, would never play on any violin but the one. He always said that he never could. Have you thought of that?"

"He is obedient," said the other, "by the rule of his order. I never anticipate difficulties. Probably he will have nothing to do with music for the future." He tossed a handful of defective quills into the fire as he spoke. In after years the smell of burned feathers always brought to the count a faint sense of physical nausea.

"All along," said he suddenly, "you

seem to have forgotten that the violin is not your own."

The prior spread out a pair of deprecating hands.

"I have not forgotten your point of view, but up here, as Bruno would be the first to remind you, we monks have no possessions of our own."

"He has a child, anyway," Spirini exclaimed. "You can't get away from that."

The prior shut with a click the penknife he had been using.

"There should never have been any child, my dear brother, or a wife," he added unnecessarily.

Spirini's two hands clenched. If he still spoke temperately, it was not for his own sake.

"Bruno would scarcely indorse that. The child was very dear to him once. She has written to him now for over a year. Has he really no wish for any more of her letters, even if he is not allowed to answer them?"

"I doubt if he has read them," said the prior, gently; "but of course he can both read and answer them if he likes. You do not seem to understand him. He does not mean to see the child or ever to meet you again. He has done with earthly things; he said as much to me only yesterday. The body with you is everything," he went on, eying with a repressed sense of dislike the splendid physical proportions of the man in front of him, the long, muscular arms, the naturally proud carriage of the well-shaped head; "but up here we think most of the health of a man's soul."

"And not at all of the restoration of your chapel roof," Spirini said savagely. If he had risked his own life, nothing could have kept him from plain speaking any longer.

For the first time the prior started, as if this unexpected thrust had gone home; but he looked his brother straight in the face at last, seemingly finding him worthy of some real attention.

"I have borne with you," said he, "just to see how far you would go in your misapprehensions. I can only assure you again that Herr Goldstein will have the violin only subject to Bruno's free consent."

"And of that you made quite sure beforehand?" There was a good deal of sarcasm in the younger man's voice, and a strong touch of incredulity as well.

"Absolutely sure," said the prior, quietly. "Bruno has made great progress since he came up here wild, undisciplined, half crazy. He is sane enough now, though I don't expect you to believe me."

Spirini stood up at last, and the color showed hotly through the sunburn of his face.

"Oh, I doubt nothing," said he, "of you; I could believe anything after seeing Bruno's face to-day. It is I who was the fool to send him up here in the first instance. But I thought he understood that a man may serve God in the world as well as in the cloister. He used to have little thought of himself, soul or body. A young, clean conscience is seldom introspective. Betrothed already, you made him forswear himself, made him believe later on in a sin to expiate, in the saving of his soul by the mortifying of his body by inches. You reckoned it up very well. You have wanted him always, I suppose. Well, you have got him for the time—"

An expression of satisfaction flickered momentarily in the prior's black eyes, and faded like the flame of a dying match; but he said nothing, only sat waiting for Spirini to finish.

"You have had it nearly all your own way," the latter went on, "but you have left one thing out."

"And what may that be?" the prior asked. Had he allowed himself the luxury of a prolonged emotion, he might have hated this brother of his; possibly he did so without knowing it. Spirini had turned a search-light not into the prior's own house of life, always clean enough, but into a secret chamber deep underground, the very existence of which, never suspected till lately, had been strenuously denied during the last fortnight.

"What it is I might be kinder to Bruno if I left you to find out," Spirini said. "I should say it might be his best friend, but

I have heard it called the last enemy." The flush of anger had left his cheek, and the prior could not help seeing the grave nobility of his expression, though he discounted the look from sheer force of habit.

"Bruno used to be healthy enough," Spirini went on, "but he never had a bit of strength to throw away, not even at the best of times. In your training of him I think you have forgotten that. I warned you a year ago. I warn you again now. A man can do no more up here."

He turned away then, and left the parlor without noticing the hand which the prior held out to him. Five minutes later he had gone from the convent and was walking at a great pace down the frozen road.

The storm was over now, and the stars were blazing like jewels in a cloudless sky, the track glittering underneath as smooth and hard as frost could make it. A splendid walker despite his fifty years, he would reach the nearest township by morning easily enough.

But Herr Goldstein was remaining at the convent till midnight.

The prior, at the parlor window, looked after the rapidly moving figure more attentively than usual.

"I suppose," reflected he, "that Luigi meant death by the last enemy. I never knew him quote scripture before. Death," —and he glanced a little contemptuously at a skull set in a niche of the parlor wall, —"some monks are as neurotic as ever they can be, and Bruno is one of them."

With an iron constitution of his own and a will to match it, all his life he had discounted the aches and pains of lesser men, not so much from want of sympathy as from genuine lack of understanding.

A frown crossed his face as he came back from the window, and ringing a small hand bell with more emphasis than usual, he desired that Brother Bruno should be sent to him immediately.

He knew a good deal, but he did not know everything; and if, unlike Spirini, he took no account of the last enemy, he not only believed the foe to be out of sight, but very far away.

Five minutes later Brother Bruno entered the parlor. The prior eyed him keenly as he came in, and, producing a glass of white Capri, desired him to drink it. The sharp sting of the wine caught the muscles of the young monk's throat, and a violent fit of coughing shook him from head to foot.

Once again his superior frowned.

"You will not rise any more at midnight for the present," said he—"not, at any rate, till the weather is warmer."

Without speaking, Bruno bowed his head; the gesture came from him mechanically. In one hand he had his violin, in the other a packet of papers, which he now held up to the light. They appeared to be letters written in a large, round hand, though the characters were unusually firm, with a promise of grace and beauty in them.

"I have brought these," said he at last. "I have but one other offering to make. Besides, there is a fire here to-day," he added as if in apology. Then he tossed the packet into the flames. "If I had kept them longer, maybe I should have read them."

"Then you have not read any of them, my son?"

Bruno shook his head.

"But I dream of the child at night. Such dreams!" he went on whisperingly. "She calls to me then, and I go to her when she calls me. A man cannot control his dreams; not always."

"That, too, will pass," said his superior, speaking with the conviction of long experience. If his creed was a cruel one, narrow and self-conscious, this much at least may be said of him: he believed in it blindly, and had followed it over thorny paths unflinchingly for the last forty years of his life.

In the quiet and spacious room silence reigned for several minutes—silence more eloquent than any speech. Then slowly, as if his fingers were cramped, Brother Bruno laid the violin down on the table."

"Take it," he said hoarsely.

His superior watched him, secretly anxious, yet without any sense of hesitation,

indecision, indeed, being foreign to his nature. "Take courage," said he. "Remember it is your last earthly vanity."

"And the chapel will be restored," said the other. He spoke innocently enough. In the bright lamplight his face looked very flushed, and his lips showed dry and cracked as if with fever.

"The chapel roof, what is that to you?" said his superior. "It is your soul's health that we are chiefly concerned with. Money"—and he waved his hand contemptuously—"money is dross. Your violin has been an idol to you all your life, with a voice in its strings. I should just as soon," he added, and only a keen observer would have detected an unusual sound of effort in his speech—"just as soon that you burned it here to-night."

With exceeding swiftness Bruno leaned forward, catching up the violin in his arms as if it were indeed some delicate living creature. Drops of sweat showed on his forehead.

"Burn it alive!" he muttered. "Oh, no, not that!"

The prior eyed him meditatively. "'T is only wood, after all."

"And the last thing I have left to love," said the other. He stood now fronting his superior like some exhausted, but desperate, creature vainly struggling to escape from prolonged lethargy. The look in his eyes may be seen any day in the eyes of some creature of the woods, trapped, maimed, and too long forgotten. Such a look makes a merciful-minded keeper swift to give the *coup de grâce*.

But the prior was a keeper of souls. Of other men's earthly desires and of his own, too, he took no account—at least till the last fortnight such had been his honest belief.

"You can do as you like," said he, coldly. "Almost one would imagine that you felt yourself under compulsion. Keep the violin by all means if you think it really right to do so. Keep it or burn it or let Herr Goldstein have it. Do with it just exactly as you please."

For a moment the young monk answered nothing, but when he spoke again a faint touch of hope trembled in his low voice.

"There is the child. At my death could it be hers?"

The prior's work had been very carefully done, yet there seemed to be a new atmosphere in the room this evening, as if the count had left an echo of resistance behind him.

"Do just exactly as you like," the prior said again, with slow emphasis. "The violin has been a snare to you always, so you told me only yesterday. Would you leave it as a snare to a child of your own?"

Over the monk's face there passed a strange and terrible change. He sat down now by the table, and buried his face in his hands. He could not meet the eye of his superior, for about the prior's quiet glance lingered some compelling quality, something magnetic. No one up here had ever heard him raise his voice, and no prior before him had ever been so well obeyed or more reverenced, scarcely loved. The man who has the treatment of other men's naked souls in the confessional needs to be a second St. John. Small wonder if Bruno sat with his face hidden.

The momentary flash of an all but dead individuality had exhausted him. His will, undermined and given up to the direction of others during the last seven years, had lost all power of discrimination or of continued resistance. When he spoke at last he did not raise his head, and his voice came strangely muffled from between his folded arms.

"I," he said—"I give the violin to Herr Goldstein of my own free will. I offer it for the glory of God and for my soul's health."

A soft, scarcely audible breath of relief came from between the prior's lips. The pain that he was watching was familiar enough, but necessary. He had performed this kind of operation, this breaking down of the carnal will, often. As a surgeon of souls, maybe, he had few equals; but his methods were heroic, and in his private theater he used no chloroform.

Bruno sat up presently, and brushed a hand across his forehead. It was wet.

"Your supper will be sent here," said the prior. "Herr Goldstein will come to you before he goes away. You can give him the violin yourself."

The young monk pushed the Stradivarius from him.

"If he might have it now, if I might go back to my cell—I could n't have burned it; but there might be other ways," he ended under his breath.

Well enough the prior knew despair when he came across it, knew that it fathers strange offspring. All the same he did not hesitate for a moment, though his eyes never left the other's face. He merely leaned forward across the table, laying his hand on the neck of the violin.

Instinctively Bruno drew a little away from him, trembling all over.

"You will stay here," said the other, quietly. "You are not quite yourself tonight. Believe me, by and by you will feel very differently. Brother Anselmo has been too careless a guardian of all the instruments. I see there is one scratch here and another there." He passed thin fingers lightly over the shining surface. "The violin will be safer with you, now that it is sold. I trust you with it," he added emphatically. His glance went now to a red scar plainly visible under the monk's golden hair, an old mark, seemingly a saber-cut, healed long ago.

In former days, when a mere youth, it was whispered that the young Marchese Brunescho had once fought a duel in a great city where that thing by men called worldly honor flourishes like a weed. Bruno, like his father-in-law Spirini, had been counted punctilious to a fault. Had he not fought to save the good name of a woman scarcely known to him, a woman whose very friendlessness had served as a claim to an ignorant youngster's pity?

And the prior knew his man, knew him as a general knows a captive on parole, knew him with that instinctive touch of discrimination, genius, call it what you will, which had seemingly been born with him, and by means of which he ruled his small world with a master's hand.

When Herr Goldstein came for the violin, Bruno, and Bruno only, should give it himself. The voice of a secret desire, vainly disowned and hidden away in the depths of his own heart, for once made him pitiless.

As the heavy door closed behind his superior, Brother Bruno again sat down by the table, and his head fell forward on his folded arms. To a man without the temperament of a dreamer and a musical genius the emotion that racked him might have seemed morbid and fantastic; but to a man dependent almost for life on beauty of sound, possessed by it from his cradle, this closing of the doors of music, this silencing of his soul's voice, came cruelly, as maiming hands came once to those captive Greeks whose conquerors, sparing their lives, and knowing their passion for perfection, cut from each man an arm and a leg, so that they went halt and imperfect till they died.

Yet this evening mental anguish in Bruno was gradually swallowed up in physical suffering. All unheeded for the first twenty-four hours, pain new and subtle had been tearing at his chest, throbbing in his ears, and hammering in his overstrained brain.

As he sat there alone, everything in the room faded at last into a red cloud before his eyes—faded beyond pain into nothingness; into a pale dawn where all things ceased to be.

Very still Bruno sat, his head fallen forward on his arms, and his lips resting against the violin, which lay in front of him, almost touching his cheek. Nobody could have called his position a natural one.

By and by over the violin and across the table there crept a dark stain. Like a crimson snake it moved on slowly till it touched the very book of white vellum in which the prior kept his daily record; circled it, joined again, and so traveled on, like some sinuous living thing, till it reached the table's edge, and fell over, drop by drop, making a dark pool on the stone floor.

An hour or more went by. The fire

sank lower and lower to a core of red heart and white ash; but the figure of the hidden face never sighed or moved again, and in some subtle fashion the stillness of it filled the long room with a new presence and a greater quiet. For the last enemy was here, coming by a neglected pathway —coming to one man at least as no foe, but a very good friend. And the violin, stained, irredeemably warped, and muted by his own blood, was safe forever from sacrilegious hands.

Smoke

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

POURING up from that office-building's chimney against the blue,
Clots and gouts of dense white smoke are sailing.
Up and out into sun that lights them and wind that shreds them away,
Blinding white, dove-gray,
Acrobatic masses of smoke are swirling and tumbling and trailing
And dancing over the roofs to the sky of a vivid autumn day.

Black smoke is a terror and wonder,
And smoke that is purple like thunder,
And smoke over foundries at night
Wears a weird volcanic light.
The smoke of a city fire glows
Like the palpitant heart of a rose.
Opal is smoke at evening, when roofs are the snow's.
But from these smoke forms might be sculptured great symbols of joy and peace.
They bulge forth to the sun like clouds, as white as the speckless fleece
Of that one dazzling cloud in the delicate blue of the dome,
Shaped like a fairy alp fringed with a spectral foam.
Nymphs of the air, ghosts of the gods of Greece,
Surf of the sky they seem in their bright release.

The cornices of the office-building's roof
Are hard and cold; its outlines are hard and cold.
Its windows are like the eyes of selfish and cruel men.
Glory, I cry, full glory then
To these billowing masses of snowy smoke,
These ephemeral but wildly immaculate plumes
High and aloof
Tossing above the ledgers and the looms,
The dusty, drab, disheartened office rooms,
The thousand petty tyrannies and glooms!
Cut me a cloak,
Ye traders in sweated garments, in waists and gabardines,
Though far beyond your means,
Yet cut me a cloak from such cloud,
Ye stout, purse-proud,
Cigar-stupored dullards, and, lo! I will cry you aloud—
Even you—for gods, you who fumble your fabrics, nor dream
That the genius of steam
Shames you in robes so bright
Of sun-blinded immaculate white
Even now from your high roofs billowing, heroic in riot astream.

Portrait of Dr. Guttmann. By József Rippl-Rónai
Owned by Marczell Nemes, Esq.

Hungarian and Norwegian Art

As Exemplified in the International Exhibition of Fine Arts in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco

By J. NILSEN LAURVIK

Commissioner of Fine Arts for Norway at the Exposition

I

NEVER before in the history of international expositions has the participation of foreign nations been fraught with such hazards and encompassed by such well-nigh insurmountable obstacles as those that attended the organization and final realization of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

The outbreak of the war threatened the total collapse of the whole foreign participation, and in no department of the exposition was this felt more deeply than in the Department of Fine Arts, the chief of which, Mr. John E. D. Trask, saw the fully matured plans of two years nullified in a day as one cable after the other announced the withdrawal of neutrals as well as belligerents. The history of the reconstruction of these shattered hopes and their final realization would in itself not be the least-interesting chapter of these *great* times, and this brief reference to the difficulties encountered by the Department of Fine Arts in meeting this unprecedented situation seems a fitting introduction to any consideration of the foreign fine arts in the exposition. That this participation falls below the standard established by previous international expositions should astonish no one at all familiar with what has taken place since August 1, 1914; but the fact that every nation of the world save Russia, Austria, Denmark, and Switzerland is in some sort represented, either officially or unofficially, by a more or less representative fine-arts exhibit is perhaps of interest to every one professing even the slightest interest in art.

To refuse to recognize the unique conditions under which this exhibit of foreign fine arts was organized is to admit an utter lack of the sense of proportion and critical balance that are the fundamentals of all serious criticism. This applies with peculiar fitness to the French official exhibit, no less than to the unofficial partici-

pation of Hungarian artists, both of which were eleventh-hour arrangements, concluded a month before the exposition opened, under the stress of great national excitement. If these tokens, eloquent of their profound interest in the pursuits of civilization, are inferior to what we are accustomed to expect from these countries in times of peace, they are at least far from being negligible examples of their culture. No one at all familiar with the glorious achievements of modern French art would presume to base a final judgment upon the collection heroically brought together by MM. Léonce Bénédite and Jean Guiffrey for this special occasion, despite the undeniable fact that it is in many respects the most important of all foreign art sections in the exposition; but every unprejudiced observer will readily admit that the glimpse of French culture afforded us by this collection is so pregnant with meaning as to form a valuable indication of its main tendencies to those unacquainted with the general drift of modern French art. In a broader sense the Hungarian collection performs a similar service. The five hundred works in oils, sculpture, and graphic and applied arts exhibited here by one hundred and seventeen of the foremost artists of Hungary give a fair idea of the esthetic activity of the Hungarian people.

This collection is the only one among the foreign sections that aims to give a general survey of the development of a nation's art from the middle of the last century down to date, and in so doing it furnishes many surprises to those unacquainted with the evolution of Hungarian art. Not the least of these surprises is the revelation made here that Munkácsy was a landscape-painter of commanding power as well as a figure-painter of international repute, and that, moreover, he was not the only notable figure of his time in Hungarian art. The noble landscapes of Paál shown here, the glimpse afforded us of the distinguished art of Szinnyei-Merse, the figure, genre pieces, and landscapes of Lajos Bruck, and the portraits and Hungarian peasant scenes of Lotz reveal the very interesting fact that Hungarian art of the latter half of the last century does not rest upon the fame of Munkácsy alone.

If the group of painters who then did honor to Hungary are little known outside of its boundaries, the artists who today glorify their national esthetic instinct are scarcely better known. The strongly designed, decorative art of Rippl-Rónai; the limpid, fluent impressionism of Csók, revivified by the Hungarians' natural sense of color; the beautiful, accomplished art of Vaszary and Ferenczy; the powerfully conceived and very personal art of Kernstock; and the clairvoyant magic of Berény—all were wholly unknown to the American public until presented in this collection, the diversity and historic value of which was made possible through the loyal coöperation of such eminent collectors as Count Gyula Andrássy, Count Lajos Batthyányi, Baron Hatvany, and the famous connoisseur Marczell Nemes, who supplemented the contributions made by private owners and the few available artists not enlisted in the war.

Though covering little more than half a century of development, modern Hungarian art, as shown here, presents an exceedingly varied aspect. The Düsseldorf and Munich influences, which were potent factors in the evolution of American and Scandinavian art, are visible here in the work of Böhm and Brodszky and in the closely studied portraits by Miklós Barabás, the foremost Hungarian portrait-painter of the middle of the last century. His series of portraits of contemporary worthies, such as those of *Count Lajos Batthyányi, Sr.*, and *Ferencz Deák*[1] shown here, are true products of that same matter-of-fact point of view that in America found expression about the same time in the portraits of Chester Harding and Samuel F. B. Morse, and in Norway in the work of Gude and Tidemand. Like the little domestic anecdote related with such Düsseldorfian particularity in the *"Christmas Mummers"* by Pál Böhm, these portraits by Barabás betray their

[1] Italics indicate exhibits in the collection under discussion.

derivation more strongly than the nativity of the painter. That these early German influences, like the later French, were soon assimilated and given a national flavor may be seen in the little *"Gipsy Woman"* by György Vastagh, as well as in the *"Hungarian Peasant Wedding,"* the *"End of the Harvest,"* and the *"Hungarian Hussar"* by Károly Lotz, whose early peasant pictures are authentic episodes out of the life of the people, much as are the corn huskings and the like by Eastman Johnson. In these early attempts to depict the life and character of his country one feels the emergence of qualities essentially Hungarian, not so readily apprehended in the portrait of the *"Artist's Wife,"* or in the suavely painted *"Bathing Women"* that marks the entrance of Lotz into the field of decorative art that culminated in his frescos on the ceiling of the Budapest Royal Opera House, wherein the influence of his German teacher, Rahl, is plainly discernible.

Few, if any, of his immediate successors succeeded in giving to academic formulas the same force and fluency, though, to be sure, his gifted young pupil Andor Emerici attains in his *"Crucifixion"* and in the portrait of his sister entitled a *"Girl's Head"* a purity of feeling, a serene dignity, and power as of some old master scarcely equaled by Lotz himself. Full of rich promise, his creative activity was brought to a sudden close at the age of twenty-six, and four years later he died. Accompanying him on the path prepared by Barabás and Lotz, we find his stepfather, Béla Benczur, the well-known architect, who has turned his attention to landscape-painting; the unhappy Antal Zilzer, whose *"Portrait"* and the exquisitely modeled nude called *"The Source"* reveal him a true son of Munich; the accomplished portrait-painter Gyula Glatter; and last, but not least, Ödön Kaziány, the mystic, whose moonlit figure *"Under the Cypress"* and the fateful *"Mors Peregrinans"* betray his strong sympathies with the romanticism of Böcklin. The product of Munich influences, imbibed under Piloty, Gyula Benczur has given a certain éclat to academic art in Hungary, where he repeated the triumphs of Lenbach in Germany, bringing to official portraiture something of its old-time pomp and dignity, admirably expressed in his closely studied portrait of the famous statesman *Count Gyula Andrássy, Sr.*, painted at the height of his career. The recipient of all the honors his country can bestow, a life-member of the House of Lords, and honorary citizen of his native town, Benczur forms the natural climax to those academic tendencies ably initiated by Barabás, which have gradually been superseded by the freer, more individual spirit introduced into Hungarian art by László Paál. In his all too brief career of thirty-two years this great, romantic, nature-loving landscape-painter became the foremost exponent in Hungary of the Barbison School, leaving at his death, in 1879, a number of works that powerfully influenced the trend of contemporary Hungarian art.

Directly or indirectly, paintings such as the *"Summer Landscape"* by Ferencz Olgyay and the romantic, strongly wrought *"Landscape"* by Béla Spányi are attributable to the movement instituted by him; while Kézdi-Kovács, Edvi-Illés, and Magyar-Mannheimer perpetuate this influence in the art of to-day very much as does Tryon, Dearth, and J. Francis Murphy in contemporary American art. Paál's Fontainebleau landscapes, no less than his interpretations of his own country, are surcharged with a brooding, poetic fervor, an intense dramatic quality, that find their true expression in the wistful melancholy of an *"Autumn Landscape"* after the crops have been harvested, or in the black menace of a *"Storm Cloud"* sweeping threateningly over denuded tree-tops. The mood as well as the manner of its presentation—the vigor that renders sentiment without sentimentality, that enforces the dramatic accent without theatricality—expresses the soul of the Hungarian people more profoundly than do the immense Salon pictures of Munkácsy, who was for many years the sole protagonist of Hungarian art to the outside world.

"In the Sun"
By Halfdan Ström

Munkácsy's virile, picturesque personality imposed itself vividly upon the imagination of the world, and in him Hungarian art achieved a sort of popular apotheosis that succeeding generations have found it difficult to transcend. What a really great artist he was remains largely unrevealed, however, in the panoramic canvases that won the general applause of the multitude. The real man, the nature-loving Hungarian as well as the great painter, appears chiefly in his

landscapes, brilliantly exemplified in the *"Sunset"* and the forest interior called *"In the Woods,"* wherein the fundamental vigor of his race is expressed with the power of enduring art. In their sheer technical virtuosity in the rendering of form and color these landscapes of Munkácsy brilliantly epitomize all those purely painter-like qualities in which Hungarian art particularly excels. His pupil and fellow-townsmen, Bertalan Karlovsky, gives an admirable illustration of these qualities of sound, fluent craftsmanship in his portraits of *"Countess Károlyi"* and *"Count Gyula Andrássy."*

Like the French, from whom they have learned much, Hungarian painters are to the manner born. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the landscapes, genre pieces, and figure-paintings by Lajos Bruck, who was one of the first exponents of the French Impressionist movement in Hungary. In its light, suggestive, tersely expressed impressionism the *"Seaside in Bretagne"* recalls Boudin, while the *"Girl Playing with Butterflies"* approaches Manet in its fresh color and fluent, highly summarized characterization. In the *"Summer Landscape"* by Géza Mészöly we witness the influence of Corot on Hungarian landscape-painting, while the three paintings by Baron Mednyánszky, illustrating three successive stages of his development, show how this influence served as a basis for the *plein-air* movement which brought Hungarian art in upon that road whereon it has found a free outlet for its manifold activities. All that is most vital and interesting in present-day Hungarian art is directly or indirectly traceable to the activities set in motion at Nagybánya, a beautifully situated little town in eastern Hungary. Here, under the inspiring leadership of Simon Hollósy, a group of the most progressive artists were united by kindred aims. They reaffirmed the gospel of light and air triumphantly enunciated by Monet and Manet; they introduced into Hungarian art a fresh and vigorous note of realism that liberated personal and racial traits of character. "Nagybánya became the Hungarian Barbison in the sense that here art returned to nature and was purified." With this return to nature came a revival of interest in their long-neglected peasant art, and thenceforth naturalism developed hand in hand with a marked tendency toward decoration that found its inspiration in the oldest traditions of the race. After many and diverse wanderings Hungarian art came back to its own and was rejuvenated. The finest fruits of this recreating movement is found here in the work of such men as Károly Ferenczy, Béla Iványi-Grünwald, István Csók, József Rippl-Rónai, Adolf Fényes, Nándor Katona, Baron Ferencz Hatvany, the early work of Ödön Márffy, and the later work of both János Vaszary and Baron Mednyánszky, all of which is deeply rooted in the native soil, though admittedly brought to fruition under the generating influence of that luminary, French Impressionism.

The evolution from romanticism to realism graphically depicted in the career of Baron Mednyánszky manifests itself somewhat similarly in Károly Ferenczy, whose *"Girl's Portrait,"* painted in the early nineties, is kin to Matthys Maris and Whistler, while the beautiful little *"Still Life: Roses,"* from the Nemes collection, is plainly in the direction of that naturalism tersely expressed in the recently finished autumnal *"Landscape,"* wherein he has achieved a high degree of synthetic abstraction in the rendering of the fundamental structure of nature's forms. This evolution is repeated again in the five canvases of János Vaszary, wherein one may trace his development from the closely studied, delicately rendered academic nude in the *"Woman with Mirror,"* from the Nemes collection, through the successive steps marked by the *"Peasant Girl's Head,"* increasingly truthful in the larger sense, to the semi-decorative rendering of reality in the *"Promenade on Lake Balaton,"* followed the next year by the suggestive impressionism of the vividly characterized *"Portrait of Countess Lajos Batthyányi,"* and at last finding its culmination in the purely stylistic treatment accorded the *"Woman*

"The Struggle for Existence"
By Christian Krohg

with a Cat," wherein he frankly affiliates himself with those strongly marked tendencies toward decoration that have their source in Hungarian peasant art.

This pronounced tendency toward decoration evinced by Hungarian artists, no less than by contemporary artists the world over, is not without its deeper significance. It marks an important change in the attitude of the modern artist toward the easel picture. He is becoming increasingly aware of its comparative uselessness, nay, its utter impropriety in the modern home; and he is endeavoring to make it conform to some decorative purpose, and in so doing he is returning to the principles of mural painting. This change is very apparent in the development of the art of Rippl-Rónai, which has evolved from a frankly realistic rendering of the life about him to a purely decorative treatment of the same subjects. The portrait of the eminent sculptor, *Márk Vedres,* is almost pure decoration. The emphasis in this recently painted portrait is exclusively on the decorative aspect of the subject, and the result is a vivid, resonantly colorful, strongly wrought design in which the objective element of portraiture remains a secondary consideration. This treatment is partly anticipated in the low, flat tonalities of his earlier *"Child's Portrait,"* painted in 1904, wherein realism has been subordinated to a decorative ensemble that reaches its culmination in the purely decorative pattern entitled *"Ladies in the Garden,"* wherein natural forms have been reduced to their decorative coefficients. One needs only compare these later products of his versatile, productive genius with his earlier *"Portrait of Dr. Guttmann"* to realize

how far he has gone in the direction of pure decoration and upon what a solid foundation of realism this is based. Presented with such fundamental simplicity as to produce a powerful impression of actuality, the emphasis in this early portrait is as exclusively on the reality of the subject as it is on the purely decorative aspect in the stylistic portrait of *Márk Vedres*. Between these two extremes his art oscillates, expressing itself with ever-increasing individuality and power, in which the racial qualities become ever more predominant. The note of nationalism is enforced with a robust, rhapsodic accent that is essentially Hungarian. After many years' sojourn in Paris he responded to that call of the blood which drew Gauguin to Tahiti, Zorn to Dalecarlia, and Rippl-Rónai to the vine-clad hills of his birthplace, Kaposvár, where the influences liberated at Nagybánya are achieving their most national and individual expression.

In diverse ways this note of nationalism expresses itself in the very personal still-life pieces and impressionistically treated figure paintings of that fluent and vivacious colorist, István Csók, no less than in the rigorous veracity of Adolf Fényes' Hungarian *"Kitchen Table,"* which has the tart flavor of peasant matter-of-factness in the rendering of the various kitchen utensils that compose this extraordinary still life, as well as in such typical Hungarian landscapes as the mountain brook *"In the Tátra"* by Nándor Katona, who is a product of those same influences that later were instrumental in directing the highly accomplished art of Baron Ferencz Hatvany into the invigorating channels of Impressionism, ably expressed in his *"Sunny Street"* and the *"Environs of Rome."* The gifted young painter Count Gyula Batthyányi also avows his allegiance to this movement in his spirited and well-conceived *"Longchamps"* while asserting a predilection for decorative effects that achieves a Beardsley-like expression in the *"Ladies of the Harem,"* who betray their relationship to the odalisques of Charles Conder. The *"Hungarian Landscape"* and *"Shepherdess"* by Oszkár Glatz; the *"Tired Horse"* by Móric Góth; the herdsman, *Mihály Czigány,* by Lajos Kunffy; the *"Woman Arranging Her Hair"* by Dezsö Czigány; the *"Landscape with Figures"* by Zórád, and the women *"In the Garden"* by Sándor Ziffer, are all products of the influences set in motion at Nagybánya by Hollósy. To him Lajos Márk also owes something of that revivifying light and color that illumine his charming, decorative portraits, strikingly exemplified in his sunlit figure of a *"Lady with Parasol."*

But the real precursor of this movement, which has borne good fruits in Hungarian art, was Pál de Szinnyei-Merse. Long before Hollósy gathered about him that group of young radicals who were destined to play a decisive part in the making of modern Hungarian art, Szinnyei-Merse had anticipated their naturalistic researches. As early as 1872 he introduced to the amazed and baffled public of Budapest the first Hungarian *plein-air* picture, the "Majális," or out-of-door breakfast, which created a discussion as intensely derogatory as did the appearance of Manet's "Le déjeuner sur l'herbe." His clear-sighted, independent vision, which had discovered for itself the truths observed by Monet, was damned as utterly wrong, and he ceased painting and retired to his country estate. After ten years he had the satisfaction of seeing his point of view confirmed by the course of events, which had at last caught up with him, and he emerged from his self-imposed retirement and resumed his activities with increased power, as is evident in the certainty and vigor of that clearly expressed bit of realism, the *"Melting Snow,"* painted in the nineties. Born in 1845, this revolutionary of the seventies has lived to see his ideas prevail, and even somewhat superseded by the younger generation who, none the less, continue to regard him as the Nestor of modern art in Hungary.

Károly Kernstock is perhaps the most notable figure among those who are lead-

"In the Woods"
By Mihály Munkácsy

ing contemporary Hungarian art into new paths. Profoundly related to Cézanne, as is evident in his monumental *"Nude"* and the rhythmically moving *"Horsemen,"* Kernstock has recalled his colleagues to a consideration of what is fundamental and architectonic in form as opposed to that atmospheric disintegration precipitated by Impressionism. That discerning Hungarian critic, Dr. Bölöni, says of his pictures that they "have a homogeneous construction wherein every line is preconceived and calculated, wherein 'Man' appears with the whole weight of his body within a fixed plan as the highest and worthiest mass that painting can reproduce," while Dr. Feleky speaks of them as having a "dynamic countenance," which clearly expresses the force and character of this new and disturbing element in Hungarian art that has attracted to it a little group of young radicals who commanded the attention of the public in 1911 by exhibiting together as "The Eight." Of those who have responded to the influences set in motion by the art of Cézanne few have given a more personal expression to their feeling for form than has Béla Iványi-Grünwald in his large, strongly designed landscape with figures entitled *"Nascence,"* in which he closely approaches Cézanne's sense of the weight and volume of the universe.

As different in their individual physiognomy as any eight men that ever trod the same path, they express collectively "everything that is turbulent and aspiring in the art of recent years." In the art of Márffy these tendencies are reflected in the early Manet-like *"Man's Portrait,"* in the later Cézanne-like *"Still Life"* and finally in the closely designed *"Wood Path,"* where we witness the influence of Gauguin upon his art. In the two *"Self Portraits"* and the *"Landscape"* by Lajos Tihanyi we feel a high degree of intensely characterized objectivity based upon a profound understanding of Greco, while Róbert Be-

rény succeeds to an extraordinary degree in realizing a piece of psychic realism in his marvelous portrait of *The Composer Bartók,* in which the inner radiation of personality is visualized as never before. In its truly terrifying reality his *"Golgotha"* is the most awe-inspiring interpretation of this great tragedy I have ever seen. The monumental and heroic aspect of the figures in Bertalan Pór's great decoration, *"The Worship of Wisdom,"* recalls certain of the early masters of the quattrocento plus a quality of abstract beauty that is strongly related to Puvis de Chavannes.

How far all this has strayed from the paths blazed by Bertalan Székely and Lotz is revealed in the academically wrought decorative panels of Sándor Nagy and Körösföi-Kriesch and the latter's talented pupil Ferencz Lipóth, who have preserved a marked respect for traditional practice in their mural decorations and stained-glass windows, in their book illustrations and tapestries executed in the handicrafts colony established by them in Gödöllö. Here art has returned to its ancient ways, placed itself at the service of utility, and been made to adorn a tale, and between Gödöllö and Kaposvár the pendulum of Hungarian art swings both far and deep.

II

Modern Norwegian art is of comparatively recent origin, and coincides in its development with that of Hungary and America. Prior to 1814, the year of the modern Norwegian Constitution, we had no artistic traditions whatever, and those that we have acquired since then have been imported from Düsseldorf, Munich, and Paris, very much as have the artistic traditions of America and Hungary. However, in the case of Norway as well as Hungary, we have to reckon with a very important factor in their artistic evolution, especially potent in the development of their modern art, which is altogether absent in the art of America; namely, their peasant art. Long before the art of painting was practised in Norway, the Norwegian peasant, like his Magyar contemporary, had developed an art that was, and still remains, thoroughly national. The Norwegian peasant art, like that of other countries, is characterized by a primitive purity of color that anticipates the art of to-day, and forms, so to speak, the connecting link that ties the present to the past. If we remember the crude vigor and bold color of this early peasant art, we shall perhaps better understand contemporary Norwegian art.

Temperamentally they are the same. We find in both the same characteristic forthrightness of expression, the same bold, uncompromising design and color. Moreover, both are alike in that the aim of each is to fill a given space with a design that will form a decoration. Much of modern art is in this direction, and contemporary Norwegian art is no exception to this. If this art appears somewhat rough and crude, more forceful and original than polished and ingratiating, it is the fault of the national character rather than of the art itself. We are not a suave people; we are somewhat blunt and direct, and these racial qualities are expressing themselves more and more in our art as it gradually emancipates itself from foreign influences and returns to its basic character.

By what a circuitous route this has been reached will be seen from the genesis of our modern art, which was nurtured in the romantic atmosphere of Dresden and Düsseldorf. Here our first painters received their artistic sustenance, and here Johan Christian Dahl, the father of Norwegian painting, continued to exercise his talent not alone as a creative artist of commanding ability, but also as a highly respected professor whose prestige drew many of his compatriots to the academy at Dresden, where they imbibed the master's love of the grandiose Norwegian scenery. Of these none did more to foster this latent nationalism than the young and highly gifted Fearnley, who, together with Dahl, explored the fiords and mountain fastnesses of their native land. These realistic and remarkably truthful interpre-

"The Dramatist Gunnar Heiberg and Friends in the Garden"
By Henrik Lund

tations of Norwegian scenery, which attracted wide-spread attention in the early part of the last century, form the basis of an art that has grown increasingly national with the years.

The impulses of nationalism loosened and set in motion by the dissolution of the union with Denmark in 1814 were crystallized in the fervent poetry of our first great modern poet, Henrik Wergeland. In lines throbbing with patriotic fervor he directed attention to our long-neglected heritage of song and story and to the ancient sagas of our sturdy peasantry, who still dwelt among us. It instituted a period of national activity that found fruitful expression in historical research, in various literary and social movements, no less than in the art of such men as Tidemand and Gude, who depicted with sincerity and ability the life and character of the people as well as the country in which they lived. Colored by the romanticism of the Düsseldorf anecdotal school of painting, in which they were nurtured, the art of these two men nevertheless contributed largely toward a repatriation of the Norwegian people, who for centuries had lived in their own country without really being of it.

There was something so novel in the idea of our own peasants and our own scenery being regarded as fit subject matter for a painter that it stirred our national pride, and Tidemand's genre pieces and Gude's landscapes met with a ready reception at home as well as abroad. The interest was of course stimulated by the fact that Gude occupied the enviable position of professor in the academy at Düsseldorf, and later in Karlsruhe and Berlin, where he attracted to him students

not only from Norway, but from America and other foreign countries as well. It put the stamp of Continental approval upon our art, and did much to make it respected both at home and abroad. It formed the prelude to that chapter in our history which was destined to fulfil our national aspirations, culturally as well as politically, foreshadowed in the early peasant tales of Björnson and the Viking dramas of Ibsen, and reaffirmed in the naturalistic novels of Garborg and Jaeger.

In art this was preceded by a brief period of pupilage in the academies of Munich, the vigorous, painter-like technic of which supplanted the meticulous anecdotalism of Düsseldorf, and supplied our young painters of the eighties—Werenskiold, Munthe, Kittelsen, Harriet Bacher, Eilif Peterssen, and Skredsvig—with something substantial upon which to expend their ebullient energy. From this to the naturalism of Courbet and his followers was only a step, and our young revolutionaries took it with a bound that landed them squarely in the midst of that realistic movement which was then at grips with the false studio conventions of the academies. Manet was fighting his famous battles, Monet was performing his epoch-making experiments, and Zola was championing the cause of both and incidentally of that realism in literature of which he was the foremost exemplar. Paris was then as now a seething vortex of radicalism in which only the strongest survived.

Needless to say, our sturdy and belligerent young Norwegians reveled in this atmosphere of contention, and even occupied a portion of the stage during their brief sojourn—Paris paused and gazed with open-eyed astonishment at the heroic figures of Thaulow, Krohg, and Björnson as they passed arm in arm down the Bois de Boulogne. But the astonishment of Christiania was even greater when these painters returned with their prismatic canvases, which outraged all the established conceptions of art. For a time the battles of Manet with academic tradition were re-fought in the capital of Norway by Christian Krohg, the social narrator; Thaulow, the snow painter; Werenskiold, the intimate portraitist; and Munthe, the Norwegian landscape-painter par excellence; and naturalism received its baptism of blood here as elsewhere. With it we reached the final stage of our dependence upon foreign models, and thenceforth our art developed along lines increasingly national and personal. Powerfully augmented and fostered by the fresh and bold virility of Christian Krohg, whose picturesque personality has expressed itself in a varied and colorful realism that has taken all life for its province, this movement has attracted to it some of the ablest of our modern painters. Directly or indirectly it has strongly influenced the art of such men as Edvard Diriks, whose fresh palette and clear vision carry forward the gospel of light and air eloquently propounded by Krohg, to whom also is due in a measure the modernity of the point of view vividly and vigorously expressed in the art of Halfdan Ström and Thorolf Holmboe, both of whom have produced works of more than ordinary interest and power.

Coming as a sort of interlude in our art is the poetic and romantic figure of Harold Sohlberg, who has held aloof from the Impressionist movement of his time. In his serenely beautiful landscapes our eery Northern nature has been presented with a poetry and a veracity that make them at once national in character and general in their appeal. In him the spirit of Norway—its silent winter nights, its mystic midsummer evenings—has found a fit interpreter.

But the most striking evidence of the potential value of this recreating force in our art found expression in the early nineties in the very original personality of Edvard Munch. He is the father of the present movement in Norwegian art which claims the allegiance of the ablest and most promising of our younger painters. His independence has given others courage to be themselves. As a revolutionary, original, and disturbing force he occupies in Norwegian art a position akin to that occupied by Ibsen in Norwegian

literature, and he has met with a somewhat similar reception in his own country. Accepted and acknowledged abroad as one of the greatest artists of modern times, he is rejected and despised at home by the majority of his own countrymen, who can see nothing but madness and perversity in his masterly revelations of the psychic verities of the soul. Gifted beyond all others with a rare color sense and an instinctive feeling for design, he has enriched Norwegian art with a series of masterpieces that will some day be claimed by the world. Already they have borne fruit in the richer, more resonant palette of the younger generation. That he has the root of the matter in him is clearly shown by the fact that his disciples are even now meeting with acceptance.

Henrik Lund and Ludwig Karsten, the two foremost products of Munch's influence, are winning recognition where Munch received nothing but derision. Resolutely modern in color and treatment, Lund's portraits and figure pieces have something of the searching, soul-revealing quality of great caricature, expressed with a terse, almost stenographic economy of line and color. This uncommon power of characterization, combined with his extraordinary virtuosity as a painter and his fresh, charming sense of color, gives unusual value and potency to his art. These qualities are brilliantly epitomized in his unconventional portrait of *"The Dramatist Gunnar Heiberg and Friends in the Garden,"* a veritable *tour de force* of instantaneous Impressionism that has fixed upon the salient traits of character with the utmost certainty and apparent ease. Lund's only rival at present is the inimitable Karsten, unfortunately not represented in this collection. His rich, gorgeous color harmonies, vibrantly alive with unsuspected nuances that play within the depths of his chords like the flute-like voice heard above the profound bass of an organ, are imbued with a deep seriousness, and have, moreover, a weight and solid amplitude as of some solid body.

Related to these men we find the richly subdued colorist Sören Onsager, whose *"Sleeping Children"* deserves a place with the best products of modern Norwegian art, while, of the younger generation, the work of Per Deberitz, Otto Johansen, Henrik Sörensen, and Örnulf Salicath commands attention by reason of qualities of design and color that contain rich promise for the future of Norwegian art. In this connection I should like to mention Pola Gauguin, whose recently acquired Norwegian citizenship, his Norwegian wife, and Danish mother sufficiently identify him with Scandinavia to be considered in any reference to the younger group of Norwegian painters, despite the exotic shadow cast over him by his famous father, who embraced the life and customs of the Tahitians. He is a highly gifted man from whom much may be expected. Perhaps the most accomplished and personal of this younger group is Arne Kavli, whose expressive, self-contained art is the expression of a purist in color. In its delicate, pearly, violet-gray tonalities it bears a strong kinship to the water-colors of Cézanne, who appears to be wielding a growing influence over the younger painters in Norway as elsewhere in the world.

This influence is perhaps more obvious in the art of Per Deberitz and Otto Johansen than in that of any other of our younger artists save Pola Gauguin, who combines something of the rich color sense of his father with a sense of form derived from Cézanne, while the original and vigorously executed designs of Dagfin Werenskiold, cut in wood, introduce into our decorative art something of the bold vigor of line and color of our peasant art. An eye as innocent as theirs and a wrist as strong has shaped these forms and given to them a color the crude richness of which recalls the curiously embellished harnesses of the peasants of Gudbrandsdalen. In these richly colored carvings of young Werenskiold the circle of our development is completed. After many and diverse wanderings we have at last returned to our own, assured that in art as in literature and music the accumulated heritage of our race holds for us the richest inspiration.

To the Crocodile

By OLIVER HERFORD

O CROCODILE, I never thought till now
To pen a sonnet to the likes of you.
But since a sonnet has been written to
All else on earth, I will, if you 'll allow,
Entwine about your corrugated brow,
This wreath of rhyme which, though it sets askew,
Is none the less becoming. It is true
You 'd much prefer a fatted kid or cow
To twenty sonnets, still, O crocodile,
You must admit I wield no poisoned pen.
When have I ever hinted there was guile
Behind the crocodilian tear? Oh, when
Have I descended to a makeshift vile
To rhyme you with the obvious River N——?

"'Oh, here comes Daphne again,' Mme. Wrighterson said indulgently, 'with another baby'"

Ladies

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "The Sixth Canvasser," etc.

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

"SHE won't want to come here," said Mae Narne. "It stands to reason that she won't. I would n't either. Remember Doll? Does she ever see one of us when she 's motoring down the Avenue?"

"But that 's all Jerry Montfort," remarked Jackie Dare. "He would n't let her, on his life. Maybe if Doll was left to herself she 'd like to come round once in a while."

"I wish you could see the fish eye she handed me the other day I ran into her at Bengel's," interposed Laure Lindsay. "It is n't Jerry. It 's Doll herself. Jerry 's got her into that smart Long Island set, and she 's hanging on by the toe-nails."

"You 've said something, Laure," agreed Agnes Bailey. "So did Mae. Doll and Julia are both playing round with ladies now, and they got t' be ladies themselves."

"I don't believe it about Julia," said Jackie Dare. "Julia was some lady herself, now believe me, if she wanted to be."

"Yes," Mae Narne agreed calmly, "there was something different about Julia. She could give the best imitation of a lady and do it the quickest of any one of us."

As far as appearance went,—color, contour, sartorial effect,—Mae Narne was herself so perfect an imitation of a lady that she might have been a duchess. Tall, slender, her figure showed only a buddingly rounded fullness in the bust, only a faintly defined salience at the hips. Golden-blonde, patricianly chiseled, her face showed only a soft pink in the cheek, a rose only slightly deeper in the lip. Her hair lay like a helmet of gold mesh close to her little head, but it revealed all of her classic brow. She was quite without expression, a smooth, lustrous museum piece of pampered female flesh. Her gown was of a heavy raw silk, oyster-white, with insertions of lace. It was a perfect combination of a studied simplicity and a tempered richness. She sat where she could see herself in the dresser glass, and at regular intervals her keen turquoise-blue eyes swept critically the reflection in the mirror. Then, not with the air of a woman of strong personal vanity, but more like a royalty who must be forever on parade, she adjusted a straying lock, smoothed an eyebrow, or pressed to a closer fullness her pink, voluptuous lips.

"I wonder how Julia took it when Vin came back to Broadway. They say he cut a streak through the Tenderloin the last time that cost a thousand dollars a night, and there were three nights of it."

Laure Lindsay contributed these data, but it was evident that they did not much interest her. She sat on the other side of the dresser, so that her reflection also appeared in the mirror. She gazed at herself languidly now and then. She, too, was a tall creature, slim to the point of attenuation, but lissome. The great masses of her shining, brown hair had been pressed flat to her head, then laid in wide, knife-sharp waves over her forehead and

temples and down on her cheeks. Her eyes, like melted goldstone, were set between lashes of an extraordinary thickness and under brows that had been shaved to the merest penciling and shaped to the sweep of a bird's wing. She, also, was without expression, although she smiled always. That smile was a mere mechanical trick. It was only a pearly glimmer, and she had a way of making it seem to tremble into existence. Big mock pearls that matched her teeth in tint clung to her ear-lobes. A chain of mock pearls, which constantly engaged her long, brown fingers, hung about her neck. She wore a gown of creamy linen that nuns had embroidered, and a lustrous sweater of a dull green silk.

"What crowd 's Vin running with now?" asked Agnes Bailey.

"Guenn Nevers and the Spring Palace set," Laure answered.

"I 'd like to see Julia," Jackie Dare said, "and I bet she 'd like to see us. You can't tell me she 's happy living in the country, locked in with that bunch of fish eyes. She 'd eat us up if she got the chance."

Jackie Dare was dark; indeed, she was several shades darker—blacker, rather—than Laure Lindsay. She was coarsely featured, swarthily thatched, sallow, but she showed a certain squaw-like picturesqueness. Her lips were heavy and thick, but as red as blood. She had the look of a suppressed volcano, as though a seething flood of experience was all the time trying to break through her thick skin, to burn itself upon her expression. And it was as though only constant mechanical care of that skin—creaming, massaging, vibratory treatment—held that flood at bay. Two gold flashes glittering from the large, white regularity of her smile accented this look of lava-suppression. She wore a long sport-coat of orange corduroy.

"Well, all you got t' do," Agnes Bailey said impatiently, "is 'phone. She can't any more than throw us down. We 'll have t' stay four hours in this hole, a thousand miles from a drink, and we 've got t' do something or bu'st. I bet Vin would welcome us with screeches of joy. Is Vin home?"

"I should say not, little one," answered Mae Narne. "Vin is in gay Paree, hitting it up. Where I wish I was this very minute."

"How many are there in this Wrighterson push?" Laure Lindsay asked. "Do you know anything about them, Jackie?"

"Not much," answered Jackie. "Only what I read in 'Talk.' There 's only old Mrs. Wrighterson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wrighterson, beside Julia. Old man Wrighterson 's in a nut-house somewhere, incurable; been there for years."

"How 've they treated Julia?" Mae Narne asked.

"I don't know," answered Jackie, "except that they put up a swell front of doing the right thing. Whether there was anything behind the front but hot air—well, *by* me. Just as soon as Vin married Julia, he notified his family by wire. They got a wire back from Mrs. Wrighterson in no time, saying she 's coming on to New York that night. She came, bringing Mrs. Edward Wrighterson with her. They stayed in New York a day or two, and then they all went back to Boston. I 've never seen Julia since. I got a letter or two from her, but it was n't any good our trying to write. Julia *can't* write letters, and I *won't* write them. All I know is that later they came to Medwin here, lugging Julia along with them. And she 's been here ever since."

"She 's never left this hole since!" Agnes Bailey exclaimed incredulously. "Ring off, Jackie!"

"That 's what I 'm telling you," asserted Jackie.

"Say," said Mae Narne, covering the tip of an ear that threatened to lift a rose-pink arc through the unruffled smoothness of her golden hair, "was n't somebody telling me that Vin did a swell devoted husband impersonation for a while?"

"Sure," answered Laure. "Only a bit, though, in the first act. He was all to the goody-goody, sweetie-cutie, mother's own darling boy, wifie's own devoted lit-

tle hubby for about one year. Besides, they 'd lost a lot of money just then,—the Wrightersons,—and he had t' be good. Then some old gink of an uncle died and left Vin a fresh wad. He 's been scattering golden showers over the Tenderloin ever since, and, believe me, Broadway got the thickest coat of red paint it 's had in some moons when Vin hit the trail again. Take it from me, he 's some slick little spender when he gets started."

"*Edward* Wrighterson," Agnes Bailey repeated meditatively—"that has a kind of familiar holler. Who the devil is *Edward* Wrighterson? Did n't I read something?"

"Sure, you did," answered Jackie. "Vin's only brother. He was thrown from his horse fox-hunting, all smashed up. Paralyzed now; lives in a wheel-chair."

"Who 'd he marry?" Mae asked.

"There is a story about that," Jackie explained. "Regular drama; ought to be filmed. They say that Edward Wrighterson had always been crazy about this girl, but she did n't care a rap for him. Her father had a lot of money,—made it in lumber out in the high timber,—but he got into some fierce deal, and it looked as if he not only was going to lose every red cent, but he 'd go to the pen, too. Wrighterson handed him everything he had. He saved the old guy, but they 've both been poorer than poverty ever since. The girl married Edward Wrighterson out o' gratitude, they say."

"Fool!" commented Mae Narne. She reached for a gold cigarette-case on the dresser, lighted a cigarette, puffed meditatively. She kept her critical, turquoise-blue gaze on the mirror, and every movement of arm, wrist, and fingers was heavy with studied grace. She looked like some half-seen vision, her cool, blonde coloring gleaming, her frail, regular chiseling cutting through the soft smoke. "Any brats —I mean kiddies?"

"No," Jackie answered.

"Let 's call Julia up!" Agnes suggested. "Muggie won't be back before dark. It 'll take all that time to get the machine repaired and, say, I can't stand this." She went to the window and gazed out on the quiet street. "If there 's one thing I hate, it 's sitting in a hotel room. It gives me a blue bean quicker than anything. Let 's 'phone her now before she gets away somewhere. All she can do is throw us down."

"She won't turn us down," prophesied Jackie.

"Sure, she will," contradicted Laure.

"Of course she will," echoed Mae.

"Where 'd Julia come from?" Laure asked.

"God only knows," Jackie answered, "and He won't tell. The first thing Julia knows about herself, she 's in a foundling-asylum, just left on somebody's door-step in a basket. That 's all she ever finds out. The next thing, she 's about fifteen, out o' the convent, pretty as she could stick, and got t' do for herself. She tries it in a shop for a while at six bones per, with a fat kike of a floor-man trying to get gay. Then, by accident, she gets into a lawyer's office at eight bones per. She can't do anything, of course, but old Sideburns, who runs the joint, don't expect her to do anything but go through the motions. He 's got her there for a different purpose. When she quits him,—it 's quit or give up,—she gets a chance to go in a musical comedy. I met her in 'The Girl from the Submarine' company. We were pals together until Vin married her."

"She could have married lots of swells, could n't she?" Agnes asked.

"Sure, she could n't," Mae answered with satisfaction.

"Not so 's you 'd notice it," Laure reinforced her with an equal sense of satisfaction.

"Well, Julia was about like the rest of us," Jackie said, "except maybe she was a little more like a lady, as you just said, Mae. But Julia was always a good fellow and a sport. Money never meant anything to her. I know that. In those days we were both washing our underwear overnight, hanging our handkerchiefs to dry on the window-panes, and cooking our breakfasts over the gas. Of

course Glen Davenport was after her, and she was pretty sticked on Glen. Many 's the time I 've heard him beg her to marry him. But he was always pie-eyed, and Julia said she 'd never say yes until he asked her sober. He never did, though, and pretty soon he marries that rich Welborn girl from Chicago. He tried to come around after he was married, but, take it from me, there was nothing doing. Then there was Dan Whitman. And I believe that was all. Oh, Vin knew all about it. When he asked her to marry him, and he was sober all right, she calls me into the room and tells him all this in my presence. Vin was some sport, believe me; I 've always liked him since. He says: 'I 'd hate to have to tell you my past, Julia. This 'll be all to that.' " Jackie paused. "But Julia did n't leave anything out."

"Fool!" Mae commented again. "Just think of deliberately giving your husband something on you!"

"Oh, let 's call her up!" entreated Agnes. Agnes was little and round and blonde and pretty. She was a creature of light, though also of flesh. Her soft, flaxen hair, fluttering in hundreds of tendrils all over her head, emitted glints of light whenever the sun touched it. Her china-blue eyes poured light through her curly lashes until it sparkled off their tips. Similarly, her little china-white teeth seemed to flash light. And at all times the network of dimples that played between eyes and lips seemed to catch the brilliance of the one and pass it on to the other. Her suit of navy-blue taffeta was a marvel of simplicity; the white blouse that topped it, a cobweb of fineness.

"You 'phone, Mae," said Laure. "Your voice sounds so swell on the wire. I 've always noticed it."

"All right," Mae answered. She arose with her slow grace, sauntered to the telephone, took up the slim, country telephone book. She stood as tall and impassive as a lily, one hand holding her cigarette, the other turning the leaves. "Ain't it a riot?" she commented with what seemed for her the maximum of humorous appreciation. "A thousand little burgs with ten numbers to the burg. Medwin! Medwin! Here it is. Wrighterson, Wrighterson, Wrighterson. I 've got them." She took up the telephone-receiver. "Hello!" she called stridently. "Give me Medwin 619, please. Yes, Medwin. Yes, 619. Thank you." She dropped the receiver. "He says he 'll call me. Say," she went on, still in the accent of her social undress, "I think that clerk 's just a shade too fresh. I guess I 'll have to hand him one before I leave this near-Waldorf." The bell rang. She took the receiver again. Her voice, clear, quiet, exquisitely impersonal, poured like a flood of ice-water into the receiver.

"Is this Medwin 619?" It was evident that Miss Narne was addressing a social inferior. Her tone took the correct shade of command, alleviated with patronage. "Thank you. I would like to speak with Mrs. Wrighterson. No, Mrs. *Vincent* Wrighterson. Yes, thank you. Yes." She turned to her companions, pressing the receiver against her shoulder. Her voice dropped again to an easy, slangy accent. "She 's in all right. A swell English accent with a butler attachment has just gone to get her. There she is! Hello!" Her voice became icily exquisite again. "Is this Mrs. Vincent Wrighterson? Good morning, and how do you do, Julia! This is Mae Narne. Yes, it is. It does seem strange, does n't it? That 's *sweet* of you. There 's a crowd of us over here, Julia: Jackie Dare, Laure Lindsay, and Agnes Bailey. We were motoring with Muggie Nichols. The machine broke down, and we 're stalled here for three or four hours. We wondered if you 'd like to come over here this afternoon."

She listened.

"No, not for dinner. Yes, they 're right here. I 'll ask them. Girls,"—she turned about,—"Julia wants us to come over there for tea. She says she 'll send the motor for us in half an hour. Would you like to go?"

"Crazy to," answered Agnes at once.

"I certainly would," replied Laure.

"Let me talk with Julia." Jackie snatched the receiver out of Mae's hands.

"SAY, it was fierce Jackie 's not being able to come," Agnes remarked three quarters of an hour later in the automobile. "Was n't it rotten about that headache? I 'm scared. Are n't you?"

"Not at all," Mae answered coolly. "It would take something more than the Wrighterson family to feeze me."

"Or me," echoed Laure. "Just the same, I 'm going to do as good an impersonation of a lady as I can put over. Mary Moore in 'The Mollusk' will be my model."

"Mae, you 'd better do that sketch you flashed day before yesterday with that farm-house bunch," Agnes suggested, dimpling. "Don't you remember when we stopped to get some water? Southern stuff. Plantation crowded with slaves before the war. Remember, nobody in your family ever did a stroke of work or earned an honest penny. Remember, the bluest blood of Virginia flows in your veins. Your real name 's Lee or Carteret or something like that, ain't it? I think that 'll make a great splash."

"Not a chance," Mae answered contemptuously. "Too raw. That rough stuff will do with boobs, but you 've got to soft pedal with real swells. Don't say anything about anything."

"And Laure can do her best monologue, the daughter of a clergyman, a graduate of Bryn Mawr?" Agnes suggested, with a twinkle.

"I should say not," Laure answered with disgust. "That would n't get me anywhere with the Wrightersons. The thing to do is to keep shut up on family dope."

"Well, that 's all right for me," Agnes answered. "I can't be anything but myself. I 'd laugh my head off if I tried to pull any of that stuff. I was born in Brooklyn of poor, but disreputable, parents, and I don't care who knows it."

"Well, if you can outgrow the Brooklyn," said Mae, "the disreputable parents will take care of themselves."

"Say, the side drops of this road are pretty good!" Agnes exclaimed suddenly. "I often think I belong in the nut-house. I like the country."

Mae and Laure emitted twin groans ostentatiously crowded with disgust. They looked with lack-luster eyes on the passing scene. Agnes, however, turned and twisted in an effort to see both sides of the road at once. They were rolling through Medwin's principal street. They had just come to the village green, a big triangle of smooth grass, broken at its flat end by a pool covered with lily-pads, and accented at its point by a bronze statue erected to the men of Medwin that had fallen in the Revolution. The green was edged with a triangle of wine-glass elms, and about that triangle, inclosing the road, ran another bigger triangle, also of wine-glass elms. Opposite the pool was the white, beautifully proportioned, slender-spired colonial church. Opposite the monument was the colonial town hall, a little like a church with its green-shuttered windows and its chaste Corinthian pillars. The big, white houses that looked upon the green were of colonial cut, plus the additions that intervening generations had brought.

"Gee! How I hate those white buildings!" Mae said with a shudder. "They give me the willies."

"One month in one of them, and it would be me to the nut-house," admitted Laure.

"Say, do you know I kind o' like them," Agnes admitted with shame.

About the green the houses sat in friendly fashion, close to the road, as though to invite the whole world to an ample colonial hospitality. But as the road drew away from the common, the houses drew farther and farther from it. Gradually the spaces between the houses grew wider. After a while only faint suggestions of cultivation here and there indicated that there were any houses at all.

"Say, they could improve this burg some by putting a trolley-line along here," Mae remarked.

"And electric lights," added Laure.

"Say, I kind o' like it just the way it is," said Agnes.

"Think of living here!" Mae went on. "Little old Forty-second Street for mine!"

"Me!" said Laure. "Build me a cabin where Forty-second, Seventh Avenue, and Broadway crowd together. That 's all I want."

Mae leaned forward slightly until across Agnes her eyes met Laure's.

"1912 model," she whispered, sweeping an eloquent glance about the motor.

Laure's dexter finger, long, slim, olive, the nails manicured to the breaking-point, indicated spots in the upholstery where the leather had worn away. "You have to have all the class in the world to afford to look as fierce as this."

"Say, if I lived here, I would n't climb into a machine once," said Agnes. "I 'd hoof it everywhere."

They turned into the wide roadway of an estate that appeared bounded by stone walls as far as the eye could reach. The road was as hard as a whetstone. Now and then came the gurgle of a brook, the ripple of a tiny cascade. The road wound, but always kept its ample width, always was as hard as though cut from the living rock, and as smooth as though sand-papered. Another turn, and they came in sight of the house.

It was a big house, yellow trimmed, with green shutters. Originally, perhaps, it had been a square building whose geometric lines were typical of the rigors of colonial architecture and whose doorway, a combination of fan-light, graceful leaded side panels, exquisite woodwork, ancient brass knocker, was typical of its decorative mitigations. Wings had been added to the original structure, but they were in perfect keeping and apparently not modern. At one side were gardens with summer-houses; at the others, orchards and grape arbors. In front was a huge crescent-shaped area of lawn, so closely shorn that the wind could not stir its nap. At irregular intervals across its golden-green, enormous copper beeches drooped their branches. Three women sat sewing about a table on the lawn. As the motor came in sight, one of them rose, and hastened to meet them at the edge of the lawn.

"That 's Julia," said Mae. "She 's doing her hair differently."

"She made the dress all right," remarked Laure. "She 's thin."

"Ain't she a pippin!" Agnes commented.

"O girls," Julia called as she drew near, "you don't know how glad I am to see you!"

The motor stopped. The chauffeur alighted, opened the door, and the girls descended.

"Well, hello, Julia!" Mae called.

"You 're looking fine," added Laure; "I never saw you so freckled."

"You 're a sight for sore eyes," contributed Agnes.

Julia Wrighterson was so tall that in actual inches she overtopped the tall Mae Narne and the taller Laure Lindsay, but about her shoulders there was a Clytie-like droop that considerably reduced her stature. She was a white-skinned girl—so white that the freckles to which Laure referred stood out like a dash of amber rain. At every point her features stopped just short of the classic, but made, nevertheless, a fascinating piquancy of this irregularity. She had a rich, warm mouth—a deep wine-crimson—which also seemed to droop, and eyes, rich and warm, too, of a thickly fringed, star-filled violet.

Her long, straight gown was made of a soft silk, with a figure which consisted of three flowers. Her parasol was of the same material. Reproductions of the three flowers trimmed her frail, deeply perforated lace hat.

"Now come to meet the others," she said.

The others were presumably Mme. Wrighterson and Mrs. Edward Wrighterson.

"Mother," Julia said when they reached the shade of the copper beech, "and Daphne, let me introduce my friends Miss Narne, Miss Lindsay, and Miss Bailey. My mother Mrs. Wrighterson and my

sister Mrs. Edward Wrighterson." She paused while a quintet of civil murmurs entangled, disentangled, and died away. Then "Oh!" Julia wailed suddenly, "where is Jackie?"

"Jackie had a severe headache," Mae answered in accents that were a replica of the severe oral elegance with which she had inundated the telephone. "She wished me to present her apologies."

"Oh!" Julia cried, "my heart was set on seeing Jackie! But perhaps I can go back with you."

"Ah, here comes the tea," said Mme. Wrighterson. "I hope you are all ready for it. I confess I have two vices, my coffee at seven in the morning and my tea at five in the afternoon."

"We are companions in misery," Laure admitted gracefully. "I confess to the same two weaknesses."

"Tea!" exclaimed Agnes. "I love it! My sister always says, 'Why don't you bathe in it?' I got a license to like it all right. My grandmother was a' Irish woman from County Sligo. She always had a pot boiling on the stove from the moment she got up until she went to bed."

Mme. Wrighterson's eyes, old and faded, but of a soft brown, had passed non-committally observant from Mae's cold, pale pink, golden blondness, like a rose in ice, and Laure's vivacious, glittering darkness, like a butterfly in amber, to Agnes's frank Celtic sparkle. There her gaze seemed to catch fire.

"I should agree with you on that," she laughed. "My mother never left the house or came back into it without her cup of tea. I have traveled in County Sligo—a beautiful country."

"Oh, granny was full of stories about it. I often thought I 'd go and see it some time," Agnes said.

The tea-wagon, which, guided by an old white-haired man in shabby livery, had been approaching noiselessly over the thick turf, stopped in front of Mme. Wrighterson. The tea-set was Sheffield plate of an old luster; in places the copper had worn through the silver. The dishes were an old moss-rose pattern of porcelain; in spots the roses had washed away.

"Thank you, Broke," said Mme. Wrighterson. "Did the honey come?"

"Yes, mem," answered Broke; "a few moments ago, mem."

"I don't know anything more difficult to eat or more malapropos at tea than honey," Mme. Wrighterson exclaimed apologetically. "But Mrs. Blodgett—I always call her my 'bee-woman'—raises such wonderful honey! She sent word this morning that she had some for me. I thought you might like some of it."

The girls murmured various forms of assent.

Her eyes on her guests, Mme. Wrighterson went on talking, but all the time her withered, old hands were moving among the china and silver—moving with deft, accustomed touches. She poured the tea into the thin cups. She scooped the honey out of the little glass jar in which it had come, and put it upon the thin plates. Broke handed these about. He passed thin little sandwiches of buttered bread and thin little cookies covered with sugar. "Don't get any of this honey on your pretty frocks," she admonished the entire group, "or I shall never forgive myself for giving it to you."

She was a large woman. Even sitting in her chair, her body had a notable dignity of carriage. Her hair was quite white, and her skin, old and mothy and yellow, was crisscrossed with scores of faint wrinkles. But the soul of her was young; it shone through her quiet smile in the true spirit of friendliness and through her brown eyes in the true spirit of understanding. She wore a gown of so old a style that it had almost an antique connotation—a light silk with green lines alternating with black lines on an ivory background. A long fichu of Maltese lace was pinned at the throat and waist with huge brooches of Scotch cairngorm. About her shoulders was a cape of ermine, thin and mothy and yellow like her skin.

"I shall never outgrow my enjoyment of honey," she said after a while. "I love it."

"So do I," agreed Mrs. Edward Wrighterson. "You and I are twins, Mother, when it comes to honey. And this is the best I ever tasted. I should think the 'bee-woman' fed her bees on *bar-le-duc,* sugared violets, maple-syrup, and champagne."

Daphne Wrighterson was a little older than Julia, but her figure was much more mature. It flowed from the round neck and square shoulders into warm, maternal-looking breasts and swelled from the round waist into a wide, maternal-looking lap. Her hair, bushy-coarse, like thick, crinkled gold thread, parted in the middle and arched across her ears, was drawn into a big wad at her neck. But what one really looked at was her eyes. Set under a forehead of a white broadness and over cheeks of a pink roundness, wide apart, wide open, gray, those eyes shone with a gentle sadness.

"I 'm gobbling," she went on. "I am so sorry that it 's happened the way it has, but I have invited the children from the poor-farm to come here this afternoon. I am expecting them any moment now. It means, of course, that I shall have to devote myself to them for the rest of the afternoon."

"I 'm sorry, too, Daphne," Julia said. "Perhaps we 'll get time to come round back and watch the children playing for a while. Daphne gives them a wonderful party every summer," she explained to her friends, "and they all look forward to it as the event of the whole year."

Julia was seated, curved like a crescent moon, in one of the big chairs. The chair arm supported one elbow, and her long, slender hand supported her cheek. Drooping thus, it was to be seen that her face showed a certain wanness—shadows too heavily drawn under the violet eyes, hollows too deeply rutted in the white cheeks. Her eyes went from Mae to Laure to Agnes and clung wistfully to each of them.

"There, there they come now!" exclaimed Mme. Wrighterson.

A touring-car filled with children shot into sight on the drive. It was followed by another, filled also, but with grown people holding babies. The motors followed the drive up to the entrance of the house. Daphne jumped to her feet. She wore a gown which she might have made herself, of white organdie with pink roses on it. About her shoulders was a scarf of the same material. In the little V made by her modestly turned-away neck hung a fine gold chain suspending a small pendant of a delicate rose-pink coral.

"Oh, I 'm so sorry to go!" she said regretfully. "But if you can, come back and see what we 're doing. We do have such good times!"

She ran to meet the motor. The children had in the meantime alighted. The grown people alighted. They all crowded about Daphne.

Suddenly a wheeled chair, manned by Broke, appeared in the doorway, and descended by gentle gradations from the steps to the lawn. The man in it—even at that distance it could be seen that he was young, white-faced, weak—waved a hand in their direction.

"Oh," Mme. Wrighterson exclaimed in a pleased voice, "I am so glad that Edward decided to come out. My son has been an invalid for some months," she explained to her guests, "and sometimes we have a great deal of difficulty in persuading him to get out into the air. He 'll enjoy the children, though, Julia. He always does."

The procession, the man in the wheeled chair at its head, the children capering in a group about him, Daphne following, the grown people chattering in a group about her, disappeared around the corner of the house. It had scarcely vanished when Daphne reappeared, carrying a little white bundle over each arm.

"She 's bringing us the twins," Mme. Wrighterson explained, looking much amused. "They 're the pets of the poor-farm. They are about six months old, and the mother and father are both dead —poor little creatures!"

Drinking their tea, they watched Daphne's soft, slow, preoccupied approach over the velvet lawn.

"'Say,' said Mae Narne, . . . 'was n't somebody telling me that Vin did a swell devoted-husband impersonation for a while?'"

"Are n't they lovely?" she said as soon as she was in their group again. "I had to show them to you at once." She sat down, and offered the twins for their inspection. Her big eyes had filled with a tenderness that turned their deep, wide-irised grayness to wells of light. "O you little angels! How I wish you were mine!" Her voice had sunk to a mere breath, as though loudness of any kind might blast the little human buds on her lap.

The three girls surveyed the round, red-faced, blinky-eyed little creatures.

"Charming little things!" Mae said with delicate enthusiasm.

"Girls?" Laure asked in a tone prettily interrogative.

"No," Daphne answered, "boys. As you would very soon discover if you had to take care of them for an afternoon."

"Say, they 're corkers!" Agnes approved heartily. "I like a husky kid."

"You little ducks," Daphne continued her apostrophe, "how am I going to let you go home to-day?"

Mme. Wrighterson's eyes, resting on her daughter-in-law's illuminated face, turned somber.

"We shall have to move the poor-farm up here, Daphne," was all she said. She spoke in a tone of gentle raillery.

"Now I must get back," Daphne said blithely. "Edward 's flying some marvelous Chinese kites for the children. I 'm having a perfectly lovely time, Mother." It was as though she deliberately packed her voice with sweet gaiety.

"Now for some more tea!" Mrs. Wrighterson exclaimed. "Julia, I 'm neglecting your friends shamefully."

The girls repudiated this in various high-bred disclaimers.

"And," continued Mme. Wrighterson, "I had forgotten all about the cheese. I 'm probably prouder of this cheese than anything that 's produced on the place. You see," she went on, while with her deft touches she dug it from a little earthen jar and transferred it to their plates, "almost all the cooking receipts that I use were invented in the Wrighterson family. The Wrighterson women have all been famous housekeepers. My husband's great-grandmother wrote a cook-book. It was in the days when, whatever a woman wrote, she must start by turning out a cook-book. Sabrina Wrighterson stopped there; she had no literary ambitions. But all the Wrighterson women had the knack of inventing wonderful food combinations. And so we have a big, old book in the family filled not only with Sabrina Wrighterson's cooking rules, but with her daughters' and her granddaughters'. For generations in the Wrighterson family the jellies, preserves, piccalillis, relishes, and, indeed, pies and cakes, jumbles and cookies, have all been made according to the receipts in this book. So, you see, I never had a chance to exercise any originality. I used to tell my husband that there was no knowing how inventive I might have been if I had n't felt it a point of honor to follow the family traditions. But I did do one thing: I invented a cheese. It 's a very simple, ordinary cheese made from cream. My invention is the seasoning. I put twelve different herbs in it. I raised them in my garden."

"How very interesting!" said Mae. She nibbled the cracker which she had anointed delicately with the cheese. "It 's very delicious."

"Delightful flavor!" agreed Laure.

"I have n't tasted anything like this," said Agnes, "since I was a little girl and living in the country. We had a cow then, and sometimes we had more milk than we knew what to do with. Granny always used to make cheese of what was left over. You 'd have liked my granny, Madam Wrighterson. She was a harp for fair."

"I 'm sure I would," Mme. Wrighterson said. Again that pleasant light filled her eyes as her gaze met Agnes's. "Julia is getting to be a famous cook. She helped me put up everything last year. She has a natural knack for such things. And you enjoyed it, did n't you, Julia?"

"I never had so much fun in my life," Julia admitted.

"Oh, here comes Daphne again," Mme. Wrighterson said indulgently, "with another baby."

"Did you ever see anything so adorable in all your life?" Daphne demanded as she approached. This time she knelt among them on the lawn. Again her eyes filled with that soft loveliness that was half joy and half sorrow. Again her voice sank to that faint ripple, half awe, half soothing. She pulled her scarf away from its face.

It was a black baby, with eyes so bright that the spectators involuntarily smiled. The baby smiled, too, showing four tiny white teeth.

"He looked like the little black babies that Edward and I saw in Bermuda," Daphne explained, "when we were on our honeymoon. I was so wild about them that Edward offered to buy me one, and when he found that no mother would sell her baby, to steal one."

Again that somberness dulled Mme. Wrighterson's soft eyes as she looked at her daughter-in-law.

"Yes, we must move the poor-farm up here, Daphne," was again all she said.

Daphne departed, still murmuring her little language.

Mae looked at her diamond-incrusted wrist-watch.

"I 'm sorry, but I 'm afraid we must be going," she said in regretful accent.

"Yes," Laure added, with no diminution of her breeding, "I think we ought to get back to poor, dear Jackie."

"I hope you can come with us, Julia," Agnes pleaded. "Jackie 'll be crazy to see you."

"Oh, I 'm so sorry!" Julia said. "I can't now. I had forgotten that I had promised Daphne to help later in the little play the children are giving. They 're depending on me, you see. But later I 'll call you up. If you 're not gone then, I 'll come over. Don't go early." Again her eyes clung to her friends' faces. "Oh, don't go unless you have to." She looked at them longingly.

Mae shook hands with Mme. Wrighterson in the elegant way that she had once made famous in a musical comedy; Laure followed with a manner only a degree less distinguished; Agnes shook hands vigorously, but with warmth. "I 've had a swell time," she said.

"I am delighted to have met you all," Mme. Wrighterson announced, "and I am so sorry that you could not have stayed to dinner. But perhaps you will come some other time."

"We shall be charmed," Mae answered for the trio.

Julia accompanied her friends across the lawn to the motor.

"WELL, how do you like it, Julia?" Mae asked when they were out of ear-shot. Her tones had shed their high-bred elegance and had taken on an edge of keen inquiry. "Pretty slow—what?"

"Yes, it is pretty slow," Julia admitted, "sometimes."

"Where 's Vin?" Laure asked abruptly.

"At Monte Carlo," Julia answered.

"Is n't he the rotter?" Agnes exclaimed, and then in a burst: "Say, Julia, for the love o' Mike, why don't you beat it? Not that it ain't pretty soft in some ways, but you 'll die here. You know you can always get a job and another swell husband, if that 's your lay. Friedenstein was saying only the other day there never was nobody like you. Come over to the hotel to-night, and we 'll take you back to New York in the car. Muggie 's a good sport; he 'll stake you if you need money. And you know my place or Jackie's is always open to you. If you pull it off that way, there won't be any trouble. They 'll send your clothes after you, and that 'll end it. Vin 'll let you get your divorce. He 'd be square about that all right."

Julia did not speak for a moment, but in that pause the wanness of her coloring visibly accented itself.

"Take Mrs. Wrighterson," she said presently, as though soliloquy had interrupted itself to become monologue. "She was very happy with Vin's father for the first fifteen years of their married life, then he went insane. He 's in the asylum now, ten miles from here. Regularly once

a week, as sure as the clock, she pays him a visit. She could have lived in New York or London or Paris—anywhere—and had a swell time,—they 've got friends all over the world,—she did n't, though. She stuck. Take Daphne. Because he stood by her father, she married a man that she really did n't care for. In the first year of their married life, just as she 's beginning to love him, he gets himself all twisted up in a hunting accident. He 'll never be any good again. He 's only the shell of a man. He 's a gentleman, though, and a dead-game sport. He gets wild spells, when he begs her to leave him and find some man that can give her the children she wants. But she 's stuck, too. When I married Vin, and he telegraphed his mother, she took the next train over to New York. I sat in the hotel room, dressed up like a—I can see those Tenderloin clothes now—frightened to death, white, trembling. When her knock came on the door, I could barely open it, my knees knocked together so. She just reached out her arms and said, 'Is this Vincent's wife?' and kissed me. That 's all there was to it then; that 's all there 's ever been to it. Never a question or a hint or a catty knock of any kind. Of course Vin 's acting like the devil; but in his heart he does n't want to lose me. I know that. He needs me. He knows that. And I know it, too. It 's hell here sometimes—I mean the dullness. Some nights it seems that if I could just doll up once more and beat it down to Morgan's grill, I 'd— But I 'm going to stick, too."

Jackie Dare sat in a little summer-house on the grounds of the hotel. Across the little rustic table from her lounged a young man whose appearance perfectly explained his sobriquet. His marked facial peculiarity was supplemented by a sartorial spectacularity. His expression of great good nature was not confined to his bulging eyes or his eccentric profile; it seemed to exude from his very figure.

"Muggie, give me some ski," Jackie ordered. "I have n't had a drink in this temperance hole since you left."

Muggie drew a generous flask from an inner pocket. He unscrewed the top, poured some of the contents into it, and handed it to his companion. She drank it with a single gulping intake.

"That deed of kindness will save your soul from the everlasting pit, Muggie, old boy," she promised her companion, visibly cheered by his ministrations.

"Thanks," replied Muggie. "Have another! Say, why are n't you taking in those swell works with the rest of the bunch? I thought you and Julia were pals. Was n't any split there, was there?"

"I should say not," said Jackie. "Put that in your nut and remember it, Muggie. Anybody 'd better try splitting the earth in two before he tries to make trouble between me and Julia. But, Muggie, how could I go? I did n't want to gum Julia's game. The other three could put up a refined front for as long as an hour; but me—what would a truck horse like me do? I 'd rather see Julia than my dead mother; but I love her too much to hurt her."

Photograph by the International News Association

Puppets used in "The Little Mermaid," a play adapted from Andersen's fairy-tale by Kathleen Wheeler

Puppet-plays for Children

By INIS WEED

"THE Deluded Dragon, a fairy-play in two acts, Saturday mornings at 10:30," so ran the Chicago Little Theater's announcement. Its interest for us lay in the fact that the actors were not people, but puppets, that race that has delighted the world for thousands of years.

The Little Theater is an ideal place in which to give an imaginative play. Everything about the approach and the playhouse conspires to create the right mood. Turning from the avenue along Lake Michigan, cold and leaden under a sweep of wintry sky, we entered the Fine Arts Building. Down its long, broad corridor, with glimpses of shops of arts and crafts and with its welter of sounds from flutes and violins, we reached the big, black door of the theater. "Open Sesame!" Slipping between the heavy, ash-gray curtains of the anteroom, we passed a window affording a Maxfield Parrish glimpse of a quiet court, with its fountain and waiting air, and so on into the soft gray of the auditorium, with its flower-garden of bright bows on childish heads all turned expectantly toward the stage curtains, which would shortly open on fairy-land.

All at once delightful music; the curtains parted, and, behold! the stage had shrunk to the dimensions of a three-by-five-foot forest in wonderful blues and greens. The charm of this scene lay in its suggestive quality. Merely two ancient tree trunks and the shadow of the blue-green background placed us on the edge of some forest depth. Maurice Browne, the director of the Little Theater, like Gordon Craig, Bakst, and others, uses no

Photograph by Florence Hendershot The *Dragon* in "The Deluded Dragon"

scenery, and gets his effects from screens, cloths, and lightings. At the left projected into the foreground an end of the curved, blue-shadowed bridge across the River Merrytune, which we all but heard running bravely through the forest. We had the sensation of looking at an Impressionistic landscape of unusual depth hung low on the wall of a salon.

When a *Fairy Messenger,* suspended by an invisible thread, suddenly swung lightly across the scene and began to recite the prologue in his high, piping little voice, it was as though the picture had by some magic come to life. The play began. From the first, all the action in this little two-act comedy, which centers about the undoing of the *Dragon,* had an "Alice in Wonderland" feeling, the effect of the unexpected juxtaposition of the dignified and the comic. Over the bridge sauntered *Prospero,* the son of *King Manuel,* who with his magic sword had saved his father's city from destruction by the gnomes. For three days now he had gaily followed a wooden spoon down the river, certain that he would chance upon adventure. But three days and no high deeds! So he summoned to his aid the *Spirit of the Magic Sword,* who told him:

> "Left you must go,
> Left you must go.
> There you will see
> Creatures three,
> All in the direst of woe."

Quite right, for there came *King John the Sad* and *Queen Margaret,* with their little daughter *Hildegarde,* sobbing in their fear of the terrible *Dragon* with five heads. Every year for four years he had carried off one of the five princesses. He always found them, no matter where they were hidden, and now it was time for him to come again. The *King* and *Queen,* in their august robes, had been running through the forest and contradicting each other as to the proximity of the *Dragon,* until at last *King John the Sad* had got quite out of breath. He sat down and flatly refused to go farther, dragon or no dragon, and argued like a fussy, middle-aged person with his very human queen. *Hildegarde,* with golden braids and fluffy skirts, was a delicious child, who amiably

Photograph by Florence Hendershot A scene from "The Deluded Dragon"

reproved and advised the *King* and got him to dance with her, to a gay little tune, over the *Prince's* promise to subdue the *Dragon* if he might claim her as his reward. Only the distant growls of the *Dragon* had persuaded *King John* to promise the hand of *Hildegarde*. But the *Prince* must win *Hildegarde,* for it was she to whom the wooden spoon belonged. Had not the little *Princess* cast it into the river when she was trying to starve herself to death before the return of the *Dragon?*

The growling grew nearer, and again pandemonium reigned in the royal family. Again *Prospero* summoned the *Spirit of the Magic Sword,* who told him to conceal *Hildegarde* by changing her into a grasshopper. Out winked the lights in the theater, then on again, and we saw a shining green grasshopper standing knee-high to the *Queen* and talking in *Hildegarde's* voice. "Take me out!" exclaimed one child in the audience. "I don't like this." No more did the *King* and *Queen;* but *Hildegarde* hopped so gaily to and fro and sang so joyously that the anxiety of the royal pair was somewhat quieted. Once more *Prospero* summoned the *Spirit of the Magic Sword,* who, of course, knew how to subdue the fierce *Dragon.* The *King* and *Queen* were to distil some five-fold-refined liquor, place it in five liquor-vats in front of the five pillars along the portico of the palace, then conceal themselves within the portico and await the coming of the *Dragon* with five heads. He would surely drink, and the magic of the liquor would cast such a spell upon the monster as to give him into the *Prince's* power.

The curtain dropped, and while the royal family were distilling the fivefold-refined liquor we adjourned to the tea-room that contributes to the intimate and friendly character of the Little Theater. There were lemonade and little cakes just made to go with the play. We hung over the cake-tray, trying to decide whether to choose one with a candy *Dragon* on its frosted surface or one with the charming *Hildegarde* or one with the bold *Prince.* Then back to the conquest of the *Dragon,* the ter-r-ible *Dragon* with five heads.

On flew the *Dragon,* roaring in fine style to rampant music:

Photograph by Florence Hendershot

The Fairy Messenger, speaker of all prologues and epilogues in the Chicago Little Theater

"Great and fierce am I, ha! ha! ha!
Little folks beware! ha! ha! ha!
Thousands have I frightened,
Thousands more will scare. Ha! ha! ha!
When I lash my tail about,
All are filled with fear and doubt.
All the little girls, ha! ha! ha!
And all the little boys, ha! ha! ha!
Run away to hide from me
When I make a noise, ha! ha! ha!
When I raise my head and snort—"

Suddenly one of the *Dragon's* five heads remarked:

"But what is this odor in the air?" It sniffed.

Another of the *Dragon's* five heads opined:

"It is an odor I have never noticed before, a very pleasant odor." It also became interested.

But a third head was less credulous and made surly protest. The inquisitive heads prevailed, however, and so the *Dragon* drank, a vat for every head, and roared and danced between each drink to a rollicking old English air:

"Here I go looby loo,
Here I go looby light!
Here I go looby loo,
A shining fierce and bright!
I dip my first head in,
I lift my first head out,
I shake it a little, a little,
And lash my tail about. Hooray!

I dip my next head in,
I lift my next head out,
And shake it a little, a little,
And lash my tail about. Hooray!"

Thus the drinking of the five vats of fivefold-refined liquor proceeded with great hilarity, gradual drowsiness, and final confusion. The audience was greatly diverted as the *Dragon* did much quarreling and arguing with himself, his heads being of divers opinions. At last the enchanted liquor had done its work, and *Prospero* compelled the *Dragon* to become a very *Caliban*. *Hildegarde*, restored to her charming self, danced with the *Prince* under the *Dragon's* five very noses, then climbed upon the once terrible *Dragon* to

Photograph by Florence Hendershot

"I seed in a story-book once."—*Dan'l* and *Nathan'l* in "Columbine," by Reginald Arkell

sit between his wings. The *Queen,* with great dignity, sat upon the *Dragon's* central head. *King John the Sad* bestrode the *Dragon's* tail. *Prince Prospero* boldly vaulted on his back, waved his sword, and off they sailed for the cave in which, the *Dragon* reluctantly confessed, he had hidden the four young princesses. We did not see the rescue, but who doubts it? And so ended the huge adventure.

With a farewell from the piping little *Fairy Messenger,* suddenly we found ourselves out on the avenue in the biting winds, but every now and then laughing afresh. Was there ever such a diverting dragon, who sang and danced and fell so under the spell of a potent vintage that its heads quarreled with one another and could no longer lash their tail and finally became obedient? Fancy being able to have a tame dragon to do one's bidding!

To be so entertained by a puppet-play was to want to know more about this world-old form of drama and how the Little Theater had happened to revive it. The decision to give a season of puppet-plays for children came about in this fashion. At a time when the company was going through weeks of expensive training for a Greek play, Mrs. Harriet Edgerton, one of the charter members of the Little Theater, gaily suggested to the director:

"Why don't you give some plays with puppets? You don't have to pay them for acting. They would love to make money for you while your company experiments."

Then seriously she told him what pleasure she had had in reading everything to be found in the libraries on the puppets of different countries. They have behind them, so she pointed out, three thousand years of uninterrupted tradition to prove the universality of their appeal. The little marionettes have come down to us from India, China, Burma, Egypt, and from the cathedrals and fairs of the Middle Ages. To-day, throughout Turkey and southeastern Europe, puppets are still a popular form of entertainment in the coffee-houses and the theaters. Punchinello and his comrades still disport themselves in the restaurants of Italy. It also has its two hundred permanent puppet-

Photograph by Florence Hendershot

"We must be firm."—*Columbine*, *Harlequin*, and *Pierrot* in "Columbine"

theaters and twice as many traveling puppet-shows, the favorite plays of which are based on such old tales as the deeds of Charlemagne and his warriors, one cycle of plays lasting two months. Paris still has its puppet-theaters in the side streets. Clunn Lewis delighted modern England with his puppets, and German children have always known them. In Chicago's Greek colony one finds the little puppets entertaining guests in the coffee-houses with Turkish shadow-plays. From foreigners San Francisco acquired a naïve puppet-theater, and New York City has had puppet-theaters in its Italian quarters, but to-day, so far as the writer has been able to learn, their last vestiges are the pictures of them sold by an Italian lad in Macdougal Alley.

Mrs. Edgerton was most interested, however, in puppet-plays given by people who belong by training to the artist class. Gordon Craig has a puppet-theater along with his other theater in Florence, Italy. Students from his school say that no play they have ever seen has touched them to *such depths* of sadness as one of his tragic puppet-plays, with each puppet to do one or two simple gestures of woe. Dora Nussey has a puppet-theater in London, and Margaret Bully one in Liverpool. The Petit Théâtre in Brussels has realized the dreams of men like Louis Picard, James Ensor, Thomas Braun, and Grégoire Le Puy. But it is in Germany that puppets are manipulated with the greatest skill.

The result of Mrs. Edgerton's belief in the practicability of puppet-plays for the Little Theater was that Mr. Maurice Browne spent much of his summer abroad in visiting the puppet-theaters of various European cities, especially those in Germany. He saw this revival of interest in puppet-plays on the part of Western nations as a phase of the whole art movement back to simplicity with which the Chicago Little Theater, founded by himself and his wife, Ellen Van Volkenburg, has from the first identified itself.

He felt this movement, too, as a part of the revolt against the insistent temperament of the actor, who all too often subordinates the part to his personality. Silence

Photograph by Florence Hendershot

"What are you wondering about to-day?"—*Columbine*, *Dan'l*, and *Nathan'l* in "Columbine"

and obedience are the puppet's traditions. He serves the author, not himself.

Mr. Browne also became convinced of their possibilities in a financial way, for anything can be given with puppets: historical plays, fairy-tales, myths, legends. Children could be added to the patrons of the theater. They would be more appreciative of puppets than their elders for the simple reason that they have more imagination. What might be termed the closing-over process has not set in on their fancy. It still sees knights and dragons, the green folk dancing in a ring. It can dramatize with equal ease the life of a sparrow on the window-ledge or the gigantic adventures of the hippogriff. Then, too, puppets are much better suited to act all the fairy rôles that the grown-ups are—well, just too grown up to give with any degree of illusion. They make us materialists at once when they try to be dragons, gnomes, and mermaids, but the puppets can take us into a fairy world that is to the imaginative mind the natural land from which we came and to which we return every night of our lives.

So it was decided to experiment with a season of puppet-plays for children. Mrs. Edgerton and Miss Kathleen Wheeler, an English sculptor who created the puppets for the Little Theater, have achieved a medium of expression that bears little relation to the puppet of the past except that it is its logical descendant. They surveyed somewhat dubiously the little *Puppen* brought back from Germany, with their smooth, doll-like faces, their dangling arms and legs. The trouble was not that they left too much to the imagination, but that the primitive jointing often gave a wrong turn to the fancy and suggested comedy when perhaps one wanted sorrow, beauty, tragedy, or tenderness. Mrs. Edgerton and Miss Wheeler shook their heads, laid away the quaint little *Puppen* and set to work. With American inventiveness Mrs. Edgerton has originated a new jointing that makes the figure more human and pliable, and at the same time gives greater control to the puppet-master. The technical details are a trade secret, but to the original knee, hip, and neck joint she has added a waist and a head

Photograph by Florence Hendershot

Columbine

joint. Her puppet mermaids, with their serpentine jointing, are almost uncanny in their sinuousness. Miss Wheeler, the sculptor, has done away with the doll-like smoothness of the faces by carving the masks, as they are called, somewhat roughly. The broken surfaces carry the facial expression farther out into the audience, much as the mood of an Impressionistic picture carries farther than one painted in exact detail. The skill of an artist is required to carve the mask to fit the character, the costume, and the surroundings.

Dressing the puppet is a matter of technic as well as artistry. The costumes have to be put on with so much reference to the strings by which the figure is manipulated that they are carefully fastened on once for all, and new puppets are carved for each play.

Rehearsing the little marionettes is a very different problem from rehearsing people. The problems of staging and lighting are the same, but it requires from four to seven years, the Germans say, to become a good puppet-master, so delicate and so complicated is the business of managing all the strings. The slightest error in their manipulation is most upsetting. It may cause the prince to flourish his sword in fine defiance when he meant to bend the knee. In the old puppet-shows the words were spoken by one or two readers, but at the Chicago Little Theater there is an actor to manipulate each puppet and speak its lines not in the squeaking tones of the traditional Punch and Judy, but in a voice suited to the character. It is Miss Van Volkenburg, with her keen dramatic sense and fine technic, who trains the actors and creates the final ensemble that goes straight to the "nerves of delight." The presentation of "The Deluded Dragon," written by Mrs. Edgerton and Miss Van Volkenburg, with prologue and epilogue by Mrs. Edgerton, was followed, after much rehearsing, by Reginald Arkell's "Columbine," given for the first time in this country, and Miss Wheeler's "The Little Mermaid," adapted from the tales of Hans Christian Andersen.

It was impossible to see the mermaid puppets without realizing the possibilities of puppets for such plays as those of Maeterlinck that have some other-world

quality people are apt to call "unreal" for want of a better comparison—plays with imaginative, strange, haunting scenes that never were on sea or land, and yet grip us with the same sense of reality that dreams do. Who has not been held for days under the mood of some dream that seemed more real than the dazzling sunshine through which he walked or drove?

This new venture into an old field on the part of the Little Theater has proved so successful that puppet-plays now have an established place in the company's repertory. As the theater is very little indeed, popular prices cannot be charged; all tickets are one dollar. What Mrs. Edgerton hopes to see eventually is the establishment of the puppet-plays in some motion-picture house, many of which have been closed during the last year. Then for ten, twenty, and thirty cents it would be possible for people to see these charming plays instead of always the motion-pictures, which, as the directors proudly aver, "leave nothing to the imagination." Not that Mrs. Edgerton would like to see the picture-play houses fall on evil days,—not at all,—but she thinks they should not be the sole form of entertainment for the people, as they now bid fair to be.

Whether the few American theaters that stand for artistic drama, and ultimately some of the other playhouses, will adopt the puppet-play remains to be seen, but certain it is that our children love them. And they have always been a delight to the world's artists. Goethe often gave them for his friends. Indeed, it was from such an entertainment that he got his idea for "Faust." The list of English and European dramatists who have also written puppet-plays is a long one. Ben Jonson has given us an entertaining account of a puppet-play at Bartholomew Fair. Haydn composed some of his best music for the court puppet-theater where he was musical director. For Voltaire, too, they had their appeal. And George Sand was wont to give these plays for the children of her household. Gautier and Stevenson loved them, and Maeterlinck has written a volume of "Drames pour marionnettes." Of one audience the puppet-theater is forever assured—children and artists; for both can sit on a stool and enter the happy world of Make-Believe.

At Odds

By ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

OVER the clean white linen
The laundress passes the flat-iron with energy,
And with equal energy she talks as she works
To the policeman outside,
Who has stopped for a moment
By the open basement window.

"You men are a queer lot," she says,
"And my man was like the rest of you.
There were times when he thought of me,
But he never thought of me and nothing else.
His mind was always on his boilers
Or on politics or the big prize-fight.

"With me it was different:
It was always him I was thinking on.
He was never out of my mind.
Whether I scrubbed or cooked
Or darned or sewed,
I did it all for him,
And it was for him I lived.

"Did he live for me?
Not much:
He ran away with a red-headed snip.

"As for men, I 'm through with them.
I 've washed them out of my mind
As clean as I washed out this napkin."

But the listener only laughed.
The glance she turned upon him
Seemed to tell him a very different story.

"The *señor pretendiente* had been seen to speak to him"

Marriage by Miracle

By MARÍA CRISTINA MENA

Author of "John of God, the Water-carrier," "The Education of Popo," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

PANCRAZIO, the cobbler, was the first of the humble neighbors of the Ramos Blancos to notice that *la niña* Clarita had a pretender. From across the *plazuela,* where he had his stool and his strings of shoes festooning the wall beneath his gay canopy of tacked-together bull-fight programs, he had seen what was going on and prayed that, by the mercy of God, Doña Rosalia might not perceive the discreet signs with which her little one acknowledged the devoted presence of the strange young man in the shadow of the House of Colors.

It was the most exciting thing that had happened in the Little Square of Marvels for many a year, and the knowledge of it burned the mouth of Pancrazio until he had passed it on, over a jug of pulque, to his *compadre* the charcoal-seller, who whispered it to his *comadre*, the *tortillera*, as she patted her little cakes flat in the palms of her hands, and she did not fail to pass it on to the water-carrier, who launched it to all the world at the public fountain.

And now all the *peladitos*, barefooted offspring of the unregarded Indian populace, washed their little brown faces and feet and assumed expressions of astonishing intelligence and zeal in the hope of being selected for such confidential service of love as might become needful. But soon all knew that Agapito, the *cargador* at the corner, was the lucky one. The *señor pretendiente* had been seen to speak to him, and doubtless had engaged him to deliver *billetitos amorosos* to the retainers of the House of Colors; for when he appeared next day his white cotton trousers were newly washed, and a gaping hole in his sombrero was sewed up, and he showed the world a face of such length and importance that one might be sure that he would not recognize his own mother if she were to pass him at his post.

The House of Colors had its nickname from the blue and yellow tiles covering the whole of its façade in a gay design which passing centuries had blemished with cracks and gaps. It dominated the Little Square of Marvels as any palace has a perfect right to dominate any slum. Many such palaces in the City of Mexico have been reduced to shabby uses as well as to shabby company, but this one had been preserved from trade by its family of origin, which had decayed companionably with and within it.

Not entirely had it been defended from invasion, however, for Doña Rosalia de Ramos Blancos had found it necessary, in order that she and her two daughters should keep their bones clothed with flesh, to lease the better half of the immense dwelling to another family, fortunately almost as quiet, although not nearly as well-born, as themselves.

Small as was the rent paid by these tenants, it enabled the Ramos Blancos to maintain themselves in the station not only "of señoras," but also "of carriage." The difficulty of their being no longer able to afford the luxury of horses was overcome by the generosity of the godmother of the elder daughter,—there is no limit to the responsibilities of a godmother in Mexico,—who every Sunday patiently lent them her black mare and coachman, thus enabling them to drive to the twelve o'clock mass, which is the fashionable one, in their own carriage, conformably with the traditions of the Ramos Blancos.

Their true difficulties and sacrifices were buried in the almost deathlike secrecy of their inner life. Even their tenants across the patio or the *portero* below would have been shocked beyond words could they have known that the elaborate daily dinner ostentatiously served by the *nana*, clattering along the gallery from kitchen to dining-hall with course after course of covered dishes, was largely a symbolic rite by which the Ramos Blancos deceived their neighbors, and, I think, even their stomachs, so sincerely was it performed. The wealth of nourishment proclaimed in rotation by the old serving-woman according to her recollection or fancy—the wet soup, the dry soup, the fish, the omelet, the pigeons, the fried fruits, the frijoles, the cheese, ices, and pastry, all with their appropriate wines—resolved itself as a matter of reality into whatever God permitted that day, perhaps a substantial soup and a dish of beans, with warm tortillas.

They never complained, but made as many reverences over their meager fare as though it had been all that the family ritual professed it to be, their eyes shining at the thought of saving every centavo to appear before the world as well as possible. They always dressed for dinner, and would have done so even if there had been no dinner to dress for; and although their gowns had been made over and over and the laces mended and dyed, the sleeves

and necks and the style of draping were always of the latest mode. And they chattered frivolously over their meals as if their life had been one round of social festivity.

It was customary for Ernestina, the elder daughter, who had a sonorous and flexible voice, to begin the gaiety by reciting some graceful vers de société, and this performance was always greeted by the other two with a clapping of thin little hands and reckless cries of "Viva!" and the like. One day, however, after she had rendered a popular favorite by Juan de Dios Peza entitled "Carrying on a Flirtation," Doña Rosalia refrained from applauding, and presently said in a constrained tone:

"Apropos of flirtations, I demand to know this instant which one of my daughters is scandalizing the neighborhood."

She looked at Ernestina, but it was not Ernestina who uttered a sound between a gasp and a squeal and stuffed her mouth full of finger-tips. Ignoring that breach of deportment on the part of the palpitating Clarita, Doña Rosalia continued:

"I have noticed a youth playing the bear under our balconies with more diligence than I permit—that is, without knowing what mother gave him birth."

Still she looked with studied guile at poor Ernestina, who was twenty-five and hopelessly disfavored, with her nose of ridicule, her eyes like two fleas, and her bony figure, which looked, as her mother often lamented, as if St. Joseph had passed the plane over it. But now Clarita, who was eighteen and surprisingly plump, considering her diet, and who had long, gray eyes which always appeared half closed, spoke up in a trembling voice:

"Ernestina is not the culpable one, Mama. It is to me he pretends."

Majestically Doña Rosalia turned her eyes upon her temerarious daughter.

"To thee! Since when this liberty without my permission?"

"It makes now three months that he followed me from church, Mama, and he has played me the bear with all regularity *ever since*."

Doña Rosalia drew in a hissing breath and threw up her eyes, exclaiming:

"What cynicism God has given this daughter of mine!"

"We know each other only of sight, Mother mine," the girl protested dutifully.

"But who is this sinner?" her mother demanded. "What signs does he give of what family he comes? Or does one take interest in a mortal without inquiring who he may be?"

"He appears well from far," Clarita stammered, casting down her eyes.

"So does the neighbor next door. Has he taken the liberty to write?"

"Yes, Mama; but we have not yet passed the period of my refusing the letters," Clarita murmured wistfully, but with conscious discretion.

"By whom has he sent them?" her mother persisted.

"They have reached the house through Agapito, who has been well instructed. The first month he gave them to Chucho, the porter's child, the second month to Rótulo himself, and this month to the *nana*. Rest tranquil, Mama, that all has been done with propriety and of elegant manner. The youth has rewarded the servants with dollars."

This last, which slipped out with a touch of involuntary pride, the girl immediately felt to be a wrong note. Doña Rosalia frowned.

"Who is speaking of dollars?" she cried harshly. "Is he of good family?"

"*Por Dios!* thou askest more questions than the catechism of Father Ripalda!" cried poor Clarita, and burst into tears.

Ernestina's pathetically plain face distorted itself in sympathy. She took the little one in her arms, and with a glance implored her mother to forbear. Indeed, that lady had learned all that the culprit was in a position to tell her.

DOÑA ROSALIA knew her duty. Her first step was to revoke Clarita's "hour of balcony." For further precaution she nullified all the balconies except her own, causing the awnings to hang adroop at all

"'There is hope, my adored—hope for thy sister and for us'"

hours and locking the French windows of access. It was true that by this means the innocent Ernestina also was deprived of her hour of balcony, but as she had never known what it was to have an admirer and never expected to have one, she made

no complaint. Meanwhile the *portero,* under instruction, spread abroad the rumor that there was indisposition in the family.

These demonstrations, while they perturbed the youthful "bear," did not deceive him. Still less did they discourage him. Constancy in love reaches astonishing lengths in Mexico, and it is well that this is so, for in no other land is love itself viewed parentally with so much disfavor and vexed with so many obstacles and indignities.

It was a boast of Doña Rosalia that she could smell family distinction a mile away. Having duly inspected the pretender through her opera-glasses from behind her curtains, she announced confidently that he was of no family whatever. Of his being comely, honest-looking, and excellently dressed she made no mention, as those attributes did not enter into her point of view.

"If God intended my daughters for the life of marriage," she argued, "He would certainly make His blessed will known to me by sending a pretender with a name worthy of being added to that of Ramos Blancos."

Meanwhile love, after its manner, grew greater for the restrictions imposed upon it. By devious means the pretender's letters continued to arrive, and Clarita effected her graduation from the stage of refusing to receive them to that of reading them without replying, then to replying with formality, then to a thrilling exchange of photographs, and on to the tender formula of "thee" and "thou," and gloriously forward to vows of eternal fidelity telegraphed in every mood and tense from eyes to eyes through the dim vistas of an incense-swimming church.

Then the pretender's father took a hand. His limousine, a miracle of whispering speed and luxury, with French chauffeur and English footman in pale blue and gold, made as much stir in the Little Square of Marvels as the irruption of an archbishop or a first-class matador could have done. Señor Maldonado would have been better advised to have approached the seat of the Ramos Blancos more humbly. Although he was armed with perfectly proper and even weighty introductions, Doña Rosalia chose to subject him to a long wait in an antechamber before admitting him to an audience.

The elder Maldonado was a financier, famous and as rich as the Indies, but as to family a mere mushroom; indeed, it was said that his father had been a Spaniard and kept a *bodega.* All that saved this fine fellow from a stinging rebuff was his beguiling amiability, enhanced by an outspoken sense of inferiority to the Ramos Blancos. Doña Rosalia felt that she was treating him with more than Christian forbearance in that, instead of openly scouting the idea of an alliance between their families, she merely affected to postpone the matter until such time as her elder daughter should have been married. Señor Maldonado, who had never seen the face of Ernestina, was profuse in his expressions of respectful gratitude.

Clarita had taken care to overhear that conversation, and now she ran to communicate its effect to her sister. Ernestina's eyes filled with tears, and her unfortunate nose grew pink when she learned that Clarita's happiness must wait upon her own marriage.

"Then for thee is no hope, *pobrecita!*" she cried.

"Say not so, or I shall die!" whimpered Clarita. "If thou lovest me as I love thee, thou wilt get thee a husband of some sort and that quickly."

"But where?" stammered Ernestina, looking about her wildly. "God knows, little sister, that for love of thee I would become the bride of any Christian man graced with a desire for me and the approval of mama."

"Thou art an angel!" Clarita cried, embracing her. "Then all we lack is a man."

"A man is all we lack," Ernestina assented as encouragingly as she could. "God send us one somewhat short of vision, for this face of mine would frighten the devil himself."

"Chist! Thou art *muy simpática,* and thy face is not so bad in this light, with the

awnings down. Mama has always exaggerated the matter; but for charity do not wrinkle thy forehead so. We will both pray with great zeal, and burn many candles to Saint Anthony that he send thee a husband *pronto, prontito.*"

TEN rainy seasons washed the House of Colors, but Ernestina did not capture a husband. Neither did she grow beautiful.

In vain the prayers, in vain the candles, in vain the fortunes that the *señor pretendiente* continued to lavish on the chapel of St. Anthony.

"As constant as Don Luis" had become a proverb in the Little Square of Marvels, and if a child was eight years old, its mother would say, "My creature was born when Don Luis carried two years of suitor."

Speaking of children, the officious Agapito had begotten seven or eight, to all of which Don Luis had stood godfather, and otherwise the neighborhood was overrun with little brown Luises, distinguished variously as Luis the Long, Luis the Fool, or the Snuffling, the Intelligent, the Without Teeth, or what-not, all named in honor of "the *patrón* of the corner."

Through the generosity of Don Luis, Pancrazio now had a large white umbrella over his stool in place of the tacked-together bull-fight programs; and by other little benefactions he had helped to rejuvenate the *plazuela* while he himself had been growing older.

Older and not a little stouter was that good *señor pretendiente*, and his hair was salt-sprinkled about the ears; for he was of middle life now—past thirty, no less. He and Clarita had come to believe that nothing less than a miracle could unite them until after the death of Doña Rosalia.

And Doña Rosalia was very well indeed. In the language of her friends, "Not a day had passed over her." Strangers often took her for a sister of her daughters. No doubt it did her good to have one of the richest bachelors of the capital languishing away his best years beneath the windows of the Ramos Blancos.

As for Clarita, she had become very thin, but some still considered her pretty; and although she had ceased to weep very much, she seemed as ardent as ever. So sure was Doña Rosalia of her filial piety that she made no further attempt to restrict the courtship, and it remained stationary, with never the touch of a hand at the genteel stage of balcony whisperings and passionate letters raised and lowered with a long white ribbon. That fishing process was the one excitement of Clarita's life, and she would make the most of it, with a leisurely and Delsartian technic, exhibiting the grace of her arms, especially when there was a moon to silver them and make wild shadows.

One night Don Luis fumbled strangely over the business of attaching his letter to the dangling ribbon. His voice was so hoarse that at first he could not speak, but at the moment when the letter left his hands on its upward journey he managed to articulate:

"Hay esperanza!"

When the letter, which was uncommonly bulky, had reached her hands he stammered:

"There is hope, my adored—hope for thy sister and for us. Read—read promptly!"

He flourished his cane as a general his sword. When she questioned him he hissed:

"All is within the envelop. Read, little daughter—read, meditate, and pray with thy gentle sister that God give her valor! *Adiós!*"

And with an agitated gesture he went away, walking like a drunken man.

Clarita retired hastily within her chamber and tore open the envelop. It contained a long letter from Don Luis, accompanied by an attractive illustrated booklet. From one and the other she made out that a surgeon of beauty from the United States had set himself up in the City of Mexico and was anxious, for a consideration, to improve the faces of its inhabitants.

Certain miracles that this practitioner had wrought with faces in the United

States were set forth frankly in the illustrations of his booklet. Clarita was particularly struck with two contrasting portraits of a lady, described as of the highest society in the City of New York, taken before and after the surgeon of beauty had exercised his art upon her. Certainly Ernestina at her very worst had never shown the world a countenance so multifariously blighted as that of this lady in her first picture; indeed, it was wonderful that she had possessed the valor to sit for a picture at all. In the second one, however, she had effloresced into such beguiling beauty that the members of her own family must have found it extremely difficult to recognize her.

Moreover, Don Luis declared in his letter, this admirable surgeon of beauty was already beginning to achieve brilliant results in the newly rich, Americanized society of the Mexican capital. Thanks to him, the pretty and coquettish Consuelo Quiroz, who was nicknamed *"La Chata"* because of the slight flatness of her features, had come out with a Grecian nose of the most delicate modeling, while the widow Amalia de Alvear had lost all her wrinkles and acquired two captivating moles, one on the eyelid and one on the neck, which were making her the rage among the young men.

In fine, there was every reason to hope, the agitated Don Luis concluded, that a similar course of treatment for Ernestina would multiply a thousandfold her hitherto meager prospects of finding a husband.

It might be supposed that Ernestina would have welcomed the proposed plan, but although she had always been dissatisfied with her face in its original condition, she now argued that it had been given her by God, and that it would be the height of impiety to have it made over by a surgeon of beauty from the United States or anywhere else. Not until Clarita, in a tear-storm of passion, swore that a refusal would cause her, Clarita, to disgrace forever the name of Ramos Blancos by eloping with her adorer, did the terrified spinster consent, with many prayers, to be *made* beautiful.

ONE day Clarita whispered to her mother that Ernestina had promised God a retreat of six weeks. The sisters had just returned from church, and Ernestina was heavily veiled.

Doña Rosalia, in whom religion dominated every other consideration, with the possible exception of family, took early occasion to boast to all her friends of her elder daughter's piety. Ten times a day she would conjure Clarita to take example by her sister, and when she passed Ernestina's door she would make the sign of the cross, pausing with bowed head as if to receive some touch of sanctity from the inspired one within.

As it is a sin to speak to or even to look at a holy one in retreat, Ernestina had ample opportunity for seclusion and meditation. As she passed on her way to church, the neighbors, with eyes lowered, would furtively touch her dress or her long black veils, and deem themselves blessed thereby.

The truth was that Ernestina, by the grace of a generous loan from her godmother, had offered herself to the excruciating attentions of the surgeon of beauty, and was now undergoing the process of healing, her face clamped in an armor of bandages which her penitential array effectually concealed. But let it not be thought that she sustained her pious reputation in a spirit of unmitigated hypocrisy: on the contrary, she sought to atone for the deception by dint of devotions and austerities which gave an intense reality to her period of penance.

The day for her final visit to the surgeon of beauty came. The anxious Clarita went with her. Would that I could give a true conception of their emotions when, the bandages having been removed, they beheld the pale and symmetrical face, as smooth as an egg, which was now Ernestina's.

What little face of blessed one! *En nombre de todos los santos!* Not only had every wrinkle and blemish disappeared, not only had a nose of ridicule become a nose of dignity, not only had the sagging redundancies of jaw and neck given place

"What little face of blessed one! *En nombre de todos los santos!*"

to the precise contours of youth, but the eyes, once like two fleas, now actually represented eyes, and the whole face, by some new trick in the angle of the brows, had acquired a look of noble spirituality which would be highly creditable to a virgin martyr.

In fact, the surgeon of beauty ventured

to think that he had done a pretty good piece of work, and he was piqued when the sisters with one impulse fell upon their knees and poured out all their gratitude to God.

But presently Ernestina made a discovery which alloyed her enthusiasm. She could no longer smile. *Ay Dios! Qué fatalidad!* Something in the rearrangement of skin or muscles had brought it to pass that the faintest approach to a smile was met with an alarming tension, followed, unless the impulse was immediately checked, by sharp twinges of pain.

In answer to her outcries the surgeon of beauty assured her that an expression of English immobility was in the latest mode cultivated by the most fashionable señoras, and advised her to resist all impulse to smile, a very simple matter if she would only make up her mind never to feel amused. Clarita praised his sagacity, and offered comfort to her sister by reminding her that she had ever been given to tears rather than to laughter, and remarking that her condition would have proved far more embarrassing if she had found herself inhibited from weeping abundantly and in perfect comfort, as at that moment.

Not being very logically inclined, Ernestina found no comfort in these arguments, and although she had thanked God for her new face, she now blamed the surgeon of beauty for its limitations as an instrument of mirthful expression.

Fortunately her dissatisfaction was short-lived. Such a profound impression did her metamorphosis make upon her mother, and thereafter upon all the world, that she very quickly reconciled herself to a lifetime of smilelessness. For, emerging from her self-imposed retreat with a countenance so changed and so spiritualized, she became famous far and wide as a saint whose piety had been rewarded with a visible, unequivocal signet of divine favor.

In the light of the legend of the miracle, her holiness was manifest to all, and all paid gratifying tribute thereto. Fastidious young women friends who in times past had gracefully refrained from giving her the customary two kisses, one on each cheek, at greeting and parting, now fervently pressed their pretty lips to her smooth and sanctified face, praying silently for forgiveness and benediction. Sick friends would leave their beds and drive to the House of Colors, designing under the pretext of a social call to sit near Ernestina and, if possible, to hold her blessed hand. Expectant mothers plotted or pleaded for her presence on interesting occasions, that her holy face might be the first on which the eyes of their babes should light. As for the common people, they frankly kneeled when she passed.

And Clarita? Her joy knew no bounds until one day when she learned that Ernestina had peremptorily declined to consider an offer of marriage from an eligible widower as pious and well born as he was wealthy. Pains of all the martyrs! From her balcony that night the love-sick virgin rained tears upon the upturned, anguished face of Don Luis.

The fact was that the world's conception of Ernestina's holiness had awakened an unmistakable echo in her own soul. No one believed in the miraculous character of her transfiguration more sincerely than she herself, and in this faith she was confirmed by her father confessor, who preached an eloquent sermon on the subject. The first offer of marriage was followed by many more, from widowers and bachelors of excellent pedigree and serious disposition, but from the rarefied heights on which she now dwelt a descent to the banality of marriage was out of the question.

However, the good creature was not so lost in heavenly contemplation as not to have kept a human corner in her heart for her little sister, and such was her influence upon Doña Rosalia that the constancy of Don Luis was at length rewarded as it deserved. His long years of playing the bear had not spoiled his disposition, and if you had known Clarita in the past and could see her now with her three lovely children, I believe you would consider her transfiguration just as wonderful as that of the saintly Ernestina.

The Gipsies of the Balkans

By DEMETRA VAKA

Author of "She Who Sowed the Seed," etc.

ON leaving Servia, my brother and I decided to travel through the country called old Servia, which before the last Balkan war against Turkey still formed a part of the Ottoman Empire. It was here that we came more into contact with the Gipsies, although these nomads could be found anywhere throughout the peninsula. They were a migratory population, but, like the swallows, always remade their nests in the same places. Remaking their nests consisted of unharnessing the half-starved, scrawny ponies from their dilapidated, springless wagons, and turning them loose to graze, then pitching tents that harmonized admirably with ponies and wagons.

When settled, the Gipsies immediately set up their industries, and remained in a locality until they had collected enough money for another migration. They traveled in companies, each company consisting of a clan united by ties of blood or marriage, and there were numerous babies to be tended in each encampment. These same Gipsies of the Balkans came down to Constantinople and encamped in vacant places on the Bosporus or on the Sea of Marmora. There I had first met them, came to know them, and, I confess, to like them, although their reputation was of the worst. There was no crime that was not imputed to them. Fact and fancy were mingled in the sinister deeds attributed to them; for the people of the East have vivid imaginations, and the Fourth Crusade, the Bulgars, and the reign of the Turks helped to stimulate their powers of belief in evil.

Wherever the Gipsies encamped, the devil's own halo encircled the place, and God-fearing citizens would think many times before passing their camp after dusk. Indeed, I was told by my nurse that whenever the Gipsies came to our island, she could see the sparks of hell during the whole night, and hear the cries and groans of the wicked ones whose souls were under the heels of the dark power. Considering that blacksmithing is one of the industries of the Gipsies and that they work at any hour of the night, it is quite natural that the anvil should be heard in the darkness and that the sparks from the anvil should be seen.

I was only eight when I first spoke to a Gipsy girl. A large encampment had settled down not far from our house, and one day, on returning from a visit with my mother, I came upon a girl seated under a tree and moaning as I had never heard a human being moan. I was ahead of my mother, and stopped and spoke to the little girl. I touched her on the shoulder several times before she raised her head, and then I saw that she was hugging a small dog the blood of which was dripping over the sole garment she wore. There were no tears in the girl's eyes, only misery. As my mother had not yet come up to us, I kneeled before her and the dog.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"Not yet," she answered somberly; "but he is going to die, and when he does I shall take the life of the man who did this."

The little dog's tongue was hanging out of his mouth, and his eyes expressed the misery reflected in the eyes of his mistress. Poor little Gipsy cur, like his mistress, unwelcome upon the face of the earth! Ever since I can remember I have had a feeling of sympathy for all those whose footsteps were dogged by inexplicable scorn. Out of that feeling I next spoke:

"The dog may still be saved. Come

with me to my home, and let my sister see him. She is wonderful with sick animals."

A gleam of hope came into the eyes of the little girl. She rose quickly, and then I saw how profusely the dog was bleeding.

"Do try to stop his bleeding," I cried, "or he will lose all his blood before we reach our home!"

She put her little brown hands, the fingers covered with extravagant paste jewels, over the little creature's wound. Moved by the misery before me, I offered my best unused handkerchief, and told her to put it on his wound. To my horror, she bent her head and licked the wound, and only then applied the handkerchief.

My mother now came up to us, gave a glance at the Gipsy and her dog, but said not a single word even when I explained to her that they were going home with us.

At home my sister bathed the wound and carefully bandaged it. She told the Gipsy that she must let the dog stay with us for a few days. The girl hung her head and considered, and consented to let him remain behind only after my sister had declared that the dog might die if he were moved. She dropped on her knees, threw her arms around him, and poured out in her outlandish tongue the anguish she was suffering in the separation. I did not understand her language, but from her face I realized her misery, and I ran to my mother, who had left us after we had reached the house.

"Mama," I cried, "the little Gipsy dog is going to stay with sister till he is cured, and his mistress is weeping so! Can't we let her stay in the house, too?"

"What you ask is absolutely impossible," my mother replied severely. "What is more, I wish you never again to speak to a Gipsy. Do you understand—never again!"

"You did n't seem to object out there."

"I did not know in what language to speak to you, those Gipsies know so many. I was afraid she might understand, and revenge herself on us."

"Now she is in the house," I persisted, "can't we, just for once, let her stay with her dog and not be separated from him?"

My mother looked at me, and from experience I knew that the last word had been said. I left her, and only eight years old though I was, I began that day to wonder why they engaged priests to teach us the gospel of the Nazarene, and then never let us practise it.

The few days that the Gipsy dog remained in our house his mistress spent as near our windows as she was permitted by those who kicked her about whenever my sister or I was not looking. The dog was cured, and when, leaping with joy, he was placed in her arms, she was so grateful she wanted to kiss my sister; but my mother, who happened to be present, motioned to my sister not to permit it.

Although I was forbidden to speak to the Gipsies, I did so whenever I could clandestinely. My little Gipsy, who was named Valérie, after the favorite daughter of Empress Elizabeth, was a source of delight to me. I told my sister how she, too, could speak to Valérie if she wished, but she exclaimed:

"I can't. Mama forbids it."

"She will never find it out," I suggested.

"But I shall have to confess it to the priest, and he will reprove me, and so he will you," she ended.

"I don't mind," I replied. As a matter of fact, I did not mean to tell the priest, for I had already begun to settle my affairs without his help.

My friendship with Valérie was dear to me. First, because it had in it an element of adventure, since I had to see her without being found out; second, because she told me of their travels and their way of living. From Valérie I learned much more than I did later at college from a full course in sociology.

They did not come to Constantinople every year. Their travels extended from there all across the Balkans and into Austria, and as they did not travel by express-trains, it took them a long time to go over so much ground. From the tales she told me I was quite aware that the code of my new friend was different from mine. Lie the Gipsies did; steal they did; and when

it was necessary, they killed. Yet Valérie made everything natural, and I accepted her code as naturally. Philosophy and tolerance are inborn in a child's nature. It is only later, as the various teachings of our elders take root in our souls, that we acquire standards and begin to judge the world from the particular brand of civilization that is ours.

Thanks to my early clandestine friendship with Valérie, when my brother and I were traveling through the Balkans I was able to talk freely with the Gipsies, and did not avoid them with the superstitious hatred that is our heritage in the East. We used to come upon their encampments everywhere in the wilds of old Servia, and they certainly were a villainous crew to look at, the men with their long hair and longer ear-rings, the women in their fantastic raiment, their hair dressed in veils of such daring colors that they screamed at one as far as one could see them. And then when we came nearer there was the filth.

THE BOY WHO WANTED TO BE AN EMPEROR

PEOPLE will tell you in the Balkans that a Gipsy camp is to be avoided; yet I used to hail them with pleasure. They added to the wildness and savagery of the nature about us. One day, several miles from Uskup, our horses raised their heads and listened to something we could not hear. At first we thought they were smelling human blood; but we came to the conclusion that something different caused their interest, since no tremors of fear were passing through them. Reining them in, we listened, but, hearing nothing, started to ride on. After a while a sound like the faint moaning of a torrent came to us. The effect on our horses was very peculiar: they seemed to have forgotten their fatigue, and were sidling along in a way that made me nervous.

Finally we made out that it was weird strains of music that reached us.

"We are nearing a Gipsy camp," my brother said with relief. "Some one is playing with more fire than usual."

Within sight of the camp, the music came to us in its full beauty or its full horror, I do not know which. Since then I have heard many great masters play; but such music as that I have never heard. It was heavenly; it was hellish. Our horses were as much affected as we: they pranced as if they were steeds of the great mettle, instead of poor, scrawny, Balkan ponies. As for me, I began to dream of things unheard, unknown, only dreamable.

Sitting on a wagon, a youth was hanging over his violin, playing—playing like mad. Presently, without interrupting his music, he sprang from the wagon and paced back and forth, still playing torrentially. We sat fascinated both by the player and his playing, trying all the time to quiet our horses.

At last the music seemed spent; the boy let his violin fall to the ground, where he, too, threw himself, and the music was succeeded by heartbreaking sobbing. His weeping, like his music, was as torrential as a storm. Like it, it ceased when it had reached its climax.

A girl was sitting in the entrance of a tent, nursing a wee baby. She regarded the figure on the ground apathetically. We dismounted, and I gingerly approached her. The tent was full of Gipsies, either sleeping or cooking, and in the woods were others cutting wood for their fires.

"Why is he crying like this?" I asked the girl.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"He always weeps when he plays as he did to-day."

"Is he your brother?"

"No, I belong to him, and this is his son. He came into his little body only six weeks ago; before that he lived in me." She said the last words with great pride in herself for being the mother of a son.

My brother approached the now silent player, and touched him on the shoulder. The boy raised his head, and then sat up. His eyes were deep, black pools filled with woe. Mano offered him a handful of cigarettes. The boy accepted them eagerly

and pressed them to his cheek. His hair was floating on his back, and his clothes were scanty and dirty. He looked more dressed for bathing than for living in the mountains.

"It went well to-day, did n't it?" Mano said.

The boy smiled sadly, displaying his magnificent Gipsy teeth. He picked out one of his cigarettes and tossed it to the girl with the baby. She leaped, with the baby, and caught it in mid-air, and her pleasureful laugh resounded about us for a second.

"Since it went well, why did you have to weep?" my brother asked.

"I wept because it went so well."

"Why?"

"I do not know. Because I want things, and do not get them," he cried. "A year ago I thought I wept because I wanted *her.*" With his eyes he indicated the sitting girl. "She is now mine, and she has given me a son, but I cry just the same."

A sob, and then another, shook his breast.

"I know," my brother said sympathetically. "You want extravagant things—things that you only fancy."

The Gipsy gave a strange look at Mano, then leaned forward and touched him on the chest.

"You understand—you? Then you fiddle?"

"No; but I write. It is just as bad."

And then the boy, feeling the sympathetic atmosphere we were creating about him, began to talk:

"I think what I want is to be an emperor; to have people kneel before me and kiss the hem of my garments."

I could not help covering my face and laughing silently, for his worn trousers and his torn shirt had no hems.

Mano did not laugh. Seriously he amended:

"It is n't exactly an emperor you want to be. What you want is to play as you played to-day before millions of people, to make them all worship your music, to make that human sea weep when you will and laugh when you will."

The boy seized my brother's hands.

"You see into my head, you see into my heart!" he cried. "Could I—could I do that?"

Mano nodded.

"You did it to-day, even though it was only three riders and three horses. It was marvelous, my friend, your playing. Never have I heard its like."

At that the boy began to tremble like a leaf, and the tears sprang from the dark pools of his eyes and trickled down to his chin and then to his chest and on to his poor hemless shirt. And through his tears and his sobs he talked wildly to us—talked of the visions that came to him, which he brought to life with the power of his violin.

"Sometimes I can do it," he said, "and at others I cannot. Yet I am most unhappy when I can make alive the things that live in the air only."

THE GIRL WHO WAS LIKE A BROOK

For days and days afterward I thought a great deal about the Gipsy boy, and fervently wished to be present when he should play to millions of people and be worshiped. I wanted to see him realize his dream and to be present at his happiness. I was too young, too inexperienced to know that the dream of a great artist is never realized, and that he is happiest when he is most miserable.

Some days afterward we were caught by one of those sudden, terrific storms that I have witnessed only in the Balkans. It was so violent that it uprooted trees, and the rain washed down great stones.

"There is a shelter in a gorge not far from here," said our guide; but when we came to it, it was already occupied by a Gipsy encampment. The camp was bedecked with all kinds of bright-colored rags, hanging stringily in the storm, and our guide told us that it was a bridal encampment, where a wedding was soon to take place.

Some of the Gipsies invited us to go into their tents and lie down until the storm passed; but since, with our mackintoshes and the overhanging rocks, we were

partly protected, we preferred the cleanliness outside to the dubious shelter of their tents. We sat down at the opening of the gorge to watch the storm.

It ended as abruptly as it had begun, and our guide went in where he could dry himself, and prepare a meal for us. The Gipsies came out of their tents to give us a look of inspection. They were more villainous in appearance, if possible, than the others we had come across, perhaps because they had been huddled together in their tents during the storm. To my intense delight, however, among them was my old friend Valérie, and it was she who was to be the bride in ten days. They were waiting for other Gipsies in different parts of the Balkans to come to the encampment.

It was several years since I had last seen Valérie, and she had taken the time to grow into a real woman. Her hair was braided into a great many braids, in which were inserted hundreds of imitation coins. With her copper color and her shining teeth and her muscular, lithe figure, she made a very stunning picture in that grandiose background.

She came and sat down near us. Her eyes took in my brother in a long, comprehensive look; then they closed for a minute, and then opened again full on him. She moved a little nearer him, crouching like a dog at his feet. For some time she ignored me totally, but at length she turned abruptly to me and asked:

"Are you married to him?"

"I 'm too young to be married," I replied. "He is my brother."

She frowned.

"You are not lying?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

She turned all her attention to my brother again. He, on his part, sat gazing at the landscape as if he did not know she was there.

She did not seem to mind it, and there ensued a long silence, broken only when she said:

"Funny he should be your brother. He is so handsome!" My feelings might have been hurt had I not for the last three months been accustomed to remarks like this from all the people of the Balkans. Having made this observation, Valérie stretched herself full length on the ground, her chin in her palms, and lost herself in contemplation of Mano.

"When you finish looking at the trees, you can begin to look at me, Effendi," she said wistfully, after we had sat thus for five minutes.

Mano at once turned to her. She smiled very prettily at him, and he returned her smile.

"Where is your wife?" she asked.

As my brother did not reply, and feeling quite left out, I answered for him:

"He has n't any." At once I knew that I had displeased him.

In amazement Valérie cried:

"But how old are you?"

"Twenty-eight," he replied reluctantly.

"How curious! how very curious!" she commented. "Are all the women you know bloodless?"

I should have been amused at her questioning except that I felt my brother was greatly annoyed. Valérie sat up, and from her bosom brought forth a small pouch of tobacco and a booklet of tissue-paper. She tore out a leaf and carefully rolled a cigarette, licking the edge of the paper to make it stick. When it was made, she lighted it, took a puff, and with great ceremony presented it to Mano. Knowing how fastidious he was, I felt certain he could not possibly smoke that cigarette. She rolled one for herself, and then said:

"I am to be married in ten days, and yet I have not prepared a cigarette for the man who is to possess me."

My brother said nothing to this.

"Smoke with me now!"

"I am sorry," Mano replied. "If you will permit me, I will take this cigarette with me as a souvenir; but I cannot smoke it."

"Why?"

"Because I have already smoked, and the doctors do not permit me to smoke much on account of my heart."

I had never before heard my brother

lie, but I knew he was lying now, and I was storing the fact away for future reference.

Valérie held out her hand for the cigarette.

"Give it to me. Don't waste a good cigarette for a souvenir. I wanted us to smoke together, that was all."

She put out both cigarettes by spitting on them, and then tied them to the edge of a gaudy cotton scarf she was wearing.

"Let me tell your fortune." She crawled nearer to him, and stretched out her hand.

Mano put a coin in his hand, and held it out to her.

With an imperious gesture she brushed the coin away.

"I am not telling you your fortune for gain, but because I want to." She took his hand in both of hers, and stroked it several times. "It is the most beautiful hand I have ever seen," she said slowly. She scrutinized the lines in it, and presently began to read his fortune: "Many women have loved you madly; but a Gipsy is coming into your life, and she will love you more than any before, and you will be very happy."

She watched him intently as she spoke; but he was again gazing at the landscape before him, his hand lying impassively in hers.

Valérie became angry, and threw Mano's hand from her. Addressing herself to me as if she were years and years older, she ordered:

"Go and play, child!"

"No, I do not wish her to move, please," my brother intervened. "She is resting for her journey."

Valérie showed her annoyance by the movement of her shoulders, but that mood did not last. She changed, and began to be sweet and lovely, like a nice dog. She untied the cigarettes from her scarf and smoked them, one after the other, telling all sorts of charming things to Mano, taking each one of his features separately and eulogizing it. Then boldly she asked:

"Have you ever fallen in love with a Gipsy, Effendi?"

"I never had the honor of knowing a Gipsy."

"You know *me* now."

Although years lie between that day and the present, with the eyes of my memory I can still see her, alluring, feline, uncompromisingly feminine; and I cannot help thinking that it is an advance in our civilization that it is the men who do the courting and not the women.

A group of men sat about the entrance of one of the tents. Pointing to it, my brother asked:

"Is one of the men there to be your husband?"

Valérie indicated one of them.

"Don't you think you have played enough on his feelings for to-day? You must not hurt him too much even for the sake of the game."

A gleam of anger came into Valérie's eyes.

"I was n't thinking of him at all. Till to-day he filled my brain. I have forgotten him now, and—I am not playing a game."

"Oh, yes, you are. You are trying to make him jealous." Mano's tone was ice-cold. It froze me, but it transformed Valérie into a fury.

"Make him jealous of *you*, you white-livered, soft-handed scorpion!" In her rage she was a match to the storm of a little while ago, and her rapidity of speech was marvelous. Epithet followed epithet in half a dozen languages, and I knew that my brother would have given a great deal to have had me away. The things she called him were full of color and picturesqueness, but the groundwork was indecency. At last I understood why my mother had forbidden me to speak to the Gipsies.

After she had told Mano all she thought about him, Valérie rose majestically.

"My man told me last night that he would give me anything I wanted. I shall tell him that I want your corpse for a footstool."

All the tales Valérie had told me of yore returned to me now with new power.

In that remote place, what chance had three of us against a camp of Gipsies?

"O Valérie!" I cried, "remember how good I was to you for years, and think of your little dog, and how we cured it!" It was silly for me to think of so small a thing in this crisis, but I added, "And I gave you my best handkerchief, and you lost it."

To my surprise and relief, Valérie became calm at once.

"Yes, you have been good to me," she acknowledged; "and as for that pretty handkerchief, I have it still. I never had one so pretty."

"Did you find it again?" I asked.

"I never lost it. I lied to you, because, if you knew I had it, you would have told the police."

"But, Valérie, you were my friend."

"Was I?"

"Yes, and I loved you. And because I loved you then, you are not going to hurt my brother now."

From the corners of her eyes she watched him instead of answering me, and a tremor passed over her.

"Do you know why I do not have you killed by my man?" she asked Mano.

He smiled.

"You are a very delightful young person, Mistress Valérie. First you tease your future husband, now you wish to tease me by pretending that you will have me killed; and all the time you are playing a game because you are young and happy."

She leaned against a tree, drawing her slim, well-formed young figure up to its full height. When she spoke her tone was tender and wistful:

"Effendi, Effendi, can't you understand? I am not playing a game." Again she repeated, "I have not been playing a game." She raised her arms appealingly, and put her hands behind her head, and gazed at him with eyes that looked like a hurt dog's. She was entirely different from all the creatures she had been during the last hour. She was sad and lovable and extremely appealing. "Effendi, why are you so cold—and do not understand?" and as he did not answer her, suddenly, as if thirsting for information, she asked, "Tell me, which way does the brook run?"

"It runs downward," he answered.

"It runs downward because it cannot help it. I am a little brook, Effendi—" She waited for him to speak, entreating him with eyes that were lovely to look into now. "You have nothing to say to that, Effendi?"

Very gently he smiled at her.

"Do you like little brooks?" she asked eagerly. "There is one not far from here. If you walk straight in that direction, you will come to it; and on this side of the brook there are three large trees coming out of one root. They are called the Three Brothers. A long time ago there were three brothers who were brave and handsome and tall like you, and women died for love of them. They were slain, but because they were so handsome and brave, these three trees sprang up where they died. They are tall and straight, and their branches are long and shady. One cannot fail to find them."

She turned her face upward and scrutinized the sky.

"The moon rises late to-night, Effendi." She made him a long *teména*, and ignoring me as if I were not there, she turned and walked away.

I never saw her again. As soon as it became dark, while the music of the Gipsies was playing its loudest, with great precaution we left the camp—left it as if we were thieves, escaping for our lives.

With his finger on his lips my brother imposed silence, and on and on we rode in the wilds of the Balkans, while the stars came out one by one until the full company had taken their places in the pageant of the night. We did not even halt when the moon, as Valérie had said, rose late.

I touched my brother's sleeve and asked:

"Why are we traveling as if we were thieves?"

"Thieves," he repeated musingly. "No, little sister, perhaps never before have we been so pure of purpose, so stainless of theft."

"The thousand castles on the German hills have been the home of an aristocracy that was revered and obeyed by the dwellers in the villages below"

The Island and the Continent at War

By J. RUSSELL SMITH

Author of "Two-story Farming," etc.

MOST students and most talking Germans seem now to agree that this European War is a duel between Britain and Germany. Many point with weighty reasons to the probability that the outcome of the war will decide whether the next century is to be one in which the world has an era of democracy or individualism, or an era of autocracy, with the suppression of the individual man until he becomes a microscopic and voiceless cog in a vast but efficient machine such as *we now see* in the German army.

For many centuries the Briton has regarded his boundaries with comfort. The contemplation of that "silver streak," the sea, has made him serene. Gone from him was the fear of the foreign enemy. Hence he could look out for himself, wrest liberties from his own rulers that he might be freer to live his own life in his own way, which is the great object of democracy. Meanwhile, during all these centuries, the German has been taught by the sure and merciless teacher, experience, to look upon his open-land boundaries with horror, for

across them at any time might come the invading and desolating enemy.

Since he could not, as did the Briton, look to the facts of geography for protection, he had to band himself into governments that were strong, not free, governments that protected rather than emancipated. The thousand castles on the German hills have been the home of an aristocracy that was revered and obeyed by the dwellers in the villages below because through governing aristocracy came the only protection that was to be had from a multitude of enemies who had a habit of coming from anywhere. Thus while authority was hateful to the Briton, because it had no good reason for being, the German came to be grateful for it, because it was a by-product of the all-important protection. Through centuries of necessity he has become respectful and submissive to the defensive group. That is the stuff of which such organization is made.

Martial law supersedes all liberties when it comes into force. We in America have enforced it occasionally; England has enforced it occasionally; Germany has so nearly lived under it that it has become the spirit of her life rather than, as with the Anglo-Saxon, a temporary agony. A glance at history shows how differently the insular location and the continental location have treated these two peoples in the matters of invasions and the necessities of defense, and how different have been the consequent national attitudes toward liberty and organization.

Rome fell from the blows of repeated waves of barbarians who swarmed out of eastern Europe across the open plain of Germany and into the Roman dominions. Goths, Vandals, Franks, Huns, and yet more Goths, found Germany an open road because it lacked the natural protection afforded by the mountains to free Switzerland or by insularity to free Britain. In a comparatively short time after the fall of Rome the seven struggling kingdoms of England, undisturbed by serious foreign invasion, were united into one kingdom by Alfred the Great before the year 1000 A.D. From that day to this England has virtually been one, and the chief thread of her history has been the slowly successful struggle of her people in winning liberty from their rulers. That was as true of Mrs. Pankhurst in 1914 as it was of the barons who exacted the Magna Charta from King John in 1215. In 1648, England ended a civil war of classes to see which class should rule, and as a token of which had won they chopped off the head of their king. In that same year Germany, still a multitude of warring states, ended the almost inconceivably destructive Thirty Years' War—a war between states to see which state and which king, not which class, should rule. As if to illustrate the state danger, the state necessity, and the need of protection, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, invaded Germany at this time, annihilated all opposition, and marched at will through the country, doing as he pleased with it. In the next hundred years England was busy inheriting the earth, planting colonies, capturing others from France, Spain, and Holland as the result of wars that were always fought abroad, because no enemy could get an army into England. During this period of England's rise as a world power Germany was being harried by the invading armies of Louis XIV and of the Russians, who actually sacked Berlin.

But it is the Napoleonic period that shows us in full force the contrasting influence of the locations of England and Germany. The Little Corsican, unrivaled master of men and armies, was long able to beat any power or combination of powers that could *march* against him. But there was England over the sea; he would conquer England also. Accordingly he marched to the shore of the channel and prepared himself a great camp for the invasion of England. Like a caged lion he paced the camp at Boulogne as he waited for the ships that were to convoy his army to British soil. But the ships never came. They were met at Trafalgar by Nelson.

Because it was an island, England escaped, and Napoleon, to save his face,

turned and smashed Austria in the humiliating shame of Austerlitz. Shortly thereafter he rubbed Prussia's face in the mud by inflicting upon her armies the disgraceful routs of Jena and Auerstadt. As was his custom, he picnicked in Berlin and carried off the art treasures. To defeat and injury he added insult, and made a people loathe him and his people because of his treatment of the beloved Prussian Queen Louise.

Mistress of the seas, England emerged from the Napoleonic struggle secure, cocksure; no one could make her afraid. She, of all the nations, sat undisturbed under her own vine and fig-tree. She could get down to the real business of life, which is to develop one's individuality and to exercise one's powers. England, of all countries in Europe, if not indeed in the world, has most nearly in this last hundred years given a try-out to the economic doctrine of *laissez-faire*—let alone; let everybody be free to do what he likes. Thus will you have the happiest, best, richest, and strongest nation. Within England the century has been devoted to struggle among the groups of her population for political participation and other forms of liberty or non-military power. The trade-unionist has thriven, the manufacturer has thriven, the ship-owner has thriven, the financier has thriven. There has been a series of reform bills by which a small oligarchy of male voters in 1815 had become a virtual democracy of men in 1910. Then came Mrs. Pankhurst, the logical next step, *demanding* votes for women, and using the only method by which any group of outsiders has in that century made any impression on the intrenched British insiders. Since Napoleon's time, at least, the Englishman has been cocksure. Why not? Was not his flag everywhere? Was not his navy mistress of the seas?

How different has been in Germany the hundred years that followed Waterloo! Instead of the cock-sureness of the victorious Englishman, the vanquished Prussian took up the tasks of peace, rankling with the shame of humiliating defeats. Then Germany had two important things that England lacked, humility and the great dynamic force of a sore head. The sore head has not been fully appreciated by students of human affairs. It even exceeds the love of gain in goading men to action, and it has helped greatly in the elevation of Prussia. At the end of the Napoleonic struggle the governing group in Prussia sat down and reasoned with itself somewhat after this fashion. Some day we must be able to defend ourselves. We must defeat France, and thus clear our good name and settle old scores. To do this we must have an army of strong, efficient men, with plenty of supplies. To get these things we must educate every boy so that he can utilize his powers to the utmost, we must promote science to get industry, and then promote industry to get the supplies. There is the key to the last hundred years of Prussian history. Liberalism does not figure. There is no German Mrs. Pankhurst. In that obedient and disciplined land she has been busy knitting socks for sturdy grandsons. In 1848, when the English artisan was getting free trade and another reform bill, the German uprising was a fiasco, and its leaders fled for their lives.

Education, scientific training, discipline, and development of man as a part of a great military machine have marked Prussia. It always came from the Government down to the people, while in England, as in America, men and classes did what they could, got what they could, and made the Government do things if they could. In the autocratic country, Government has acted for Government, and in the democratic country, men and groups of men have acted for men and groups of men, and in many cases they have not gone very far with it. The results of these contrasting policies of the two countries shine out as clear as crystals when we examine their education, social legislation, and national defense, of which industry is a part.

Look at education. War as now conducted is a very scientific game. Not long ago in certain aristocratic English uni-

versities where cabinet ministers were largely trained the sciences were collectively known as "the stinks," and the graduate produced a Latin verse. This, to my mind, explains many of the troubles of the present British cabinet while dealing with the Germans whose grandfathers studied science in German universities in 1830 and 1840. The man who achieves something in science in a German university has assured himself greater rewards than any democratic country bestows on any professor. At the outbreak of this war when the *Kultur* discussion was burning hot, the champions of democracy made a surprisingly strong showing to prove that the really great discoveries in science were not made in autocratic Germany, but in democratic countries, where man's mind and spirit have been left free to achieve or not to achieve. But no one will gainsay that Germany is the country where the most millions of men have been taught enough science to become effective producers.

The free and freedom-loving Englishman Herbert Spencer has been hailed as the greatest mind since Aristotle. In his essay on education he prescribes in five sentences, as probably no other man had ever stated it before, just what a national system of education should be to build up a people. But where are the schools? In Germany, not in England. When education was still as optional and as private in England as a glass of beer, Germany was sending every little Hans to school, and then training him in the barracks to have him ready in a time of need. Hans was also trained in engineering schools, in commercial schools, in textile schools, in jewelers' schools, and many other kinds of industrial schools. In fact, poor little Hans was put to it so early and so hard and so rigidly that, according to Mr. Owen Wister, Germany leads the world in child suicide as well as in the universality of education and training.

In agricultural science we see the same thing repeated. There is little doubt that the most famous agricultural experiment station in the world is at Rothamsted, England, founded by John Lawes, and run by a group of private persons. But British agriculture is in a shocking state of neglect, while Germany has eighty-seven state agricultural experiment stations and a very scientific and rapidly advancing agriculture.

Admiral Sir Charles Beresford, in criticizing the British cabinet the other day, began his remarks by saying that England entered this war depending on her fleet and her wealth. True, that has been Britain's policy of defense. She has depended on her fleet, which is very expensive, and upon her trade, which has given wealth to finance the fleet. While encouraging trade and building expensive ships, she has depended on the men to take care of themselves, for is not England a land of liberty, *laissez-faire,* let alone? In a sense she was right as long as the fleet sufficed, for a fleet does not need many men. There are more men in the Dutch army than in the British navy. Where a navy needs a hundred thousand men, an army needs a million.

Germany, with her long and open land boundaries, realizing that she must be able to defend them all, knew that she must have men by the million, strong men, too, and able to read and write as well as to obey to the death. So while Britain has had a small volunteer army officered by the aristocracy, Germany has sent every mother's son to the barracks. To get these men big enough and strong enough and healthy enough to be soldiers, she has put into force social legislation such as the world has never before seen. Germany has for years been more and more recognized as the model of achievement to which social reformers of many lands have been pointing. Some writers have recently averred that she had abolished poverty. The very poor, you know, are underfed and weak; they do not make good soldiers. It is also well known that the child who grows up in a slum is not good soldier stuff. So Germany leads the world in town-planning and slum eradication. But here we see the democratic tendency bringing up its result in the fact

that Letchworth (Garden City), Hertfordshire, England, is far and away the best-planned city in the world,—run by a group of prophets,—and in London is the world's greatest area of bad slums. The prophets get one little city, and the static, but unsleeping, force of free wealth has kept the British living in back alleys to an extent never before seen in any land. In the London slums an acquaintance of mine recently asked an Englishman why he did n't enlist.

"I don't care what government I starve under," came the answer. "There 's thousands of us hungrier here than anybody in Germany." The liberty of democracy does let the devil take the hindmost, and England is finding that the hindmost does n't like it and won't fight for it.

In Germany they know that a soldier needs all his fingers and thumbs as well as his lungs. So, because of authority, the machinery is protected, the factory is controlled, as is almost everything else that can be named. It is all a part of the great intelligent, carefully worked-out system of raising a numerous nation of healthy men who may at any time be needed as cannon fodder on a long land boundary beset by neighbors who might invade. Cannon fodder, there is the object of the German system. Our social reformers have seen the results more clearly perhaps than they have seen the object which is just now conspicuously in view. Personally I prefer to live in an American community, where the Government, visible or invisible, thinks of me as a fruitful source of graft, rather than in Germany, where the Government takes me out and has me shot.

In the industrial aspects of national defense we see the island and the continent again giving very different responses. In war a nation should be industrially complete. To get this completeness, England has depended on the fleet to give her access to the world's markets, neglecting the while to develop her own resources. This policy is undoubtedly best as long as the fleet and wealth suffice, for the policy of free trade is admittedly the one that makes a nation richest. But Germany has had two problems: she must be ready to meet her enemies on the boundaries, which means millions of infantry; she must prepare for a combination of enemies that could close the sea. This means national completeness within her own boundaries, and for that goal the German Empire under William II has striven mightily. If it had been humanly possible to create copper and cotton in Germany, I am sure it would have been done. As late as 1912, that diligent preacher, the kaiser, in one of his many and remarkable hortations told Germany that she must be complete within herself. In the same year the professor of political economy in the University of Berlin told his students how the nation was in a position to be virtually independent in the matter of food. How has it been done? By systematic, far-seeing work; by tariffs on agricultural imports; by bounties on some kinds of agricultural production; by scientific experiment and teaching; by the development of rural credit systems; by the building of roads, the opening of canals, and the granting of favorable railway rates. By all these ways and many others has agriculture been promoted and the area of tilled fields expanded. You can ride all day in the level parts of Germany and not see five fences or three herds of grazing cattle. England is conspicuous for its pastures. Pasture, the British type, is the lowest and least productive form of agriculture. Potato-growing, the German type, is about the highest, from the point of view of national support. A field of good British pasture yields from eighty to a hundred pounds of dressed mutton per acre a year. From 1910 to 1913, an acre of German potatoes yielded on the average twelve thousand pounds of this tuberous food, which, as the Prussian administration has repeatedly pointed out, is most nutritious when used in the absolutely undiminished form, with the jacket on. British neglect of agriculture is shown by a comparison of the percentages of total area in leading crops in the United Kingdom and in the German Empire.

	1914	
	UNITED KINGDOM	GERMANY
Wheat . . .	2.4	3.7
Rye	.08	12.
Oats . . .	5.	8.3
Barley . . .	2.4	3.
Total grain .	9.88 Total grain	27.0
Potatoes . .	1.5 (1913)	6.5
Pasture . .	35.3	16.1

The essential similarity of the two empires in arability makes the comparison fair. In Germany's 150 per cent. lead in grain area we see a part of the basis for her military survival to this date; in her 433 per cent. lead in potato growing we see the rest. A few years ago Dr. Simon N. Patten said it was the potato that beat France in 1870, and some people thought it a joke; but I wish to repeat it that it is the potato that drove back the Russian hosts in 1915. By eating potatoes in all the forms we know, the Germans use about one fourth of the crop. Then comes pig feed, potato flour, starch, and alcohol. German shells have been carried to the batteries on the Russian front in motor-cars driven with potato-alcohol and guided by chauffeurs who were in part potato fed, as were the horses, the pigs, the cows, the wives, and the children back home on their little farms.

Even the estates of royalty show the national tendency to completeness in Germany and in do-as-you-please England. Not many years ago King Edward VII was delighted that the shorthorn bull from his Sandringham estate had taken the first prize at the National Fat Stock Show. But what is the significance of a shorthorn bull? He is the father and symbol of rare roast beef, for which we know England well. This British breed of cattle is noted for its inability to produce milk in quantity. It is not an element of Britain's strength. It is a part of the national pasture system, which is a sign of the nation's weakness. Meanwhile the kaiser went out to a farmers' meeting near his estate and made an address. He told his neighbors that he could beat them raising rye and that they had better come over and learn how. It is rye-bread that fills or partly fills the stomach of the German nation in this time of blockade. The kaiser also has a bull of which he is proud. This animal is half Indian zebu and half Holstein Frisian. Most of the German beef is from slaughtered cow, the big black and white kind that produces in life twenty times as many pounds of milk as in death she does of beef. But the plentiful Holstein milk is low in fat (about 3.5 per cent.), and the animal is prone to tuberculosis. Meanwhile the scanty milk of the zebu is 10 per cent. fat, and the animal is proof against tuberculosis. Knowing these things, William Hohenzollern, farmer, is working diligently so to blend these two breeds that he may give to Germany a big breed of cattle proof against tuberculosis, and giving much milk, and rich milk, a task worthy of any Burbank. If he gets that new breed of cattle, it will be a fine achievement toward the making of his nation self-sufficient. The next step, of course, would be to order all Germany to raise this best breed of cattle, to feed them on certain crops grown in a certain way, so that there might be more food to make more big, strong, healthy Germans to make easier the Hohenzollern dominance of this planet. The idea of planetary dominance seems to have been a by-product that arose from the great success following the education and organization necessary to defend a continental location that could not be defended by any other means except an international league to enforce peace. The next step in preparedness is not the making of every nation into its own arbitrary policeman, but the formation of a league of peace which will protect the thirteen big nations of the world as the United States of America protected the thirteen independent nations that formed it after breaking loose from England in 1783. With such a league to protect them, the fear of enemies and neighbors will fade, and nations, including even Germany, can proceed with democracy, so that their people may live their lives in their own way.

"The little girls of the Luxembourg have enlisted for Red Cross duty"

The Little Children of the Luxembourg

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Author of "Paris Reborn," etc.

Photographs by Harry B. Lachman

ON a June afternoon seven years ago the girl and I renewed with the Luxembourg what had been for her childhood and adolescent memories and for me a passing acquaintance. As we walked by the row of statues against the wall of the *musée* and skirted the tennis-courts to find a bench in the parterre, we little realized that the girl was to add motherhood memories, deeper and more precious, and that my acquaintance was to ripen into friendship.

A few hundred yards away, in the direction of the Panthéon, a band was playing. From the opposite side of the parterre came the *pom-pom* of the *guignol*-man. Everywhere, right and left, near and far, *children*'s feet and children's voices made the best noise of all. Wonderful it was to us that day. We were in dreamland; a spell we did not wish to attempt to analyze possessed us. The morning's express had brought us from Marseilles. Two weeks before, in the interior of Turkey, we had been suffering the horrors of the Armenian massacre. A far cry from Asia to Europe, from savagery to civilization, from the devil in man to the God in child. That was the spell. We understand it in retrospect. Not the waltz of "La veuve joyeuse"; not flowers and trees and fountains; not seeing again, after a year under the shadow of Islam, people of our own kind; not a park and a bench, the old familiar blessings of Occidental city life, which one never appreciates until he has

lived away from them. The little children of the Luxembourg! The devil might rage, but the world still belonged to God because of His children. The massacres were simply a hideous nightmare; our suffering was intensified, and lasted, because we had regarded them as reality. No experience of evil, of pain, of bereavement can crush when there are children around. Life still holds everything; not some things, but *everything*, for in the renewing of life nothing is lost.

A pair of youngsters in their twenties could hardly have appreciated this great truth had it not been for the fact that a baby-carriage stood before them as they sat under the spell of the little children of the Luxembourg. It was our first purchase at the Bon Marché that morning. We had bubbled over with pleasure and pride when we had it taken right down in the elevator and out on the rue de Sèvres. For there was something to put in it, and there she lay, our three-weeks-old baby, who had already traveled in three continents.

A wee apartment was found in the rue Servandoni, two minutes' walk from the Luxembourg. We furnished it in one hour for five hundred francs—all the money we had in the world. That was why I had to write something quickly. While the girl was getting supper that evening, I unpacked my type-writer from its battered leather case, drew a sigh of relief that nothing was broken, and put it on our one and only table. Before giving way to plates and knives and forks, there was time to make a start at least. I typed out the title, "The Little Children of the Luxembourg," and just then the girl called for me to run out and buy some butter. Back at my work, I started in: "It was—" A can of peas had to be opened. The girl confessed that this was a mystery to her, and I found that it was a trick requiring time and thought on her husband's part. Then the table was needed, and the type-writer went to the floor.

It ended there; other things came up. In those days continuity of effort had no place in the vision of a *littérateur* who saw the goal shining so brightly that the way to get there was obscured. After all, there was nothing particular to say about the little children of the Luxembourg without grinding it out, and the girl sympathized with the *littérateur* in confusing inspiration and application. Editors, who appreciated neither poems nor essays, were anathema to her, too.

Seven years! Bored with the general "bum feeling" of a cold in the head, the *littérateur*, who had evolved into one of a hundred newspapermen in Paris, was trying to find some novel form of amusement to while away an afternoon's absence from his office. He picked up a bundle, labeled "Articles to be written," which had not been untied since the golden days of the rue Servandoni. What could be more fun than to go through them? The paper came to light: "The Little Children of the Luxembourg. It was—"

With the years, pleasant changes had come, and I knew more about the little children of the Luxembourg, summer and winter, spring and autumn. I knew more because the three-weeks-old traveler in three continents was now the eldest of four. A brother and sister played with her in the Luxembourg, and there was still a three-weeks-old baby for the carriage! I knew more because there is no truth in the old maid and bachelor saying that parents think only of their own children, and have no time for, or interest in, those of others. Let spinsters and bachelors say all they want; they don't know, that 's all. The more kiddies you have yourself, the more you appreciate other people's kiddies. And other people who have kiddies do not need to be assured that this is true.

To grown-ups the Luxembourg means a delightful and embarrassing choice of places to sit. Every bench, from the pear-garden at the rue Vavin entrance to the fountain of Catharine de' Medici over by the Odéon, has seen me unfold my "Temps" of a summer evening with a sigh of contentment as I sniffed flowers and grass and leaves. Every nook from

"The children reflect the spirit of the nation"

the kiosk of the old woman who sells the best hoops at the upper rue de Vaugirard entrance to the shady wall of the Ecole des Mines by the Boul' Miche' has welcomed me to the joy of an undisturbed hour with my book. And yet, when I go to the Luxembourg, I never know where to sit. Even an Englishman would find it hard to become wedded to one spot where all are alluring. Oh, this bother of choice! I suppose that is why I have never resented the mob of a Sunday afternoon; for then the problem of choice does not confront you. *If* there is a place, you sit where that place is.

To children the Luxembourg means a delightful choice of things to do, and choice is not a problem to them. They are free from the torture of decision. What comes first they tackle, and then go on to the next thing. If children did not get tired once in a while, perpetual motion would have been discovered outside of the laboratory. As it is, parents are nearer finding it than physicists. It is lucky for *me that* the older I get the less inspired the "Temps" is, and the less I feel the necessity of reading all the news for fear something escapes me. It is lucky for me that the older I get the less I hold to book knowledge. After all, the *summum bonum* of much knowledge (in the objective form) is to feel that it really is a weariness to the flesh. The infallible sign of intelligent growth in wisdom is an increasing inability to take oneself seriously. If I regarded my duties and my own importance in the scheme of things as I used to when I first thought I was shouldering responsibilities, I should long ago have broken down under their burden. Physicians have made much money by having to bother with people who have never come to themselves. But would they not rather have done without the fees? The near-sick are the soul-squeezers of the practitioner.

What I wrote about sitting in the Luxembourg refers to the past and not to the present. I am glad that I feel as I do about the "Temps," for there is no longer one wee baby who "stays put" in her car-

"Everywhere the children have organized themselves into armies"

riage and demands attention only from her mother. Three husky, rollicking children claim me the very moment I appear. I might avoid them, but, funnily enough, I do not want to, even to secure for myself the luxury of sitting on a bench, biting the end off a *carré à deux sous,* and reading. The match-box stays in my pocket; so does the "Temps." I am taken in tow, and appropriated for definite purposes; then begins the round that never tires. It is always the same; but it never tires.

First the beehives, where the story must be told of how honey is made and why the honeymakers had better be left untouched. That does n't last long. Children are as keen for action in papa as editors for action in stories.

The *allée* leading from the rue de Fleurus to the *grand bassin* means nothing to the tourist. His eyes are fixed upon the dome of the Panthéon, framed by the half-mile of foliage that shuts out everything else. He looks neither to the right nor to the left until he reaches the parterre. To the children that parterre is the end of a half-day's journey, for here, in the *allée,* are the *balançoirs,* the *chevaux de bois* steeplechase, the *chevaux de bois* merry-go-round, and the *guignol.* Here also are the kiosks for *pain d'épice* and the waffle-man.

Were you justifying your existence by the work you did to-day in your atelier? Not a bit of it! The children show you how absurd a thought that was. The world would wag on just as well without your work; not a living soul would miss it. But here, to three precious living souls, papa's strong arms to put them on the wooden horses are indispensable, and more indispensable still the sous from papa's purse to pay for the fun. Titine and Lloyd and Mimi choose their steeds. Titine, ever a cautious baby, has a preference for Madame Giraffe. The neck is thin enough to give a feeling of security, since little arms can encircle it, and this is more than can be said of other animals who have been tried and passed up. From the first day he made bold to ride, Lloyd has been fascinated by the very yellow

"One has only to look at the children's faces"

Monsieur Lion, whose neck is frozen in a turn, and who grins reassuringly at his rider. Only this last month has Mimi graduated from the ignominious safety of the chariot with red plush cushions, which rests on half-swans, to the daring of a whole animal. She is trying them all, and has not settled upon one to cling to. But already—how immediately independence asserts itself!—she resents the straps, those shameful symbols of babyhood.

The merry-go-round, however, is by no means just for fun. Play with children has invariably a serious purpose, which is more than one can say of work with their elders. Grown-ups have lost the art of play because they have forgotten how to be sincerely serious—serious by instinct. We are serious by effort; ergo, we are clumsy and half-hearted in our play. It is heresy, dreadful heresy, to say it, I know, but I often think that here is the secret of the craving for alcohol. Man wants to get away from his stupid, habitual self as evolved, the sad product of repression of instinct and expression of volition.

When the music starts, Titine and Lloyd fall to grabbing rings and hoping for the brass one, which means a stick of candy. Look at their faces, and be convinced that children are lucky wild birds until they get in the cage of our educational system, bred of convention and breeder of mediocrity. From the Irish mouth under Mimi's turned-up nose comes a chortle of glee that cannot be drowned by the wheezy organ-pipes. Her freckles shine with joy, and her red hair is tossed in the pride of being 'way up there on the great big zebra. She looks down with contempt on frightened babies who refused to ride, and lost

> The good they might have won
> By fearing to attempt.

The mother of the merry-go-round is wise in her many days and three generations. She learned long ago not to discriminate, and that is why she has made her fortune in catering to children. A stick of candy goes with the brass ring, but every other kid gets a stick of candy,

"Boats there are in the *grand bassin*"

too. The worst break I ever made in my life occurred six months ago. I doubt if I have yet been quite forgiven for it. I had been off to the other end of Europe on one of my too frequent trips, and the first day at the Luxembourg, after my return, I had forgotten all about those sticks of candy. I lifted Lloyd from his horse, and, heedless of the protest he was trying to make, took him out of the inclosure before, from his burst of heartbreaking sobs, I realized that I had forcibly prevented him from going to the old woman for his candy. I simply could not make it up to him. To my son I was as the Germans are to the Belgians. Atonement is not in a child's scheme of things, and he indignantly refused a franc's worth of sweets, purchased despite his mother's dismay at a near-by kiosk. I ought not to have done it, that was all. I ought not to have done it.

The swings and steeplechase and merry-go-round are only the beginning of the afternoon's work. Now comes the *guignol,* greatest of Paris institutions, and unique joy of Paris children. We leave behind the stirring music of the merry-go-round, and with each thump of the drum we are approaching, joy is manifest from feet to curls. Wee hands clasp big sous, and the children are off along the well-known way, mingling with other *tabliers,* to push in beyond the magic rope for a seat at the Punch and Judy show. There is no "first come, first served" at the *guignol.* There is no fear of not getting a good place. Monsieur and Madame know their business as well as the most famous impresario. I doubt not that many a New York or London manager would be glad to have their bank-account. The seats are all in front of the stage and graduated. There is no need for signs. Kids cannot read signs. But the seats are none the less reserved for their particular clientele. Big kids never crowd in ahead of babies. From the three-year-olds in front, they mount to the ten-year-olds in the rear rows. When there is room, a few grown-ups are allowed in.

I shall not attempt to tell about the

"A veteran of 1870 . . . explains the campaign in the Argonne"

show, nor how it is received by the children. An impression of the *guignol* cannot be conveyed by writing or by painting. Only the camera catches it. Standing outside the ropes and listening to the same old story and watching the same commonplace antics of Punch, Judy, the policeman, the thief, the soldier, the maid-servant, the butcher's boy, and the pawnbroker, I wonder to myself how and why it amuses for six or seven years, certainly for four or five. Perhaps variety is not the spice of life with children. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. One has only to look at the children's faces and listen to their laughter to realize that Punch and Judy and the others are "delivering the goods." Titine is in her fifth *guignol* year, and still comes for sous. Mimi is just starting, and her eyes brighten, and her laugh rings out to prove that it works, and is working, with the thousands of Titines and Lloyds and Mimis who give their sous to the man with the drum.

With other fond parents, the girl and I were standing for the several hundredth time (I ought to begin to be saying the thousandth now) outside the ropes.

"How do they get away with it?" I asked the girl. "Day in and day out, year in and year out, generation in and generation out, how do they find enough change of topic to interest the same clientele?"

The girl looked at me with amused tolerance.

"You write a newspaper article every day," she said. "How do you get away with it? Why do your readers stand for it? There are only seven keys on the piano, and yet all the music in the world has come from them. It is a question of permutations and commutations—endless, just as in algebra."

Now we make for the *grand bassin*, where the greatest sport of all is awaiting us. As we pass under the trees to reach the steps, the girl and I look with interest at the clever croquet the old men are playing. We must stop a minute to watch some of the strokes. It is as skilful as billiards, this game, and nowhere can you

"Another veteran drills seriously every day the younger boys from the Lycée Montaigne"

see such split shots as here, and as in golf the hazard of uneven ground prevents the game from becoming too mathematical. But the kids tug immediately. To them the game is stupid. Titine has more than once expressed her astonishment and disgust that grown-ups should so waste their time.

The world of kiddies is all their own, peopled with little folk. When they walk with their elders, they are oblivious to grown-ups. But they never miss seeing children, and they have the keenest interest in all other members of *their* world. A child would no more fail to see other children in the street than a dog would fail to see other dogs. I have tested this.

"Whom did you see in the Luxembourg to-day, Titine?"

"Lots and lots of kids. There was a little boy—" and so on for half an hour.

"Were there many grown-ups? Tell me now about the grown-ups you saw." Silence and an embarrassed laugh.

"Papa 's a joke," declares Mimi. That settles it.

Since the war began, however, there is an important exception in Paris to this axiom of child psychology. The children have taken the soldiers into their world. So it is that, when we go down the steps to the ***grand bassin,*** the two soldiers on guard in front of the *palais* are spied.

"Voilà les sentinelles!" cries Titine, Lloyd salutes, Mimi yells, *"Soldats! soldats! Là, Maman! Là, Papa!"* Standing rigidly by their *guérites,* with fixed bayonets gleaming in the sun, their presence contrasts strangely with the background of flowers and the foreground of hoop-rolling girls and boat-sailing boys. They have always been in front of the Palais du Sénat, but now they seem different in their habitual setting. Their immobility, their very presence here, is unreal. How can valid men be spared from what we call "out there," fighting for France?

I had not intended to speak of the war. One always resolves, when he writes, to forget the war. But even in the Luxembourg, when you are with, and engrossed in, the children, the war enters, for it is

an essential factor in our life. It is our war. We cannot rid ourselves of the thought of it, of the burden of it. The children accept it, and, as with all the serious things of life, incorporate the war in their play.

Boats there are in the *grand bassin,* all sorts and conditions of them, just as one always finds them on a good afternoon when the wind is blowing gently. And eager faces are gazing intently from the stone coping. But the game is different in these days of war. Yachts are no longer sailing for a prize. Battle-ships are going out after the enemy. The hunt is one-sided, however, as few boys are willing to sacrifice themselves for the common good by having their boats fly an enemy flag. In the *grand bassin* the German flag is as scarce to-day as it is in the North Sea.

If physical activity be a criterion, the grandfather who boasts of having rented boats to men to-day admirals in the Mediterranean and members of the cabinet is still good for another twenty years. When Lloyd goes to choose his boat in the fascinating shipyard, I often chat with the ship-owner. He never fails to tell one that he stopped growing old when he reached sixty. To-day he asked his new joke (new, since he has been repeating it for only fifteen months, while the joke before the war had been tried for fifteen years).

"Let me see, you want a German boat, is it not?" he asks, bending over with a toothless grin.

"No!" shouts Lloyd, tense almost to tears. "The Germans are—"

Why repeat it all? I try to remain cosmopolitan and to call myself a neutral, but my son is neither cosmopolitan nor neutral. The letter of boats nods approvingly, and pats the boy on the back. Lloyd, mollified, admonishes him with a *"Pas de blague!"* For a franc Lloyd gets a boat big enough to require papa's assistance.

From naval warfare we turn to join the army. The donkeys, drawing empty carts, shake their heads mournfully. They do not understand their loss of popularity, which, I find, is due to their exploiter's lack of appreciation of psychology. Early in the war the children saw that the donkey-man would stand for no nonsense. He did not want his carts used as ambulances, dragged around after the advancing battle-line; so, save on Sundays, his pickings are poor. He would gladly be a good sport now, but the children have boycotted him. He is even suspected of being a *Boche.*

We climb the steps of the parterre, and walk along the alleys of the Observatoire on our homeward way. Everywhere the children have organized themselves into armies. Big trees are fortresses. It is possible, even inside the iron gates, to storm redoubts and trenches. For workmen have been laying a gas-main from the rue de Vaugirard to the Boul' Miche'. Mercifully they are doing it slowly. The opportunity is splendid; real trenches are at hand.

Near the upper gate a group of older boys (older means from ten to thirteen) are gathered around a veteran of 1870, who, tracing the battle-field with a cane in the sand, explains the campaign in the Argonne. Another veteran drills seriously every day the younger boys from the Lycée Montaigne. Convalescent soldiers join in the training of the next generation.

Girls have their prominent and essential place in the play armies. The wee women of France are not shelved by the masculine sex. Equality begins in the nursery. Jumping-ropes and hoops have been laid aside for happier days. Even diabolo is losing ground. Tennis-rackets gather dust on the upper shelf of the hall closet. Dolls are wounded soldiers, and doll-carriages, if used at all, are ambulances. Like their older sisters, the little girls of the Luxembourg have enlisted for Red Cross duty, and follow the armies to give first aid on the battle-field. Park benches are improvised hospitals. Set forth on them, bottles, cotton, and bandages show their stern reality of the play. The nurses wear the regulation headgear, with the cross upon the forehead. Smaller boys, who can be bossed, are impressed into service as stretcher-bearers.

"War is revealed to one at every turn"

The children reflect the spirit of the nation and the work of the nation. The war has first place in the minds of all, it has first place in the efforts of all. Is not play at its best an imitation of what the grown-ups are thinking and doing?

And in the Luxembourg the other side of the war is revealed to one at every turn. War means glory and immortality only to poets and orators; to the rest of the world it means suffering and death. I am reluctant to go with my children to the Luxembourg these days, for it seems like flaunting my immunity in the face of everybody. Other fathers are at the war —or are not. Children's guardians are grandfathers. Black is the prevalent color in dresses.

Soldiers there are a-plenty. Some, vigorous and bronzed, are *permissionaires,* home on eight-days' furlough after a year in the trenches. How they treasure the precious moments with wife and babies! But by far the greater number in uniform are wounded and convalescents. In every *allée* one meets the maimed on crutches; or the blind, who are learning with hesitating footsteps a new dependence on cane or loving arm. As they pass, the *chers blessés,* the children pause in their play and salute them silently. Tear-filled eyes and lips that have scant respite from quivering bear witness to the children's knowledge of what war means. They are not allowed to idealize war as they would instinctively do; in the enthusiasm of earnest play the glory of war should be uppermost. But then the *chers blessés* pass, and pain, none the less intense because it cannot be analyzed by them, grips little hearts.

Were it not for the very fact itself of little children in the Luxembourg, this would be too sad to write about. The blessing, the healing virtue, the inspiration of the Luxembourg is not in flowers and trees, in fountains and fresh air. It is in the children, the hope of the nation.

So when a young woman passes, carrying a dog and cooing to it, one has reason to believe that a heart is lacking, else it would break.

"The working-man in Wales and elsewhere had made up his mind"

The Working-man in War-time

By HARRISON SMITH

Heading by Harry Townsend

THIS narrative is the plain account of one who became interested in the attitude of the laboring class toward the war, and who sailed to England in the steerage to tramp over the hills of Wales to the mining towns that lie hidden in its bleak valleys. It has little to do with statistics or official reports, partly because they do not touch the human heart of the question, and also, I am not ashamed to confess it, because the author cares little for such matters.

It was in the second week in August that the Dutch liner *Rijndam* sailed from Hoboken. The steerage-deck, at the very stern of the ship, overshadowed by the great pier, seemed to me dismal enough, and I turned from the ecstatic hat-wavings of three friends to survey with many forebodings the strange people who were to be my comrades for nine days. As I watched the young woman beside me, who, it was within reason to imagine, might present her native land with a prospective citizen before she arrived there, and the curious antics of a tall man in a white jumper who was trying to make a girl on the wharf above laugh at him, I felt a melancholy satisfaction in considering myself a lonely exile in an unknown land. With an education and experience far different from theirs, I wondered if I could discover anything in common with them, or even disarm their suspicion of my being there among them.

The solid pier began to move past us; the woman above burst into tears, as if the sight of her lover's gamboling had

wrung her heart. We were herded below to dinner, where we sat back to back on narrow benches, and guzzled, smacked our lips, and cried, "Good! good!" over the solid Dutch food. The tables were set in an open space under the latticed hatch, and the checkered sunshine did its best to gild the plain steel and battered woodwork. Even the mingled smells that are part of the personality of every ship proved to be not the least unpleasant, and before the rice pudding, thick with raisins, had been served to us out of a shining pail it was apparent that nearly all had thrown from them anxiety and the grief of recent parting.

We became positively hilarious. Chunks of bread and honest Dutch jokes, translated to me out of pure courtesy, were hurled with unerring aim. With such warm-hearted critics it was not difficult to win one's spurs as a wit by satirizing the fat *obermeister* or even to have the pleasure of hearing my poor jests repeated in three languages by these polyglots.

To many on board the future must have seemed black indeed. The German girls returning to families bereft of men, with their pathetic savings wrung from their toil in America; the pale woman with six children, bound for war-ravaged Poland; the men of Holland conscripted into the army—what reasons could they find for happiness? Yet they abandoned themselves to those long days of warm sunshine and smooth seas as if they expected to be fed and cared for the rest of their days. The sickly babies took a new hold on life, and were eternally crawling into the most perilous situations and having to be rescued by their mothers. The band of Dutch boys turned into irrepressible small animals, while their elders lounged about the deck, shoeless and coatless, playing absurd practical jokes, testing their muscles in mock-heroic combats, and laughing immoderately at the least excuse.

I had expected that it would be impossible to like these people, but I soon found that the fault was with me, in that I could not repay them in their own way for their generosity and friendliness and their impulsive confidences. I felt myself cold and unmannerly, a stranger to the warm current of their emotions. In the aggregate they were a small segment of the labor class; concretely they were human beings whose delightful eccentricities and lack of conventionality would have made them lovable to the coldest nature. Inside of twenty-four hours I would not have traded my hard bunk among them for the captain's cabin.

Of the humors of the voyage I do not purpose to speak. The gay-hearted and amorous baker from Amsterdam, the philosopher, and the merry fat woman must remain unchronicled; but as long as I am able to recall the young cabinet-maker who had worked in many lands and who tried stumblingly to express the artistic pleasure that he felt when his sharp knife slid through the silken grain of precious woods, I can never think of labor as a mass of dull, dingy people. The baker, too, knew the joy of creation, for he proudly displayed photographs of himself in the act of frosting half an acre of cake.

Many of the men had left good positions and fair wages to obey the summons of Holland, which was mobilizing its army. They were men who knew the world of labor and the slender foothold that separated them from the abyss of destitution. When their country needed them no longer they would cross the seas and begin life over again, a hazardous, perilous business for a family man. What was it that drove them to this supreme act of devotion? It did not seem to be what we call patriotism, for more than one had lived long away from their mother country and could analyze its faults as coolly as they could the shortcomings of other lands in which they had worked.

The cynic who called an empty purse the greatest friend of the recruiting-sergeant was only partly right. It is rather the dullness of the routine of their toil that saps the energies of men and their very love of life, the sordid domestic troubles and the longing for new horizons. Patriotism, of course, has its share in fill-

ing the world's armies, but it plays, despite its pretensions, a small part compared with the discontent and feverish unrest of the daily lives of working people.

On the afternoon of the ninth day the *Rijndam* sailed into the quiet harbor of Falmouth. Placid, smooth hills ran down to the narrow bay, and under the setting sun a white lighthouse shone like a jewel in its brilliant green setting. Clustered on the slope of the highest promontory, a square mass of soldiers' huts and tents was tangible evidence that England was at war. On the distant shore groups of naked soldiers sunned themselves on the brown rocks, while scores of tiny specks on the uplands beyond drilled and marched for the glory of the empire.

Falmouth itself was crammed with troops, a jolly set of bronzed youths, apparently without a care in the world. At night along the broad streets of the old watering-place they walked up and down, singing like so many college boys, or flirted decorously in shady spots with maidens of the town. No girl here was so ill favored that she might not have a khaki-clad lover, or several of them if she could manage it. A small part of England, at any rate, could give thanks for the blessings of war.

The orderliness of the country-side and the absence of anything to indicate the strain of a world war were enough to induce a rank pessimist toward the stolid optimism and confidence apparent everywhere that one went. At this time, even the press, except for the bitter internecine war that divided it, was externally almost somnolent. Labor was smoothly working under the Munitions Act, the Russians seemed to be successfully luring the German armies toward eventual annihilation, and there was calm on the western front. In fact, aside from the unfortunate fact that most of the world was fighting, there was not a cloud in the sky. England, wearied by a year of unwonted excitement, slept soundly, as she may never sleep again until the treaty of peace is signed.

A book might be written of the curious rumors that arose and spread over the country like wild-fire. There were stories of supernatural happenings and divine interventions that might have come straight from the Middle Ages. Shimmering angels had routed the enemy in more than one battle, and aërial bowmen had fought for the English at home. In the trains and at restaurants one heard about such miraculous events.

On the way up to London a gentleman with a long beard—a "commercial" for a lace house—insisted on reading aloud the book of Daniel to prove that Germany was doomed to defeat. The attitude of these worthy and credulous people was so amazing in its utter self-complacency that I came to suspect some of the younger believers in supernatural agents of deciding that if the heavenly hosts had been enlisted, there would be no need of mortal recruits. A people starving for intelligent news will inevitably manufacture news for themselves, and who can blame them for painting it in brilliant colors?

The war had at least broken down a part of the Englishman's armor of reserve. In the course of long walks through the streets of London and country lanes and across an industrial region engaged in turning out munitions I discovered that this delightful serenity of mind belonged almost exclusively to the tradesmen, shopkeepers, and small business men who make up a large part of the middle class.

Labor was distinctly in a state of unrest. The poorer class, the workmen and their families with whom one largely comes into contact in going from town to town on foot, were neither optimists nor pessimists about the war. Since the ranks of the army were recruited largely from their millions, they were in too close physical contact with the hardships of war to harbor any illusions about angel allies or unnatural victories.

Few of them were not fully aware of the danger that menaced England if she were defeated. The English press seems to hold the opinion that the working-men are ignorant of what is going on about them, and are absorbed in their own affairs

to the exclusion of the interests of the nation. True, they cannot talk as glibly as the shopkeeper concerning affairs of state and the policy in the near East, but they know the true inwardness of the meaning of war and defeat, and perhaps that is all that really matters.

That they are selfish and blind is a fallacious belief that is widely used as an explanation of the strikes, the maintenance of trade-union rules, and, above all, of the opposition of labor to conscription. If it were true, this would, nevertheless, be a most encouraging and facile explanation. Unfortunately, the root of the matter lies deeper than that.

In the mental attitude of the working-man toward the enemy one could see a direct reflection of that of their comrades in uniform who had seen service. They were willing enough to curse the kaiser and the Germans fluently and they had not forgotten Belgium, but as to the valor of their enemy and the efficiency of their organization they had not the least doubt. They even exaggerated it, and manufactured out of thin air diabolical weapons of German invention. More than once I have heard some artisan or soldier who had been in the trenches opposing and silencing a bitter civilian's attack on the courage of the German common soldier. A great part of my admiration for the English Tommy has come from incidents of that kind. Only a brave man will take the trouble to champion the bravery of his foe.

Under the surface of every question that related to the working-man lay a feeling of uncertainty or of blind confidence. People could not understand why there had been strikes in shipyards and docks and in the mine-fields. War was at the throat of Great Britain; was it possible that so large a class of Englishmen could be unpatriotic?

Suddenly reports of another strike in southern Wales grew within three days from unrelated rumors to the certainty of another conflict. Angry men spoke of it in the street, varying in their expressions from the vague "something ought to be done" to that of the choleric persons who would "jolly well fix the blighters" by sending regiments to southern Wales to shoot them down.

In company with three soldiers home on leave from a training camp, a bricklayer, and a gentleman who advertised that he had something to do with horses, I traveled to Cardiff. We talked eventually of the strike. The soldiers seemed to care very little about the matter; their job was fighting, and they left everything else to civilians. The cockney horse-dealer was virulent in abuse of the miners, and the bricklayer contented himself with swearing into the neck of a thick bottle. There was very little to be got out of any of them, and as the train rushed through the dusk I began to fear that my trip to Wales was a wild-goose chase and to wish myself back in London. There few seemed to know or care a great deal about the labor situation, but at least they could talk heatedly on that or any other subject. Also, I had a mistaken idea that the Welsh miner on his native heath would prove as uncommunicative as a Scotchman.

The train skirted the coast and began to run through endless lines of cars filled with miles of coal. We were nearing England's great coal metropolis. Cardiff, a mushroom city, ugly and overgrown, with tramway lines and dark stone buildings, proved to be non-committal and dull, but the little mining villages at the bottoms of the narrow valleys that run from the rugged mountains at the north toward the sea were eloquent of the reasons for the action of British labor during the war. The Welsh miner happens to be a convenient figurehead to represent the sort of man of whom the English Government demands unremitting labor in factories, shipyards, and mines during the war or actual enlistment in the army or navy. The men that I met tramping over the hills of eastern Wales were expected voluntarily to give up their class war, to surrender their trade-union restrictions, and to submit to the presence of women and unskilled labor in place of the skilled men who had gone to the front.

If there were no complications to this simple admonition to fight or work, if it had concealed no contemplated treachery on the part of capital, it would seem to the fair-minded man of any class to be a just and honorable demand. After all, a man must sacrifice something for his country in its hour of trial, even though that country has given him little beyond the food and shelter he must have to keep himself alive. A Welsh miner, for example, for ten hours' work or more a day at monotonous and perilous labor, gained, before the war, about twenty-six shillings a week, barely enough to make ends meet, to pay the tax to his labor-union, his sickness insurance, and to buy an occasional bit of finery for his wife and a continual supply of tobacco and drink for himself. They are intelligent men, on the whole, who have a practical knowledge of labor conditions, who read the papers religiously, and who have gained a rude conception of socialistic theories through constant debates in the public houses scattered throughout every hamlet and town. There is no other class in the community, not excepting august members of Parliament, who spend so much of their leisure time talking and thinking of serious topics as do these men.

Let me visualize the mental attitude of a British working-man toward the three things that have most concerned him in the last eighteen months, the war, capital, and his own work. We will assume that he is a miner, though he might as well be a longshoreman, a riveter, or a harness-maker as far as the essential facts of his life are concerned. This man lives, let us say, in a two- or three-roomed house which is exactly like that of five hundred of his fellow-townsmen, in an ugly town built at the bottom of a narrow valley which is exactly like the half-dozen towns stretched along the course of that and the next valley. He tramps every morning two miles to the black hole at the top of the vast slag-heap that he has piled up day by day and month by month. At night he walks wearily back, his face and hands as black as a negro's from the long toil in the shaft half a mile underground, his clothes hard and gritty with coal-dust. Before he can rest or eat he must strip off his clothes and wash in the combined kitchen and living-room of his tiny home. He is a man over thirty, and there is a constant babel of fighting and crying children about him, until he can endure it no longer, and goes off to the public house for the remainder of the evening. Here is his true pleasure in life. The long disputes, the occasional drinks, the jokes, and the warmth create in him a feeling of well-being; for the first time in the long day he assumes the characteristics that differentiate him from a hard-working plow-horse, and he becomes a social and thinking animal. The public house is his parliament. Here he weighs the acts of ministers, the strategy of generals, and debates heatedly on the eternal and never-solved problems in his relations to his employer.

It was this man and the thousands like him who were faced on the fateful August morning with the glaring head-lines that told that his country was at war. The announcements pasted up at the post-office and the arrival of a recruiting-officer were perhaps the first intimations of the relation of the conflict to himself. The sessions at the public house every evening and the meetings of the union became the absorbing events of his day. The spirit of war filled the air; on his way to work, in chance encounters at the depths of the mine, nothing was talked of but Germany's dastardly invasion of Belgium. His position as a laboring-man and the age-old war against capital were obliterated in the overwhelming magnitude of that great event. In Wales and all over the rest of Great Britain during the first months of the conflict labor was at peace with itself and with its employers, stunned into forgetfulness.

The young men began to drift into the office of the recruiting-sergeant; even the older men with children felt the surging impulse of the great adventure. But little by little, his old habits of thought revived and began to adjust themselves to the new conditions. There had been unnecessary,

stupid announcements issued by the mine-owners urging the men to lay aside their old strife, to work to their utmost in order that the navy and their Allies might have steam coal. A discordant note began to creep into the debates in the heated bar-room; strange, unpatriotic speeches were made at the union meetings; violent disputes broke out. The miner felt that it was a disgrace, but sentences crept insidiously into his mind and could not be rooted out. This was a capitalists' war, he was told; it had no relation to his own life; it was an instrument to crush organized labor finally. Everything of this nature that he heard fitted in with the theories that had been pounded into him all his life. The absurd logic of the patriotic speeches at the recruiting meetings in the public square became evident to him.

Then suddenly he awoke to the realization of the fact that the ugly rumors that were in circulation were true. Capital was undoubtedly raising the price of commodities, for his food, clothes, everything cost him more. In some districts even the rents had gone up. It was proved that fabulous prices were charged by steamship-owners for the transport of the coal that he had been urged to mine for the benefit of his country, that in London there was a charge of twenty shillings a ton over the contract price for the poorer grades of stove coal. The workmen knew that that meant sickness and destitution to hundreds of poor people. The logic of it all was unavoidable. The owners were getting rich out of the war, while labor became poorer. His old suspicion and fear of the power that controlled him awoke from its lethargy. There was no statement so bitter and prejudiced now that did not seem to have its measure of truth.

Organized labor met and urged the facts on Parliament—damning facts which every working-man's paper published. Due to exorbitant freight charges, wheat had risen twenty per cent. over the normal price. On January 14 the Workmen's National Committee re-issued the demands it had announced on the last week in October. They asked for protection against exorbitant prices and the commandeering of supplies by the nation wherever possible. Food prices by this time had risen from twenty to thirty per cent. over the pre-war level, though the slowly increasing wages affected fewer than two hundred thousand workers out of the whole nation, while a decrease in wages had actually occurred to 150,000 workers in November alone. This condition was unendurable; no amount of patriotism or stoic endurance could blind their eyes to its significance.

On February 11, Parliament debated on the menace of the rise in prices. The attitude of the Government in this debate and the one that followed six days later was one of the immediate causes of the labor unrest of that spring. "Wait till June," said Mr. Asquith, and comforted the labor world by announcing that things were not half as bad as they might be. It is difficult to tell exactly what labor expected of its law-makers at this time; perhaps an outburst of indignation at the discoveries that the Price Committee had made, at least sympathy and immediate palliative measures to establish maximum prices on the necessities of life, leading to their eventual control by the Government. They were told to wait as a child is silenced while its elders talk. "Don't bother us," droned the honorable members of Parliament from their sleeping benches; "we are meditating higher things than the price of food to fill your stomachs."

The effect on working-men was immediate all over the country. Thoroughly awake to the significance of their position, filled at heart with patriotic pride at the way in which their younger brothers and sons had entered the army, they were in so sensitive a condition that if the Government and the capitalist had shown at the beginning a desire to aid them, their unrest might have been stilled until the end of the war. Instead, they were met with stupidity from their rulers and with what seemed to them to be treachery on the part of their employers. In every working community in Great Britain the suspicion and bitterness which had been bred by

years of struggle against capital aroused again the formidable monster of class hatred. Every public house and labor meeting became a bar of indictment against the sins of employers. Through the winter months and early spring the facts of the case were piled up, and added to them were Heaven knows what malicious and incredible tales. There was proof positive of what has been called "an unholy alliance of profiteers," of ship-owners, employers, and merchants.

When June came, and the Government instituted its Munitions Act, which promised that war profits were to be taxed, that labor was to receive an extra wage, and asked in return that there should be no strikes, it was already too late. The working-man in Wales and elsewhere had made up his mind. The young men were flooding into Kitchener's new armies in an undiminished stream. In his willingness to sacrifice himself on the battle-field, the laborer had not changed, but in everything that concerned his work and his attitude toward capital there had been a revolution since those first three months of war. How great that revolution was may be judged by the labor disputes that grew up over the country like evil mushrooms. In the June before the war there were 118 strikes; in July almost 50,000 men were involved, all of them in minor disputes, a low average in times of peace. In August came the war, and the number of strikes dropped from 99 to 15, with fewer than 2000 men concerned. By January there had been only 107 strikes in five months, with 15,828 men directly involved. But two months later there were 26,129 men who struck work during the month, and in March there were 74 strikes. The labor committee of investigation and the somnolent debate in the House of Commons had indeed borne fruit. In May there were 6000 more workmen on strike than there had been in the June before the war.

This represents only the graver disputes. In every industrial region there were scores of cases in which strikes of imposing magnitude were diverted only by the sudden submission of the employers or through the medium of the trade-union leaders and the Government. Outside of the mining districts, the gradual admission of unskilled men and woman labor was beginning to cause discontent and irritation in the ranks of organized labor.

In all this growing confusion the country at large seemed aware of only one source of disturbance, that in the great shipyards along the Clyde. Against the thousands of workers engaged on admiralty work there were vague charges of neglect, wilful slowness, drunkenness, or anything in the world that could prove the laborers engaged on work vital to the safety of the nation were unpatriotic and hostile to the war. The nation could not comprehend why Scotch workmen toiling at the pleasant task of building battleships should behave so outrageously that 9000 of them should dare to strike at the same time. The press began to invent the phrases which now come readily to the lips of men who wish to express their feelings toward organized labor. The Clyde workers were "a stain on the honor of Scotland," though at the same time the Scotch workmen who had enlisted were proving themselves the finest fighters in the army.

It is an anomaly that cannot be solved unless you conclude that the man who has entered the army and the striker are of the same kind and have the same feelings toward their country except that the man who has gone to the firing-line has chosen by far the easier task. The choice between the work of forcing hot rivets into the sides of a battle-ship, breaking coal in a mine, and fighting the Germans for the honor of the nation is incomparably to the advantage of the last. If you know the conditions under which the British working-man lives and his bitterness toward the men who are growing rich from the war, to ask him to cease his conflict with capital is as futile as King Canute's command to the sea. The British laboring-man is not, and never will be, a domesticated animal, like his brothers across the North Sea.

Despite the warning furnished in February by the Clyde strike, the nation was unprepared for the upheaval in South Wales in July. That strike, involving the united action of the entire coal-field, awoke England and nations across the seas to the true state of affairs. It is unnecessary to relate the history of the strike. The world knows too well its complete success, and the humiliating position into which it forced the Government by revealing that the penal clauses of its new Munitions Act were unworkable and that a single united labor-union could force the nation to its knees. The second strike in Wales was over a mere technicality as to whether the enginemen and surface-workers should receive the war bonus promised by the Government, and although it concerned only the eastern and central valleys, it threatened to stop work in the entire coal-field if the Government had not yielded again.

As I tramped over the hills of Wales and along the endless streets of mining towns I found an absolute confidence in the men I met as to their power to win that strike or any other that might come in the future. Not one miner of all that I saw seemed to question in the slightest their right to stop work in war-time, though there was a good deal of dispute over the advisability of anything less than united action on the part of the whole field. Their feeling toward the hostility of the rest of the nation other than their own class was almost one of contempt. A group of miners would read a certain scathing editorial which I had cut from a great newspaper and burst into laughter over it or cheerfully curse the man who had written it. It seemed the height of absurdity to a miner whose brother was at the front, and who was thinking of leaving wife and children to go himself, that any one should think him unpatriotic; and as for being a "slacker," it was the men of wealth who in his estimation were the slackers, and not those who worked ten hours a day for a weekly wage of less than thirty shillings.

I have emphasized the situation in Wales because it is proof of the impregnable position in which the British working-man found himself at that time. The power of organized labor is not only unassailable, but it is increasing steadily. If the attitude of the Government and of capital remains hostile to the working-man's interests, if they do not coöperate with him to keep down the cost of living and to stifle the profiteers who are making fortunes out of the war, there is every evidence that this new-born power will assume a most sinister significance. It has already weakened England's position in the war by a grave restriction in the normal output of mines and factories. If its patriotic attitude, its willingness to send its men to the armies that must be recruited should turn into indifference and aversion, it may prevent the ultimate victory toward which England looks with stoic assurance. Labor might readily become a greater danger than the German armies.

There has never been a long-continued period in Great Britain when the employer and the working-man understood each other, and the rift that began to destroy the brief harmony at the beginning of the war is widening every day. To one who watches the current of affairs there comes an ominous foreboding and fear of what the future may bring, for the assumption becomes unavoidable that labor is preparing itself, either after the war or during it, should it be prolonged, for some stupendous struggle with capital. Already, in the few months since the beginning of the war, it has gained what it needed most if it was to defy its masters—a new assurance of its vast power, a common purpose, and a clear vision. That is an alarming statement, but it is borne out by my personal observation that their class struggle is assuming a larger significance, is of greater interest to them, than their war with Germany. "What is the use," I have heard a railway worker say, "of England's winning this war if organized labor is smashed by capital as its result?" A miner on strike spoke to me of treachery at home, and meant not treason to the

state, but unfaithfulness to the cause of labor and to the thousands of workmen in the trenches. Incidents like that speak more eloquently than volumes of official speeches and reports, because it is the mental attitude of the common laboring-man that counts; not what he has already done, but what his mind may impel him to do in the future.

Since the Welsh strikes there have been a great number of minor disturbances; a munitions plant has struck work as a protest to the transference of skilled labor from the army to the workshop, and under the threat of strike higher wages have been granted to railway men and government employees. Though there are no figures in evidence to establish it, there can be no doubt that the rank and file of labor has not been faithful to its agreement with the Government, and that it is purposely restricting its output, forcing the skilful worker to slow his pace to that of the average. During the Trades Union Congress in September, at which labor adopted its unanimous edict against conscription, Lloyd-George gave concrete examples of this slowing down of production on materials vital to the army and navy. Little has been done to remedy this condition, and, indeed, what can be done when the working-man knows that the Munitions Act is an empty threat that cannot be fulfilled?

Grave as these incidents are, the appalling feature in the labor situation has been the change in the mind of the mass of working-men, and the gradual consolidation of organized labor into a vast army of men who are beginning to think in common and may some day act in common.

The unity of labor in its opposition to conscription is the most obvious sign of its strength. The unanimous decision at the Trades Union Congress was a proclamation of this to the nation, but there have been other signs of their determination not to endure conscription, though the country is split in the process or the war is won or lost. In the House of Commons, J. H. Thomas, a representative of the railway-men, stated that "on the first day that conscription was introduced, the Government would be compelled to deal not with compulsory service, but with industrial revolution." More and more it has become evident that his statement was not an exaggeration, and that unless labor swings suddenly to the opposite pole, conscription can be introduced only as a perilous expedient, a last resort.

The Fountain

By CARL BRANDT

IN the still water of the fountain
I see the moon
Prinking,
A débutante preparing for her party
Before a mirror.

A trembling of the water
Scatters the moon's face into twinkling hexagons of light.
The surface boils, the mirror breaks,
And the fountain casts its heart to the night.

Children of Hope[1]

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–XII

AURELIUS GOODCHILD, a visionary American, having received a legacy of a hundred thousand dollars, sails for Europe with his three attractive daughters.

On the advice of John Holland, they take up their abode in the Pension Schwandorf in Florence, where Euphrosyne, the second daughter, begins her novel-writing, and Thalia takes up her art studies with an elderly Frenchman. Reginald Dux, a rich young American, with whom she has fallen in love, appears on the scene. A young Italian officer in a crack regiment, impressed with Euphrosyne, makes their acquaintance, and a young Englishman at the pension attaches himself to Aglaia's train. Learning that her voice has been ruined, Aglaia gives up her ambition to be a great singer, and marries the young Englishman, hoping, through the influence of his family, to gain at least a certain degree of social prominence.

Meanwhile the love-affair of Euphrosyne and the young Italian officer advances propitiously. Despite her protest against his taking the risks, he begins a practical study of aviation. Thalia continues her studies with the elderly teacher of painting until one day, enraged by his love advances, she leaves his studio in haste, and thereafter continues her painting without an instructor. John Holland again appears in Florence, and later Reginald Dux. The father of the girls, left to himself much of the time, progresses in his acquaintance with certain doubtful characters of the city.

Later the entire party attends the carnival ball, and Reginald Dux, who has been moved by Thalia's beauty almost to the point of asking her to marry him, persuades her to leave the ball secretly and drive with him in a park; but having angered her, on her insistence he takes her to her pension instead of back to the ball. The next day he leaves Florence, knowing that he will see the girl no more.

CHAPTER XIII

JOHN HOLLAND BRINGS HIS WORK IN FLORENCE TO A CLOSE

THALLIE managed to persuade her father and Frossie that she had not been taken down with cholera. Mr. Goodchild decided that this prostration had resulted from the carnival ball: always highly strung, she was suffering from those too-violent vibrations that had filled the opera-house. Frossie, however, was less easily relieved. Watching the still face averted on the pillow, she suspected a condition worse, in her judgment, than physical illness—a lovers' quarrel, the jeopardy of Thallie's dearest hopes, perhaps an irreparable break with Reginald Dux.

But even next day Thallie made no

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confession. Bedtime came round at last, and Reginald had made no sign. The dread of seeing him gave place to fear lest he might not appear to-morrow.

Late the following afternoon, while Frossie and Mr. Goodchild were out walking, Thallie intrusted to the little door-porter, Domenico, a note:

Come and forgive me for the words I did n't mean.

Domenico brushed his boots anew, polished the tiny brass keys on the collar of his gray frock-coat, saw to it that his linen was quite clean,—for the door-porter of the Pension Schwandorf ought to look his best before the porter of the big Hotel Alexandra,—then he trotted away toward the Arno, delicately holding between two fingers the missive of the *carina,* the *simpatica,* the *adorabile* Signorina Thallie. And presently he trotted back, into the house, up-stairs to the dear Signorina Thallie's bedroom door, which she, having seen him cross the street, was holding open. But the note that he presented was her own!

"He is not there, Signorina. He departed yesterday with all his baggages. He is entirely gone away, to Sicily, or something like that."

Closing the door, staring and open-mouthed, she leaned her weight against the panels, as if trying to keep out this news.

"No! no! it 's impossible! It 's too hideous to be true!"

Frossie, returning, found her in hysterics and learned the truth. And that same night Frossie, almost as much shaken as if this catastrophe had been her own, was forced to tell Mr. Goodchild that Reginald and Thallie, after a misunderstanding, had parted perhaps forever.

In the days that followed, Thallie, without the wish to live or the energy to die, said many a time to herself and to her sister, "He has broken my heart." But as time passed, she found that one may survive even such an injury, though the broken heart that has been healed does not for a long while absorb its scars.

However, her convalescence was not slow, considering that before it was completed she seemed to have been made over into another person. Her intellect, formerly restricted by the optimism of good health, saw the whole spread of life in a new light when her vitality was lowered by despair. She came to know the pessimism of youth whose vigor has been exhausted by its tragedies, an immature cynicism than which there is none more bitter, more greedy for confirmation of its melancholy fancies. Listless on her long-chair covered with monkeys and pomegranates, beside the warm stove of yellow porcelain, she read again the novelists whose dreary views had once repelled her. But now, at some passage meant to show the cruelty and worthlessness of life, she felt a pang of pain and satisfaction mingled, as who should say, "That is true; I have found existence like that." Or else: "All these vows of love, what irony! In the last chapter we shall see that they were lies; otherwise this writer does n't deserve his reputation."

When she began to go about again, one now and then surprised on her face the look that she might wear at forty. For her beauty was altered, too, like a garden of roses the details of which, hitherto lost in sunshine, grow cold and clear beneath the first gray sky of autumn.

She now preferred to take her walks alone. In those dismal days of March she revisited the spots where he and she had laughed together, at each return aware of a twinge in which misery was fraught with the strange pleasure of a martyr. She contemplated such places with the melancholy of one who reviews the regions where he was happy in his childhood. And somehow, whenever she had refreshed her memory in those surroundings, she could think of Reginald more kindly, as if he who had laughed with her there was a different person from the Reginald who had run away. Perhaps that was why she kept returning to those scenes.

At nightfall she regained the pension, enervated by her thoughts and the Italian winds, pale, with deep shadows beneath

"'An' you do nozzing? You are a *signore*, a *gentilhomme*, a—how zall I say?—a meester at your ease?'"

her eyes, her rich-hued tresses showing a diminished luster. But next morning, moved by a nervous restlessness, she set out again to hug her anguishes and apprehensions in the solitude of crowds, to sweep the picture-galleries with an unseeing gaze, to sit brooding in empty churches, to lean over the parapet of a bridge, watch the swift current, and reflect with a shudder in which two fears were blended, "It might even come to that?" But presently she was able to stop thinking of the river.

Yet she felt that to go on living it was necessary to find some anodyne for life. She remembered her old dreams of art, put up her easel, for hours sat staring at an empty canvas. Finding the very thought of legitimate, sound work too great a tax upon her brain, she wondered if she could not resume her painting with pictures in the Post-Impressionistic style? But her mind was unable to direct her "even to the execution of a Post-Impressionist picture." All her talents seemed to have evaporated with her happiness; her hopes of artistic fame were shattered, like her confidence in love.

So she resumed her listless wandering about the city, weighed down the more by inability to divert her mind with work.

Sometimes, while returning to the pension in the dusk, she was overtaken by John Holland.

Nowadays, if joined by another man, she would have walked faster in order to be rid of him the sooner. But with "Mr. Holland" she felt, instead of repugnance and suspicion, an instinctive respect, a confidence peculiarly soothing to her overwrought nerves.

He failed to ask her why she looked so blue; he did not seem to notice anything extraordinary in her new behavior; he refrained from objecting to her involuntary pessimistic comments. Yet when their walk was ended, she felt for the moment less despondent, and at the pension door said good-by almost with regret. For there are personalities which so generously irradiate strength and calmness that words are scarcely necessary for the relief of distracted souls with whom they come in contact.

As for Aurelius, Florence exhaled round him a magical, sweet soporific. Something within him that had always longed for nearness to the well-springs of romance and beauty was satisfied at last, and even the vision of Rome was veiled by the mist-like, golden softness of this Tuscan air. "Later," he told himself, when that vision had shown itself most clearly—"later, when I have assimilated and translated into words what Florence is trying to tell me." And at the writing-table in his bedroom overlooking the garden of the Pension Schwandorf he sat with pen in hand, his spirit hovering between the indolent present and the dynamically active past, his breast expanded by an inspiration too splendid to be reduced to black and white. Some afternoons he was forced to tear up all his day's scribblings, so inadequately did they express the fervor of his thoughts.

"Yes, art is long," he murmured to himself while slowly descending to the pension parlor for his cup of tea.

John Holland dropped in occasionally at that hour. This celebrity, who knew so many interesting persons, who had surely moved in all sorts of imposing circles, displayed in the pension a homely satisfaction.

He talked with Aurelius about the Outwall legacy, of which payment was now almost due.

"And have you decided how to invest the money?"

"Invest it? You mean, promote some worthy enterprise?"

"I mean put it in good securities, with assured principal and interest."

"It 's true, I 've been thinking of certain projects in which I might be tempted to engage if this fortune were to remain in my possession. But stocks and bonds? Wall Street has always seemed to me a perilous place. But, after all, so far as the investment is concerned, I suppose that will be for the children to decide."

And Aurelius, smoothing down his bushy beard of red and gray, sat back with

a cheerful smile, his high, white forehead tranquil, his kindly, sunken eyes fixed benevolently on space.

John Holland shook his head.

"In my opinion," he said, "if you 're determined to relinquish the whole sum, you had better place it in the hands of a reliable trust company, which would pay your daughters a fixed income. Thus one is sure of the principal remaining intact."

"And what is the return on such investments?"

"Usually four and a half per cent."

"Let me see. Is n't that rather small?"

"On the other hand, it is virtually safe."

"What a pity it seems! For myself, I care little about it, but I should like my children to have still more money. If only it were possible to find an opportunity for one of those great coups we read about! I admit I should like to double, yes, even triple, the amount before turning it over to the girls."

"Take my advice; dismiss that idea from your mind at once."

But Aurelius regretted that his promise to M. Farazounis prevented him from telling of the treasure buried in the pyramid. How a historian of dead races would have enjoyed that tale! And maybe Mr. Holland would have abandoned his dislike of all investments beyond the range of "sound trust companies" had he known that off there in Egypt lay a vast wealth of gold and silver, of pearls and rubies and what-not, all waiting for those who should equip a desert caravan, a train of camels in sufficient numbers, to bring off that fabulous hoard?

Was it by telepathic influence that these thoughts impinged so sharply upon Mr. Goodchild's brain? That very day Constantine Farazounis returned to Florence. The following afternoon, spying Aurelius through the plate-glass window of the Café Hirsch, the Greek dashed in through the doorway with a rapturous cry, and almost embraced his friend before the interested patrons.

"My gentleman! To think that I rejoin your sympathetic company at last!"

"Yes, you have been away for ages."

"My travels, ah, let us not talk of them, my sir! The life of a dog! But see; all in my wanderings your gift was in my hand!" And M. Farazounis thrust forward dramatically the cane with the golden sphinx's head, his Christmas present from Aurelius.

"Meanwhile," the latter responded with a shy smile, "I 've worn your scarab."

"It is so! What friends we are, we two! Otto! Is he still here, that Otto? Black coffee, Otto, and plenty of pastry, and a pack of Giubek cigarettes. Remember, to-day I pay the bill!"

"Black coffee, pastry, Giubeks," moaned Otto, as his short legs, bending from an exhaustion due to chronic melancholy, bore his fat little body slowly away to the buffet.

"You have not yet found an associate for that enterprise?" asked Mr. Goodchild, timidly.

"Ha! Who can I trust so much? Excuse me, the world are not all like you, my gentleman. But enough for now! Here comes Otto, the spy perhaps of German archæologists, with those big ears of his."

And as the lugubrious little Swiss waiter scuffled to the table with his tray, M. Constantine Farazounis, humming an exotic tune, looked innocently out through the plate-glass window upon the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele.

But suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise. A woman had just passed along the street, a raven-haired, striking-looking person of many curves and undulations. Mr. Goodchild's mouth fell open. It was the International Star!

"What," he exclaimed, "you know that lady?"

M. Farazounis gave Aurelius a swift look of speculation, then craned his neck elaborately after the departing vaudeville actress. With a laugh of vexation he responded:

"Something funny is the matter with my eyes to-day! I took her for a Sicilian contessa who once bought from me some

trifles of antique jewelries. But this lady is familiar to you, my sir?"

"I have seen her and admired her performance on the stage. Her name is Madame Nella Tesore. I 'm sorry that you don't know her; you might possibly have asked her permission to present me for a moment's chat. I should have taken much pleasure in complimenting her exceptional artistry."

The Greek, after staring at Aurelius for some seconds as if in a trance, wagged his head with profound regret.

"I, too, am veree sorry that I have not the honors of this madame's acquaintance."

When it was time for them to part, M. Farazounis promised faithfully to return to the Café Hirsch the following afternoon. And this he was kind enough to do, so that Mr. Goodchild's romantic friendship with the adventurer began to flourish as before. Otto, to whom the Greek had taken an antipathy, now seldom found the chance to droop beside the marble-topped table and pour out his troubles to Aurelius.

One day, however, when Farazounis had not yet appeared, the rotund little waiter confessed that he was nearly ready to give up the struggle of life.

"*Ach,* but I am tired of it all, Mr. Gootschild—the same black coffees alvays to and fro, the same sore feet, the same artists and penny-a-liners *mit* their penny tips, the same prison-valls around me! Only a vaiter, yes; but in here, in my bosom, is something yet! Here is still stewing and bubbling the old thoughts vhat I had vhen I vas young. And some days, vhen all this boils up in my heart, I could take off my apron and throw it in the face of the proprietor, and shout out before the whole Café Hirsch: 'I am done! I am a human soul, not the slave of a *Kaffee-Haus*-keeper *mit* so small a genius vhat I vould n't allow him to peel vegetabbles in an hotel of mine. I am finished *mit* you all, *mit* you, *dumkopf* chef, who have never in your life served up a *crêpes des gourmets,* or a *faisan à la financière,* or a *poulard Albufera,* and *mit* you also, sqvalid clientele, who have never eaten such things or know as they exist, and *mit* you, pig-dog of a vorld, vhat permits me to die unsatisfied in my honest ambitions!'"

Aurelius protested:

"My poor Otto, with those words you seem to give me a clue to your misfortunes. Perhaps in upbraiding the world, in feeling this hostility to your associates, you repel the favorable influences of the universe. By your bitterness you shut out the divine benevolence; your despair isolates you from the current of celestial supply; in short, you are out of tune with the infinite. But smile on humanity, and see how quickly it will smile on you! Replace your sense of lack with an expectation of prosperity, and note the change in fortune! 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' We are all the makers of our lives; the remedy lies with ourselves in this, as in every other karma."

And Mr. Goodchild, his lean, black-clad body erect against the mirror-lined wall, his ascetic, bearded face illumined by a missionary's zeal, preached for the little waiter's benefit the doctrine of New Thought, strongly flavored with theosophy, as he heard it nowadays from the lips of Princess Tchernitza. For his acquaintance with the obese Bulgarian had not ended at the carnival ball.

With April creeping northward, with a blander sunshine covering the hills, Thallie was often forced to stay at home, in her long-chair by the open window, motionless beneath a vast lassitude, oppressed by what seemed to her an eternal hopelessness. With a thrill of anguish she heard the first provocative notes of questing birds. Ah, if only spring would stay away—this cruel, sweet spring, in all its manifestation so poignantly suggesting the hours that would never come again! Its sounds, its pure scents, its delicate colors and soft caresses, caused the half-healed wounds to reopen, as if this maimed heart, like all the rest of nature, were automatically swelling with the old fervor.

But the others did not let Thallie have many of those wretched hours. They drew her out with them on fresh excur-

sions into the country, where spring, alas! was more evident than in the city. The Easter season came round; on Good Friday they packed her off to Grassina, a little town not far from Florence, where at twilight, down from the church amid a blaze of torches, wended a humble, pinchbeck cortège to illustrate the Passion. On Easter day John Holland took them to a window overlooking the Piazza del Duomo, where, to the banging of fireworks, a mechanical dove, emerging from a tall car, rushed sputtering on a wire into the cathedral and straight up to the high altar.

Then the opera season began at the Politeama Fiorentino. And there, of all places, Thallie had to sit listening to the music of Puccini.

Between the acts they noticed a big man with a pear-shaped face and a black, fanlike beard. John Holland pronounced his name. It was Valentino Mughetto, the singing-teacher who had sentenced Aglaia to a life of silence. And through the rest of the opera Mr. Goodchild thought only of his poor Aggie, in far-off Devonshire.

If he could just feel sure that she was happy there!

As a matter of fact, Aglaia was as happy in England as she had expected to be. Even before her marriage to Cyril Bellegram she had felt that serious dilemmas awaited her at Twelve Chimneys, Devonshire. She had taken it for granted that she would encounter there the famous "insular prejudice"; she had anticipated the resentment of an established family forced to admit a nobody into their circle; she had even been prepared to have the animosity of the Bellegrams leveled at her alone. In none of these presumptions was she altogether disappointed.

She found her new relatives polite, but cool. She immediately perceived that they considered this union a misalliance. And at dinner on the night of her arrival it was evident that her father-in-law, the baronet, had determined to procure as soon as possible a berth for Cyril in some foreign land.

Aggie had no objection to that plan. She had never intended to remain at Twelve Chimneys longer than was absolutely necessary. Though impressed despite herself by England and the Bellegrams, Aggie was not the one to long for a lifetime of subservience to either. Since she had invested, so to speak, in Cyril; she wanted to develop her new property without patriarchal or conventional interference. All the ardor with which she had once aspired to be a prima donna was now diverted to the alternative, the desire to become the helpmate of a diplomatic attaché. Her weeks of humdrum country life in Devonshire strengthened, instead of weakening, this intention. So the baronet, by placing Cyril in some distant post at the disposal of the foreign office, would be doing her the greatest favor in his power.

This is not to say that Aggie made no effort to change the Bellegrams' attitude toward her. Indeed, her nature almost rejoiced in the problem of abating their distrust and prejudice. From the hour of her arrival at Twelve Chimneys she went to work with all her wiles, employing one general method for the women, another for the men, and yet using against each person a still more special manner of appeal. In consequence, the Bellegram family began to change their minds about her; and when it became known that something highly interesting was going to happen before long, the general thaw was resolved into a freshet of friendliness.

As for Cyril, he redoubled his demonstrations of gratitude and awe. Even in familiarity, this fragile creature of pale tints and subtle graces remained for him the epitome of all his dream-girls.

His emotions never failed to interest Aglaia. Still, in the midst of the most fervid expressions of his love, she sometimes felt a curious pity, for herself as well as for her husband, because she was forced to feign the commensurate enthusiasm that he could not evoke. Would her sisters, she asked herself, suffer that same disillusionment? She wondered if Frossie, for instance, would find behind the veil of

Aphrodite's sanctuary something that she had missed. For there was no doubt in her mind that Frossie would soon be married to Camillo Olivuzzi.

Indeed, Camillo and Frossie were of the same opinion.

Their romance was peculiar in that there had been no actual proposal of marriage. Long since, in their tête-à-têtes, there had stolen over them a feeling of curious familiarity, a satisfaction so nearly perfect that they seemed to have been gravitating toward each other from the beginning of the world. They were, indeed, less like newly found affinities than lovers who had come together after a long separation. All the preliminary petitions and avowals appeared to have been made in the remotest past, far beyond the border-land of memory, and now, as if on the verge of a predestined reunion, they moved with more than youth's assurance toward their future.

Indeed, while considering the future, they often fell to talking as though they were already married. Camillo, whose early years in the wild hills of the Abruzzi had implanted in him much of the simplicity of nature, was incapable of the evasive thoughts which make many engagements seem the prelude of an immaterial relationship. Frossie, who had once been the most prudish of the Goodchild family, felt her reticence already giving way to frankness when she planned with this inevitable mate the details of their life in common. Her healthy longings were thoroughly permeated by the maternal instinct now, and with one clear look she would promise Camillo not only love, but also in brimming measure its perennially legitimate rewards. Those two harmonious young persons even got so far as to agree on the upbringing of their children.

"It must be soon," they told each other, gaze melting into gaze, as their very souls seemed to swell forward, impatient for that final interminglement.

And again Camillo wondered if he ought not to inform his father of their purpose.

The old Count Olivuzzi, a gentleman of exquisite punctiliousness despite his rural life, would certainly think it needful to journey from his rickety old hill-fortress down to Florence, inspect the bride-to-be, and approach Mr. Goodchild with a ceremonious proposal. Camillo, though his admiration for everything American suggested a less formal course, was too fond of his father to deny him this exercise of dignity. On one point, however, the young lieutenant was privately determined to defy tradition: there should be no argument about a dowry.

"Here is one marriage, at least," Camillo decided, "that shall not be called a dollar-hunt. All Florence, and as much of the rest of Italy as cares to look, shall see a man who pays his American wife the compliment of wedding her for herself."

But since his father would be sure to object, and at the top of his voice, to any such generosity, Camillo, out of reluctance to begin that altercation, still postponed sending off the news. Nevertheless, they had decided to be married in June.

Love, far from interfering with her writing, had acted on it as a tonic: the impulse to create had stimulated even the immaterial function of artistic effort. Her literary endeavors were now informed with a new clarity and ease; the pen glided more surely than before; when the day's work was done there were fewer torn pages in the waste-paper basket. Frossie believed that at last she was on the road to solid accomplishment. After studying all the technical books provided by John Holland, she had finally abandoned the field of historical fiction for the realistic style.

Now and then she read one of her chapters to Camillo.

"Why, look here, that is you and I!" he would exclaim, with sudden excitement.

"Yes, perhaps it is you and I; but it is life, too."

"Ah, that! I should say so! And beautiful as well."

"And beautiful as well."

"How happy they are!" thought Thal-

lie. "A whole lifetime of happiness before them!"

Indeed, Frossie and Camillo behaved like two persons who possessed a talisman to open all the treasuries of life. In time she was to become a great author, to entrap between the covers of her books the essence of alien countries as successfully as Mme. de Staël in "De l'Allemagne" and "Corinne." He was to rise from rank to rank in the Italian army, until, on a day of field-manœuvers, when the landscape was covered for many miles with floods of steel, he paced a hill, in the gold braid and blue velvet facings of the general staff, beside the king!

Meanwhile it did not in the least daunt Camillo that he was still a mere lieutenant of the Magenta Cavalry, or that he had not yet won the military brevet for aviators.

His examination for that honor was to take place in May. Three or four times a week he rode out to Baron di Campoformio's hangars near Quarto to take his lessons in the management of aëroplanes.

Frossie and Mr. Goodchild sometimes appeared to watch the flights. Aurelius, at least, could not understand why Thallie would never accompany them to the Villa Campoformio, especially when the baron was kind enough to put his motor-car at their disposal. And such a fine motor-car! The limousine, evidently designed in the first place for a lady's use, was upholstered in plum-colored cloth as sumptuously as a little boudoir! Thallie did not even show herself on the balcony when they were entering that vehicle.

Campoformio's lean, weather-beaten face expressed that cordiality which seems an attribute of country gentlemen everywhere. His attire as well as his manner made them forget his title: he wore his old shooting-coat; his thin hair was blown by the breeze. When he had discussed with Aurelius the prospects of the flower-garden, he led his guests into the house for tea.

He apologized for the appearance of the drawing-room, which, because of its amplitude and light, had been ruthlessly converted by the baron into a den. The place was plainly one of those famous bachelor lairs that servants are under strict orders not to tidy up. Frossie, gazing round her, felt an almost overpowering impulse to set everything to rights. She regarded the baron compassionately, as if he were a child that, left to its own devices, had made a mess of its surroundings.

"Poor man!" she thought. "Somebody really ought to marry him at once."

Then Camillo arrived, and Frossie forgot the baron's pressing needs.

When they had drunk their tea, they set out for the flying-field. Camillo rode beside the motor-car, a brave sight in his gay uniform without a speck or wrinkle. His large, lustrous eyes glowed with expectancy in the shadow of his patent-leather vizor; his white teeth flashed beneath his uptwirled black mustaches; and Frossie wondered if ever any other girl had won so debonair a cavalier.

But she admired him still more when he strode out from the hangar in his flying-suit, his strong, compact torso muffled in a cowhide jacket, his creamy pallor accentuated by a padded helmet of black leather. She looked at him with awe as he confidently approached the biplane, which the baron's men had pushed out upon the turf. Yet when he climbed into the driver's seat she always felt a thrill of fear.

"Do be careful, now!" she would cry.

"He is always careful," the baron would assure her.

"You 're sure you 've tested the thing all over?"

"Every wire."

"You 've—you 've got enough gasolene?"

Laughing assent, Camillo raised his hand, then dropped it upon the throttle. The propellers whirled round; the engine racketed; the aëroplane glided forward, skimmed the ground, rose into the air, swiftly dwindled against the blue. The mechanics, still fascinated by this strange new thing which had come into the world, stood motionless, staring with grave eyes.

They muttered comments to each other:

"He goes well to-day, the Signor Tenente."

"A good turn. No more of those narrow circles."

"Figure of eight! Eh, he could take his tests now!"

Presently the biplane seemed to expand in that pellucid void. The drone of the engine swelled into a clatter. Suddenly those explosions ceased, and Frossie's heart stood still. But the machine, slipping down with the assurance of a great insect on poised wings, alighted with an appearance of fastidious grace, ran toward them, delicately trembling on its wheels, and stopped a dozen yards away. There he sat, safe and sound, as if he had never left the earth!

After all, thought Frossie, what could happen even in the midst of space to a man who wore that conquering mien, who met one's eyes with a look which seemed to say, "You see, I have vanquished the air, as I shall vanquish all the future, for your sake."

Yes, this was the one thought that moved him nowadays.

Every night, in his small white room in the cavalry barracks, he studied map-reading, the principles of meteorology, hygrometry, barometrical pressure, temperature, clouds, winds, and air-resistance. His old boon-companions, Azeglio and Fava, saw less of him than ever.

One day, when they had confessed to each other that they were greatly bored with life, Azeglio and Fava encountered Mr. Goodchild in the street.

They shook hands with him effusively, exchanged a hopeful look, invited him to take a little walk. Aurelius consented gladly. The lieutenants flanked him like a guard of honor. Three abreast, they set out through the sunny thoroughfares of Florence, the long, wrinkled broadcloth coat in interesting contrast to the dapper tunics of the Magenta Cavalry. Whenever they passed a private soldier,—and the streets seemed a-swarm that afternoon with troopers, bersaglieri, infantry of the line, and grenadiers,—Mr. Goodchild, out of courtesy, emulated his young friends' acknowledgment of the salutes by raising from his domelike brow the famous black felt hat.

There approached them on the footpath a woman bearing a green parasol, rather smartly dressed in an excessive way, a raven-haired woman of many curves and undulations, from the lobes of whose ears dangled two enormous imitation pearls. Aurelius was face to face with the International Star.

"Bah!" cried Lieutenant Fava in delight. "It is our old Nella!"

And in a trice the young soldiers had presented Mr. Goodchild.

Nella Tesore, her face thickly whitewashed, her forehead ornamented with a glossy, jet-black bang, was one of those almost flagrant-looking creatures who are capable of filling a whole music-hall with perturbation. More bizarre than handsome even without her make-up, she produced by the very singularity of her appearance a sensation which other vaudeville-artists could not cause with more conventional charms. Her inky eyes were set too close together, her nose was negligible, her rouged mouth was excessively large; yet in combination these defective features seemed to promise many men something at once extraordinary and familiar, for which they had searched in vain all through maturity. And possibly because many a poor fellow had told her so, the incomparable Tesore greeted all men with a wide smile of amiable expectancy and generosity.

Thus she greeted Mr. Goodchild, while giving him her large, plump hand, which seemed to be bursting from its glove. Nor was she put out when Aurelius stammered that he was still ill at ease both in Italian and in French. As befitted an international star, she responded gaily in her full, hoarse voice:

"All-aright; zen we zall allaways spick Engilish, you and I!"

Mr. Goodchild was still more dazzled by this versatility.

The Tesore, it seemed, had only recently returned from a phenomenal suc-

cess in Rome. In two weeks she was going to delight the Florentines once more at the Alhambra. Meanwhile one could find her in her old quarters at the Hotel des Grands Ducs, in Via de' Leoni. She trusted that all her friends would call on her—after telephoning to make sure that she was in.

While the others rattled on, Aurelius strove to arrange the long-premeditated speech in homage to her art that he had dreamed of proffering to the Tesore. But self-distrust, an ailment natural in the presence of dramatic genius, reduced his thoughts to incoherence. His hat clutched between his hands, his narrow shoulders bowed, his sensitive face displaying a dazed look, he stood on the narrow footpath like a tall image of humility, while passing pedestrians kept bumping him about.

All at once he realized that the Tesore was saying good-by. Again putting out her hand, dilating her near-set eyes in a languorous, pleading way, she asked him:

"Alzo you, Signore?"

"I beg pardon, ma'am?"

"Alzo you, Hotel des Grands Ducs, Via de' Leoni?"

"Thank you; indeed I will!"

His hand half lowered, he stood staring after her as she wended her way up the street, her exuberant yet flexible person undulating under the green parasol, the imitation pearls dangling regally from her ear-lobes, her high-heeled shoes bending outward from the ankles. The fascination of the stage transfigured her, amid the ordinary crowd, as if with a faint nimbus.

"And now," asked Azeglio, nudging Toto Fava, "who owes the vote of thanks?"

"I!" cried Aurelius, fervently. "I, sir, a thousand times! You have done me a favor that I shall not forget."

"One sees," said Fava, laughing, "that you are not insensible to brunettes."

"But," Mr. Goodchild protested, "do you hold, then, that polarity has any influence on one's appreciation of fame?"

And he looked at them with so naïve, so academic, an interest, that both of those young rascals dropped their eyes, as though in search of ribald entertainment they had blundered into a monastery. Soon after that, indeed, they excused themselves and slunk away, if any one may really seem to slink while clad in such a jaunty uniform as that of the Magenta Cavalry.

How kind fate was, Aurelius told himself, to bring him at last into touch with the associations he had always longed for! Only a year ago it had seemed as though he were not to gain contact with the great figures in the world of art until his daughters had won renown themselves. Nevertheless, he already knew, in Mme. Bertha Linkow, a celebrated prima donna, in the International Star a rare ornament of the Italian theater, and in John Holland a serious author of the highest reputation.

"Mr. Holland! I must certainly tell him of my good luck in meeting Madame Tesore!"

But an unexpected occurrence prevented Aurelius from imparting this news to the historian.

That same afternoon John Holland was sitting at a desk in the Archæological Museum. By this time in the whole building there was no relic that he did not know as well as if he himself had made it; he had long since finished with the work which excused his stay in Florence; his present occupation was about as useful to his current book as if he had been playing with a picture-puzzle. Just now he was trying, more idly than most men who had tried before him, to decipher some fragments of the mysterious Etruscan language.

He pushed aside the folios, threw down his pencil, stared out of the open window at the April sky. A small, thin Italian of twenty-seven or eight, with clever eyes and an inquisitive nose, looked up from a neighboring desk.

"What success, Signore Holland?" this young man inquired pleasantly.

"I think I shall call it a day."

The young man jumped up with a laugh.

"I, too, shall call it a day. Eh, this

spring air! Besides, I danced till two o'clock this morning."

"It 's good to find a student of archæology so gay."

"Oh, as for that, Signore Holland, it seems to me that I caught you at a carnival ball not long ago!"

"I did n't see you."

"Say, rather, that you did n't recognize me. I was charmingly disguised. I wore a pig's head of papier-mâché."

John Holland laughed.

"And no doubt had some interesting adventures?"

"I observed an interesting one. But judge for yourself. In a certain box there was a young girl with red hair, evidently an American, but beautiful enough to bring tears into the eyes. I know that, because for a moment she took off her mask. In her party were three of those insufferable cavalry lieutenants, and a fair youth, also an American, I think. Well, in the midst of the ball, this fair youth takes my little beauty out for a motor-ride in the Cascine Park, and presently returns alone, with a visage—how shall I say?—like that of *Jason* in the eighteenth canto of our Alighieri's 'Inferno.' And though I have not seen him since, I have seen her in the street, and, by Bacchus! her look is changed also! For if he reappeared that night like *Jason* in the eighteenth canto, now she resembles, perhaps, the maiden *Hypsipyle?* Ah, yes, the carnival ball has furnished that poor little one, at least, with an adventure!"

After a while the historian slowly turned his rugged and inscrutable countenance toward the other.

"My friend," he said quietly, "if I were you, I should not repeat that story."

The young man flushed.

"No doubt you are right."

John Holland rose to his feet. His big shoulders were slightly bowed, possibly from too much of this recent desk-work that had led to nothing, yet he towered above the young man like a colossus. He went to a clothes-tree, took his hat and cane and gloves, laid a hand upon the door-knob, then paused to say:

"By the way, if I don't see you again before I go, good-by, and many thanks for all your services. Since my work is done, I shall probably leave town to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XIV

CAMILLO WINS THE HIGHEST OF ALL MILITARY BREVETS

JOHN HOLLAND'S sudden departure from Florence saddened Aurelius. Unconsciously, the latter had come to depend on the historian for something like stability of thought. His mentor gone, it was as if a more or less efficient gyroscope had been removed from Mr. Goodchild's brain.

To be sure, John Holland had not left without repeating his advice about the legacy, of which the payment was now due. He had even given Aurelius a letter to a trust company in New York, with instructions how to place the money in that corporation's charge. Indeed, he had drilled Mr. Goodchild in the necessary procedure till an error seemed impossible. But, unfortunately, the check did not arrive at once.

Meanwhile, in the Café Hirsch, Constantine Farazounis continued to irradiate the glamour of one who knows the whereabouts of buried treasure. On none of those afternoons when he and Aurelius sat together at their coffee did the Greek neglect to whisper of that precious hoard. His dramatic recital conducted Mr. Goodchild swiftly across seas and sands, down into the black entry of a pyramid the tip of which pierced a pallid moon, along damp corridors crowded with monstrous shadows like the outraged, impotent wraiths of ancient kings. Then, in a chamber scarred all over with the chisel-marks of long-dead artisans, one peered through a crevice into the vault that human ingenuity had imagined sealed forever; and suddenly a faint ray of light revealed more wealth than Crœsus showed to Solon!

"It 's like a dream," Aurelius stammered.

"A dream that you and I could make

come true, my gentleman," replied Constantine Farazounis, more softly than the serpent in the Garden of Eden.

No wonder that the conservative trust company seemed tame to Mr. Goodchild!

There was now another influence at work in opposition to such staid prospects. Aurelius had begun to ask himself whether Otto, with a modest capital in hand, might not become a successful hotel-keeper, after all.

At first this idea had been merely one of those benevolent fancies which are enjoyed without the slightest cost. Aurelius had reflected, "If this legacy were to remain at my disposal, which of course it is n't; if I had no other thoughts about investing it, which of course I have, what a pleasure it would be to give this poor, hampered soul a lift to his desires!" His imagination, always active where the formation of altruistic pictures was concerned, reveled in the scene where he, dashing off a check for a few thousand dollars, proposed to the little Swiss waiter an informal partnership. But the more Mr. Goodchild considered this agreeable rôle, the greater was his regret that he could not assume it.

He was even tempted to put Otto through a quiz about the management of "chic hotels."

Otto responded with an avalanche of data, through the dust of which, so to speak, Aurelius glimpsed a splendid dining-hall exclusively patronized by grand dukes and princesses of the blood, a pageantry of exotic foods and wines, Gipsy bands in a fine frenzy, bills as long as Chinese banners, and in the office a cascade of bank-notes pouring into the till. It appeared that the profits of a "chic hotel" could be enormous.

Mr. Goodchild was learning that affluence has its problems as well as poverty: new anxieties were replacing the old dilemmas of Zenasville, Ohio.

"Zenasville! How far away it seems!"

Every day, though letters from Zenasville now came to him but rarely, he awaited the postman with cheerful anticipations. Nor was he cast down when Domenico, the little door-porter of the pension, informed him with a sympathetic smile, "It looks like there is nothing this time neither, sir." "To-morrow, then," Aurelius exclaimed, his confidence leaping forward in undiminished strength toward the receding goal-post. To-morrow! To-morrow! What disappointment could the Fates contrive to quench the optimism of Aurelius Goodchild, Esquire?

Sometimes, however, his expectations were rewarded by a note from Aggie.

She, too, was becoming restless about the payment of the legacy. In fact, she had written to the executors of the estate, who had replied that the money would be turned over to her father sometime in May. Had he received it yet? How soon might she expect to have her share?

Her anxiety on this subject was greatly increased by a catastrophe in Devonshire.

It appeared that the Bellegrams' relative in the British foreign office had not put himself out to get a diplomatic post for Cyril. The waiting-list for such appointments was a long one; the requirements were strict, and while influence might possibly overcome these obstacles, every one at Twelve Chimneys finally perceived that the foreign office functionary was for some reason averse to making the attempt. Indeed, that gentleman at last suggested for Cyril a "more suitable" position in the consular service.

At this proposal, it was as if a brutal hand had stripped from Aggie's person the three plumes, the long tulle veil, the court-train which composed the feminine insignia in the British diplomatic corps. In one dreadful moment the imaginary state apartments, glittering with a thousand candles, full of coronets, golden epaulets, and diamond orders, receded, grew dim, were absorbed by the proscenium of an opera-house, which now trembled with the confused radiance of a mirage far beyond the horizon of Aglaia's hopes.

Poor Aggie! It was too bad that this last bolt should fall upon her now. She expected to be a mother in September.

This particular piece of news created a

sensation in the Pension Schwandorf. Aurelius to become a grandfather, Frossie and Thallie aunts! It seemed so strange! Mr. Goodchild, beside himself with joy, wanted to rush down-town at once and buy some linen picture-books, a silver mug, a miniature drum.

"A drum! But suppose he does n't turn out to be a boy?" Frossie inquired, laughing.

"Oh, let 's hope it is n't a girl," said Thallie, with a bitter smile.

"The idea! Why not?" Mr. Goodchild retorted warmly. "What could be nicer, I should like to know?" He gathered in his own two girls for an old-fashioned hug. "Just think, my little Aggie! And I can remember when she herself was so tiny that you could hardly find her, snuggled by her mother's side!" His face changed as he continued softly: "What a thing life is, to be sure! Some are coming, some are here, and some have gone on. But just like Alpine climbers, struggling up to a pinnacle with ropes around their waists, we are all bound together by invisible bands of interest, of love. Well, some day, please God! we shall all be together on the summit!"

And he raised his large eyes, full of awe, as if he already saw a beautiful young woman in a short, quaint jacket stitched with jet, in a coiffure of bygone days but with the face of Thallie, leaning down to help him up beside her on those radiant heights.

The sunshine was bringing out the most reluctant foliage now: the garden displayed its daintiest regalia, like the waking princess in a fairy-tale. All Florence, indeed, seemed permeated with the shy enterprise of spring. One specially inspiriting afternoon Aurelius ventured to call on the Tesore.

She received him as if there were a little joke between them.

Nella Tesore wore a pale-yellow negligée which appeared to be diaphanous, though it was really opaque, which pretended simplicity, although it was composed with an insidious sophistication, which, in fine, while feigning to be a sort of modern house-gown, would have suggested to any one but Mr. Goodchild the habiliments of Venusberg. Her cheeks were as white, her lips as red, her black bang as glossy, as ever. And as she stood with her unsymmetrical face upturned, smiling at him in that hospitable, generous, yet enigmatic, way, Aurelius seemed to see condensed in this one personage all the thrilling abnormality of genius.

"But 'ave a sit, Signore!"

He sank upon a sofa.

It was the sort of private parlor, once on a time as tricksy as the setting of a Palais Royal farce, which has been occupied by so many artistic temperaments or naughty children that the proprietor no longer gives a thought to renovation. The rug bore blotches from coffee-cups and ink-wells. The marble fireplace and the shabby piano were prodigally scratched by matches. All the arm-chairs were adorned with circular stains. And here and there on the walls appeared a penciled cartoon, with some such inscription as, "Lina Valiardi, who sings like a crow." Or elsewhere one discerned the tremulous outline of a heart, confining the words, "Imalda and Bruno, June 7, 1901, a happy day." But since none of the Tesore's predecessors had been giants, the high ceiling still showed, undefaced, its rather inappropriate fresco of a well-nourished lady stopping her ears against the insinuations of some cupids.

Mr. Goodchild's attention, however, was wholly taken by the International Star.

"Zo you live here in Firenze?" she asked him, soothingly.

"Yes, ma'am, in a manner of speaking."

"An' you do nozzing? You are a *signore,* a *gentilhomme,* a—how zall I say? —a meester at your ease?"

"At present," Aurelius admitted, with a blush, "I 'm composing some verses inspired by this fair city."

"La, la! You mus' be very reesh!"

"Well, ma'am, I would n't quite say rich. We are comfortable, my girls and I. Yes, comfortable is the word."

Letting her undulous shape lean gradu-

ally forward, she wagged her finger at him playfully.

"No, no, no, no, no, no! You are one of zose American meelionaires!"

And she laughed at him softly, with the look of a little girl peering into a confectioner's shop-window. Whereupon, since laughter is contagious, Aurelius plucked up sufficient courage to smile himself.

The west wind, entering through the open window, lifted from the piano-top some sheets of music, which fluttered over the floor. Mr. Goodchild jumped to pick up the scattered scores. But in the midst of this task, struck motionless by apprehension, he blurted out the words:

"Is it possible, ma'am, that I interrupted your practicing?"

The Tesore assured him that while she had been running over some songs, his call had not interfered with anything important. It was very difficult, for one who depended no less on gesture than on the voice, to rehearse without an accompanist.

"Perhaps," Aurelius ventured, "I might excuse my intrusion by being of some slight use in that respect. Mind, I don't say that my piano-playing is A1—"

He stopped, flushed and struck dumb by his effrontery; but Nella Tesore clapped her hands together in delight.

"A musician!"

"No, really, I assure you! Yet I should consider it a great, yes, a very great honor, to be of assistance even for a moment to so fine an artist."

Forthwith the Tesore led him to the piano-stool and spread a sheet of music on the rack. As if in a dream he ran his fingers up and down the keys. Involuntarily his face expressed dismay.

"Sometime would you permit me to tune this instrument?"

But she, in the middle of the room, was busy pinning up her skirts around her ankles.

"*Pronto!* All-a right! *Allegretto moderato!* One! Two!"

Straight-backed on the piano-stool, his long broadcloth coat-tails hanging down behind, his patriarchal beard swaying gently to the time, Aurelius Goodchild, philosopher, gentleman, and father of a family, played the accompaniment of a song which had been crowned by the Neapolitan riffraff in last year's competition at Piedigrotta. Behind him, Nella Tesore, darling of the Alhambra Music Hall, postured and stepped about in the pale-yellow negligée, her silken ankles flashing, her arms revealing their statuesque whiteness to the shoulders, her red smile embracing the dilapidated chairs as if each one held an adoring, yet not unhopeful, spectator. Her full, slightly husky voice blended in a pleasant way with the tinkle of the old piano:

"They call me now la Bella Pastorella,
leru-lè,
And innocence in love is my best part,
leru-lè,
When all would own a corner of my heart,
leru-lè,
And say, I love you so, oh, Nina Bella,
leru-lè!
Each morning as I take my way,
Lads who pass me say,
Ninetta, so divinely fair,
Tell me if I dare!
Carina, surely there must be
One little kiss in store for me?"

Other verses followed, relating in the true Neapolitan manner the sentimental progress of *la Bella Pastorella,* and the finale left no doubt of that amiable young person's charity. The words, however, were Greek to Mr. Goodchild.

But if only he were sure enough of his accompaniment to turn his head!

The Tesore sang again—"Life without Love is Nothing," "The Signorina on the Tramway," and "Ah, What Love will Do!" Aurelius, exalted by this collaboration with a veritable lady of the stage, displayed a virtuosity that he had not known for years. The rehearsal ending, he was more at ease than if he had paid the International Star a dozen calls.

So at last he was able to deliver the long-meditated speech in appreciation of her art.

She listened with the utmost patience

to this oration, her pliant body so luxuriously relaxed in the warm current of praise that there was about her something curiously feline; one might nearly have expected her to purr. But in the end her eyes became sad as she made the comment:

"After all! Out zere I 'ave not receive' ze joostice due me."

"America would be at your feet."

"Si?"

She weighed his words; without moving, she studied him intently; her gaze seemed to pass straight through him in secret speculation. But when he picked up his black felt hat and ebony cane, she made a gesture of astonishment.

"You go?"

"I fear I 've already encroached too long on your valuable time."

A smile touched her lips. Slipping her large, plump hand into his palm, she murmured, this time without dilating her near-set eyes:

"You come soon again? We zall meck ze *musica,* we zall spick of America, an' togezzer, like in ze *'Stornelli del Cuore,'* we zall bose find

nell' anima gemella
Un' cara ingenuità!"

In other words, in a twin soul a rare ingenuousness.

Aurelius, descending to the street, was entranced by this last evidence of the Tesore's warm and simple womanhood.

He was impatient to relate his adventure to his daughters, but in Via Tornabuoni he encountered Fava, who, on hearing where Aurelius had been, began to look uncomfortable. After hemming and hawing, the lieutenant besought Mr. Goodchild to say nothing to any one about that visit; for since the Tesore was a vaudeville actress, such intimate acquaintance with her would be misunderstood in Florence.

"What," cried Aurelius, aghast, "the Florentines are as bigoted as that!"

Fava laid his head on one side, raised his shoulders, and pressed his eyelids together.

"Unfortunately, everybody in these parts has not reached a proper plane of thought. One judges the individual by the majority."

"But this is outrageous, sir! That good, kind woman, wrapped up in her profession!"

"The more reason why we should protect her name. Come, you will promise, at least on her account, that nobody shall know?"

Mr. Goodchild agreed to seal his lips for Mme. Tesore's sake.

So it was that Toto Fava, after yielding to a mischievous impulse, escaped the consequences which his rather cynical judgment of human nature had not been able to anticipate. Aurelius made no mention of the International Star, Camillo Olivuzzi did not quarrel with his two brother-officers, and Thallie was not informed that Fava had been playing pranks on the gentleman he hoped to make his father-in-law.

As a matter of fact, Toto Fava had now proposed to Thallie half a dozen times. He had told her that she was killing him. He had dropped upon one knee in a secluded corner of the moonlit garden, to the detriment of his dress-pantaloons. He had seized her hand, had gasped out phrases in English, French, Italian, and Sicilian, had raised his unfortunate countenance toward her averted face, which appeared in the moonbeams like the visage of an angel. Yes, at such times he loved her much more than the dowry which would undoubtedly go with her. And his failure to move her inflamed him and enraged him so that he longed at one moment to lock her up forever in a room to which he alone possessed the key, and at the next, to devour her instantly, with one big gulp. Ah, *corpo di Diana!*—ah, body of Diana—what sweet punishment would he not visit upon this lovely torturer if once she weakened!

But Thallie had no intention of weakening.

A year before, she would have reveled in such romantic scenes; to-day she wanted to avoid them. Then she would have listened with bated breath to these senti-

mental speeches, like one who hears at last the formula long pondered in the awe of ignorance. But now the most vibrant phrases failed to infect her with the slightest thrill, unless, as she compared them with the utterances of another on a certain night of rushing lights and sibilant darkness, she felt a tremor of rage. All alike, so poetically entreating in their speech, so hideously violent in their thoughts, so tender at first and afterward so cruel! In fine, the dream was shattered, and fate had prevented the reality from giving place to a renewal of illusion. Thallie, whose heart had throbbed so hard in expectation of love, now asked nothing better than to be left alone by men.

Sometimes, when she had composed herself to sleep, tiny pictures floated against the screen of her closed eyes. She saw Reginald Dux as she had first seen him on the boat-deck of the ship, and as he had looked that night at the Politeama Fiorentino, and as she had afterward imagined him, in a garden at Taormina, bending over a chair half hidden among Bougainvillea-flowers, to kiss the black-haired woman of the Cherbourg tender.

And the worst of it was, she knew now who the Ghillamoors and the Duxes were, notable members of the American plutocracy, who would have regarded a union with the Goodchild family as a disaster.

"Fool that I was!" she sobbed, sitting up in bed, beating her fists against her breast, racked by an agony of shame. "Fool! Goose! Ignoramus!"

And as Frossie, in the other bed, awoke with a start, Thallie threw herself face-down upon the pillows, to smother her weeping.

But she felt plump arms about her, soft kisses on her neck.

"O Babykins! still the same thing? Won't it get any better?"

"It 's not that," gulped Thallie. "It 's not love any more. Love! Ugh! It 's just that I 'm so disgusted with myself."

It was true; at last love had been supplanted by chagrin.

She believed that he now recalled her merely as a fatuous little thing of vast presumption. How she longed to give him a different idea of her! If only she could realize her old expectations of fame, force the world to respect her as a genius, make Reginald admit some day, "By George! I was mistaken in that girl!"

She resumed her painting with a feverish energy.

The theories of the Post-Impressionists now obsessed her. She had read, in an article by Picabia, "The musician's studies are from his brain and soul; my studies are from my brain and soul. Painting nature as it is is not art, but mechanical genius. The old masters turned out by hand the most faithful copies of what they saw; but we have outgrown all that. Their paintings are to us what the alphabet is to the child." So Thallie strove to express herself naïvely; that is, like one who has never seen a painting. And, to her great satisfaction, it was soon impossible to find in her canvases a trace of Titian's, Ingres's, Manet's, or any other old fogy's influence. As for that, nobody in the Pension Schwandorf had ever seen such pictures.

Erect in her painty gingham apron, the gay palette on her arm, the brush clenched in her hand, she suggested a fair Amazon armed for an esthetic fray, a sort of studio Joan of Arc defying all conventions for an ideal. But when her sky-blue eyes were filled with that visionary light, when her cheeks, round which the auburn curls had tumbled down, showed their old-time rosiness, she seemed once more so young, so full of youth's bravado, that her sister did not have the heart to argue with her.

"All right, Lovins," said Frossie. "No matter if an old stupid like me does n't quite see it yet. In the meantime, a walk might be good for both of us."

So they would sally forth to walk through medieval streets, across the Arno, and sometimes even in Cascine Park. At last Thallie had given up trying to avoid that spot.

Camillo often accompanied them on their promenades. Passing strangers looked with interest at that trio, the two foreign girls tripping in their dainty

spring dresses, the dapper cavalry lieutenant pacing beside them happily.

There was a place in the Cascine where two ilex-trees stood far apart, from which one could view the northern hills. They stood, so Thallie thought, arrayed in gold and purple like Etruscan kings, studded with tiny white hamlets that resembled ornaments of pearl. And veils of rich air, impregnated with sunlight, softened that distant spectacle till it assumed the vagueness of an exquisite hallucination, till it seemed to express the very spirit of a region which had cast a spell of beauty over all the world. Here was the perfect subject for a Post-Impressionist picture!

Thallie sat down upon a marble bench to fill her eye with the color of that view. Frossie and Camillo strolled on; it was the chance for which they had been waiting. As the hedges concealed them, their hands touched, their fingers twined together; they walked in silence, with faces upturned toward the tree-tops, where the birds were warbling.

The world was such a sunny, fragrant, peaceful place; life was so full of happiness! Just to live, just to tread these flowery alleyways, was almost too keen a pleasure. With an unsteady laugh, Frossie murmured:

"If the future holds anything much better, I 'm afraid I sha'n't be able to bear it."

"You 'll find that it does, *Carissima,*" he answered, squeezing her hand. "Also, you will be able to bear it."

And as they strolled still farther into the green labyrinth, they contemplated that future as serenely as if they knew all its secrets and had found all beneficent.

He told her that at last he had written to his father, who would presently arrive to make the formal call on Mr. Goodchild. But, as Camillo had declared for a June wedding, the old count would not be likely to appear just yet, because of the expense of staying on in Florence till the ceremony. Still, he might possibly be tempted into such extravagance in order to see Camillo win his military brevet. The aviation trials were scheduled to take place within the week.

"And I wish they were over," was Frossie's comment at this point.

"But I 'm quite sure to pass," Camillo protested. "Everything that 's required I have done many times."

"But if anything went wrong!"

He stopped and faced her.

"Look at me," he said. "Do I resemble a man who cannot take care of himself?"

His winning smile, his lustrous, almost romantic, eyes, his creamy pallor that many an Italian woman would have envied, did not detract from the native vigor of his face. His body, under the smooth blue-black tunic with magenta facings, expressed a graceful and indefatigable force, such latent muscular energy as one observes in panthers. Indeed, his whole personality seemed so alert and competent, so replete with coördinate intelligence and strength, that it was impossible to imagine him vanquished in a grapple with any man or horse or refractory machine.

"I suppose I am foolish to worry."

"Yes, it is folly to doubt for a moment. Life owes us too much."

They came to a spot where the foliage was dense on every side and overhead, where a low bough still swayed from the leap of a departed bird, where a sound of running water rose scarcely louder than the beating of their hearts. Camillo told her:

"Some day when we visit my old home you and I will hear all through the night that sound of water whispering over the rocks far below our open window. Perhaps Carducci felt as I do at this moment, when he sang, in his 'Mattinata,'

"From nests to budding branches, hark! soft notes and clear:
Come, let us love, love, love, for spring is here!
The breath of tombs sways new, bright blossoms spread above:
See, spring will pass, so let us love, love, love!"

But the last two lines, with their suggestion of mortality, chilled her. For a moment the sunlight seemed to fade, the birds to combine their limpid tones into a threnody.

"What 's this?" asked Camillo, smiling. "You don't like that sentiment?"

His eyes reassured her, full as they were of confidence and tenderness, so vital that it seemed as if they could never cease to glow. She replied:

"Here is something just as appropriate, without any mention of tombs." And she uttered the lines:

"How eloquent are eyes!
Not music's most impassioned note
On which life's warmest fervors float
Like them bids raptures rise!"

"Eh," he assented, "that is good, too. Who made it?"

"Shelley."

"That is n't all of it?"

Gazing at him through the pince-nez that they had both forgotten, she went on:

"Love, look thus again,—
That your love may lighten a waste of years,
Darting the beam that conquers cares,
Through the cold shower of tears.
Love, look thus again!"

But her voice failed; even the verses of her own choice ended in a minor key. Slipping her arms around his neck, she pressed against his breast, against the scraps of ribbon which were his reward for braving death in Tripoli.

"Camillo!"

"What is it, dear?"

"I don't know."

Laughing, he kissed her on the cheek. Her eyes still clouded by uneasiness, she breathed almost fiercely:

"No! To-day I want you to kiss me really and truly."

It was a request still foreign to Italian courtship: the air of Italy is reputed to assist in noteworthy combustions at that special contact. Camillo hesitated, then gallantly did as she had asked. It seemed there was some sense in that old superstition! She said:

"Let us go back."

They rejoined Sister Thallie. The rest of that walk was silent.

Finally one long-awaited morning dawned—the day of the aviation trials. Through the influence of Campoformio and Camillo's colonel, the tests were permitted on the baron's flying-field. Bright and early a military examiner, with two aides to mark the distance-flights, arrived at the Villa Campoformio. The sky was cloudless; the breeze blew gently; everything seemed auspicious. Camillo, riding out with Fava, Azeglio, and several other officers of the Magenta Cavalry, was confident of success.

Outside the hangars, the biplane stood glistening in the sun. Without waiting so much as to unhook his sword, Camillo examined the machine all over. The engine had been completely taken down, cleaned, re-erected; the cast-iron cylinder-heads were new; in front of the cylinders a more powerful fan had been installed. But a propeller ordered from Paris had not arrived.

"What 's the matter with this propeller?" inquired Toto Fava.

Camillo, running his hand down one of the walnut blades, replied in an undertone:

"If you look close, you 'll see a little crack in the wood. We noticed it some time ago. To be sure, it 's no bigger than at first, for all the flying we 've done. But I should n't like the blade to break this morning."

"Or any other morning," Fava ejaculated in dismay. "Capers! In such a case you might fall?"

"Oh, no doubt, if I allowed her to run on, the machine would tilt, the engine would be torn loose from the fusillage, and everything would go to pieces. But I assure you, the moment the blade broke up, I 'd simply cut off the engine and plane down. The only trouble is, my trials would be interrupted."

"But I see another aëroplane in there. Use that propeller."

'''Look at me,' he said. 'Do I resemble a man who cannot take care of himself?'''

"Impossible to change."

And Camillo explained that the other machine, a monoplane, was furnished with an engine which, like its propeller, made twelve hundred revolutions a minute. On the other hand, the propeller of the biplane, being larger, made nine hundred revolutions. In consequence, the gyrative action of the biplane was negligible.

Fava, pulling at his rat-tail mustaches, squinted more hideously than ever at these details.

"Well," he exclaimed at last, "I am a horseman, not a bird. All the same, Camillino, I should drive the monoplane today."

"No, I 'll stick to this old wagon, which has never failed me yet."

Slapping his comrade on the back, Camillo went briskly to put on his flying-suit.

Just as he reappeared, accoutred for the air, the Goodchilds drove up in a barouche; to-day the baron's motor-car was at the service of the examiner and his aides. In courtly fashion Aurelius assisted his daughters to alight. Their white linen frocks were instantly hemmed in by the uniforms of the Magenta Cavalry. But Frossie, glancing between the military caps, sought Camillo with an anxious eye.

As soon as she could speak to him apart, she said:

"You 're sure you feel quite well?"

"But when did I ever feel otherwise?"

"I hardly slept a wink all night."

"Come, now, a soldier's bride, and worried by a thing like this! Look at the others, how jolly they all are. One could almost call it a *festa*."

The flying-field had taken on a gay appearance. Near the biplane sword-scabbards flashed; Thallie's flowered hat kept turning from one direction to another; Mr. Goodchild's moistened finger was raised to test the wind. Behind the hangars browsed the sleek horses of the officers, attended by a group of orderlies. Beyond the fences peasants from near-by farms were gathering in crowds.

Down from the villa two of the baron's servants came bearing a hamper of refreshments. A burst of laughter resounded. A fox-terrier, which had followed one of the lieutenants from the barracks, began to run around in circles and bark.

At last the examiner made a sign; the spectators scattered; mechanics in overalls approached the aëroplane. Camillo climbed into the driver's seat. Motionless, alert, his gloved hands on the throttle and control, he appeared in his helmet and goggles scarcely human, like a part of the machine that pent him in, a Frankenstein whose members were the great wings, whose nerves were the complicated rods and wires. All stood silent in the face of this phenomenon.

"Ready?"

The answer was a clear, sharp call:

"Avanti!"

The engine roared. The propeller became a shining disc. The biplane skimmed the ground and rose into the air. The fox-terrier returned panting from his vain pursuit.

One saw the machine diminishing rapidly, like a gray bird, a hand's breadth, as it seemed, above the western horizon. Soon one could scarcely discern it through the dazzling air. At last, when it had become invisible, all poses were relaxed; the spectators began to chatter:

"How fast he goes!"

"When can we expect him back?"

"Where shall we look to see him returning?"

This first test was a triangular distance-flight. There was nothing to do but be patient for half an hour at least.

Yet all those present, except perhaps the military examiner, showed a certain nervous tension. Baron di Campoformio, his hands tightly clasped behind his back, wore a travesty of his customary hospitable smile. Fava, for once oblivious to Thallie, paced to and fro some distance from the rest, his neck bent, a particularly strong Toscana clenched between his teeth. Mr. Goodchild drifted about with watch in hand, as if everything depended on the movement of that bulbous timepiece.

Frossie, afflicted by a growing weakness, had gone to sit in the barouche. There the baron joined her. They raised their eyes above the western sky-line.

"You are pale, Signorina," he said presently. "May I fetch you a glass of wine?"

Without lowering her gaze, she made a gesture of refusal. But soon the words escaped her:

"Up there, all alone, separated from the earth, invisible! What folly it is, after all! Men were never meant to do that."

"Courage, Signorina! It is not really dangerous any more."

"It is folly," she repeated sharply; "it is wicked folly! Men were never meant to be tempted into such danger." And she gave Campoformio a sick look, full of resentment.

Averting his head, he stared with a pained expression at the ground.

Mr. Goodchild walked slowly toward the barouche, like a somnambulist. After patting Frossie's arm in an absent-minded way, he inquired of the baron, with extraordinary earnestness:

"Excuse me, sir, but have you the correct time? I set my watch this morning by the Campanile bells, but possibly—"

A rattle of china reached their ears: on a long wooden table near the hangars the two servants were setting out plates and bottles. The rest of the company began to brighten at this sound. The young officers, in an access of appetency, lighted fresh cigarettes. Those surrounding Thallie began to venture jokes. But Thallie, urged by an uneasiness which had nothing to do with aviation, turned to look behind her. There, watching her inscrutably, stood the baron's chauffeur, Antonio.

At that moment some one shouted:

"Here he comes!"

And they saw a tiny speck floating in the southwestern sky.

"It is he, sure enough!"

"So soon!"

"He must be breaking a record!"

Already one could perceive the breadth of the machine, a hovering gray flake of exceeding thinness, which, without seeming to advance, grew clearer every second. From the fences round about a muffled cheer went up.

But all at once the fox-terrier, bounding over the grass, pounced upon something with a snarl. His eyes glaring, his muzzle wrinkled with ferocity, he shook his head from side to side.

"He has caught a field-mouse!"

The words were repeated, with laughter and applause, by the officers, the mechanics, the orderlies:

"Brave doggie! He has caught a field-mouse!"

For the moment, all, with one exception, looked in amusement or disgust at this tragedy in little.

Suddenly a scream rent the air, shrill, prolonged, blood-curdling. In the barouche Frossie was standing bolt-upright as if frozen stiff, her eyes, enormously dilated, fixed on the western void.

The sky was empty.

There followed an instant of stupefaction.

"Where is he?"

"He has planed down?"

"An accident?"

The dreadful cry rose again, but now articulate:

"I saw him fall!"

Round the hangars broke loose a babble of shouts, a trampling of horses, the clash of spurs and scabbards. The officers, scrambling into the saddle, were off breakneck across the turf, putting their mounts to the fences, scattering over the fields. Along a road roared the baron's motor-car, leaving behind it a long trail of dust. Last of all went running the mechanics, the servants, the peasants, young and old —all frantically striving toward the scene of the disaster, which was miles away.

Only Thallie and Mr. Goodchild remained with Frossie. She lay on the cushions of the barouche, as white as death, her eyes half-closed, her body shaken by a chill. "Take me to him!" she moaned from time to time, as if delirious; but this they were afraid to do. Finally a lieutenant on a lathered horse arrived at a gallop with the news. Camillo had fallen

far beyond Peretola. He was not dead, but a physician from a neighboring hamlet had said that he could not possibly recover. A priest had already administered the *Santissimo*.

While the young man was speaking, a cart drove into the flying-field with the new propeller from Paris.

CHAPTER XV

A SCENT OF DYING FLOWERS, MELTING WAX, AND DUST

THE moment he learned that Camillo Olivuzzi was still alive, Mr. Goodchild ordered the coachman to drive at full speed to the place where the aëroplane had fallen. They had not gone far, however, when they met a mechanic returning on a borrowed bicycle. The man told them that Camillo had already been taken to the military hospital in Florence. So the barouche went racketing toward the city.

Frossie stared straight ahead. She was unaware of Thallie's arms about her, of Mr. Goodchild's broken utterances, of the warning cries that rose from the wayside. Her soul had rushed on, was now striving to mingle once more with the soul of Camillo.

"Faster!" shouted Aurelius.

Once more the coachman railed at his horses and laid on the whip. The bony hacks, extended like a runaway team, raced through the suburbs.

Mr. Goodchild groaned:

"If I had started in the first place, we would be with him now! But I was afraid! I wanted to spare you!"

She did not hear him.

The barouche careened through the broad Viale Principessa Margherita and into Via Cavour. The goal came into view, a long building set opposite a little park. Before the gate stood Campoformio's motor-car and half a dozen cavalry-horses. The noon sunshine gilded the threshold, worn smooth by the passage of much pain and grief.

They found themselves in a cool, white, stone-paved vestibule, trying to evade the extended arms of a door-porter. A surgeon, clad in duck, came forward protesting. At that moment there passed in quickly, behind their backs, an elderly man, smooth-shaven, in a peculiar uniform—the chaplain of the Magenta Cavalry. Then they saw, in a corner of the vestibule, a young officer sitting on a stool, his cap on the pavement, his face buried in his hands. It was Toto Fava.

Mr. Goodchild, escaping the door-porter, ran to the lieutenant.

"Fava! For goodness' sake, sir, speak to these people! Make them let us pass!"

Toto Fava slowly raised a countenance the color of clay. A sigh issued from his throat.

"No use. The doctors are busy. None of us can see him now."

"But it is for Frossie! Surely they won't keep Frossie from him!"

Fava looked up at Aurelius in vague amazement.

"But they keep me out, too, Signore—I, who was his classmate at Modena, at Pinarolo, at Tor di Quinto, who have loved him for many years. I have shared his mess and his tent, his joys and sorrows; we have had one purse and one heart, and now I am not allowed to touch his hand. They say it makes too many in the room!"

His squinting eyes grew moist, and suddenly a tear ran down his bony visage on each side of his rat-tail mustaches. But he spoke so quietly, there was in his voice so simple a tenderness, that a hush descended over all of them. And even Frossie, leaning on Thallie's shoulder, bowed her head as if listening to the words of eulogy that are spoken over a tomb when he went on:

"Think of it! He has always been the best of us. His sword was not brighter than his honor; there was about him something that we others did not have—something strong and sweet, like the breath of the clean mountains. And so I say, Why should it have come to him? Why should it not have been I, who am not worth his little finger? But no; it must be the good one, while the idler, the wastrel, the buffoon, is left to grow old. That is how

our famous Heaven manages the earth! Ah! ah! Do I not understand to-day the feelings of that poor Rinaldeschi, who threw mud at the fresco of the Annunciation long ago in Via del Corso!"

And he began to swear softly and ferociously, glaring before him, quivering all over with a sacrilegious fury. But soon, realizing that there were ladies present, he stopped, and rose to his feet. His cheek-bones smeared with tears, he went to Frossie, supported her to a bench that stood against the wall, and, when he had seated her, reverently kissed her hand, as though she were Camillo's wife.

Even at this unexpected homage, she was not able to weep. For a long while she sat there, her back against the cold wall of stucco, her foot on the cold stone pavement, till her limbs seemed permeated by the chill of death. The door-porter, a wizen veteran who wore the Garibaldi medal, gazed at her with the expression of an aged dog that wishes to display his sympathy. At the end of a long, bleak corridor one saw Azeglio and some other lieutenants pacing back and forth.

At length Azeglio came and whispered to Fava. All followed him through the corridor to a dim room, smelling of iodoform, where several persons were standing round a bed. Frossie sank down, leaned close, pierced the gloom with a poignant look. But the shadowy head on the pillow did not move.

A physician whispered in her ear that Camillo, because of his vitality, would probably live till the arrival of his parents.

They lifted her up and gave her into Mr. Goodchild's charge. As Aurelius led her to the door, she passed close to one who turned his face away. She recognized the old shooting-coat of Baron di Campoformio.

Outside the sick-room she became aware that somebody was kneeling before her, kissing her skirt and sobbing; she saw at her feet, through a black mist, a man in a private's uniform, with the appearance of a peasant.

"Pray for him, Signorina! Pray for him!"

"Who is this?" she cried out, recoiling with a convulsive shudder.

In a hoarse voice the fellow answered: "You don't recognize me, Signorina? Why, I am his orderly! Many a time I held his horse at your door. It is I who was to serve you when you were married."

All down the corridor the sobs followed her:

"Pray for him, Signorina!"

Afterward she remembered begging them to let her stay in the hospital; surely there was some little corner where she might wait until the end? But she seemed so weak, and looked so strange, that the doctors objected to this course. Aurelius took her back for the present to the Pension Schwandorf. The news of any alteration for the worse would be telephoned immediately.

Her bedroom seemed odd, like the room of another person sure of a happy fate. She felt, indeed, confused in regard to her identity: how could it be she upon whom this tragedy had descended? When finally they left her alone as she desired, she rose, went to the mirror, scrutinized her reflected features, and said: "Who are you? What wrong have you done to deserve this?" The face in the mirror, extremely pale, so ravaged by these few hours that it seemed the countenance of an unknown, returned her look inscrutably. She reflected, "Perhaps I 'm losing my mind?"

How tired she was! Dropping down again upon the bed, she stared at the painted griffins, harpies, and mermaids which composed the decoration of the ceiling. Every figure recalled some thought that had come to her while lying on this bed, when the morning sunshine crept through the shutters to herald another day of joyous expectations.

She felt her heart pulsating slowly, even steadily. She laid a hand against her breast and wondered: "Why should it go on beating? Does n't it know that everything is over, that my life is finished?" And presently, "I must have a black dress." And after a longer period of torpor: "Violets were his favorite

flower. But how shall I get violets late in May? They must be all gone, every one." She was scarcely suffering now; her mind was numb. Nature often provides for the victim of a great mental shock such an anesthetic as was stupefying Frossie.

A breeze stole in through the window. She seemed to float, half-disembodied, in the perfume of the garden. At least, that afternoon in the Cascine he had pressed one kiss upon her lips.

But as the sun declined, this lethargy wore off; her senses awoke to the nightmare of reality. He was there, on the point of leaving her forever, perhaps already gone, and she not with him! How could they have been so cruel as to trick her into this desertion! Struggling to her feet, she perceived that she was not alone: Mr. Goodchild and Thallie rose quickly from the chairs covered with butterflies and monkeys.

"What is it, dear?"

"I am going to him now!" And when they protested, she wailed, in a voice that they had never heard before, "Get me a cab, or I 'll run all the way through the streets!"

Aurelius implored her:

"My little girl, you don't know your condition! At any rate, drink this bromide of potassium—"

"Ah, my God!"

She pushed past him. There was nothing for the others to do but follow. In the cab Thallie drew a scarf around her sister's bare head—the same scarf that Frossie had once used to see what sort of bridal-veil best suited her. Mr. Goodchild, on the folding-seat, still clutched in his hand the tumbler half full of potassium bromide.

They regained the hospital.

This time they were ushered into an anteroom boasting an uncomfortable-looking leather couch, on which the surgeon in charge advised Frossie to lie down. It would be impossible, he said, to see Camillo at present. The patient was still unconscious; to disturb him might be immediately fatal. Aurelius pleaded that Frossie only wanted to sit beside the bed in silence. But the surgeon, after glancing at her again, clicked his tongue by way of polite refusal.

"Later," he promised, "when the signorina is in a calmer state of mind."

Somehow Aurelius had got hold of a time-table. Running his finger along the lines of type, he murmured:

"The telegram must have been delivered hours ago. If they caught the three o'clock train—"

But the time-table shook in his hand so that he could no longer read it.

Shadows crept into the anteroom: dusk was falling on this day that had been longer than a century. The old door-porter brought in a lighted lamp, and, carefully lifting up his feet, withdrew with a sigh. Out of doors, young men passed, singing, from their work, gay, brisk, assured of many years of vigor.

Those in the anteroom became aware that the surgeon was standing before them.

"He is conscious. I see no reason to hope that his parents can arrive in time. Signorina, I am not going to keep you from him any longer. You would like to see him alone for a few moments, perhaps? Then for the present I will ask you, Signore, and the other young lady, to wait here. Give yourself the trouble to come with me, Signorina."

Again she passed through the long corridor. She reëntered the sick-room.

Camillo was stretched on his back, the coverlet pulled up to his chin, his head turned toward the door. In his countenance, unscarred, but curiously emaciated, and whiter than the pillow, his large, dark eyes, wide-open, burned with a desperate anxiety. But when he perceived that it was Frossie who had come to him, his look changed; the lines across his brow relaxed, on his ashen lips appeared the vague likeness of a smile.

Now her face leaned close to his; his eyes expressed something more awesome than an earthly ardor; their breath mingled as the almost inaudible utterance was exchanged:

"Once more!"

And she pressed on his half-open mouth the second kiss, which evoked, in the midst of their dolor, a thousand whirling scenes of bliss that they were never to attain.

"My Camillo! My Camillo!"

She wrapped her hands around his head; she kissed him again and again, with a frantic greediness that strove to wrest from Death enough sweet agony to last a lifetime. Her breath entered his throat: she wanted to inform his shattered body with all that was vital in her, so that he might live and she die, or, at least, so that he, in passing on, might take something of her with him. Then she fastened her mouth to his as if in that way she could keep his spirit from escaping. But soon, raising her head, she cast upward a glare of wild defiance, ready to match her love against those great invisible forces that were loosening his mortal bonds. She encountered the eyes of another.

Beyond the bed a nun was sitting, coiffed in white linen, a prayer-book in her hands. The restricted oval of that face divulged a puerile beauty wherein worldly experience had left no mark; one saw the features of a congenital devotee, who had made contact with the violent passions only in such hours as this. Now, however, one surprised in her a look more complex than pitying, more subtle than remonstrative—a look of rapt, frightened speculation, as who should dare to say, "This that I see is terrible, yet is it nothing more?" But the pale young nun was no sooner aware of Frossie's gaze than she averted her eyes dilated with that forbidden wonderment. And before the other could have read her thoughts, her lips, which trembled slightly, were once more forming the Latin phrases of the prayer-book.

Smoothing from Camillo's brow the crisp, black curls, Frossie whispered:

"I want you to know that there will never be another! I swear to you that these kisses are the last!"

His voice, as if coming, by a miracle, from far away, responded:

"No, you are young."

"I have always been yours. I shall be yours forever. There are not two loves like this in life."

"You are young. I make you free. I want you to be happy."

"I shall never be happy again."

All his remaining strength seemed to permeate his voice as he replied, louder than before:

"How can I go with that thought? I have brought you so much misery when I meant only happiness! I must think that some time it may be repaired. A little home, an honest man, good children—you were made for that. I am not jealous. I am past such things. There is nothing left in me now but love and anxiety for you."

As a result of this speech his forehead was beaded with sweat. The light in his eyes seemed to flicker and grow dim, till she cried in breaking accents:

"I shall come to you as I am!"

"Yes," he panted, "let us hope for that meeting. But, after all, who knows what lies over there? Perhaps I can believe, if you will hold my hand. Ah, I forgot—"

And he cast a blind glance downward toward his body, inert, seemingly diminished beneath the coverlet, shrouded to the shoulders.

"Poor Campoformio! Do not blame him!" Presently, lifting his eyelids, he went on more rapidly, in staccato tones: "I telephoned to the railroad station: they said it had not arrived. But mama will bring it. She must hurry, though, for I 'm going to confer with the king. Hark! Is that he already? Turn out, the whole platoon! *Plotone, presentat' arm!* Trumpeters, the royal fanfare! His Majesty is coming with my brevet!"

The nun rose to her feet. Camillo's roving stare was arrested by her white coif. He said gently:

"What are you doing here, Sister? You ought to be back in the field ambulance. Here the bullets are as thick as bees. Aim lower, *ragazzi!* A carbine is n't a telescope; there are no Arabs in the moon! Ha! There it goes at last: saddles and

lances! Now, then! Stirrup to stirrup! *Avanti! Savoia!*"

The nun went quickly to the door and called the surgeon. Frossie turned Camillo's head between her hands, so that his wandering gaze might rest on her. His glistening visage softened at her touch. He murmured:

"As late as that? We have been happy enough for one time, is it not so? Now, dear, let us go to sleep."

His eyes closed. His breathing was almost imperceptible.

The physician remained aloof, leaning against the door-post. The nun, kneeling down on the stone pavement, repeated the prayers for the dying. There entered through a window, from the darkness, the faint hubbub of the city. Near at hand, a confused, pervasive rustling swelled forth, the sound of many branches swaying in the evening breeze, like the rumor of innumerable softly moving wings. After a while, from the artillery-barracks to the west, came faintly a bugle-call, the *ritirata*. But even at this sound Camillo did not stir.

So finally Frossie gave the last kiss of all, a kiss so long, so clinging, so full of the agony of loneliness, that Camillo, wherever he had gone, must certainly have felt it.

All that night and all the next day she lived in a daze. Faces appeared and disappeared before her; voices whispered, "If only she would cry!" They brought her food, which she refused, and visiting-cards. She read the names, "Tenente Benevenuto Fava, Cavalleria di Magenta; Tenente Ruggero Azeglio, Cavalleria di Magenta; Colonnello delle Bande Rosse, Cavalleria di Magenta," and so on. But when she saw the card marked with a baron's coronet and inscribed, "Di Campoformio," she slowly tore up the bristol and let the fragments flutter to the floor.

The old Count and Countess Olivuzzi had arrived in Florence. Aurelius asked Frossie if she could bear to meet Camillo's mother.

"Is it necessary?" she asked. "Can't I see her at the funeral?"

Aurelius told her that there was to be a military service in the duomo, and afterward a cortège through the city to the cemetery; but among the Italian nobility it was not the custom for ladies to attend such obsequies.

Frossie pondered this information for a while.

"So they want to shut us out from that? But the man who killed him will be present, I suppose?" Soon she asked, "Is his mother with him now?"

"Yes, poor woman!"

"Then I won't disturb her. I had him living; I ought to let her have him dead. Besides, he is not there."

The second night, also, Frossie scarcely slept. The dawn found her at the window, listening for the duomo bells. There she suffered a collapse; for Thallie, waking, found her huddled in her night-dress on the red tiles. Reviving, she asked for her slippers and a kimono, so that she could go to him at once. They put her to bed and sent for a physician. When the latter had gone, she asked:

"Did you send the flowers?"

After that she seemed to doze.

But when Mr. Goodchild had been absent for an hour, all at once she sat up in bed, alert, staring at Thallie.

"Hark!"

She had heard the faint tolling of the bells.

"Come, help me to dress. I am going to the church."

"Oh, Frossie! You heard what dad said!"

"What are rules of etiquette to me?"

Ten minutes later she was on her way to the duomo in a cab.

The bells were still tolling when the cab reached the center of the city. But suddenly the coachman reined in his horse. Down the street, from the direction of the duomo, was wafted a muffled blare, the sound of a military band.

The cortège had already left the church.

There came scuffling along the roadway a herd of shabby men and children in advance of the procession. Behind them followed the band of the Magenta Cav-

alry, afoot, playing the funeral march. The notes of the horns rose high, then sank to a profound vibration through which one heard the pathos of flutes and the despondent thud of drums. Again the brass instruments emitted their melodious wail, as if expressing an irremediable sadness. And that measured rhythm was emphasized by the tread of many feet in unison, as ranks of dismounted troopers, swaying from side to side, passed slowly by.

Now the music was mingled with a gabble of voices: brown monks came dragging their sandaled feet and voicing responsive prayers. Each held in his hand a wax torch; the inky smoke, caught up from the fat flames, was swiftly dispelled. On high a silver crucifix flashed in a shredding cloud of incense.

The Florentines, packed on the footpaths, began to doff their hats; the catafalque appeared, its tall canopy of black velvet oscillating, the silver fringes quivering. In front paced an elderly, smooth-shaven man in a black three-cornered hat, a short black apron, and black knee-breeches and stockings. He was the regimental chaplain.

The catafalque was passing. At the four corners, where slender pillars, wound with silver, ascended to the canopy, the curtains of velvet were gathered in, so that the interior might be revealed. There, rising from a mass of fading flowers, an oblong, rectangular bulk showed its outline through a velvet pall, on the top of which lay a long, straight sword and a lancer's brass helmet, high-crested, bearing across its front the cross of Savoy.

Behind the catafalque, in advance of still more troops, came walking at random many men in uniform and mufti: Toto Fava, Azeglio, and others of the Lancers of Magenta, Campoformio in a black coat, his thin hair tousled. But in the place of honor two went arm-in-arm, their uncovered heads bowed forward—Aurelius and a thick-set gentleman with white mustaches brushed straight up from his lips, who stared into space like an old lion that has received his death-blow.

But Frossie, leaning from the cab, still peered after the departing catafalque, in which the brass helmet glimmered amid the smoke of incense. A low cry burst from her:

"I can't even see my flowers! I left my glasses at home!"

And at last she began to weep. And she continued to weep when the cortège had passed into a haze of dust, and all the while that the cab was bearing her back through the city to the Pension Schwandorf.

(To be continued)

The New Motherhood

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

IF she had lived a little while ago
She would be wearing tranquil caps of lace,
Withdrawing gently to her quiet place,
Sighing remotely at the world's drab woe.
To-day she fronts it squarely as her foe,
Not from the ingle-nook, but face to face,
Marching to meet it, stoutly keeping pace,
Armored in wisdom, strong to overthrow.
This is the work she always understood—
The world in terms of home. Set free to flower—
Unhindered now, her own brood long awing—
In broader, all-embracing motherhood,
Calm with the years and ardent with the hour,
Indian summer with the urge of spring.

CURRENT COMMENT

America's Golden Age in Poetry

THERE is no more hopeful sign of the advancement of a new age of artistic appreciation in this country than the recent genuine renaissance of native and vigorous poetry, blazing new trails for itself in realism, fantasy, form, and method.

The best of this work is based upon the craftsman's knowledge of his craft and his clear-sighted study of the poetic "old masters," though the modern poet shows his individuality in two distinct ways. He is either a merciless and challenging realist or weaves new and gorgeous patterns upon the loom of fancy, rejecting old poetic phrase, the age-long-pigeonholed "fit expression" for a given theme, shaping out of the flexible, slang-accreted language of the day a new poetic diction full of pith and "brimmed with nimbler meanings up." Thus, mixed metaphorically, some idea may be given of his enthusiastic and hearty modern method. The question of form I shall soon touch upon.

No image, no elate speculation, no new vision of old commonplace, seems too slight for the modern poet to commit to the written or printed page. And this is well. As Edmund Gosse has said in verse:

> If we could dare to write as ill
> As those whose voices haunt us still,
> Perhaps we too might make our own
> Their deep enchanting undertone.

The modern poet is not in the least afraid of seeming absurd or extravagant. He welcomes the rapier of the humorist, the bludgeon of the dogmatist. He demands of his poetry that it have his own life in its veins, not the galvanization of Cheops dead or a thin essence from the veins of the ghost of Keats. It must vibrate, for better or for worse, with a living personality. So form is less to the modern American poet than it was to most of his forefathers. Not that breaking through forms is anything new. Why, it was Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" that began a reaction against the "jigging vein of rhyming mother wits" in Elizabethan England! And already in America the new vigor of its poets has produced four books at least successful in experiment, intense in individuality, and a nucleus for further enterprising poetry of the future: these are "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed" by Amy Lowell, "North of Boston" by Robert Frost, "The Congo" by Vachel Lindsay, and "The Spoon River Anthology" by Edgar Lee Masters. The writer believes sincerely that work as daring and distinctive as this is more a product of the modern spirit in America—far more—than a mere imitation of modern English or European forms and methods, though something be owing to the latter. There is an intoxication about the way our contemporary poets fling themselves into a dauntless quest for self-expression. One sees it in the intensely modern work of James Oppenheim, Louis Untermeyer, Conrad Aiken, and Carl Sandburg; and, on the other hand, in the quite classic work of Thomas Walsh, whose recently published "Pilgrim Kings" contains those tapestried narratives of the Spanish painters El Greco, Goya, Velasquez, several of which first appeared in this magazine, narratives revealing the psychology and humanity of the subject with deft touches that make the reader recognize another ardent and subtle individuality mounted in the lists.

For, after all, the only thing necessary to make a book of poetry enthralling is that the true, particular flavor of an unusually keen observer's personality inhabit its pages. Then we can choose as we choose dishes at the table. But what I insist upon is that the modern American poet is far more than ever before a student of his own particular possibilities. He will do anything rather than conform to any

set standard, write in a copy-book way, "revere" the popular pantheon of old poets. His sense of humor is too healthy. Even though he cling to classical methods, he insists in throwing the intensity of his own personality upon the screen in all the rich, fresh colors which, to him, it possesses.

I shall name no more persons. There are a hundred good poets in America today, excellent craftsmen, vivid adventurers, known and unknown. Publishers no longer scoff at poets. There is now a growing clan of small magazines devoted entirely to the printing of poetry and the discussion of the same. Miss Harriet Monroe is the liberal pioneer of this field. And lastly we have that studious yearly assayer and anthologist of current poetry, Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite, a true servant of the lamp and of all who are slaves of the lamp.

Industrial Mobilization

THE requisites to physical preparedness for successful war—and unsuccessful war is as inexcusable as the literary-dramatic masterpiece that fails to "get" its message "across" the footlights—are trained men, direction, equipment, and organization. Most phases of the problem can best be examined and solved by our professional experts. These trained men can provide the country with the mechanics of defense, if the country will back them. The War College and the general staff should be the architects and builders of American security. And when the edifice is ready for us, a great gymnasium in which national virtues may be exercised into strength, we shall find the benefit of the exercise extending into every department of life. The mathematical Teuton mind has estimated that the military training of the young man has added sixteen per cent. to the efficiency of German industrial life. France, the home of creative intellect and painstaking honest workmanship, credits her military system with an even greater gain to the peace community. One of these countries we call militaristic in contrast with the pacific character of the other. But it is clear that in this era of growing international competition—the present war simply marks a gap that will soon close—we cannot afford to abandon to our rivals the benefits of a well-proved industrial and economic training.

Incidentally, the training that adds to the industrial power and the wealth of a nation fortifies that nation's ability to defend itself.

Yet we seem hardly to have considered the immense importance to any scheme of defense of a definite organization of our industrial power for effective mobilization. We have learned one distinct fact by the great war, which is that a modern army could not exist, the war could not go on one day, without gasolene. Information, air service, communication, and the transport of ammunition and provisions and the care of the wounded—all are accomplished by virtue of the magic essence.

A little more than a year ago a middle-aged aristocrat was called to the telephone in his country house in the middle of France. A moment later he summoned his fastest automobile, said good-by to his wife, jumped into the car, and whirled away through a choking cloud of white dust. An hour later he sweated and swore at the flies swarming in his office and wondered, when he had time to wonder, if his over-driven mind would desert him. But it did not slip; it had been trained for this very crisis, the mobilization of the motor reserves in that district.

Eight hundred motors rolled in during that afternoon: roadsters, limousines, touring-cars, motor-cycles, and motor-trucks, whirling up storms of dust and a strangling atmosphere of burned gasolene. Some of the trucks were driven by exquisites in the evening clothes of last night's party, and some by men in overalls pulled on over night-shirts, for no time could be lost; war was in the wind.

But the plans had been laid beforehand.

Before night those eight hundred cars and several thousand men were arranged in order. Lodging, food, gasolene, and oil supplies, even uniforms, had been provided, and the prearranged military numbers had been stenciled on the cars. The organization was adequate to its appointed task. In the night those cars went away on the roads in their properly organized and officered sections, ready for the work that has never ceased. Moreover, the middle-aged man had done the job with such thoroughness and despatch that he was promptly required for bigger duties. He is now in command of the motor transport service in half of France. If he were to be confronted to-day by the same problem, hardly a single bead of perspiration would be started on his capable brow. Such is the value of practice that the work would do itself almost automatically.

All this organization is based on the individual skill produced by training, and on the devotion to an ideal that is fostered by common, implicit obedience to the expressed will of the community.

If every owner of every automobile in America should consider himself the trustee of an instrument that in a contingency would be valuable to the defense of his country, he would gladly register his car, keep it up to yearly inspection standard, and hold it for the instant use of the Government. He would become a living American citizen instead of a duty-dodger. And we should have at once, grouped in convenient territorial divisions, the framework for the sort of transport system without which modern war cannot be waged.

In the same way we could have a real remount service. The Masters of Foxhounds Association proposes to register for government purposes all the horses owned by the hunters of the country. The horsemen themselves offer to place in the service of the Government their own expert knowledge of horses and their undoubted honesty. The offer means five or six thousand ideal officers' mounts and scores of the shrewdest buyers in the country to be had at need for the asking.

In like fashion our manufacturing plants and experts, our great carriers and producers, ought to be classified, registered, and made ready for community use. Our industrial power must be organized into the tremendous defensive weapon which it can be, but which it can become only through the operation in every one of us of a living sense of duty.

True Preparedness

SINCE the European War shocked us into a sense of insecurity there has been much discussion about the ways and means of preparedness. A general feeling prevails that we must take the utmost precautions to guard against aggressions. We have weighed our army and navy in the balance, and they appear inadequate for our safety if we must face the gigantic horror of a modern war. So the nation has been making up its mind to lay out on guns and ammunition and battle-ships much more than it has ever spent before. The idea seems to be that if we spend half a billion dollars on these things we shall have achieved the highest pinnacle of preparedness. In perfect security we can then pursue the peaceful tenor of our national existence.

That is all very well as far as it goes. If Germany had been prepared with men and guns merely, she must have succumbed to the starvation of her industries and her people before the war was a year old, and the representatives of Russia and France and Great Britain would have dictated their terms in Berlin. The war has shown that it is not guns or even the men behind the guns that can win to victory or stave off defeat. The decision lies with the strength of the nation as a whole, and that nation is best organized for war that is best organized for peace.

Europe has been learning about preparedness from Germany. Virtually since the outset of the war Germany's foreign trade has been wiped out, and she has been confronted by the problem of being wholly

self-sufficient or giving up. This problem has been met successfully because Germany was ready for it. Her remarkable internal organization, built up laboriously through a period of forty years, was able to stand the strain. So whatever we may think of Germany's ruthless war logic, we must study her system of preparedness carefully if we, too, would be prepared.

There are two important factors in the German system: one is the conservation and care of her human resources; the other is the policy of national coöperation in industry, agriculture, and everything that tends to promote the general welfare.

The German system of preparedness begins with the child. The child in Berlin gets about fifty per cent. more school training in a year than the child in New York. In addition, the German schools look after the health of the children; they feed the children of the poor and they conduct holiday camps for those who are run down. The utmost care is taken to produce healthy, efficient citizens. An imperial law compels employers to grant time for workers between fourteen and eighteen years to attend continuation-schools. The result of this system has been the passing of illiteracy in Germany, and in large measure the passing of the unskilled worker.

Having trained her people, Germany displays equal zeal in seeing that they have employment. The right to work is emphasized in the common law. Bismarck made it a key-note of his policy. "A man," he declared, "is entitled to say, 'Give me work,' and the state is bound to give him work." Employment is secured largely through coöperative labor exchanges throughout the empire. In times of stress work is also provided by the starting of large public enterprises and through other agencies. In the eight years ending with 1911 unemployment in Germany ranged from 1.1 per cent. to 2.9 per cent. of the total wage-earning population. In New York and Massachusetts, for a similar period, it ranged from 6.8 per cent. to 28.1 per cent. In New York City last winter, in a Federal census of nearly 100,000 wage-earners, 16.2 per cent. were out of work. Obviously we have much to learn from Germany in this respect. It has a direct bearing on preparedness, for a man habitually unemployed becomes unfitted for any work, including that of the soldier, and it is impossible to transform an army of the unemployed into an army of fighting men.

Of late a few of our States have been adopting some form of compulsory working-men's insurance, though most of our lawmakers still consider this a form of socialistic madness. In Germany working-men's insurance has been compulsory throughout the empire for over thirty years. The worker is insured against illness, accident, and old age, and if he dies, his widow and orphans are provided for. The insurance scheme embraces clerks and office employees, short contract and itinerant laborers in agriculture, workers at home, teachers, and tutors. The German Government has spent more money on this than it has on the German fleet.

Under the German electoral system the urban population is grossly under-represented in the Reichstag. Since 1871 there has been no reapportionment, despite the remarkable drift of population to the cities. This discrimination is directed against the Socialist-Democratic party, which flourishes particularly in the towns. Though this party is numerically the largest in Germany, it has never administered the affairs of a single parish. Despite this, municipal socialism is the rule in Germany. Perhaps it might be unwise or inexpedient for us to emulate the socialized German cities, but at least we have much to learn from them in assuring the welfare of our urban populations.

The interests of the farmer are as carefully conserved in Germany as those of the city-dweller, for the farmer is a most important factor in preparedness. The German Government has paid out hundreds of millions of dollars in subsidies for the farmer. It protects him against foreign competition. It has subsidized an army of chemists to increase the fertility of his fields. A model system of inland

waterways, run in collaboration with the railways, assures him cheap transportation. In times of stress special railroad rates are granted to save him from disaster. Expert personal advice is furnished for his smallest problems, and care is taken to insure a ready market for his products. Coöperative associations provide for the small farmer the most modern machinery at a moderate rental. If he has to borrow money on mortgage or to make a short-term loan to get in his crop, a system of land-bank associations assures him easy terms. He pays between three and four per cent. for his money on mortgage, and about five per cent. on short loans.

The American farmer who can obtain money at double the German rate is lucky. We permit a chaotic system of distribution whereby the farmer gets only a third of the value of his product, the rest being swallowed up in transportation charges and by the numerous middlemen.

The result is that while Germany has doubled her agricultural production in twenty years, with virtually no increase in acreage, we have been declining steadily to agricultural unpreparedness. The German farmer's acre of worn-out soil has been made to yield twice the product of our young field. In the five years ending with 1884 our exports of food-stuffs in crude condition and food-animals exceeded the imports by $453,000,000. During the five years before the European War our food imports exceeded exports by $374,000,000.

The transportation policy of Germany has helped to solve her problem of preparedness. Bismarck declared in 1884 that the railways "are intended rather to serve the needs of trade than to earn a profit for their owners." Germany solved her railway problem by government ownership. We may meet ours in some other way, but it is still to be solved. One sixth of our railway mileage is represented by bankrupt roads operated under receivers. The railroads are subjected to forty-odd brands of regulatory statutes in the different States. Our laws tend to restrict the railroads to small, competing units, when the general welfare could best be served by a single coöperative machine. The rebate and the special rate, which have been found useful in building up industry in Germany, are forbidden by our laws. We permit reckless manipulators to loot our roads of millions of dollars.

The railroad problem is closely allied with that of big business. Back in the eighties the movement toward industrial combination was investigated both in Germany and the United States. The German Government adopted a policy of watchful encouragement. Our legislators gave us the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. In this country the rise of the Standard Oil Company put an end to wasteful competition in the oil business. The Government, with the idea of restoring this competition, had the company dissolved. In Germany similarly hurtful competitive conditions prevailed in the potash industry. The Government ordered the warring units to combine. The Standard Oil Company has been accused of unfair practices. The German Government made sure that the potash combine would play fair, even going so far as to fix maximum prices for its products for the domestic market. In Germany it has been recognized that big business units are essential for the successful capture of foreign markets. Our Government has consistently pursued a policy of breaking up big business units, even if they did play fair, simply because they were big. The German in foreign trade has not only a business, but a nation behind him. Too often the American in foreign trade not only has to fight his competitors abroad, but his Government at home.

True preparedness is part of a series of problems—problems of human welfare, problems involving agriculture, industry, banking, transportation, all interwoven together. Our statesmen must face these problems squarely and intelligently if we are to be prepared for war. For this we must find men who are capable of thinking in terms of the nation instead of in terms of little localities, of little businesses, of little political advantages.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Black Jitney

The Autobiography of a Ford

(A twentieth-century revision of "Black Beauty")

By LAWTON MACKALL

THE first thing I can remember was being shoveled out of a great incubator, called a factory, along with several hundred brothers and sisters. All the men in that factory wore diamond shirt-studs.

While I was wondering at this, an old motor-truck named Mercury said to me with feeling:

"Ah, if all the workmen in the world could be as well off as the ones here, there would be no more poverty, and no people so poor as to have to ride in fords!"

I was loaded on a freight-car and carried many, many miles. The car jolted so terribly that I should have gone all to pieces had I not been built for jarring. None of the train-crew showed me any sympathy. They were wicked men, and used language that frequently sent a tinkle of shame to my mud-guards. I did not then know, as I do now, that the purest-minded automobile has to endure all its life words and tones of the most shocking sort.

My first master was a careful and conscientious man. He had a large garage full of fords, and he always kept a sharp eye on the door to make sure that nobody who walked out carried off one of us.

One day a man came in with a twenty-dollar bill that he wanted changed.

"Sorry," said my master, "but all I have in my cash-drawer is $2.69. I 'll have to give you the rest in fords."

Whereupon he handed him me and one of my brothers and three extra tires, which just made up the amount.

This new master, whose name was Mr. Pious, was very good and humane. He drove me with a gentle foot, and he would say to his children: "Be kind to Black Jitney. Never scratch him or bend him." The chubby little fellows grew so fond of me that before long they would trot sturdily beside me.

Their mother, however, was a cold, imperious woman. She cared nothing for the feelings of a ford. She would drive me at a grueling pace till my radiator was parched with thirst and my gears fairly cried out for oil. Speed was her one desire, and naturally *I* could not satisfy her. Even when I ran so fast that the effort made me shake from top to tires and I was in danger of losing my lamps, she would call me "ice-wagon" and "rattle-trap" and other cruel names, and refer unkindly to the fact that she could count the palings of the fences that we passed. Finally, this hard-hearted woman prevailed upon her husband to sell me and buy a big sixteen-cylinder Pope-Gregory. This car, as I afterward learned, was so vicious that the very first time she took it out for an airing it assaulted three helpless chickens and a pig.

My next master was a young man whose private life was such as no well-

brought-up automobile could have approved of. Every evening, after he had kept me in the garage all day long fuming with impatience and spilled gasolene, he would make me carry him for hours and hours with some young woman who ought to have known better.

What sights and sounds I had to endure—I who had always kept the strictest decorum! Worst of all, his deplorable conduct began to affect me. I found myself thinking thoughts which I had never permitted to enter my mind before, and looking with more interest than I should at seductive, satin-trimmed limousines. My morality was in danger of skidding.

One evening while my master was dining with a young woman at a roadside inn I was left to wait in the adjoining garage. But I was not alone; for close beside me stood a little French landaulet, the most disconcertingly alluring car I had ever seen. Her lines were exquisitely shapely; she was a goddess on wheels.

"Good evening," she sparked enticingly. "Are n't you the car that stood next to me at the country club last Thursday night?"

There was a daredevil gleam in her lamps which set my carbureter a-splutter.

"Yes," I answered, infatuated.

"I knew you, even though you tried to hide your name. Was n't it lovely—just us two in the moonlight, touching tires!"

A quiver ran through me. I knew that unless I could back out in a hurry, I was lost. I tried hastily to reverse; she had me completely short-circuited.

Heaven knows what might have happened had not my master entered at that moment and saved me. The instant he laid hold of my crank I gave vent to my pent-up emotions in a way that nearly burst my muffler; and when he pressed down the pedal, I fairly leaped through the door in flight.

As it was, I was seething with nervousness. My motor throbbed so violently that I could hardly hold still while the young woman climbed into her seat.

Off we sped down a dark and narrow road. I had no control over myself, and neither did the people I was carrying seem to have control over me or over themselves.

All at once my left fore tire exploded violently, veering me aside into a milepost. My master and the young woman landed in a clump of bushes, but *I* was maimed for life. Bad example and bad association had ruined me. Many an innocent, unsophisticated car is thus driven to destruction all because its owner fails to live up to his moral responsibility.

I lay there all the rest of the night, while my gasolene ebbed away drop by drop. In the morning some men came out from the city and dragged me in. They performed a most painful operation on me, amputating various shattered members and grafting on several feet of tin.

Then, before I was really convalescent, I was sold to a new master. This person was a harsh-speaking, unfeeling man, who cared for nothing but money. He drove up and down the streets all day, inviting people to get in and ride; and when they did get in, he forced each one of them to surrender a nickel.

He was very cruel to me. Instead of showing any consideration for my broken health, he would say openly, "Well, I 'll get what use I can out of this one, and then buy another." Not once did he ever throw a blanket over my hood in cold weather or steady my slipping wheels with chains. He was so penurious that whenever he drove me through a crowded street, he would shut off my gasolene, and make me run on what I could breathe in from the exhausts of other cars.

Wretched indeed is the old age of an automobile. Bereft of the beauty it had when it was a new model, it declines into squalid neglect. No amount of painting and enameling can restore its youthful bloom.

One day this master was driving me through an amusement park when I broke down completely. He got out, and prodded me brutally in the magneto. I had not the strength to budge.

He grew very angry, and the people in the tonneau demanded their money back.

A crowd of idlers gathered to witness my humiliation.

Becoming purple in the face, my master nearly twisted my crank off. He heaped upon me the most insulting and unjust imprecations, as though it were my fault that my health was gone, even making distressing insinuations as to my ancestry. Words failing him, he fell to belaboring me with a hammer and monkey-wrench.

The spectators looked on with indifference. Some of them even urged him maliciously to the attack.

"I 'd *sell* the thing for fifty cents!" he exclaimed, with a shocking oath.

Suddenly an elderly, kindly-faced man pushed his way forward through the crowd.

"I 'll give you that for it," he said. "Only stop battering it!"

My master left off hitting me. He looked surlily at the speaker and then at the crowd.

"You can have it," he said between his teeth.

Hot tears of gratitude dropped from my cylinders as my deliverer pushed me to his near-by home. From that moment to this I have never known anything but happiness.

For my dear old master is a photographer, and he keeps me basking in his sunny studio, and friendly people, many of them young couples who have just been married, come in to have their pictures taken while sitting in me. I am petted and made much of. My working days are over. But what makes me happiest is the knowledge that I can never be sold.

Unfolding

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

UNFOLDING
Is living.
Unfolding
Is the language of growth.
It is delightful to drop little Japanese water flowers
Into a bowl
And watch as the water
Dissolves the tight tissue circlet
About the moist fire-cracker,
Allowing the thirsting bits of tinted pith
To swell with drinking,
And unfold
Into joyous, bubbling, giggling
Conceptions of happy flowers.
It is almost as fascinatingly fanciful
As dropping beautifully tinted bits of ideas
Into one's own thinking-bowl,
And lying back, dreamily absorbed
In watching them
Unfold.

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"'Nancy,' he said, 'a woman cannot have two husbands. It 's a crime against the State; it 's a sin against God'"

Drawing by
Henry Raleigh

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The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

ALREADY, in the third decade of the nineteenth century, the settlers in the valley of Leatherwood Creek had opened the primeval forest to their fields of corn and tobacco on the fertile slopes and rich bottom-lands. The stream had its name from the bush which grew on its banks, and which with its tough and pliable bark served many uses of leather among the pioneers: they made parts of their harness with it, and the thongs which lifted their door-latches or tied their shoes or held their working clothes together. The name passed to the settlement, and then it passed to the man who came and went there in mystery and obloquy, and remained lastingly famed in the annals of the region as the Leatherwood God.

At the time he appeared the community had become a center of influence, spiritual as well as material, after a manner unknown to later conditions. It was still housed, for the most part, in the log cabins which the farmers built when they ceased to be pioneers, but in the older clearings and along the creek a good many frame-dwellings stood, and even some of brick. The population, woven of the varied strains from the North, East, and South which have mixed to form the Middle Western people, enjoyed an ease of circumstance not so great as to tempt their thoughts from the other world and fix them on this. In their remoteness from the political centers of the young republic, they seldom spoke of the civic questions stirring the towns of the East; the commercial and industrial problems which trouble modern society were unknown to them. Religion was their chief interest, and the seriousness which they had inherited from their Presbyterian, Methodist, Lutheran, and Moravian ancestry was expressed in their orderly and diligent lives; but the general prosperity had so far relaxed the stringency of their several creeds that their distinctive public rite had come to express a mutual toleration. The different sects had their different services, their ceremonies of public baptism, their revivals, their camp-meetings; but they gathered as one Christian people under the roof of the log-built edifice, thrice the size of their largest dwelling, which they called the Temple.

I

A STORM of the afternoon before had cleared the mid-August air. The early sun was hot, but the wind had carried away the sultry mists, and infused fresh life into the day. Where Matthew Braile

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sat smoking his corn-cob pipe in the covered porchway between the rooms of his double-log cabin he insensibly shared the common exhilaration, and waited comfortably for the breakfast of bacon and coffee which his wife was getting within. As he smoked on he inhaled, with the odors from her cooking, the dense, rich smell of the ripening corn that stirred in the morning breeze on three sides of the cabin, and the fumes of the yellow tobacco which he had grown and cured and was now burning. His serenity was a somewhat hawk-like repose, but the light that came into his narrowed eyes was of rather amused liking as a man on a claybank horse rode up before the cabin in the space where alone it was not hidden by the ranks of the tall corn. The man sat astride a sack with a grist of corn in one end balanced by a large stone in the other, and he made as if he were going on to the mill without stopping; but he yielded apparently to a temptation from within, since none had come from without.

"Whoa!" he shouted at the claybank, which the slightest whisper would have stayed; and then he called to the old man on the porch, "Fine mornun', Squire!"

Braile took out his pipe and spat over the edge of the porch before he called back:

"Won't you light and have some breakfast?"

"Well, no, thank you, Squire," the man said, and at the same time he roused the claybank from an instant repose, and pushed her to the cabin steps. "I 'm just on my way down to Brother Hingston's mill, and I reckon Sally don't want me to have any breakfast till I bring back the meal for her to git it with; anyway, that 's what she said when I left." Braile answered nothing, and the rider of the claybank added, with a certain uneasiness as if for the effect of what he was going to say, "I was up poortty late last night, and I reckon I overslep'." Then, as Braile remained silent, he went on briskly, "I was wonderun' if you hearn about the curious doun's last night at the camp-meetun'."

Braile said, without ceasing to smoke: "You 're the first one I 've seen this morning except my wife. She was n't at the camp-meeting." His aquiline profile, which met close at the lips from the loss of his teeth, compressed itself farther in leaving the whole burden of the affair to the man on the claybank, and his narrowed eyes were a line of mocking under the thick, gray brows that stuck out like feathers above them.

"Well, sir, it was great doun's," the other said, wincing a little under the old man's indifference.

Braile relented so far as to ask:

"Who was at the bellows?"

The other answered with a certain inward deprecation of the grin that spread over his face and the responsive levity of his phrase:

"There was a change of hands, but the one that kep' the fire goun' the hardes' and the hottes' was Elder Grove."

Braile made "Hoonch!" in the scornful guttural which no English spelling can represent.

"Yes, sir," the man on the claybank went on, carried forward by his own interest, but helpless to deny himself the guilty pleasure of falling in with Braile's humor, "he had 'em goun' lively about midnight, now I tell you: whoopun' and yellun', and rippun' and stavun', and fallun' down with the jerks, and pullun' and haulun' at the sinners to git 'em up to the mourners' bench, and hurrahun' over 'em as fast as they was knocked down and drug out. I never seen the beat of it in all *my* born days."

"You don't make out anything very strange, Abel Reverdy," Braile said, putting his pipe back into his mouth and beginning to smoke it again into a lost activity.

"Well, I hain't come to it yit," Reverdy apologized. "I reckon there never was a bigger meetun' in Leatherwood Bottom anywhere. Folks there from twenty mile' round, just slathers; I reckon there was a thousand, if there was one."

"Hoonch!" Braile would not trouble to take out his pipe in making the sound

now; the smoke got into his lungs, and he coughed.

Reverdy gained courage to go on, but he went on in the same strain, whether in spite of himself or not.

"There was as many as four exhorters keepun' her up at once to diff'rent tunes, and prayun' and singun' everywhere, so you could n't hear yourself think. Every exhorter had a mourners' bench in front of him, and I counted as many as eighty mourners on 'em at one time. The most of 'em was settun' under Elder Grove, and he was poundun' the kingdom into 'em good and strong. When the Spirit took him he roared so that he had the Hounds just flaxed out; you could n't ketch a yelp from 'em."

"Many Hounds?" Braile asked in a sort of cold sympathy with the riotous outlaws known to the religious by that name.

"Mought been 'fore I got there; but by that time I reckon they was most of 'em on the mourners' benches. They ought to tar and feather some of them fellers, or ride 'em on a rail, anyway, comun' round and makun' trouble on the edge of camp-meetun's. I did n't hear but one toot from their horns last night, and either because the elder had shamed 'em back into the shadder of the woods or brought 'em forwards into the light, there was n't a Hound, not to *call* a Hound, anywheres. I tell you, it was a sight, Squire; you ought to 'a' been there yourself." Reverdy grinned at his notion. "They had eight camp-fires goun' instead o' four, on top of the highest stagun's yit, so the whole place was lit up as bright as day; and when the elder stopped short and sudden, and the other exhorters held back their tommy-hawks, and all the saints and sinners left off their groanun' and jerkun' to see what was comun', now, it was a great sight, I tell you, Squire. The elder he put up his hand and says he, 'Let us pray!' and the blaze from all them stagun's seemed to turn itself right on to him, and the smoke and the leaves hung like a big red cloud over him, and everybody had their eyes fastened tight on his face like they could n't turn 'em anywhere else if they tried. But he did n't begin prayun' straight off. He seemed to stop, and then says he, 'What shall we pray for?' and just then there come a kind of a snort, and a big voice shouted out, 'Salvation!' and then there come another snort,—*'Hooff!'*—like there was a scared horse got loose right in there among the people; and some of 'em jumped up from their seats and tumbled over the benches, and some of 'em bounced off and fell into fits, and the women screeched and fainted thick as flies. It give me about the worst feelun' I ever had in my life: went through me like a' ax, and others said the same; some of 'em said it was like beun' scared in the dark, or more like when you think you 're just goun' to die."

Abel Reverdy stopped for the effect on Braile, who had been smoking tranquilly throughout, and who now asked quietly:

"And what was it?"

"What was it? A man! A stranger that nobody seen before, and nobody suspicioned was there till they hearn him give that kind of snort, and they seen him standun' right in front of the mourners' bench under Elder Grove's pulpit. He was in his bare head, and he had a suit of long, glossy, jet-black hair hengun' down back of his ears clean to his shoulders. He was kind of pale-like and sad-lookun', and he had a Roman nose some like yourn and eyes like two coals, just black fire, kind of. He was poortty thick-set round the shoulders, but he slimmed down towards his legs, and he stood about six feet high. But the thing of it," Reverdy urged, seeing that Braile remained outwardly unmoved, "was the way he was dressed. I s'pose the rest, beun' all in brown jeans and linsey-woolsey, made us notice it more. He was dressed in the slickest kind of black broadcloth, with a long frock-coat and a white cravat. He had on a ruffled shirt, and a tall beaver hat the color of the fur, and a pair of these here high boots, with his breeches strapped down under 'em."

Braile limbered himself from his splint-bottom chair, and came forward to the edge of the porch as if to be sure of spit-

ting quite under the claybank's body. Not until he had folded himself down into his seat again and tilted it back did he ask:

"Goin' to order a suit?"

"Oh, well," said Reverdy, with a mingling of disappointed hope, hurt vanity, and involuntary pleasure. If he had been deeply moved by the incident which he had tried to make Braile see with his own sense of its impressiveness, it could not have been wholly with the hope of impressing Braile that he had stopped to tell it. His notion might have been that Braile would ridicule it, and so help him throw off the lingering hold which it had upon him. His pain and his pleasure both came from Braile's leaving the incident alone and turning the ridicule upon him. That was cruel and yet funny, Reverdy had inwardly to own, as it touched the remoteness from a full suit of black broadcloth represented by his hickory shirt and his butternut trousers held up by a single suspender passing over his shoulder and fastened before and behind with wooden pegs. His straw hat, which he had braided himself, and his wife had sewed into shape the summer before, was ragged round the brim, and a tuft of his yellow hair escaped through a break in the crown. It was as far from a tall hat of fur-colored beaver as his bare feet were from a pair of high boots such as the stranger at the camp-meeting had worn, though his ankles were richly shaded in three colors from the road, the field, and the barnyard. He liked the joke so well that the hurt of it could hardly keep him from laughing as he thumped his mare's ribs with his naked heels and bade her get up.

She fetched a deep sigh, but she did not move.

"Better light," Braile said; "you would n't get that corn ground in time for breakfast now."

"I reckon," Reverdy said aloud, but to himself rather than Braile, and with his mind on his wife in the log cabin, where he had left her in high rebellion which she promised him nothing but a bag of cornmeal could reduce, "she don't need to wait for me, exactly. She could grate herself some o' the new corn, and she 's got some bacon, anyway."

"Better light," Braile said again.

The sound of frying within, which had risen above their voices, had ceased, and after a few quick movements of feet over the puncheon floor, with some clicking of knives and dishes, the feet came to the door opening on the porch, and a handsome elderly woman looked out.

She was neatly dressed in a home-woven linsey-woolsey gown, with a blue check apron reaching to its hem in front, and a white cloth passed round her neck and crossed over her breast; she had a cap on her iron-gray hair.

Braile did not visibly note her presence in saying:

"The woman will want to hear about it."

"Hear about what?" his wife asked, and then she said to Reverdy: "Good morning, Abel. Won't you light and have breakfast with us? It 's just ready. I reckon Sally will excuse you."

"Well, she will if *you* say so, Mrs. Braile." Reverdy made one action of throwing his leg over the claybank's back to the ground, and slipping the bridle over the smooth peg left from the limb of the young tree-trunk which formed one of the posts of the porch. "My!" he said, as he followed his hostess indoors, "you do have things nice! I never come here without wantun' to have my old shanty whitewashed inside like yourn is, and the logs plastered outside; the mud and moss of that chinkun' and daubun' keeps fallun' out, and lettun' all the kinds of weather there is in on us, and Sally she 's at me about it, too; she 's wuss 'n I am, if anything. I reckon, if she had her say, we 'd have a two-room cabin, too, and a loft over both parts, like you have, Mis' Braile, or a frame-house, even. But I don't believe anybody but you could keep this floor so clean. Them knots in the puncheons just shine! And that chimbly-piece, with that plaster of Paris Samuel prayun' un it; well, if Sally 's ast me for a Samuel once, I reckon she has a hunderd times. And that clock! It 's a pictur'." He looked

about the interior as he took the seat offered him at the table, and praised the details of the furnishing with a reference to the effect of each at home. In this he satisfied that obscure fealty of the husband who feels that such a connection of the absent wife with some actual experience of his is equivalent to their joint presence. It was not so much to praise Mrs. Braile's belongings to her as to propitiate the idea of Mrs. Reverdy that he continued his flatteries. In the meantime Braile, who came in behind him, stood easing himself from one foot to the other, with an ironical eye slanted at Reverdy from under his shaggy brows; he dropped his head now, and began walking up and down the room while he listened in a sort of sarcastic patience.

"Ain't you goin' to have anything to eat, Mr. Braile?" his wife demanded, with plaintive severity.

Braile pulled at his cob-pipe, which muttered responsively:

"Not so long as I 've got anything to smoke. Gets up," he explained to Reverdy, "and jerks it out of my mouth when we have n't got company."

"I reckon Abel knows how much to believe of that," Mrs. Braile commented, and Reverdy gave the pleased chuckle of a social inferior raised above his level by amiable condescension. But as if he thought it safest to refuse any share in this intimacy, he ended his adulations with the opinion:

"I should say that if these here two rooms was th'owed together, they 'd make half as much as the Temple."

Braile stopped in his walk and bent his frown on Reverdy, but not in anger.

"This *is* the Temple: Temple of Justice—Justice of the Peace. Do you people think there 's only one kind of temple in Leatherwood?"

Reverdy gave his chuckle again.

"Well, Squire, I ought to know, anyway, all the log-rollun' I done for you last 'lection-time. I did n't hardly believe you 'd git in, because they said you was a' infidel."

"Well, you could n't deny it, could you?" Braile asked, with increasing friendliness in his frown.

"No, I could n't deny it, Squire. But the way I told 'em to look at it was, Mis' Braile was Christian enough for the whole family. Said *you* knowed more law and *she* knowed more gospel than all the rest of Leatherwood put together."

"And that was what elected the family, was it?" Braile asked. "Well, I hope Mrs. Braile won't refuse to serve," he said, and he began his walk again. "Tell her about that horse that broke into the meetin' last night and tried to play man."

Reverdy laughed, shaking his head over his plate of bacon and reaching for the corn-pone which Mrs. Braile passed him.

"You do beat all, Squire, the way you take the shine off of religious experience. Why,"—he addressed himself to Mrs. Braile,—"it was n't much as fur as anybody could make out. It was just the queerness of the whole thing." Reverdy went over the facts again, beginning with deprecation for the squire, but gathering respect for them in the interest they seemed to have for Mrs. Braile.

She listened silently, and then she asked:

"And what became of him?"

"Well, that 's where you got me, Mrs. Braile. Don't anybody know what become of him. Just kind of went out like a fire when the Power was workun' the hardest, and was n't there next time you looked where he been. Kind o' th'owed cold water on the meetun', and folks begun goun' home, and breakun' up and turnun' in; well, it was pretty nigh sun-up, anyway, by that time. I don't know! Made me feel all-overish. Seemed like I 'd been dreamun', and that man was a vision." Reverdy had lifted an enraptured face, but at sight of Braile pausing in sarcastic pleasure, he dropped his head with a snicker. "I know the squire 'll laugh; but that 's the way it was."

"He 'll laugh the other side of his mouth some day, if he keeps on," Mrs. Braile said, with apparent reproof and latent pride. "Was Sally at the meetin' with you?"

"Well, no, she was n't," Reverdy began, and Braile asked:

"And did you wake her up and tell her about it?"

"Well, no, I did n't, Squire, that 's a fact. She woke me up. I just crep' in quiet and felt out the soft side of a puncheon for a nap, and the firs' thing I know was Sally havun' me by the shoulder, and wantun' to know about gittun' that corn groun' for breakfas'. My! I don't know what she 'll say when I do git back!" Reverdy laughed a fearful pleasure, but his gaiety was clouded by a shadow projected from the cabin door.

"Well, I mought 'a' knowed it!" a voice at once fond and threatening called to Reverdy's quailing figure. The owner of the voice was a young woman unkempt as to the pale hair which escaped from the knot at her neck and stuck out there and dangled about her face in spite of the attempts made to gather it under the control of the high horn comb holding its main strands together. The lankness of her long figure showed in the calico wrapper which seemed her sole garment; and her large features were respectively lank in their way, nose and chin and high cheek-bones; her eyes wabbled in their sockets with the sort of inquiring laughter that spread her wide, loose mouth. She was barefooted, like Reverdy, on whom her eyes rested with a sort of burlesque menace, so that she could not turn them to Mrs. Braile in the attention which manners required of her, even when she added, "I just 'spicioned that he 'd 'a' turned in here soon 's I smelt your breakfas', Mrs. Braile; and the dear knows whether I blame him so much, nuther."

"Then you 'd better draw up, too, Sally," Mrs. Braile said, without troubling herself to rise from her own chair in glancing toward another for Mrs. Reverdy.

"Oh, no, I could n't, Mrs. Braile. I on'y just meant how nice it smelt. I got me somepun' at home before I left, and I ain't a bit hungry."

"Well, then, you eat breakfast for *me; I 'm* hungry," the squire said. "Sit down! You could n't get Abel away now, not if you went on an hour. Don't separate families!"

"Well, just as you say, Squire," Mrs. Reverdy snickered, and she submitted to pull up the chair which Mrs. Braile's glance had suggested. "It beats all what a excitement there is in this town about the goun's on at the camp-meetun' last night. If I 've heard it from one, I 've heard it from a dozen. I s'pose Abel 's tol' you?" She addressed herself impartially to Mrs. Braile across the table and to the squire tilted against the wall in his chair, smoking behind his wife.

"Not a word," the squire said, and his wife did not trouble herself to protest; Reverdy opened his mouth in a soundless laugh at the squire's humor, and then filled it with bacon and corn-pone, and ducked his head in silence over his plate. "What goings on?"

"Why, that man that come in while Elder Grove was snatchun' the brands from the burnun', and snorted like a horse. But I *know* Abel 's tol' you. It 's just like one of your jokes, Squire Braile; ain't it, Mrs. Braile?" Sally referred herself to one and the other.

"You won't get either of us to say, Sally,"—Mrs. Braile let the squire answer for both;—"you 'd better go on. I could n't hear too often about a man that snorted like a horse, if Abel *did* tell. What did the horses hitched back of the tents think about it? Any of 'em try to shout like a man?"

"Well, you may laugh, Squire Braile," Sally said, with a toss of her head for the dignity she failed of. She slumped forward with a laugh, and when she lifted her head she said through the victual that filled her mouth, "I dunno what the horses thought, but the folks believe it was a' apostle or somepun'."

"Who said so? Abel?"

"Oh, pshaw! d' you suppose I b'lieve anythun' Abel Reverdy says?" and this gave Reverdy a joy which she shared with him; he tried to impart it to Mrs. Braile, impassively pouring him a third cup of coffee. "I jes met Mis' Leonard comun'

up the cross-road, and she tol' me she saw our claybank hitched here, and I 'spicioned Abel was n't fur off, and that 's why I stopped."

The husband and wife looked across the table in feigned fear and threat that gave them pleasure beyond speech.

"She did n't say it was your claybank that snorted?" the squire gravely inquired.

"Squire Braile, you surely will kill me!" and the husband joined the wife in a shout of laughter. "Now I can't hardly git back to what she *did* say. But, I can tell you, it was n't nawthun' to laugh at. Plenty of 'em keeled over where they sot, and a lot bounced up and down like it was a' earthquake, and pretty near all the women screamed. But he stood there straight as a ramrod, and never moved a' eye-winker. She said his face was somepun' awful—just as solemn and still! He never spoke after that one word 'Salvation,' but every once in a while he snorted. Nobody seen him come in, or ever seen him before till he first snorted, and then they did n't see anybody else. The preacher he preached along, and tried to act like as if nawthun' had happened, but it was no use; nobody did n't hardly pay no attention to him 'ceptun' the stranger himself; he never took his eyes off Elder Grove. Some thought he was tryun' to charm him, like a snake does a bird; but it did n't faze the elder."

"Elder too old a bird?" the squire suggested.

"Yes, I reckon he mought been," Sally innocently assented.

"And when he gave the benediction, the snorter disappeared in a flash, with a strong smell of brimstone, I suppose?"

"Why, that was the thing of it, Squire. He just stayed, and shuck hands with everybody, pleasant as a basket of chips; and he went home with David Gillespie. He was just as polite to the poorest person there, but it was the big bugs that tuck the most to him."

"Well," the squire summed up, "I don't see but what your reports agree, and I reckon there must be some truth in 'em. Who 's that up there at the pike-crossing?" He did not trouble himself to do more than frown heavily in the attempt to make out the passer. Mrs. Reverdy jumped from her chair and ran out to look.

"Well, as sure as I 'm alive, if it ain't that Gillespie girl! I bet she 'll know all about it. I 'll just ketch up with her and git the news out of her, if there is any. Say, say, Jane!" she called to the girl as she ran up the road with the cow-like gait which her swirling skirt gave her. The girl stopped for her; then in apparent haste she moved on again, and Sally moved with her out of sight; her voice still made itself heard in uncouth cries and laughter.

Braile called into the kitchen, where Reverdy had remained in the enjoyment of Mrs. Braile's patient hospitality:

"Here 's your chance, Abel!"

"Chance?" Reverdy questioned back with a full mouth.

"To get that corn of yours ground and beat Sally home."

"Well, Squire," Reverdy said, "I reckon you 're right." He came out into the open space where Braile sat. "Well, I won't fergit *this* breakfast very soon," he offered his gratitude to Mrs. Braile over his shoulder as he passed through the door.

"You 're welcome, Abel," she answered kindly, and when he had made his manners to the impassive squire and mounted his claybank, and thumped the horse into motion with his naked heels, she came out into the porch and said to her husband, "I don't know as I liked your hinting him out of the house that way."

Braile did not take the point up, but remained thoughtfully smiling in the direction his guest had taken.

"The idea is that most people marry their opposites," he remarked, "and that gives the children the advantage of inheriting their folly from two kinds of fools. But Abel and Sally are a perfect pair, mental and moral twins; the only thing they don't agree in is their account of what became of that snorting exhorter. But the difference there is n't important. If

an all-wise Providence has kept them from transmitting a double dose of the same brand of folly to posterity, that 's one thing in favor of Providence." He took up his wife's point now. "If I had n't hinted him away, he 'd have stayed to dinner; *you* would n't have hinted him away if he 'd stayed to supper."

"Well, are you going to have some breakfast?" his wife asked. "I 'll get you some fresh coffee."

"Well, I *would* like a little,—with the bead on,—Martha, that 's a fact. Have I got time for another pipe?"

"No, I don't reckon you have," his wife said, and she passed into the kitchen again, where she continued to make such short replies as Braile's discourse required of her.

He knocked his pipe out on the edge of his still-uptilted chair as he talked.

"One fool like Abel I can stand, and I was just going to come in when Sally came in sight; and then I knew that two fools like Abel would make me sick. So I waited till the Creator of heaven and earth could get a minute off and help me out. But He seemed pretty busy with the solar system this morning, and I had about given up when He sent that Gillespie girl in sight. I knew that would fetch Sally; but it was an inspiration of my own to suggest Abel's chance to him. I don't want to put that on your Maker, Martha."

"It was your inspiration to get him to stay in the first place," Mrs. Braile said within.

"No, Martha; that was my unfailing obedience to the sacred laws of hospitality; I *did n't* expect to fall under their condemnation a second time, though." Mrs. Braile did not answer, and by the familiar scent from within Braile knew that his coffee must be nearly ready. As he dropped his chair forward, he heard a sound of frying, and "Pshaw, Martha!" he called. "You 're not getting me some fresh bacon?"

"Did you suppose there 'd be some left?" she demanded while she stepped to and fro at her labors. Her steps ceased and she called, "Well, come in now, Matthew, if you don't want *every*thing to get cold, like the pone is."

Braile obeyed, saying:

"Oh, I can stand cold *pone,*" and at sight of the table, with the coffee and bacon renewed upon it, he mocked tenderly, "Now, just to reward you, Martha, I 've got half a mind to go with you to the next meeting in the Temple."

"I don't know as I 'm goin' myself," she said, pouring the coffee.

"I wish you would, just to please me," he teased.

II

No one could say quite how it happened that the stranger went home from the camp-meeting with old David Gillespie and his girl. Many had come forward with hospitable offers, and the stranger had been affable with all; but he had slipped through the hands he shook and had parried the invitations made him. Gillespie had not seemed to invite him, and his shy daughter had shrunk aside when the chief citizens urged their claims; yet the stranger went with them to their outlying farm, and spent all the next day there alone in the tall woods that shut its corn-fields in.

Sally Reverdy had failed to get any light from the Gillespie girl when she ran out from Squire Braile's cabin. The girl seemed still under the spell that had fallen upon many at the meeting, and it appeared to Sally that she did not want to talk; at any rate, she did not talk to any satisfactory end. A squirrel-hunter believed he had caught a glimpse of the stranger in the chestnut woods behind the Gillespie spring-house, but he was not a man whose oath was acceptable in the community, and his belief was not generally shared. It was thought that the stranger would reappear at the last night of the camp-meeting, but the Gillespies came without him, and reported that they had expected he would come by himself.

The camp-meeting broke up after the Sunday morning service, and most of the worshipers, sated with their devotional ex-

perience, went home, praising the Power in song as they rode away in the wagons laden with their camp furniture, and their children strewn over the bedding. But for others the fire of the revival burned through the hot, long, August Sabbath day, and a devout congregation crowded the Temple.

The impulse of the week past held over to the night unabated. The spacious log-built house was packed from wall to wall; the men stood dense; the seats were filled with women; only a narrow path was left below the pulpit for those who might wish to rise and confess Christ before the congregation. The people waited in a silence broken by their deep breathing, their devout whispering, the scraping of their feet; now and then a babe whose mother could not leave it at home wailed pitifully or spitefully till it was coaxed or scolded still; now and then some one coughed. The air was thick; a bat scandalized the assemblage by flying in at the open door, and wavering round the tallow candles on the pulpit; one of the men beat it down with his hat, and then picked it up and crowded his way down the aisle out into the night with it. When he came back it was as if he had found the stranger whom they were all consciously expecting, and had brought him in with David Gillespie and his girl. She was tall and straight, like her father, and her hair was red, like his; her eyes were pearly blue, and the look in them was both wilful and dreamy.

The stranger smiled, and took the hands stretched out to him in passing by several of the different sectarians who used the Temple. Gillespie seemed not to notice or to care for the greetings to his guest, and his girl wore her wonted look of vague aloofness.

Matthew Braile had been given a seat at the front, perhaps in deference to his age and dignity, perhaps in confusion at his presence. He glanced up at the stranger with a keen glint through his branching eyebrows, and made a gutturai sound; his wife pushed him; and he said. "What?" and "Oh!" quite audibly; and she pushed him again for answer.

The Gillespies sat down with the stranger on the foremost bench. He wore the black broadcloth coat of the Friday night before; his long hair, combed back from his forehead, fell down his shoulders almost to his middle; the glances of his black eyes roved round the room, but were devoutly lowered at the prayer which opened the service. It was a Methodist who preached, but somehow to-night he had not the fervor of his sect; his sermon was cold, and addressed itself to the faith rather than the hope of his hearers. He spoke as from the hold of an oppressive spell; at times he was perplexed, and lost his place in his exhortation. In the close heat some drowsed, and the preacher was distracted by snoring from a corner near the door. He lifted his voice as if to rouse the sleeper or to drown the noise, but he could not. He came to the blessing at last, and the disappointed congregation rose to go out. Suddenly the loud snort that had dismayed the camp-meeting sounded through the heavy air, and then there came the thrilling shout of "Salvation!"

The people did not need to look where the stranger had been sitting; he had done what they hoped, what they expected, and he was now towering over those near him, with his head thrown back, and his hair tossed like a mane on his shoulders. The people stopped; some who had gone out crowded in again; no one knew quite what to do. The minister halted on the pulpit stairs; he had done his part for the night, and he did not apparently resent the action of the man who now took it on him to speak.

A tall, stout man among those who had lingered spoke from the aisle. He was the owner of the largest farm in the neighborhood and he had one of the mills on the creek. In his quality of miller everybody knew him, and he had the authority of a public character. Now he said:

"We want to hear something more than a snort and a shout from our brother here. We heard *them* Friday night, and we 've been talkin' about it ever since."

The appeal was half joking, half en-

treating. The minister was still hesitating on the pulpit stairs, and he looked at the stranger.

"Will you come up, Brother ——"

"Call me Dylks—for the present," the stranger answered with a full voice.

"Brother Dylks," the minister repeated, and he came down, and gave him the right hand of fellowship.

The Gillespies looked on with their different indifference. Dylks turned to them.

"Shall I speak?"

"Speak!" the girl said, but her father said nothing.

Dylks ran quickly up the pulpit steps.

"We will join in prayer," he called out, and he held the congregation, now returned to their places, in the spell of a quick, short supplication. He ended it with the Lord's Prayer; then he said, "Let us sing," and line after line he gave out the hymn,

> Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
> We wretched sinners lay.

He expounded each stanza as to the religious sense and the poetic meaning before he led the singing. He gave out a passage of Scripture as a sort of text, but he did not keep to it; he followed with other passages, and his discourse was a rehearsal of these rather than a sermon. His memory in them was unerring. Women who knew their Bibles by heart sighed their satisfaction in his perfectness; they did not care for the relevance or irrelevance of the passages; all was Scripture, all was the one inseparable Word of God, dreadful, blissful, divine, promising heaven, threatening hell. Groans began to go up from the people held in the strong witchery of the man's voice. They did not know whether he spoke long or not. Before they knew, he was as if sweeping them to their feet with a repetition of his opening hymn, and they were singing with him

> Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
> We wretched sinners lay.

It ended, and he gave his wild, brutish snort, and then his heart-shaking cry of "Salvation!"

Some of the chief men remained to speak with him, to contend for him as their guest; but old David Gillespie did not contend with them. "You can have him," he said to the miller, Peter Hingston, "if he wants to go with you." He was almost rude, and his daughter was not opener with the women who crowded about her trying to make her say something that would feed their hunger to know more. She remained hard and cold, almost dumb; it seemed to them that she was not worthy to have had him under her father's roof. As for her father, they had no patience with him for not putting in a word to claim the stranger while the others were pressing him to come home with them. In spite of the indifference of Gillespie and his girl, Dylks elected to remain with them, and he went away into the night between them.

When Matthew Braile made his escape with his wife from the crowd and began to walk home through the dim, hot night, he said:

"Is Jane Gillespie any particular hand at fried chicken?"

"Now you stop, Matthew!" his wife said.

"Because that would account for it. I reckon it was fried chicken the ravens brought to Elijah. All men of God are fond of fried chicken."

His wife would not dispute directly with his perversity; she knew that in this mood of his it would be useless trying to make him partake the wonder she shared with her neighbors that the stranger had chosen David Gillespie again for his host out of the many leading men who had pressed their hospitality upon him, and that he should have preferred his apathy to their eagerness.

"I wish he had worn his yellow beaver hat in the pulpit," Braile went on. "It must have been a disappointment to Abel Reverdy, but perhaps he consoled himself with a full sight of the fellow's long hair. He ought to part it in the middle, like Thomas Jefferson, and do it up in a knot, like a woman. Well, we can't have everything even in a man of God; but maybe

"He was now towering over those near him, with his head thrown back, and his hair tossed like a mane on his shoulders"

he is n't really a man of God. That would account for a good many things. But I think he shows taste in preferring old Gillespie to Peter Hingston; next to Abel Reverdy he 's the biggest fool in Leatherwood. Maybe the prophet knew by instinct that there would be better fried chicken at Gillespie's."

His wife disdained to make a direct answer.

"You may be sure they give him of their best, whatever it is. And the Gillespies may be poor, but when it comes to respectability and good works, they 've got a right to hold their heads up with the best in this settlement. That girl has done all the work of the house since her mother died, when she was n't a little thing half grown; and old David has slaved off his mortgage till his farm 's free and clear, and he don't owe anybody a cent."

"Oh, I don't say anything against Gillespie; all I say is that Brother Dylks knows which side his bread is buttered on; inspired, probably."

"What makes you so bitter, to-night, Matthew?" his wife halted him a little with her question.

"Well, the Temple always leaves a bad taste in my mouth. I hate to see brethren agreeing together in unity. You ought n't to have taken me, Martha."

"I 'll never take you again," she said.

"And that man 's a rascal, if ever there was one. Real men of God don't wear their hair down to their waists and come snorting and shouting in black broadcloth to a settlement like this for the good of folks' souls."

"You 've got no right to say that, Matthew. And if you go round talking that way, you 'll make yourself more unpopular than you are already."

"Oh, I 'll be careful, Martha. I 'll just think it, and perhaps put two or three of the leading intellects like Abel and Sally on their guard. But come, Martha, you know as well as I do he 's a rascal. Don't you believe it?"

"I believe in giving everybody a chance. Don't your own law-books say a man 's innocent till he 's proved guilty?"

"Something like that. And I 'm not trying Brother Dylks in open court at present. I 'll give him the benefit of the doubt if he 's ever brought before my judgment-seat; but you 've got to allow, Martha, that his long hair and black broadcloth and his snort and shout are against him."

"I don't believe in them any more than you do," she owned. "But don't you persecute him because he 's religious, Matthew."

"Oh, I don't object to him because he 's religious, though I think there 's more religion in Leatherwood already than any ten towns would know what to do with. He 's got to do more than preach his brand of religion before I 'd want to trouble him."

They were at the hewn log which formed the step to the porch between the rooms of their cabin. A lank hound rose from the floor, and pulled himself back from his forward-planted paws, and whimpered a welcome to them; a captive coon rattled his chain from his corner under the porch roof.

"Why don't you let that poor thing go, Matthew?" Mrs. Braile asked.

"Well, I will some day; but the little chap that brought it to me was so much like our—"

He stopped; both were thinking the same thing and knew they were.

"I saw the likeness from the first, too," the wife said.

III

THE Gillespies arrived at their simpler log cabin half an hour later than the Brailes at theirs. It was on the border of the settlement, and beyond it for a mile there was nothing but woods,—walnut and chestnut and hickory,—not growing thickly, as the primeval forest grew to the northward along the lake, but standing openly about in the pleasant park-like freedom of the woods-pastures of that gentler latitude. Beyond the wide stretch of trees and meadow-lands the corn-fields and tobacco-patches opened to the sky again. On their farther border stood a new log cabin,

defined by its freshly barked logs in the hovering dark.

Gillespie pulled the leatherwood latch-string which lifted the catch of his door, and pushed it open.

"Go in, Jane," he said to his daughter, and the girl vanished slimly through, with a glance over her shoulder at Dylks, where he stood aloof a few steps from her father.

Gillespie turned to his guest.

"Did you see her?" he asked.

"Yes, I walked over to her house this morning."

"Did any one see *you?*"

"No. Her man was away."

Gillespie turned with an effect of helplessness, and looked down at the woodpile where he stood.

"I don't know," he said, "what keeps me from splitting your head open with that ax."

"I do," Dylks said.

"Man!" the old man threatened, "don't go too far!"

"It was n't the fear of God, which you pretend is in your heart, but the fear of man." Dylks added, with a vulgar drop from the solemn words: "You would hang for it. I have n't put myself in your power without counting all the costs to both of us."

Gillespie waved his answer off with an impatient hand.

"Did she know you?"

"Why not? It has n't been so long. I have n't changed so much. I wear my hair differently, and I dress better since I 've been in Philadelphia. She knew me in a minute as well as I knew her. I did n't ask for her present husband; I thought one at a time was enough."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing—first. I might have told her she had been in a hurry; but if she don't bother me, I won't her. We got as far as that. And I reckon she won't; but I thought we 'd better have a clear understanding, and she knows now it 's bigamy in her case, and bigamy 's a penitentiary offense. I made that clear. And now see here, David: I 'm going to stay here in this settlement, and I don't want any trouble from you, no matter what you think of my doings, past, present, or future. I don't want you to say anything or *look* anything. Don't you let on, even to that girl of yours, that you ever saw me before in your life. If you do, you 'll wish you *had* split my head open with that ax. But I 'm not afraid; I 've got you safe, and I 've got your sister safe."

Gillespie groaned. Then he said desperately:

"Listen here, Joseph Dylks! I know what you 're after here, because you always was—other people's money. I 've got three hundred dollars saved up since I paid off the mortgage. If you 'll take it and go—"

"Three hundred dollars! No, no! Keep your money, old man. I don't rob the poor." Dylks lifted himself, and said with that air of mysterious mastery which afterward won so many to his obedience: "I work my work. Let no man gainsay me or hinder me." He walked to and fro in the starlight, swelling, with his head up, and his mane of black hair cloudily flying over his shoulders as he turned. "I come from God."

Gillespie looked at him as he paced back and forth.

"If I did n't know you for a common scoundrel that married my sister against my will, and lived on her money till it was gone, and then left her and let her believe he was dead, I might believe you *did* come from God—or the devil, you—you turkey cock, you stallion! But you can't prance *me* down or snort me down. I don't agree to anything. I don't say I won't tell who you are when it suits me. I won't promise to keep it from this one or that one or any one. I 'll let you go just so far, and then—"

"All right, David; I 'll trust you, as I trust your sister. Between you I 'm safe. And now you lay low! That 's my advice." He dropped from his mystery and his mastery to a level of colloquial teasing. "I 'm going to rest under your humble roof to-night, and to-morrow I 'm going to the mansion of Peter Hingston. His gates will be set wide for me, and all

the double log-cabin palaces and frame-houses of this royal city of Leatherwood will hunger for my presence. You could always hold your tongue, David, and you can easily leave all the whys and wherefores to me. I won't go from your hospitality with an ungrateful tongue; I will proclaim before the assembled multitudes in your Temple that I left you secure in the faith, and that I turned to others because they needed me more. I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; they will understand that. So good night, David, and good morning. I shall be gone before even you are up."

Gillespie made no answer as he followed his guest indoors. Long before he slept he heard the man's powerful breathing, like that of some strong animal in its sleep, an ox lying in the field or a horse standing in its stall. At times it broke chokingly, and then he snorted it smooth and regular again. At daybreak Gillespie thought of rising, but he drowsed, and he was asleep when his daughter came to the foot of the ladder which climbed to his chamber in the cabin loft and called to him that his breakfast was ready.

IV

THE figure of a woman who held her hooded shawl under her chin stole with steps often checked through the limp, dew-laden grass of the woods-pasture and slipped on the rotting logs. But she caught herself from tumbling, and safely gained the border of Gillespie's corn-field. There she sat down trembling on the stone door-step of the spring-house, and waited rather than rested in the shelter of the chestnut-boughs that overhung the roof. She was aware of the spring gurgling under the stone on its way into the sunshine from the crocks of cream-covered milk and of butter in the cool dark of the hut, she sensed the thick August heat of the sun already smiting its honeyed odors from the corn, she heard the scamper of the squirrels preying upon the ripening ears and whisking in and out of the woods or dropping into the field from the tips of the boughs overhanging the nearer rows; but it all came blurred to her consciousness.

She was recognizably Gillespie's sister, but her eyes and hair were black. She was wondering how she could get to speak with him when Jane was not by. He would send the girl away at a sign from her, but she could not have that; the thing must be kept from the girl, but not seem to be kept.

She let her arms rest on her knees; her helpless hands hung heavy from them; her head was bowed: and her whole body drooped under the burden of her heart, as if it physically dragged her down. Jane would be coming soon with the morning's milk to pour into the crocks. She heard a step; the girl was coming; but she must rest a moment.

"What are you doing here, Nancy?" her brother's voice asked.

"Oh, is it you, David? Oh, blessed be the name of the Lord! Maybe He 's going to be good to me, after all. David, is he gone?"

"He 's gone, Nancy."

"In anger?"

"He 's gone; I don't care whether he 's gone in anger or not."

"Did he tell you he saw me?"

"Yes."

"And did you promise him not to tell on him? To Jane? To any one?"

"No." Gillespie stood holding a bucket of milk in his hand; she sat gathering her shawl under her chin as if she were still coming through the sun-cleft shadows of the woods-pasture.

"O David!"

"What do you want me to do, Nancy?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I have n't slept all night."

"You must n't give way like this. Don't you see any duty for you in this matter?"

"Duty? O David!" Her heart foreboded the impossible demand upon it.

Gillespie set his bucket of milk down beside the spring.

"Nancy," he said, "a woman cannot have two husbands. It 's a crime against the State; it 's a sin against God."

"But I have n't *got* two husbands! What do you mean, David? Did n't I believe he was dead? Did n't you? O David, what— Do you think I 've done wrong? You let me do it!"

"I don't think you 've done wrong; but look out you don't do it. You *are* doing it now. I can't let you do it. I can't let you live in sin."

"In sin? I?"

"You. Every minute you live now with Laban you live in sin. Your first husband, that was dead, is alive. He can't claim you unless you allow it; but neither can your second husband now. If you live on with Laban a day longer—an hour—a minute—you live in deadly sin. I thought of it all night, but I had not thought it out till this minute, when I first saw you sitting there and I knew how miserable you were, and my heart seemed to bleed at the sight of you."

"You may well say that, David," the woman answered with a certain pride in the vastness of her calamity. "If it was another woman, I could n't bear to think of it. *Why* does He do it? *Why* does He set such traps for us?"

"Nancy!" her brother called sternly.

"Oh, it 's easy enough for you! But if Rachel was here, she 'd see it different."

"Woman," her brother said, "don't try to hide behind the dead in your sin!"

"It 's *no* sin! I was as innocent as the babe unborn when I married Laban—as innocent as he was, poor boy, when he would *have* me, and we all thought *he* was dead. Oh, *why* could n't he have been dead?"

"This is murder you have in your heart now, Nancy," the old man said, with who knows what awful pleasure in his casuistry, so pitilessly unerring. "If the life of that wicked man could buy you safety in your sin, you could wish it taken."

"Oh! oh! oh! what shall I do! what shall I do!" She wailed out the words, with her head fallen forward on her knees and her loose hair dripping over them.

"Do? Go home, and bring your little one, and come to me. I will deal with Laban when he gets back to-night."

She started erect.

"And let him think I 've left him? And the neighbors, let them think we 've quarreled, and I could n't live with him?"

"It won't matter what the world thinks," Gillespie said, and he spoke of the small backwoods settlement as if it were some great center of opinion such as in large communities dispenses fame and infamy and makes its judgments supremely dreaded. "Besides," he faltered, "no one is knowing but ourselves to his coming back. It can seem as if *he* left *you*."

"And I live such a lie as that? Is this *you*, David?"

It was she who rose highest now, as literally she did, in standing on the stone where she had crouched, above the level of his footing.

"I—I say it to spare you, Nancy. I don't wish it. But I wish to make it easy—or a little bit easier—something you can bear better."

"Oh, I know, David, I know. You would save me if you could. But maybe—maybe it ain't what we think it is. Maybe he was outlawed by staying away so long."

Neither of them named Dylks, but each knew whom the other meant, throughout their talk.

"A lawyer might let you think so till he got all your money."

"Matthew Braile would n't."

"That infidel?"

She drooped again.

"Oh, well, I must do it. I must do it. I 'll go and get ready and I 'll come to you. What will Jane think?"

"I 'll take care of what Jane thinks. When do you expect Laban back?"

"Not before sundown. I 'll not come till I see him."

"We 'll be ready for you." He moved now to open the spring-house door; she turned, and was lost to him in the lights and shadows of the woods-pasture. On its farther border her cabin stood, and from it came the sound of a pitiful wail; at the back door a little child stood, staying itself by the slats let into grooves in the jambs. She had left it in its low cra-

dle asleep, and it must have waked and clambered out and crept to the barrier and been crying for her there; its small face was soaked with tears.

She ran forward with long leaps out of the corn-field and caught it to her neck, and mumbled its wet cheeks with hungry kisses.

"Oh, my Honey! my Honey! Did it think its mother had left—"

She stopped at the word with a pang, and began to go about the rude place that was the simple home where after years of hell she had found an earthly heaven. Often she stopped, and wondered at herself. It seemed impossible she could be thinking it, be doing it, but she was thinking and doing it, and at sundown, when she knew by the eager shadow of a man in the doorway, pausing to listen if the baby were awake, all had been thought and done.

(To be continued)

The Last Guest

By FRANCES SHAW

WHY have you lit so bright a fire
For chatterers to sit about,
While wistful at the door,
And lonely at the door,
One waits without?

Why have you spread so rich a feast
For careless and insatiate,
While eager at the door,
And wanly at the door,
Waits one most delicate?

When the night deepens, and the guests
Have passed to some new clamorous goal,
Let in the quiet one,
Let in the longing one:
Close to the last red embers draw
Your welcome soul.

From the painting by Marie Danforth Page

"The Mother"

Reproduced through the courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

"For seven nights I searched from dark till daybreak, standing, willing her to come, pacing wildly, silently calling. I remembered then that I did n't even know her name"

Souls on Fifth

By GRANVILLE BARKER

Author of "The Madras House," etc.

Illustrations by Thomas J. Fogarty

MANY times have I paced the relentless street on its stones, which are harder than stone was ever meant to be, and smoother than any false welcome in the world. I have paced it at all hours and seasons, when it was shadowless in a burning sun, with the snow clouding and whitening the night. Why I started up it that early autumn morning is no matter to any one but myself; but never had I seen the avenue emptier, found it more silent. Day would not dawn yet for an hour. The sky was clear; as I went on, it grew opaque, pressing down upon the world. There was an eddying wind, which surprised one at the street corners. Since I was alone, and rather lonelier than that, my spirit sought refuge among impossible things. Even Fifth Avenue itself was not at that moment very real to me; a place for the body to tire in, that was all.

I had noticed somewhere about Forty-fourth Street, at a good height from the ground, a whirl in the air of what seemed —snow, ashes, dead leaves? Not snow, I thought, and too gray for snow, besides. Not ashes; and what would dead leaves do there? I did not stop. By the cathedral, too, there was something curious. It seemed as if large gray flakes of many shapes and sizes were being blown about and caught upon the crockets of the spires. "My eyes are queer to-night," I said. Up against the great door there seemed to be a shadowy drift of gray, thick and fermenting. Still, I did not cross the road. I looked about, though, now for these strange things, and, heavens! when I looked the air of the avenue was full of them. They were much larger than snowflakes, and some were of the queerest shape. One saw them best when they blew up against the sky, though by peering carefully I could find them, too, gray against the gray walls, well above my head. From every corner and crevice the gusty wind was dislodging them, and it seemed as if they clung to the walls. I looked on the ground. I thought I saw several blowing past. I thought I saw one flat and still. I went up to put my foot on it. No, that was only a little facet of the pavement that had lost the reflection of the street lights. Then I turned to go back to inspect the cathedral door.

As I turned, there, quite distinctly, in the corner of a window-sill, within my reach, was one small gray shape. Against the red stone one could n't miss it. I went closer. It was thicker than I 'd fancied, and might have been almost transparent but that it was patchily covered with a sort of silvery fur not unlike the growth on an edelweiss flower. Beneath the fur it was of a rather mottled, dirty gray. There were odd markings on it that might have been made by hand. It was just about as wide at its widest as my palm and as long as a glove would be; but the shape of the shape was no shape you could name: it looked like a rag. It was indeed very ugly, and more than anything else looked like a dirty little bit of soiled gray flannel. I noticed that the thing seemed somehow to palpitate. That was queerest of all, though then I remembered the fermenting mass against St. Patrick's door. After a moment I took it gingerly in my hand. It had no weight; but by this time I was so surprised that I think I spoke aloud.

"What on earth is it?" I said.

And there seemed to come from it a sound like the echo of a scraped violin shaping into words which were:

"I am the soul of the late Mrs. Henry Brett van Goylen, and I 'll trouble you to put me down."

Politely and in some alarm I put her down, and as I did so one of the eddying gusts of wind blew the shape of her away.

Thus then I began my search for souls. I caught no more that night, for the dawn came soon; but many a night after, for an hour or two before the morning broke, would I adventure up the avenue and make my bag. They were easy to find when one knew how to look, and after a time easy enough to catch. I thought first of buying a butterfly-net for the sport, but policemen would have noticed that. As it was, I had to mind not to loiter long.

I was alone in New York and knew nobody, though ten years before, visiting it with my father, a man of some fame, I had known everybody there was to know. But now I had only work to do which took me day by day to the library at Forty-second Street. "This time, then," I had said, "I will know nobody." It needed not any effort. But now it seemed that I was to know New-Yorkers as no one had ever known them before.

For a long time it was absorbingly interesting. There were nights on which one could n't catch a soul. It depended a good deal on the weather, but I soon found out the quite impossible times. When the night was still, they hung—a cubic layer of them, four miles long and more and very thick—a hundred feet or so high in the air. It was a long while before I could discover the general laws of their being, but I gathered for one thing that, normally, a sort of double river of souls was always flowing up and down Fifth Avenue, not side by side, as the traffic flows, but above and below; below, of course, to come up and above to go down. This was the general law, and, despite interruptions and scatterings, the flow never ceased. They are supposed to be quite invisible, and in nothing like daylight have I ever caught a glimpse of one. Heavy rain is hard on them. It beats them to the ground in a sort of jellified mass. I went out one pouring night to discover what did happen then. For a long time I could see nothing; the wet had made them transparent to my eyes. But soon I found that I was actually treading inches deep in a mess of souls. While such a thing can give them no actual pain, yet the indignity of it was great, and I felt that I could not stop and talk to any of them that night. Besides, they were all mashed up one with the other, like jujubes that a child has warmed in its pocket. I should have had to pick them apart.

A blizzard upsets them badly. I remember a soul telling me that once for a long time she was blown and blown between Forty-second and Forty-fifth streets, never farther either way. She 'd get into the stream flowing down, but every time, at Forty-second Street, a gust would whirl her up and round, and at Forty-fifth the same thing happened if she 'd got into the stream flowing down. She said it went on like that for a year. She probably did n't mean to be inaccurate (these disembodied beings quickly lose our sense of time), but I 've no doubt she was blown about so for days. It is the light, eddying wind which brings them down to earth or near it, and scatters them into corners singly or by twos and threes. That was the great weather for soul-hunting, and I did my best never to miss a night of it.

From first to last I suppose I had talks with quite five hundred souls, but they were difficult to get on with; that 's the truth. I had thought at first that any of them would be thankful for a terrestrial chat. Not a bit of it. In the first place they took no interest whatever in the affairs of the world. They knew of nothing that had happened in it since their death and, as a rule, they cared to know nothing. I believe that not more than a dozen times was I questioned. A woman might ask me if I knew her widower; but it was purely to make conversation, the habit of small talk not having died with her. Three men at various times wanted to hear about the last Presidential election. But two of them I found did not in the least know how long they had been dead; it was Bryan's chances against McKinley they were fussed about. No doubt they had been keen politicians, for when they learned that eighteen years had passed since then in which many most serious things had happened to the world, they at once lost all interest.

Usually they would talk only about themselves; they would n't even recognize the existence of other souls. They were not more egotistic than they had been in the material world, but now there was no false shame about it, and it was carried to extremes for which even forty years of growing contempt for the human race found me unprepared.

I remember, for instance, how the lady who was blown wildly for what had seemed to her, poor dear, a year between Forty-fifth and Forty-second streets would keep on insisting that such a thing had never happened to any soul before. I sympathized with her for the uncomfortable time she had had; but, no, that was n't enough. She kept at it till I bettered her by saying that, quite obviously, such a thing never could happen to any soul again. Then she was satisfied.

There were exceptions. There was the Rev. Mr. Evan Thomas. It was from him, indeed, that I gathered most information, by his help that I was able to grasp at last what really was happening to them all in this future life.

I found the soul of this once popular preacher on a September night wedged in the shutters of a candy shop. I dug him out, and he thanked me. He was about seven inches long by three broad, quite straight down one side, but with undulary indentations upon the other; of no thickness to speak of, with rather a rubbery surface, and in color a sort of bluish gray. It was a fine night. The harsh gust of wind that had wedged him in the shutter had died down, and we had a long and pleasant chat.

He spoke with equal ease and cheerfulness about his past life and his present death. Was this state of things the heaven he had spent much time and energy preaching about? No; on the whole he did n't think it was. But in that case had his soul (I had to put this delicately) and the thousands upon thousands of other souls besides that we knew were drifting up and down—had they taken, so to speak, the wrong turning? No, he did n't exactly think that either. I must remember, of course, that he had not been dead long. I must also remember that for many years now the world or, at any rate, that part of it that lived and moved on Fifth Avenue had ceased to believe in hell. Now, people cannot possibly go to a place they don't believe in; that stands to reason. And he quoted me a line from the Acts about the man who died and went to his own place. That had furnished him, he thought, with a solution of the question.

"When I first died," he told me, "and found myself floating lightly about here, I will own that I was puzzled and even, though I had and still have every faith in God's goodness, a little disappointed. It was true that in the exercise of my calling I had refrained from painting any very definite picture of the state of bliss to which the souls of the righteous should be called. My own congregation was certainly not the sort to permit me to indulge in any highly colored or romantic vision of that future. They were well educated, practical people. Besides, as far as I could see, the use that they did already make of their imagination was very questionable. To say that they used it merely as a stimulus to erotic frivolities would perhaps have been too harsh, though I have at times been tempted to put my complaint in so many words. But what they needed from me surely was sobering, commonplace morality. Still, let me confess that when it actually came to entering upon a more blessed existence, I had in my secret heart looked forward to something in the nature of a pleasant little surprise. And to find myself drifting—"

"Still drifting," I said rather wickedly.

He was not to be checked by any mere witticism. "Drifting," he went on, "and, for all I knew, drifting for an eternity up and down Fifth Avenue, was disappointing.

"But I reflected. As a rational Christian I was eager to assure myself of God's laws and then to square them, if possible, with the exigencies of any world in which it might please Him to place me. And I have always been ready, nay, anxious, to search out my own faults and, if necessary,

to repent of them. So in the course of much drifting and some whirling, often round the very steeple that pointed to heaven from above the pulpit of my late labors, I disinterestedly reviewed my former existence and gathered it up, so to say, as even the longest life may be gathered, into a dozen sentences. See, now, if they do not give you the key to this mystery.

"I remembered my call from a sphere of popular eloquence in England to the church that—well, it can hardly be said to ornament Fifth Avenue, but it is a pleasant, comfortable church. I knew nothing of America at that time, but I had heard stories of the luxury of New York women and of financial corruption among the men, and when the flattering offer came I naturally asked myself whether God had not summoned me to scarify, though lovingly, these highly placed sinners, to bring them to repentance and a more humble following in the footsteps of their Lord. I settled, if possible, to turn a surplus of the enormous stipend they were to give me into a trust fund for some sensible and suitable charity—"

I looked. We were opposite the very church.

"Is the stipend so big?" I asked, and nodded across.

"When it came to the point," he said, "I found it not big enough. I had a grown-up son and daughters. They had, of course, to mix on terms of equality with my congregation. We had to keep up appearances; the lay patrons of the church expected it. Still, we were never seriously in debt.

"To continue—"

"Please!" I begged him. I was enjoying it. He had evidently been a preacher of some style.

"My congregation at once impressed me as being made up of charming people, kindly, clever, and hospitable, boundlessly hospitable. We spent several weeks, my wife and I, or my eldest daughter and I, night after night, dining with the chief families among them. One should always accept such invitations; one should view the home life of one's flock. And while I was sampling them, sizing them up, determining by personal and unprejudiced observation upon which most prevalent vice or failing the sword of my spiritual condemnation should first fall, I merely preached week by week, not to be rash, not to be unfair, sermons upon less disputable subjects—sermons that purposely avoided any vital thrusts into that body politic to which I was now the chosen minister.

"They were admirable to preach to; quick to seize on a point, ever ready for those little sub-humorous sallies which are the salt of a sermon, the delight of a preacher who can discreetly indulge in them. One could not hold their attention long, it is true, but it was keen while it lasted. They liked to have their intelligence appealed to; they welcomed my references to the very latest things in science and literature. I projected a series of sermons in which I purposed to take Sunday by Sunday the works of some famous skeptical philosopher and endeavor to reconcile them with Christian ethics. Such a course would not have been possible in England, where, I confess, the indifference of congregations to my very extensive modern reading and the quotations I could make from it had often nettled me exceedingly. But these New-Yorkers I did find, to use a vulgar phrase, to be both mentally and spiritually a thoroughly up-to-date crowd.

"Not, mind you, that I had weakened in my resolve to scarify them, when need were and opportunity came, for their deeper sins. But I had found that they were not children, they were not fools, that the thing needed doing well, and from the point of view of a thorough understanding of the very peculiar circumstances under which fashionable life must be lived here; otherwise it had better be left alone altogether. That thorough understanding I set myself conscientiously to acquire.

"But, dear me!" he broke off, "my twelve sentences have been much exceeded. Old habits! And about myself! It is inexcusable." Again I begged him to continue. Quite cheerfully he did.

"I found many difficulties in my way. Society women undoubtedly did indulge in outrageous luxury, but the worst offenders did not come to my church, and to berate them in their absence would merely have given undeserved satisfaction to the women who did come and were themselves by no means innocent in the matter. That is a danger in preaching. Your congregation will always imagine that you are, as one says, getting at their neighbors and not at them. I did make a most strenuous effort, though, to tackle the question of financial corruption. I worked at it for weeks; but it was a very difficult subject, involving a great complication of figures—at which, indeed, I was never good—as well as several tricky points of difference between state and federal law which it really needed an expert to solve. But I could not, above all things, risk exposing my ignorance. That would have done more harm than good. The habit that newspapers in this country have of reporting sermons flatters, it is true, but also intimidates. In the end, to my lasting regret, I felt compelled to abandon the idea.

"I remember I made one attempt to deal with the simple sin of overeating, of which quite seventy per cent. of my congregation were without doubt guilty. I hung the constructive part of the sermon upon the subject of food reform, a very popular one just then; but the destructive part had to be too delicately done to make a real effect. It had to be; for had I not myself fed and fed well at most of their tables? And in the flesh I was a little inclined to stoutness.

"And so after a while I found that I slipped into preaching to my congregation only such sermons as my congregation wanted to hear. What else was to be done? They would not otherwise have come to hear me at all, for there is no law to make them, and nowadays precious little public opinion. I should have lost any chance at all of doing good. As it was, by contriving at any cost to be interesting, my church was kept full, and, starting ostensibly from strange and far-away subjects, wars with the heathen, Greek legends, or the latest good novel, I never failed, I think, in the end to bring my hearers, though at the time they might hardly be aware of it, one small step nearer to Jesus. It is true that a really strong man in my place might have done better before they turned him out. All I can say is that I did the best that was in me. But looking back, I see quite clearly now what happened. I had set out to convert Fifth Avenue; it was Fifth Avenue converted me.

"And that, my dear sir, is why, though disembodied, I am still here, and why we are all here, poor souls. In our lifetime this, at its best, was all we strove toward, and in our death we have come 'to our own place.' "

He ceased. His shape had all the time been lying comfortably along my left forearm. I looked up from it to where, in the air above me, the river of souls flowed ceaselessly on. It was a still night now. I could never make out why, since they had absolutely no personal power of volition, some always got along faster than others. On an average they seemed to make about three miles an hour. It was a wonderfully weary sight.

"Who are they, generally speaking?" I asked.

"Well," said the preacher's soul, "it 's a most curious mixture. There are the tip-top people who used to belong here and never thought there was any further to get; and then there are all the people who badly wanted to get here in their lifetimes and never could."

"I take it that the two sorts don't mix well," I said.

"There again," he went on, "it does n't work out as you 'd expect. We 're all here now because we belong here. There 's no escape; and, as we can't control our movements, we 've no power now of associating with one lot of souls more than with another. The wind bloweth us where it listeth. So the consequence is that we don't worry much about our behavior; and the people who are rude by nature are just rude to everybody, and the

snobs are snobbish and the cads caddish and the bullies bully and the gentle folk are gentle without any respect of persons. Nothing else is expected of us. It makes a simple world of it."

"Is there no escape, do you say?" I asked.

"I don't see how there can be," he said rather plaintively. "In the last world you could, what is called, 'make something' of yourself. You could choose your profession and your friends, you could do right or wrong. You could deny your Lord or act up to your faith."

"Could you always?" I argued.

"Circumstances handicap one shockingly. We mean to do better than we ever can. My friend," said he, "your faith is the thing you do act up to.

"That 's what we have discovered here. God makes no excuses. The pious opinions you hold have no more effect on the soul than a knowledge of the multiplication table."

"But don't you desire to escape now? How about the effect of that?" I pressed him.

For a little he did not answer; I waited patiently. I have forgotten to remark how soon I had found that for talking to a soul the human voice is a clumsy and unnecessary instrument. One could imagine (I did at first) that the shapes emitted queer little sounds, but I cannot see how that actually could be. I believe that one only instinctively clothed the impressions they conveyed direct to one's mind in the tones of a human voice, and with a very little practice one did not need to do that at all. One could communicate with extraordinary swiftness and ease by imagination alone, talk soul to soul, as it were. It is a simple trick, can be practised between human beings while on earth, and is indeed the best form of conversation.

After the moment of silence the soul of the reverend gentleman sighed.

"No," he said, "I cannot honestly say that I want to escape, for I cannot muster up a belief that there is anything much else to escape to. All the effort I was capable of in that direction I made in my former life. And I am useful here. I really think I am. Our Lord, you will remember, ministered to the spirits in prison. Whenever I am blown against another soul, whenever the wind gathers two or three of us together, I take up the tale of salvation as I used to do on earth. Those, if I chance to hit upon them, who were accustomed to hear me in that church opposite are a little bored by it, perhaps, for naturally I have nothing new to say. But to the others, to those who had to content themselves on their earthly pilgrimage with nothing but the ideal of Fifth Avenue, and with more commonplace spiritual ministrations to them, I do think that the word of truth, as I am inspired to speak it, is a comfort, though of course it cannot now get them on any further. Yet if it consoles them in their present station—well, that is one of the main functions of religion, is it not?"

"But to endure this sort of thing through an eternity?" I said.

"My dear young man," he patronized me, "time is an illusion. I remember so well making this point in one of my most characteristic discourses. Time is what we think it; a minute of agony is an age, a year of happiness is a minute. Does n't it strike you that an eternity of boredom may perhaps have no extreme meaning to those who, after all, have spent most of their time in being bored? You cannot measure emptiness, and eternity is only the emptiness of time.

"Had n't you better let me fly now," he added, "and go home? It will be daylight soon, and from what you tell me you have n't been to bed for nights."

I took his soul between my finger and thumb.

"I am exceedingly grateful to you," I said. "You have thrown light on what was puzzling me much. Do you think we shall meet again?"

"Only by pure chance," he answered. "Unless—I have a fancy, which I have not yet been able to prove, that if there is a true affinity between souls they will come together in God's good time. I had an acquaintance on earth, an interesting

fellow, who built up an elaborate theory of soul affinities. But he ended by walking off with a married woman, which was, to say the least, a most immoral anticipation of God's purposes. Since I entered this state, I must own that I have not yet, for instance, blown up against my dear wife, who predeceased me by some few years; also that I have only met two of my very intimate friends. My wife was, I am sure, near as well as dear to me on earth, but, then, Fifth Avenue may not have been very dear to her. Possibly her soul is somewhere at home in England. On the other hand, time and time again I find myself mixed up with souls here that are not at all the sort I should have chosen to associate with before. It is puzzling. I shall be interested to see if we two do run across each other much. Good night."

I flung him gently into the air. He sailed quickly out of my sight, for the flowing river was dim now almost to extinction. I doubted somehow if we should meet again.

This had been illuminating. I saw at once where by sheer tactlessness I had failed in talking to the souls. I had assumed that they were unhappy. Not a bit of it. They had got what they wanted. Getting that, one always speaks of as a state of heaven upon earth. If, then, the final and eternal heaven turns out merely to be a little more of what we want, what sensible man should turn his back on it for that?

Nor could the souls run, of course, to great variety of disposition. And, roughly, as the parson said, one could divide them into two classes, the aboriginal population and the invaders. The invaders should have been the more interesting to talk to, for they had achieved here what they could only long for in life, and, one might think, were therefore actively enjoying themselves. But their complaint was that being in an enormous majority, they were mostly only against one another, blowing up all the time, so that they hardly got into touch with the true spirit of Fifth Avenue at all. It was of course a great satisfaction to them to find they were really there at last, but they could tell me nothing much about it; and about the places they had lived in on earth they simply would not speak at all. Still, much could be guessed at by that.

The old inhabitants, the aborigines, were, one gathered, mostly women and butlers; and the butlers, who had been sent away to die, were always glad to be back in their element. I looked almost in vain for souls of the mighty men who had built the great houses and lent them their fame. I believe they are mostly to be found down in Wall Street, where they and the bankrupts and gamblers must make a busy crowd. I was assured of this, indeed, by a very ladylike soul. Business, she said, had been the one thing lovely and pleasant to her husband in his life, and in his death she most sincerely trusted he was not divided from it. Here was, by the way, a case of that affinity that had interested my preacher friend. This ladylike one had been a most successful hostess in New York, a model of charming manners, a great authority on good form; and now she was always being blown about with the soul of her butler. It caused something of a scandal.

I rather wondered that so many of these clever, charming women should be left drifting about. I think that, to begin with, they had wondered at it too; for they had traveled all over the world, there was nobody they did not meet, nothing they could not do, given the talent and understanding that one supposes, of course, they had. They were not used, either, to live in their big houses for more than a few months in the year. But perhaps, despite the wonders of the world they saw and the glories of men's labor they glanced at and passed by, it was always the love of Fifth Avenue which was at the core of their hearts; so here they still are.

I did meet one most indignant party. He took me, goodness knows why! for a parson, and attacked me straight away.

"Call this a future life!" he said. "It 's disgraceful. You clergy ought to be ashamed of yourselves. No, never mind

what denomination you belong to; you were all in a gang together. It was a regular religious trust, and you know it. Well, I put myself in your hands. Sunday after Sunday I sat under the most sensible one of you that I could find. I did what he said about giving money in charity and keeping well out of temptation. I believed all he told me; I squared the Bible with the higher criticism right along. I lived a decent life, and I died without a murmur when my time came. And now I 'm not a bit better off than I was before. What are you going to do about it?"

"But you must like it," I urged, for I was sure of my ground by this. "You could n't be here at all unless you did like it, you know."

"It is n't a question of what I like," he persisted. "I did n't do things on earth because I liked doing them, but because they were the proper things to do. And when I made a firm contract, I kept it. You chaps made a contract with me about a future state of bliss, and I expect you to deliver the goods."

It was useless arguing with him. He had all sorts of minor grievances. He wanted the place kept more select. Not that he disliked all these other people, but he just thought they had n't any right to be there. He wanted to know if his soul could n't somehow be attached to his old house standing somewhere about Seventieth Street, which his widow and daughters still lived in. It would mark out a position for him, give him more dignity, he said. He even thought that his old room might be set apart for him, and would n't I call on his widow and arrange it? But it was the general state of haphazardness that he most objected to.

"It 's such a muddle," he grumbled. "I thought of forming a small, well-chosen committee to deal with the problem, but there 's no means of getting one together. And when I am blown up against those that might suit, I find them absolutely selfish. Why that wonderful public spirit which used to animate us has not survived I cannot think."

"No," I said; "it is strange."

He wanted me to form a committee on earth; was ready to subscribe, in reason, to its expenses if any means could be found of his doing so. He was sure that if the prominent citizens of New York could be brought to understand that heaven was so near to them and was kept in such a condition, they would see to its improvement at once, would remodel it, in fact, from end to end. He spoke of a traveling commission to visit similar future states in London, Paris, Berlin, and Budapest.

"We could adopt the best feature of each," he said, "and I am sure that in addition our well-known efficiency and powers of organization would not fail us."

He was quite convinced that there was nothing either in the world or out of it which money and energy could not accomplish. I think he had been some sort of business man.

Then there was the soul of the painter that I found the wind beating frantically against the Metropolitan Museum. I asked him what in heaven's name he was doing there. He had been the forger, it turned out, of one of the most famous old masters in the collection. It was the best thing he had ever done. If he could have owned to it, it would have made his fortune.

I said I thought not; that what we wanted nowadays was new masters, not old. But he would not listen to me; he was an academic soul. He had brooded on the wrong done him, on this theft of his genius that this snobbish flattery by the present of the past had committed, until his heart broke. He was sure, he said, that in a little while a kind wind would blow him into the museum itself and up against his masterpiece, and that then he would melt into it forever.

I have not said how strange the souls were to look at. Though their shapes did not answer at all to human shapes, yet by many curious variations they seemed to indicate character. I saw one once nearly five feet long and only a few inches broad, with curious markings all down. He was

spiteful when I spoke to him. I don't know what he had been. Mostly, though, they were irregular ovals and oblongs about eight inches by three. There were rhomboids, too, and I saw several squares. At least they looked quite square till you came to measure them up. There were some very tiny souls, some not larger than a dime, and there were some just scraps of rag, torn almost to bits; you wondered how they held together.

But it was the markings on them that were most curious. It was by these, even when they 'd speak least about themselves, that I could often tell what they once had been. For as the thing you are in this world stamps itself in time upon your face, so will the things you do stamp themselves forever on your soul. Nearly all of them, for instance, had touches of rather tarnished gilt. One rather large and wobbly soul you might almost have mistaken for a torn bit of Russian embroidery, and one was covered with fine, flowing lines like a Helleu etching. Some were warty; I never could bring myself to touch them. Many had holes in them, and some were thick, like little mattresses, and plain dark gray. And when I had begun to learn the language of the signs I found there were things marked upon some souls of which I cannot speak. They did not know that the evil thing was plain. They would speak to me as pleasantly and carelessly as you please; but while I listened to what they said, I looked at what they were. There were the jagged lines that told of secret cruelties, stained blood-red into the souls of the torturers, whose homes had been but dungeons of despair for weaker souls than they. There were the white disease spots of the coward; mildew spots that rot away in time the very substance of the soul. There were the blisters of slanderous thoughts, which thicken and coarsen till the soul, a horny mass, is not sensitive to truth and love and beauty any more. No, there is no hell for such spirits. Is there any need for one?

Some souls, I saw, too, scored with the marks of undeserved old suffering and loss. These would sometimes look like well-healed wounds, but with the women often they were only painted and powdered down, and I could see that still they festered a little and were diseased.

It was in the very depth of winter that I first found the Little Soul. The snow was thick and crisp, the night dark, and the air still. Mostly the souls must have been buried deep; for nothing beats them down like snow, and they have to wait for its thawing. But she had been lucky, and she hung to the branch of a tree that bordered the park, for all the world like a queer little gray icicle. I broke her off carefully, for she was frozen very stiff. She would not say much to me that time; she told me afterward that she had been shy. But I was quite used to that sort of thing, though indeed I had done her a kindness in taking her from the branch and, when she had thawed a little on my hand, letting her float up into the calm air. I remember noticing chiefly that she was very small (she did not overlap my palm as she lay on it), of a pretty oval shape, and light gray in color; she had a slight silver down on her, shaded here and there.

Not more than two days later I found her again, at the extreme end of my beat this time, beyond the reservoir. We talked for a while. She did not want to talk of herself, but asked much about me. This was the first time such a thing had happened with any soul. I told her that the end of my work was in sight and how I counted on leaving New York in a very few weeks for ever. Did n't I like it? she asked. I told her that I hated it, that I did not know whether I hated it more when I mixed in daytime with the people who thought they were alive or at nighttime with the people who knew they were dead. She said I was unfair; that it was a very fine city, and she was sure there were still very charming people in it.

"It 's not my business to be fair," I said. "New York is too big and I 'm too small; but I can love it or hate it if I like."

She asked why I really hated it. I told her. It was a sufficiently good reason.

She answered more readily now when I questioned her about herself. She had died young, at thirty-five or so, a bungled operation which the surgeons could not own to. She had been married to a well-known man whose name I had seen, curiously enough, only a day before in the papers set to an announcement that he was marrying again. I was not sure whether to tell her this; then I did. She said she was very glad, and asked the name of the woman. I could n't remember.

"Not that it matters," she said. "If she 's a reasonable sort of woman, they should be quite sufficiently happy."

"That is about the height of one's ambition," I said, "in making a second marriage."

After a pause she added:

"I was quite happy at least; I should have been foolish not to be."

"Did you leave any children?" I asked her. "Stepmothers are much whiter than they are painted, you know."

"No," she said. "I had three in the first five years of my marriage; but one died after two months, and two were born dead. Then the doctor said I was n't strong enough and forbade me to have any more. He could n't make out why I was n't strong enough,—he had tried all the tonics he could think of,—but I knew."

I waited for her to go on.

"It was n't that I did n't love my husband or that he did n't love me. I think he did, and he was always very kind. Though, indeed, people say that need not stop your having children; but I should think it would, should n't you?"

"Nature is not quite so nice," I answered.

She paused again. Then, unexpectedly she said:

"When were you in the country last?"

I told her that a few weeks before I had gone for a walk on Long Island; how gray it had all looked, and dead!

"But in a week or two," she said, "the woods will be wonderful. The green of the trees will almost pain you with joy, it 'll be so sharp and bright. And there 'll be dogwood in all the woods, which promises a happy year.

"I was born when the dogwood was in blossom," she said. "When I was little it was my birthday flower. On that morning mother always had them make an arbor of it for me. And after breakfast I 'd be put there to sit in state, and my presents would be brought to me. And when I died I know they put dogwood about my body and in my grave; that was in the springtime, too. They thought it a pretty thing to do, but what did it matter then? Well, what had it ever mattered? What had that life and the beauty of it ever been to me from the beginning? Something I was taught to play with."

By now the barriers of my earthly state were down, and she spoke on quite simply to my soul.

"But for all that I don't belong here, you know," she said, "drifting about above Fifth Avenue, and it 's very dreadful. I never did belong here when I was alive, however happy I managed to be."

"Where did you belong?" I asked.

"In the wild places," she answered.

"Then why did n't you go to them?" I spoke crossly. I have no patience with people who talk helplessly.

"Well, you see," she said, "my father was well off, and I was sent to school and brought out into society and married to the right sort of man. It was all done for my happiness; but always when my front door closed on me, it was like the door of a cage closing. I was out of doors whenever I could be. I had a garden—"

"You had vegetables for dinner, I don't doubt," I interrupted.

"What would you have done, then, had you been me?" she asked.

"Done what I wanted to," I told her.

"But when you can't want?" she said.

"Ah," said I, "there 's no remedy for that."

"You see," she went on, "I was taught life like a lesson. I learned it and I was repeating it, and then death came, and now it seems that I never even started to live. But is that why I 'm never going to die? Because that 's so dreadful."

"I found the soul of this once popular preacher on a September night wedged in the shutters of a candy shop"

This was new to me.

"What more of that do you want to do?" I asked her.

She cried out:

"Oh, don't you understand? In nature everything is so glad and proud to die—really and truly to die. To flower and fruit, to serve its turn, give what it is and has, then perish and be forgotten, not to cumber the memory of the earth at all. That 's the true happiness, the only glory—to spend oneself utterly and die.

"I always hated having a soul," she said; "it made one so careful and egotistical. My flowers had no souls, and while they lasted they were always fresher and finer than ever I was. My dog did n't have a soul to start with. He was a dear beast, quite undignified and foolish. Then being so much in the house with us, and what with the maids petting him, he began to grow a sort of imitation one and became self-conscious and appealing. I sent him to the stables, I was so cross, and told them to train him after rats."

She laughed.

"You mean," I said, "that you never wanted an immortal soul. Yes, I understand that."

"What 's the use of one?" she cried. "What 's the use of all these silly shapes flapping around here? What good are they to themselves or anything else?"

"But what should happen to them?" I asked. "God never destroys anything utterly, you know. It 's against the rules."

"I know what does happen," she said slowly, "to all the true lovers and workers who have given their strength without stint or question, without bargain or hope of reward, to the service that they saw. Their work is their immortality, and the salvation of those they worked for and loved. For themselves they have earned oblivion. And if, their bodies dead, the fire of faith by which they burned like beacons in the dark does not at once die, too, it falls in little flames of inspiration upon the hearts of all the comrades that could understand."

"That 's a fine enough belief," I said, "and you are putting it very finely, so I really can't make out what you are doing here at all."

"Nor can I," she replied, "and it 's very dreadful, is n't it?"

"Ah, but I can," I added, and I told her coldly and hardly, as it had been truly told to me: "It is the things you do that count, not all the pretty beliefs and hopes with which you decorate your heart and mind. The inexorable laws that God has made take no account of what you 'd like to be and wish you were. How can they? What are you that you should complicate the scheme of things with ifs and ands? There 's your life. Live it as you choose, and take the consequences."

She was silent.

"It 's all very well for you," she said; "you have n't got to drift up and down this horrible avenue forever and ever and no amen. If I 'd only known, I 'd have been wicked, so I would."

"Why wicked?" I was impatient.

"Yes, that 's the silly thing," she said. "When you 're so well brought up and well looked after, you can't be yourself at all without being wicked."

I wondered how wicked she would have managed to be, and she caught me wondering before I was aware. We were slipping into sympathy, it seemed.

"Oh, I 'd a bit of a devil in me," she exclaimed, "and I was very pretty, I tell you I was indeed."

I laughed. It 's a paradox I always laugh at rather grimly. How can wickedness and the beauty of women go together? Oh, blindness of the morality of man! Then she spoke of other things.

When I wished her good night she said:

"You 'll go back to those woods when it 's springtime and the sun is shining through them, won't you? Go there in the early morning and sit silent, and when the little live things around you begin to talk, think of me."

"I will," I said.

"For that was how my soul was meant to live and die, I 'm sure," she said. "And it has never been itself since the dogwood days."

For a week or more after this I did not see her. To say truth, I did not altogether want to. I walked up the avenue once or twice, but I took care to keep her out of my mind, and so, as I had begun to learn, kept her away from me; for she had rather impressed me. Not favorably; her chatter about wickedness showed her to have been a frivolous little fool. But after the struggles and temptations of some years I had succeeded in detaching myself from all interest whatsoever in my fellow-creatures, and I did not choose to be impressed even unfavorably by anybody. The third time I went out, though, I was making such conscious efforts not to think of her that I only produced the very opposite effect, and there she hung in the air a foot before my nose.

She was genuinely glad to find me.

"I began to fear we were n't in sympathy at all," she said, "as you did n't turn up again. By the way, are you a man?"

"Yes, of course," I told her. Somehow I had assumed she knew.

"I could n't be quite sure, you see," she said, "only talking to you soul to soul. For once we lose our bodies, there are so many gradations from malest man to femalest woman that you can't always draw a definite line, and sex in the old earthly sense does n't seem to count. It 's rather a blessing."

"Well, I am a man," I told her decidedly.

"I did put you down as one," she went on, "because you were so priggish the other night when I spoke of committing sin."

I denied being priggish.

"Oh, but you were feeling priggish," she insisted, "no matter what you said."

I told her she had no right to pry into my feelings.

"Nonsense!" she cried. "You 've the advantage of your body; you can run away when you like, leave me all the good I get from being a naked soul. I need never listen to lies again, not even to the little ones."

"Well, I do think that your notion of committing sin by running off with some man or other, or, worse, by not running off with him, was excessively trivial and vulgar. Besides, it would n't have kept you from being here. On the contrary."

I know that she smiled a little sadly.

"We don't want to go tumbling out of one man's arms into another's. Maybe you only encourage us to do it by calling it sin. For what we do want is somehow to escape the terrible consequences of being good. There it is," she said.

Then she moaned a little, sorry for herself. "And I must, I must, escape from this awful immortality," she said. "Is n't there any way it can be done?"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "if you could fix firmly in you a desire for something different it might be granted."

"So we can achieve no new desires here," she said. "Is n't it dreadful?" That was a constant phrase of hers.

"Can't you call up the memory of an old one?" I asked. "There must have been something other than Fifth Avenue in your inner life."

"Now I 'll tell you," she said; "I 've tried that. I used to plan that when my husband got free of business, if he ever did, we 'd take a romantic old castle in Italy or on the Rhine and live there at least six months in the year. I fixed that idea well in him. He 'll want to do it with his other wife now, and I dare say she won't like it a bit. I wish you had n't forgotten her name. Well, I thought to myself when I 'd been dead awhile, half an eternity in any place in Europe is better than spending the whole of it here. So I set my desire hard on some old castle, just as I used to in life to make my husband promise he 'd buy one. And one night I thought I 'd got to it, and I was so glad. There were the battlements and the rocks and the moonlit lake below; but it turned out to be only that sham place that 's really the waterworks in Central Park. So after that I gave up trying."

We stayed some time in silence. She had nothing else to say; I had no more suggestions. But we found, I suppose, some satisfaction in staying so. I was

wearing a thick coat and leaning on the park wall; her soul was on my shoulder. Suddenly I said:

"Good night. It 's nearly dawn. I must be going."

"You said you might be leaving New York soon," she ventured.

"Yes," said I. "And, quite unexpectedly, I 'm through my work. I get off the day after to-morrow."

"Oh," she said, "good night," and never another word.

The next night I went out to say good-by; I thought it would be only civil. I made no doubt we should find each other along that first half-mile of park wall, that she 'd descend upon me as she had done before. She was n't there. I paced up and down, searching most carefully; my eyes were experts now. I spent the whole night searching. It was broad day when I stopped. I stood in the morning light, with my face in my hands, fixing my thoughts in a final effort firmly on her. I hoped that, though I could not see, I should feel her presence near me if she came. Quite in vain.

I could not make up my mind to leave New York without seeing her. It sounds absurd, for what was she to me? What was she, anyhow, but a disembodied soul, one of thousands and thousands, and all past praying for, despite anything the good Catholics may say? What could there ever be between us? My desires had certainly never been set on New York. Wherever I might find myself when I died, it would certainly not be here. But I felt I could not go without seeing her.

For seven nights I searched from dark till daybreak, standing, willing her to come, pacing wildly, silently calling. I remembered then that I did n't even know her name. I slept exhaustedly all day.

On the seventh night the wind was rough. I was at the corner of Sixty-ninth Street when a gust blew her right into my face. I caught her, and held her with the roughest grasp.

"Where on earth have you been," I said, "and what have you been doing?"

"I 've been close to you lots of times," she said. "I can't make out how you did n't see me."

"Now, don't you think that because I have a body I can be lied to, either," I stormed at her. "You 've been wishing yourself out of the way on purpose."

"Yes, I have," she said.

"Why?" I asked her.

She did not answer.

"Will you tell me why?" I demanded.

"No, I won't," she said, "but if there 's anything in it at all you ought to be able to tell without my telling."

"Well, I can't," I snapped.

"I knew you would n't," she said, "so what 's the good, anyway?"

"You really are a most irritating little soul," I said. "Will you tell me what it is you want of me?"

Not, poor dear, that she had shown she wanted anything. She made no answer.

"Will you please tell me what it is you want of me?" I repeated.

Still no answer.

"Then I shall wait here night and day until you do." I did not mean to be bullied. I had made up my mind to that.

A long silence.

Then suddenly she said:

"I want to escape. I thought I was settling down to it, but talking to you has brought back time again, and now when you go I shall want to escape worse than ever. I shall want to die, and I sha'n't be able to. Won't it be dreadful?"

Her silly little phrase!

"But I really don't see what I can do to help you," I told her. "If you can think of anything, by all means tell me. I 'll certainly try it."

"Where do you go to when you go?" she asked.

"I go west across the prairies and the mountains," I said, "and then southwest across the sea."

"I knew that really," she confessed; "it has been in your mind all the time. I 've been jealous of your having it so much in your mind."

"Well, go on!" I told her, sharply, as my way was.

"I thought," she spoke slowly, "that if

you could like me well enough to be able to carry me with you part of the way, then why should n't you leave me on the prairie as you passed? And there, if I fixed my desire on nothingness, the great wind might carry me to such a lonely place that I 'd be almost as good as dead."

"We might try it," I said; "but you would have to like me enough to stop yourself flying back here."

"But how can I like you," she protested, "unless you like me first?"

"Like you in any ordinary sense of the word I certainly do not," I said. "I am a practical man. I have no use for these fantastic exercises of imagination. How do you expect me to like you?"

She sobbed aloud.

"That 's because I 've lost my body," she cried. "If I had my body back, I 'd make you like me fast enough, oh dear! oh dear!"

I did my best to soothe her.

"And now I dare say I 'm not even a decent-looking soul," she wailed.

I assured her she was a charming-looking soul.

"What shape am I?" she asked.

I assured her she was a perfect oval, and her color a most delicate pale gray.

"It sounds very dull," she said. "I 've never dared ask any one to tell me before. But compared with the others, I suppose it 's not so bad."

"But if I do try to take you, how am I to take you?" I asked her. "I can't carry you in my hand for two whole days; besides in the daylight I 'd lose you."

"Oh, but I 've thought of that," she said. "What you want is a match-box to fold me up and put me in. No, not a real match-box, silly; but one of the—what used the spiritualists to call it?—one of the astral sort."

"And where does one buy those?" I asked.

I was sure she was smiling queerly.

"Have you never been in love with a pretty foolish woman?" she said.

"With dozens," I answered. I always say that; it is safer. But the fact is that I had never been in love at all.

She must have known both of the silly lie and the more shameful truth, but she did not remark on them. Instead, she said:

"Think of your love for a woman like that, and you 'll find it very like a sort of match-box to carry me about in."

I never sleep in the train, so all night I sat upright in the darkened car. I had taken the Little Soul from my pocket, and I held her against my cheek; and through the noise of the shaking of the train all night she whispered in my ear. She was sure she was going to die now, she said, and did I mind her telling me things she had never told any one before.

"Why should I?" I answered her coldly. I was leaving the country; she could be certain they would go no further.

They were but simple things she had to tell: of dreams, first for herself, then for her dead children; of little verses she had written and hidden and destroyed; of a temptation to unlawful love that she had shunned. Foolish things, I thought; and I stuck to the thought, though I knew she knew I was thinking it.

The next night I stood on the wide prairie and held her soul in my hand. It was late, for I had walked as far from the town as I could. There was no sound; it was cloudy and pitchy dark. No wind as yet, but a feeling as if a wind would rise.

"Now it 's good-by," I said. "I 've kept my promise, and I 'll wait, what 's more, till the wind blows you away."

"Don't put me down for a minute," she begged. "I have something else to tell you."

"What is it?" I asked. "You were talking all last night."

"Oh, nothing about me, indeed," she whispered. "I 've nothing more to tell. But I wanted you to know that why I told you about myself and did n't ask about yourself at all was only because, being so close to you, I could learn and feel and understand all there was in your heart. I knew all that you had done and suffered in your life from the beginning until now."

"Then you know of a poor thing," I

said, "a black and hollow thing, a wasted thing."

"Yes," she went on. "And I knew that you were thinking that, but I wanted to tell you that I did n't think so at all. I think you 've done very well in spite of what people call your failure, and you 've always tried your best. Though fame has never come to you, you 've set your teeth and gone on, have n't you, and never chattered or complained? And I wanted to tell you that I love you for it."

"I never heard anything so ridiculous in my life," I said. "How can you love me? We 're absolutely unsuited to each other in every way, not a tradition or a taste in common. Besides, you 're dead; quite dead in one sense and almost dead in the other. What 's the use of talking about such things?"

"Now don't pretend to be cross when you 're not," she went on. "That 's childish. I 've told you this for a very selfish reason. I thought that instead of running the risk of being blown about this great prairie forever, if you could learn to love me just enough in return, my soul perhaps might pass completely into yours, and in that way there would be quite an end of me. Now, don't interrupt me in what I 'm saying. You need a little something like this added to you, a little common sense, a little patience, a little tenderness toward helpless things. You need it badly, and it 's very conceited of you to pretend you don't. And, oh, my dear," she cried, and the very soul of her seemed to be throbbing, "love is often like this, you know. How is it that you don't know—death to give, but always life to him that will dare take the offered love? And how gladly one dies to give it!"

"I do not love you," I said, "and I won't pretend to. I have never loved any one and I never will. It 's not worth while. I made up my mind to that long ago."

"Very well," she said; "it does n't matter. Please put me down."

I put her down.

"Good-by," I said.

"Good-by," said she.

And then I knelt there for an hour or more. It was dark; I could not see her, and not another word did we say. Waiting so, I felt how dreadful eternity must be.

At last I heard it rise in the far distance, the northwest wind. Shaking and shrieking and rumbling, it came in leaps of gusty anger, with silence in between. I set my teeth, or I must have cried out in fear. But she made never a sound. Then it was on us, brutal, vindictive. I could not help it; I flung myself along the ground to shield her, groping with my hands where I thought she must be. My neck was bare, and in a moment I felt the frail little thing she was fluttering close to me.

"I can't," she pleaded in agony; "I 'm afraid. It 's so cold and merciless and strong. I once had asthma as a child. Take me back to that selfish city. At least they 'll understand me there."

"No, no," I whispered, "not back to that; that 's worse than any hell. We must n't be cowards, we two, must we?"

"But I can't be lonely through eternity," she wailed. "I can't, I can't. It is n't fair to ask me."

Suddenly I began to shake as if a very ague were on me. I choked. I turned on my side for air. I crushed her soul between my hands. I ground it to my breast.

I threw my face up to the dark above, and a cry came from me that surely God might have heard. "Oh, my dear Little Soul, my dear Little Soul!" And the ice within me broke, and the tears sprang. I, who had not shed a tear since I could remember!

Before ever the tears could fall, my hands, which had held her, were empty and my lips, which would have kissed her, foiled. The Little Soul had vanished.

But my soul was full of joy. And the wind, as I lay there, could not harm me nor the night make me afraid.

Ripe for Conquest

By MAJOR ROBERT R. McCORMICK

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THE terrifying part of our unpreparedness is not only our unpreparedness in material and military organization, but our unpreparedness of intellect even to comprehend what the words "military efficiency" mean. Nearly every reader of this article has the same conception of a military organization. He and she cannot describe it, but what they think of is a skeleton regiment on parade, with six or more skeleton companies of not more than two platoons each; that is to say, they see in their mind a colonel and staff on horseback, and then lines of soldiers in double rank stretching nearly from curb to curb, with an officer, and sometimes two officers, marching in front of each double rank, with a large percentage of flags and buglers. The soldiers form into line on a parade-ground, and it is plain that there are officers enough to push the men into position and personally to instruct each one. Ideas of battle come from a round or two of blank cartridges fired while in this double rank, which indeed looks like popular engravings of the Battle of Waterloo or the Battle of Gettysburg.

Aside from officers of the regular army, experienced soldiers in the same service, and the National Guard, how many of our ten million men of military age can guess the width of a company of infantry from the right to left when in line of battle? A company of infantry of war strength in open order of attack has a front of three hundred yards, three times the length of a foot-ball field, three city blocks, the length of a polo-ground. A regiment is composed of twelve companies. If this regiment must be deployed on one line, as is apt to happen in war, it is over two miles from end to end.

In such circumstances what control can a colonel be expected to exercise over his men? Or, putting it as it affects the average reader, how much help can the privates expect from their officers? The truth is, next to none.

In battle the fighting is done by the privates, and the direction of the privates is in the hands of the corporals and sergeants. Occasionally the company commander can give instructions to his non-commissioned officers, but he has no opportunity to superintend their execution.

It was in Russia, of all places, that I learned to appreciate the dignity of the private soldier and the terrible responsibility borne by the non-commissioned officers. The occasion which drove it into my mind was a fight along the Ravka River.

In the course of an inspection of the position of the 55th Infantry Division (we used to have one division of infantry in the United States, but that has now been disbanded) I passed along the firing-trench to a point less than fifty yards from the enemy.

So many months have passed, and so much has happened since then, that I can

tell now what before it would have been improper to mention: namely, that the Russian lines were pitifully thin. Only one regiment of the four composing the division was held in reserve. The companies of the fighting regiments were all in line, with weak local supports in reserve trenches. The men on the firing-line stood at intervals of two yards, in squads of eight, and between the squads were traverses, or earth embankments six feet thick, completely separating each individual squad from the sight of its neighboring squad.

The officers could not stand up behind the line. They could only walk up and down the trench, and that but occasionally, as the company commanders were compelled to keep near their posts in readiness to receive orders from superiors, while casualties to commissioned officers had reduced their number to about one officer for every one hundred enlisted men.

While I was in this advanced position the German artillery began a heavy bombardment of the trenches to our left, our own location being safe from artillery attack because of its nearness to the German line. We did, however, come under a heavy fire from rifles and machine-guns.

People have often asked me what a battle looks like. I have answered that obviously it looks like nothing. Any man who tried to look would not look long. By occasionally pushing up a periscope that I had fastened on my walking-stick and by glancing foolishly over the top of the parapet, I saw a vast number of shells breaking to the left, where our trenches were supposed to be. In the psychology of battle, you may be sure that I did not imagine the shells to be farther from the trenches than they really were. I also saw the smoke from the enemy's rifles across the wire entanglements. At one time I located a machine-gun by the steam-like appearance of its jets of smoke. The impression was very strong that our left-flank trenches were being wiped out, that the enemy would occupy them and cut off our retreat. In this case our situation would be desperate, as there was no communicating-trench in rear of the far-advanced position that we occupied. The only thing that was needed to present the strain of war in its sharpest pain was the expected appearance of wave upon wave of gray-clad, screaming Germans, flashing their bayonets and firing as they charged.

In the event of attack, it would have been the duty of each of the groups of eight Russian muzhiks to stand fast in their squad trench and shoot the enemy immediately in front of them, trusting to every other group of eight to do likewise. The failure of any squad would have meant the death of all. If every squad did its duty, we would in all probability repel the attack, heavy as it might be.

Now, gentle reader, if you are a young man of military age, do you feel that you could stand in your place in a squad trench and do your duty as muzhiks and other peasants of monarchial Europe have frequently done? My own opinion of you is that you could not, and my opinion has the strength of a conviction. I do not care whether you are barber, barrister, banker, bartender, or broker.

Take a harder case. Supposing you were advancing in open order of attack, and had reached a point where, with your captain killed, your platoon commander wounded, your line, unable to go forward, was lying in the open, and your only chance for life was to find the range of the enemy and shoot at him so correctly that he in turn could no longer shoot correctly at you. Would you listen to the orders of your corporal? Would you take the range he gave you, carefully adjust your sight, and fire every shot as carefully as if you were trying to ring a cane at Coney Island or make a new step in a dance? No, you could not do it, and failing to do it, you would be killed by some peasant of the type that you see working on the railroad-track or mixing concrete for the foundation of the road on which you run your automobile, and upon whom you look as hardly human. He is a better soldier than you are.

The national ignorance of the conduct of war extends into Congress, even into

the committees on military and naval affairs of the Senate and the House. This statement, which would be hotly or contemptuously denied by the committeemen now, will some day be urged for them in extenuation when a bitter and bereaved nation calls them thieves and murderers.

They have no idea what a tremendously difficult thing it is, even in peace manœuvers, to conduct in attack such a small unit as a battalion. There are not ten National Guard regiments in the United States which can deploy and advance two thousand yards across broken country and have any organization when they approach the line supposed to be occupied by the enemy. The regular army can conduct this manœuver with a unit as large as a brigade, but certainly not with a larger one. It cannot be done without practice. To conduct a squad of eight men so as to obtain the maximum cover and at the same time maintain an effective rifle fire, is every bit as hard as it is to conduct a college foot-ball eleven; and to conduct the squad under fire is of course many times harder.

If one can imagine a game of foot-ball with one hundred and fifty elevens on a side, all coöperating with one another, he can understand what it means for a regiment to attack. Now, we know that in the case of the peaceful game of foot-ball the players are trained for years, and that when the eleven of any university reaches a certain degree of organization it will remain dominant for several seasons, notwithstanding a gradual change in its personnel. So it is with military organizations. As in foot-ball, team-work and training are everything, individual strength is nothing. Incidentally, the leading American foot-ball coach has a larger salary than the chief of staff of our army.

Last summer we had two principal citizens' instruction camps. The first, at Plattsburg, New York, was largely made up of young college men, many of them athletes, horsemen, or hunters, and the one thing they learned was that they did not even know enough to be privates, although, before arriving, they had thought to qualify themselves in thirty days to be second lieutenants at least.

The second camp was held at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, and was composed of highly intelligent, sincere business men. At the end of three weeks' training they indulged in a sham battle with one hundred and fifty Culver Military Academy school-boys, and were disastrously defeated, as they freely admitted.

Now, if a month's "intensive training" under regular officers and with the assistance of regular troops cannot teach three hundred men of this type to fight a sham battle against one hundred and fifty trained school-boys, how would two or three or four times as much training at the hands of insufficiently drilled officers qualify any men to manœuver under fire from rifles, machine-guns, and explosive shells?

Battle conditions are very much more disconcerting to the untrained man than he would ever expect. I speak with authority and feeling because I have been there. My first experience was an agony, and if no lesson is to be learned from the fact that two British officers who had fought through the Marne campaign were unaffected, what will you say to the unconcern of an American regular officer who had served fourteen years in the army but had never smelled smoke before? The answer is that he was mentally prepared while I was not. If he had been in command of troops, he would have disposed them with all his native ability. I would not.

It is unfortunate for the country that the truth about the conduct of raw troops in the Spanish and Philippine wars has not been printed. Of the four volunteer regiments put to a severe test in 1898, only one did not fail utterly, and this one, as we all know, was composed largely of cow-boys, woodsmen, and mountaineers; was officered in its high command by two of the most remarkable men their generation has produced, and in the lower commands was reinforced by a strong leaven of professional soldiers.

Nor was misconduct under fire confined to the volunteers. A newly enlisted regiment of regular troops, with regular officers and a few months' training, broke into panic in the Philippine Islands before nothing more dangerous than a few stampeded carabao.

"But what happened in '98 would not happen now," men in my branch of the service say, and, I think, truthfully. The National Guard has improved many hundred per cent. since 1898. The tin soldiers resigned or were weeded out, and those that remained have worked diligently to impart the bitter lesson they learned. Picked troops of the National Guard would not now fail as certain picked militia regiments did in 1898, but that is a long way from being able to defeat German, French, Russian, Japanese, or Bulgarian trained soldiers.

We recognize physical courage as an attribute indispensable to manhood, like financial honesty and truthfulness. But whereas we inculcate the latter two by public opinion, practice, and coercion, we do not, under our present civilization, develop the former. The charge of cowardice would be bitterly resented individually and collectively, but one must recognize the growing tendency of men to acknowledge, partly through the development of false modesty, a lack of the courage without which no race can live. The people who sway public opinion dare not face the fact of undeveloped courage; yet the fact is here.

Is it in a nation of ready-made soldiers that one man can hold up and rob a trainful? How often is a professional slugger captured by irate citizens, be the citizens however preponderating in number? Yet one policeman will capture a gang of safe-blowers and fight single-handed a whole crowd of professional thugs and murderers.

That system is stronger than the man is indicated by the fact that the sluggers are men naturally violent, whose tendencies have been increased by a favorable environment, while policemen—that is, the most effective of them—are selected by civil service from the average type of wage-earners. And as with policemen, so with firemen; the good system makes the hero.

That it is the system and not the man is further borne out by the vast superiority of the metropolitan policeman over the small-town constable. I remember an incident in a suburban town where a murderer was cornered by a mob in which were all the local policemen, none of whom dared approach him. There he stood like a boar at bay until a city policeman, in the country for an outing, attracted by the commotion, gave immediate expression to his training by rushing under an upraised hatchet and capturing the offender. Not until the struggle was entirely over did any one lend assistance to the volunteer officer. No lynching mob has ever taken a prisoner from a *city* policeman. How often have a sheriff and posse resisted one?

Railroad engineers seldom fail to show heroism in train wrecks, yet they hardly ever resist train-robbers. The reason for this apparent inconsistency is that they are mentally prepared for the first terror, but not for the second.

We have not been training men to resist the terrors of war, and so we have not got them in the numbers that other nations have them. The reason for this failure lies in the disbelief, entertained here and in the empire of Great Britain, which has mainly guided American thought in matters of international thinking, of the possibility of war between the great nations.

Great Britain has always maintained an overpowering navy, which has led her to luxurious ways. We have copied her ways, but not her navy. To this navy she owes her present freedom from conquest, for she has ignored her army and has hypnotized herself with talk of "volunteers." Great Britain has had certain advantages over the United States in the creation of a volunteer army. She has had closer intercourse with the military countries of the world. Following a bitter lesson in the Boer War, the rudiments of

military training have been taught in her public schools and universities.

She has a leisure class of aristocrats who have not learned military science, but have accustomed themselves to rigorous living by their athletic and nomadic habits, and by their adventurous lives and associations have in great measure prepared their minds for the stress of war. Our own idle rich boastfully liken themselves to this British aristocracy. Aside from richness and idleness, there is no resemblance. Our rich men's sons have been brought up by their mothers to represent the rich American woman's conception of English gentlemen. They have been trained in idleness, in contempt for democracy, in uselessness as far as business is concerned, but they have lacked the rough upbringing of the English boy. They have nothing of his conception of duty to the nation at war. History shows that whereas the English upper classes have always thrown themselves upon the bayonets of their nation's foes, the rich Americans have shown less military willingness than the average of their countrymen.

England also has the benefit of frontier conditions continuing in many of her colonies—conditions which produced the best of our volunteer soldiers in all our wars up to and including the Spanish war. With us the frontier has passed away. To-day the young men of Arizona and Oregon are no better equipped for military service than the young men of Massachusetts or Virginia.

Following the British idea, we have thought much of race superiority and of our ability as a race to defeat other races. The Japanese victory over Russia showed that under favoring circumstances the yellow man could beat the white; but we, taking our opinion from the English, dismissed that lesson by underestimating Russia's ability. Now, however, a further military lesson stares us out of countenance. The British have been defeated not only by the Germans, but by the Bulgarians and also by the Turks, who were beaten by the Russians, who were defeated by the Japanese. Yet the British were better equipped to organize for war than we are.

The roar of cannon has awakened us to the fact that almost all nations of the earth are vastly more powerful on land than ourselves, chief among them Great Britain (with her year's preparation), Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Japan, Chile, and the Argentine Republic. Of these, England, Germany, and Japan have stronger navies than our own, while alliances between the other countries would give them a preponderance over us upon the sea.

We know that within three weeks of obtaining command of the sea, England, Germany, France, Austria, or Japan can land from two hundred thousand to four hundred thousand men upon the seaboard of the United States and follow this up at the rate of two hundred thousand men a month indefinitely, and that to meet this invasion the United States has only thirty-five thousand trained men!

The National Guard of the United States approximates one hundred and twenty thousand men, but all of a year's training will be needed to put the whole of it in condition for war. In other words, we have thirty-five thousand men to meet the original invasion of two hundred thousand better equipped soldiers. In a year's time we can produce another one hundred and twenty thousand men to oppose the enemy, who would have two million four hundred thousand in the country and also would have possession of all our arms factories.

We are absolutely defenseless, as defenseless as China is before Japan, as defenseless as Egypt was before the Romans. The question of what we are to do to protect ourselves is as immediate as that question is to a man who sees a murderous burglar at his front door.

Evidently the first thing is to strengthen our regular army to the utmost. A plan for this has been presented by the general staff, which will allow garrisons in our strategic overseas ports strong enough to prevent their being immediately seized by the enemy, and which will leave in this

country four divisions, or 121,000 regular soldiers. These organizations would give us just a bare chance to fight off an enemy who should obtain command of the sea.

Hence we must develop an auxiliary, and develop that at once. Plans such as the Continental Army, popularly called the "jitney army," and the various schemes for universal military training, all of which are excellent, will not serve the immediate present.

For our crisis we have only one organization in existence, namely, the National Guard of the different States, and I, an officer of this service, have no exaggerated idea of the effectiveness of the National Guard as it now is.

I have shown elsewhere in this article that it is not in whole or in part to-day ready to meet the European soldiers in combat. On the other hand, it is nearer in efficiency to a regular organization than the Continental Army would be to it after its summer outings.

The military training of the National Guard is not that of the regular army; neither is it negligible. It stands to the latter as the night school does to the university.

A man, in order to qualify for the peaceful professions, such as medicine or the law, should have a university education, and after that a three- or four-year course in a first-class professional school. But all doctors and all lawyers have not been able to obtain this training. There are hundreds of lawyers I know who have obtained their education at night school. They would have been glad for the supreme instruction, but they have taken full advantage of what facilities they could get. Many of them are first-class lawyers. All of them are evidently apart from people who have never studied or thought of law.

So with the National Guard. Lacking regular army training, it has had, in fact, night-school training. Among its officers are a number who from native ability and great enthusiasm have learned much of the art of war. All of them, with the exception of that fraction of worthless people which one finds in every gathering, have learned more or less. The National Guardsmen are capable of great improvement, if given fair opportunity. The Government's assistance to it has been trifling in expenditure, but great in results.

A seriously intended appropriation for the National Guard which would supply the instruction that the better militia officers desire, as well as compensate the soldiers for their time, conditioned upon the achievement of a reasonable degree of efficiency, say like that of the regular army prior to 1898, would furnish a reserve of a quarter of a million of men in the shortest time—men who after two months' training following the outbreak of war could stand beside or against first-line troops.

The immediate adoption of these two steps is vital. Any other course will leave us helpless in the face of an armed world that hates, envies, and despises us. Later, legislation must be found to systematize and improve our forces until the nation is made impregnable. Of course if the National Guard organizations are to be permanently maintained, ways must be found to circumvent their present disabilities—use in strikes and the conflict of authority between State and nation.

All soldiers and many civilians now recognize that military effectiveness commensurate to the population of a nation can come only through a system whereby every citizen shall be allowed to learn to protect his nation from aggression abroad and his liberty from tyranny at home.

All of Europe, Japan, Chile, and the Argentine Republic have come to this form of training. Only Great Britain and the United States, nations which used to be the leaders in civilization, lag behind. England is to-day paying $24,000,000 a day and hundreds of thousands of lives in a struggle for continued existence because of the failure to demand of her citizens military service and to give in return humane living conditions. For not only from the military ignorance of her citizens is England suffering; their

unwillingness to enlist for war or for work in her defense is a problem of equal terror.

The English gentleman, whom the nation treated overwell, has paid his debt to his utmost ability. The English working-man is exacting a heavy usury for the debt the nation owes to him.

It is not surprising to find in Germany, where an emperor's word approaches absolute law, greater military efficiency than in democratic England, but we are surprised to find there greater patriotism; to learn that in imperial Germany the average man has received more from the state, the privileged man has paid more to the state, than in democratic England. The strangest part of our discovery comes in realizing that the German achievements in equalizing conditions among the population have been more nearly copied in England than in the United States, and England's shortcomings are reproduced here in more acute form.

In the United States of America the average man pays a higher percentage of the national taxes compared with his affluent neighbor than he does in any other so-called civilized country. In the United States the very rich man pays a lower percentage in taxes and has greater legal privileges than do the aristocrats of Europe, and, unlike them, carries no legal or social liabilities.

The very class hatred which is rending England smolders more widely here, where it is also aggravated by geographical antagonisms. It has been the chief factor of internal politics for twenty years and is not even now in process of solution. In the event of a great war it would paralyze the nation. With what enthusiasm does any one think the American people would rush to arms to drive back an invader of the seaboard?

Eighty per cent. of the people of the United States look upon the great fortunes as ill gotten. The owners of these fortunes, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, have nearly all settled on one or the other sea-coast. Even where the evasion of taxes was not the incentive, this migration has resulted in depriving the localities where the fortunes were made of taxes and of the benefit of the spending of the income and the support of local charities. The evils of absentee landlordism are already serious.

The "people back home" are hostile to the *émigrées*. New York and the Northeastern sea-coast are to them nothing but the homes of the dodging, obligation-shifting, idle rich, in whose behalf they would certainly feel no call to die. This rich element is itself non-military, and could furnish nothing for protection, nor would the not inconsiderable element depending upon it for ungenerous existence.

In addition to being the chosen home of those richest Americans who have not sought European domiciles, the Eastern sea-coast is the landing-point of foreign immigrants. Immigrants of long standing may have absorbed as much patriotism as the native born, but the newly arrived immigrants are still foreigners in thought and in law. In the event of invasion, thousands upon thousands of them would be legally bound to join the invaders, and none of them would be bound to help defend the country. As a foreign diplomat untactfully put it, "We have eight army corps in the United States." Immigrants of the neutral nationalities could not be looked upon as more than interested observers. There remains to volunteer enthusiastically for the defense of their firesides only a portion of the population of the sea-coast States; against them would be a large number of trained soldiers legally obligated to fight for the invader.

We present, therefore, an unorganized, unarmed nation filled with class and sectional bitterness, and with reinforcements for the invader awaiting him upon our shores. Mexico was no more ripe for the conquest of Cortez than we are ripe for conquest.

Two things must be done if this country is to endure. The existing evils must be remedied, and the people who are endeavoring to breed disintegration as a profession must be isolated and their influence destroyed.

"'It 's many years since I was a boy. I 'm twenty-five'"

The Night Before

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "The Sixth Canvasser," etc.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

HE got up from his seat by the fire and went over to the window. The woman still stood where the two streets intersected. Again she went through the manœuvers that he had already watched twice. First she made the round of the four corners, peering off in the direction of each of the eight blanched sidewalks. Then she returned to her station under the light, settled her back against the wall, hunched slimly under her umbrella, and waited. All the time the snow continued to fall.

It was the kind of snow that means business, tiny, firm, compact flakes so close together that it was as though a curtain of lace, heavy, thick, exquisitely detailed, was lowered from the sky. In the violet-blue radius of the electric light the snow-flakes looked as hard as rice; beyond they softened and blurred until they veiled the face of the city. The sidewalk was ankle-deep. Each minute the downfall seemed thicker, quicker, solider. A wind had arisen. The windows rattled. Already people were beginning to hold their umbrellas shield-wise in front of them. The man pivoted in the direction of the fire, turned back to the window, drummed intermittently on the pane, pulled down the curtains at both windows, pulled them up again, returned to his seat, resumed his work at the fire. But in a few moments he arose, and hurried over to the window.

The wind had increased measurably. The house shook at intervals. The passing was more rare. The woman still stood at the corner, her umbrella tilted to a slant. Its upper surface was thick with snow. As he watched she shook off this burden, took another one of her uneasy, watchful strolls about the circle of the four corners, returned to her lookout.

He watched even longer this time, while twice she discharged her umbrella from an accumulation of snow. There was nothing predatory about her; there was even a calm confidence. He resumed his seat at the fire.

His work held him for ten minutes; then he went to the window. The wind was a gale; the very walls shook. Thank goodness! the woman was gone. No, it was only that she was taking another of her four-cornered prowls. Her umbrella, held head-on to the wind, came into the field of his vision first, then her whole figure. She stumbled a little, and as she took her place against the wall her whole aspect seemed to sag. But she stood quiet, fixed. After a moment or two her immobility might have meant that she had frozen to the house.

He pulled his overcoat out of the closet, jerked it on, jammed a cap hard down over his ears, seized an umbrella, and dashed through the silent house. Even the shaking of the walls, the rattling of the windows, had not prepared him for the fury outside. The wind was fairly terrific, but it was evidently of many minds; it tore in different directions. It was not now as though the snow fell

evenly; it was as though it poured down from cornucopias tilted at eccentric angles. He buffeted his way across the street. The woman did not look up as he approached, but perhaps the thick snow blanketed his footsteps. She might have been dozing.

"Excuse me," he said.

Her eyelids lifted. Her eyes looked directly into his. For an instant he got an effect of wonderful luminosity, as though a pair of bright lamps had lighted suddenly in the falling snow. But she was not frightened, only startled.

"I saw you from my window—that is, I have been watching you for a long time," he stammered, "and I began to get worried about you. I had a feeling that you were in trouble—or something—had lost somebody, maybe, and I came over to see if I could help you."

She smiled.

"You are very kind. I have lost something—a man—my husband. I am waiting for him, that 's all."

"I see." But apparently he did not see at all, for he stared at her questioningly. Very likely she guessed that, for immediately she became more lucid.

"It 's such a ridiculous situation! I don't know where to begin, and I should not blame you if you told me I was an awful goose."

"I won't," he encouraged her.

"Well, we got into Boston early this morning. Somebody on the train suggested to my husband a quiet place where we might stay for the night, in a private family. I did not overhear the conversation, and my husband did not happen to mention the street to me. I should n't have remembered, anyway, because I don't know anything about Boston. You see, we 're sailing to-morrow. Besides, although I get along beautifully alone, when I 'm with my husband I always depend absolutely on him. He always insists on taking just the care of me that you would of a child. We went to this house, left our things, and about ten we started to walk down-town, toward the center of the city. We were going to have dinner in a hotel. I wanted to buy some hair-pins—" For the first time her voice began to quiver a little.

He was afraid she was going to cry.

"Hair-pins," he repeated vaguely.

"Oh, yes." She stopped, and caught control of herself. "I needed them for the boat. I ran across a little shop that happened to be open, late as it was. I told my husband to go on,—he hates waiting for change,—that I would overtake him. When I came out from buying the hair-pins he was not in sight. But I followed the street—oh, for what seemed a long, long way! Probably it seemed longer simply because it was unfamiliar. Anyway, I leaped to the conclusion that I was going in the wrong direction. I turned back on my tracks, and then I lost my head entirely, and began making desperate excursions into the side street. My theory is that he was doing the same thing. We were like buckets in a well. When he was *here* I was *there,* and when I was *there* he was *here.* Anyway, we lost each other; and so I came back to the place where we separated,—I had managed to keep that in mind,—knowing that he would ultimately come back there after me. I 've been waiting hours and hours and hours. What time is it?" she demanded suddenly.

He hesitated.

"About twelve," he answered.

"It began to snow a long time ago. That frightened me, but I did n't dare to leave. You see, I did n't know where to go. I don't know where we 're staying, and I have no money. You don't know how glad I am that you spoke to me, because I was beginning to feel a little frightened." She managed to laugh a little. "And I should like your advice."

He considered the situation. If any sinister interpretation of the man's disappearance occurred to him, he managed to keep guard on his expression.

"You feel sure that your husband will come back here?"

"Oh, yes."

"But in this storm don't you think he might get lost, too?"

"Oh, no; he has an extraordinary sense of direction. It 's a sixth sense with him. It 's an intuition. He 's like a homing pigeon. And then he 's traveled and explored all his life. That 's helped."

He meditated a moment.

"Do you think I had better call up the police station and tell them where you are in case he should inquire there?"

"The police station?" she repeated. Through her voice surged a dread purely feminine of such a course. "Oh, that might mean getting into the papers!"

"Not necessarily," he reassured her; "I think we 'd better do that. Then the instant he calls up they can relieve his mind. He 'll know you 're safe."

"Safe?" she queried.

"Yes, you must go over and wait in my room. It 's big and comfortable, and it 's warm there. It happens, though, that nobody but myself is at home. The family have all gone away for the night. I guess I 'm asking you to trust me a good deal. Perhaps you 'd rather not do that."

"Oh, I do trust you! I shall be very glad to go to your room." Her voice rounded over the reassurance with which she met both of his interrogatives.

"You see," he exclaimed, "if he calls up any police station, my address will be with them; and if he comes back to this corner without doing that, we shall see him from the window."

"Oh, yes, I see." Tremendous relief volleyed into her voice, but at the same time her figure drooped. "I think I 'm very cold and tired," she said forlornly.

"And hungry," he added for her. "I 'll make you some hot chocolate. It 's just opposite."

He closed his umbrella, possessed himself of hers, and, with a hand under her arm, helped her across the street. She leaned against the wall while he unlocked the door; but the warmth indoors effected a temporary revival.

"How luscious this heat is!" she murmured as they passed up the dimly lighted stairs. "Oh, I do hate to be cold! I think I should rather be hungry."

"I would n't," he laughed.

Up-stairs in a big front room he helped her off with her rubbers, her veil, and found the pins in her hat for her. "I 'm going to telephone now," he said. "Will you tell me your name?"

She gave it, and he left her.

She made no attempt to take off the long cape she wore. She stood with a bewildered expression, looking about her. The furniture in the room was cheap and innocuous, but clean and ample—a bedroom set in curly maple. It was unmistakably the room of a man; it was unmistakably the room of a very young man. It was unmistakably the room of a very young man in that period when, having established no canons of taste for himself, he feels that he must prove in all his Lares and Penates the virility of his point of view. Boxing-gloves, dumb-bells, a baseball mask indicated an athletic instinct. Beer mugs and tankards testified to a convivial strain. A small collection of novels on a shelf in one corner were all romantically martial in theme. The feminine influence was not lacking. Cushions, a little violent in color and displaying every variation of handiwork, crowded the couch. On the bureau and chiffonier many dainty embroidered linen impedimenta made amusing contrast with toilet-articles, heavily masculine, in ebonized wood. On the walls there were many poster-pictures of pretty girls. At one end was a big trunk, and beside it a box.

How much of this the lady saw is a matter of conjecture. Suddenly she began to sway and sag and slide. When the owner of the room returned, she was a mere crumpled heap of clothes on the floor. He bounded to her side, knelt down, raised her. Again her eyes opened, and again that startling effect of luminosity.

"I guess I was colder and more frightened than I realized." She smiled, but the smile came as the result of a tremendous effort. He helped her to the couch. She lay there still for a while and then, with a sudden recrudescence of energy, stood briskly up.

"Of course you were," he said, watch-

ing her closely. "I 'm kicking myself because I did n't beat it over there before. But you 'll be all right as soon as you have something hot to drink. I 've done the telephoning, and put some milk on the gas-stove. There 'll be some hot chocolate in a little while. You 'd better take off that wet cape."

Her long, gray military cape came off, revealing a surprise. She wore an evening-gown of a transparent, floating gray. It came down to gray satin slippers with silver buckles. She pulled away a scarf, also a transparent, floating gray. Her shoulders, neck, and arms were bare except where a necklace of delicately carved gold dropped pendent topazes that were like ovals of petrified honey; their pendent reflections were like drops of yellow wine on her white skin. Her arms were very slim and long, and so were her hands. Her eyes were large and changing, slate color in the shadow and gray in the light. Her ripply hair, coiled very simply in the neck and thrust through with a yellow satin rose, must once have been dark—a smoky dark. Now, though she was young, it was gray, a brilliant gray, as though here, there, everywhere sparks of silver had been set in the smoke. The tired pallor of her face intensified a certain sculpturesque quality in her features.

He drew the couch over to the fire; he heaped the cushions comfortably.

"Now lie down and take it easy," he begged. "That 's a peach of a sofa. I 'll be back in a jiffy." He poked the fire vigorously and disappeared.

She did exactly as she was told; but her fine, luminous eyes moved languidly over that part of the room which came within the range of her vision. As the result of his vigorous efforts, the fire had come up, beating its way through a thick film of charred paper. From under the pile of pillows which he had thrown on the hearth protruded crumpled sheets of letter-paper covered with writing, stray envelops, and a photograph or two, face down.

He came in presently with a bowl of steaming chocolate, a plate bearing a portion of cold chicken that still preserved the shape of the tin, some crackers, and some little cakes. He drew a low, jiggly table beside the couch, spread the things out.

"Now get busy," he commanded, "and eat!"

"Oh, I 'll eat," she murmured. "I never was so hungry! You see, I 've had no dinner. And you know so wonderfully just what to do! Men differ so very much in that respect. Old men who 've had a lot of experience are often quite helpless when women go to pieces. But you are extraordinary, and you 're only a boy."

He laughed.

"It 's many years since I was a boy. I 'm twenty-five."

"You don't look that," she commented. "Besides, twenty-five is not a very advanced age."

His look of adolescence was as much a matter of figure as of face. He had carried into the twenties much of the boyish slimness of the teens; yet his figure had the strength of maturity, though he moved as lightly as a cat. His face, however, was not shadowed with even a touch of that maturity. His olive-dark skin glowed with a cleanly athleticism; his tar-black eyes sparkled with it. His look was alert, candid, friendly. He would have been almost too pretty if it had not been for that obvious muscularity and for the scar that gashed upward from one corner of his mouth. A shade of boyish melancholy clouded his face for an instant.

"Sometimes I feel so old! And I have n't got as much speed as I had once. Why, at the gym there are kids that put it all over me running and swimming. They can't any of them box with me yet." He bragged quite openly of that. "I 'm a light-weight—amateur; I fight at a hundred and twenty-nine. That 's how I got that scar." He touched the cicatrice on his upper lip as though it were the decoration of the Legion of Honor. "I 'm never going to stop exercising, though; and if I ever start to run to stomach, I 'll make a hole in the river."

She was sipping the steaming chocolate with a delicate eagerness, disposing of

"The white neck and shoulders and arms, the clean-cut profile, came out like marble"

bites of the chicken with a dainty celerity, nibbling alternately, and with a kind of pretty ferocity, first at a cracker then at a cake.

"That 's right," she approved between bites; "don't stop exercising. I do so hate to see men get unsightly. There 's really no need of it. My husband's figure is superb, and he 's over fifty; but he exercises every morning of his life. You look awfully fit. I know enough about it to guess how you must have worked to develop yourself the way you have."

With a quick athletic pounce, he was on his knees on the floor before her. He lifted to her investigation an upper arm which, flexed, mounded into swelling biceps. "Feel that muscle!" he ordered proudly. Her slim fingers enfolded his arm for an instant. He turned it over so that the ridged triceps manifested themselves. "Feel that!" he commanded exultantly. She obeyed. The arm straightened. He unfastened his cuff, pushed up his sleeve. He thrust his forearm, the fist clenched, nearer for her examination. "How about that?" he demanded triumphantly. The forearm presented a plane of what looked like solid iron covered with satin, stretching from elbow to wrist.

Her slim fingers made experimental, but unsuccessful, attempts to dent this muscular plane.

"That 's wonderful!" she approved. "How you must have worked!"

"I wish you could have seen me when I first went to the gym," he said. "My poor little arms were like sticks, and as for my chest—well, I had just about as much chest as a sick chicken. Everybody was afraid I would get the consumption. But I began to run and swim and box, and the first thing I knew I was the healthiest kid in the place, with some punch in my arm, too. I believe in the healthy mind in the healthy body, you know," he concluded in the tone of one who had come on a great discovery.

"So do I," she said. "I hope you 'll never stop working. Why, in England I have seen men of nearly seventy playing tennis. Of course they did not look like boys, but neither did they look like old men, and with such fine, straight, slim figures still. I hate fat."

"So do I," he agreed. He took her empty cup and plate from her. "Do you feel better?" he asked politely.

"Oh, much better," she answered. "Thank you again." She arose and walked over to the window. The slim figure in its floating gray gown moved like a wraith through the air. And once quiet against the long, dark window-glass, her draperies seemed to blend with it. The white neck and shoulders and arms, the clean-cut profile, came out like marble. He watched her with the look of one who is unaware that he is watching.

"You need n't worry about that," he said. "I 'll keep my eye on the street. The moment a man appears who seems to be looking for somebody I 'll beat it out and flag him. It 's a hundred to one shot, though, that your signal will come over the 'phone."

"What time is it?" she asked.

"It 's after one," he said, looking at his watch.

Her face seemed to receive a fresh accession of marble pallor.

"You don't think anything could have happened to him, do you?"

"No," he answered; "but I 'll go downstairs and 'phone the police station again. And I 'll call up the hospitals, too."

"Oh, that would be so good of you!" Again that limpid luminosity flared in her eyes.

When he returned she was examining his boxing-gloves.

"I guess you do some exercising yourself," he said, giving the long, slim figure a shrewd, appraising glance.

"I fence a little, I play tennis rather well, I swim very well, and I ride beautifully." She announced this without vanity.

"Gee! I 'd like to see you fence!" he said. "I don't do any of those things except swim. You can't ride in the city, of course, and I always looked on tennis as a kind of girly-girly game."

"Some men do. Oh, but—" she turned the subject quickly—"I 'm very sure you were doing something when you brought me over here. Please go on."

A shade of embarrassment fell across the boyish frankness of his look.

"I was just burning some things up. Sure, I guess I will finish the job if you 'll excuse me for a few minutes."

"Please do!" she entreated. "I 'll be looking at your books."

She moved over to the book-shelf and seated herself in a little chair in front of it. He moved over to the fireplace, squatted on a cushion on the hearth. She began to pull books out from the shelves, looking with obvious interest at the titles and with obvious amusement at the illustrations. He began to feed the fire with the documents that the pillow had partly obscured.

"It 's all finished now," he said after a long interval, and sighed with what was evidently relief. "Won't you come back here to the sofa? It 's ever so much more comfortable."

She arose and swayed over to the fireplace and into the light. Her filmy, gray skirt rippled backward from the long lines of her figure, then closed swathingly in on it. The sheer gray scarf streamed like mist off her shoulders, dropped unheeded to her waist, rested on her slim wrists and on the slight salience of her hip. She seated herself among the cushions. Her shoulders drooped a little, and her chin sank. But her big eyes, flame-filmed, looked directly at him. The light above her head played like a million-pointed silver flame in her cloudy hair. It oozed through the topazes and licked in a dozen golden flames against her white skin.

"What a pippin of a thing that is you 're wearing about your neck!" he said.

Her long, slim hand went up to the golden stones. The golden tongues curled about her fingers.

"My topazes. I 'm very fond of topazes; I bought these in Rome."

"They are just the color of white wine," he commented.

"Yes, I 've often thought that." She unclasped the necklace and handed it to him. He examined it with great interest. "I think that 's a corking thing," he commented, handing it back.

"What time is it now?"

"After two," he answered, looking at his watch.

"You *don't* believe that anything has happened to him?" she entreated.

"No, but I 'll find out for sure again." With a single impulse upward, his hands not touching the floor, he was on his feet again. He bounded with his quick, light step out of the room and down the stairs. "No, he 's not been heard from at the station or at the hospital," he announced cheerfully, returning in a few minutes.

"I can't understand what 's keeping him." She looked somberly out into the whirling white heart of the storm. "If I could only get to a hotel; but I don't suppose a taxi would venture—"

"No." He shook his head so decisively that his thick black hair divided. He tossed it into position again.

"And, besides, I have no money."

"Oh, money!" he exclaimed indignantly. "I can give you some money, of course."

"Well, then just as soon as it lets up a little—"

"I 'll take you anywhere you want to go," he promised; "but there is no reason why you should n't stay here. He 's bound to find you. And there will be nobody in this house all night long."

"But I 'm keeping you up," she said.

"I 'm enjoying it," he asserted roundly. "I 'm having the time of my life."

"But to-morrow you 'll have to work," she said regretfully.

"To-morrow!" he said and started. "To-morrow—" He paused abruptly. "I 'm not going to work to-morrow. To-morrow I 'm going—" He paused abruptly again. A strange expression came into his eyes, a strange smile played across his lips. "And to-morrow you 're going to sail somewhere, are n't you?"

"Yes, to Italy—to wonderful, appealing, endearing, romantic, colorful, beautiful, heartbreaking Italy." She lifted her long arms above her head in a sudden un-

control as though she could express her feelings about Italy only in gesture. "I 've lived five times in Italy, and oh, how I love it! I don't know which I love most, the ruins or the gardens. There 's one garden—oh, how I wish I could take you to it this very instant! It 's on the Aventine Hill. It 's not such a very big garden, but such a wonder! We go in through a big, massive door, oh, so heavy and huge! and there, stretching before us, are parallel hedges of box so high that even a giant could not see over the top. And we would walk straight between those hedges and come out on a big, round pool, with a fountain in the center where ferns grow and where the sunlight, trembling on the water, is thrown up in quivers of gold on the fern. And all about everywhere are bushes cut into strange formal shapes like carved jade, and daisies with hearts of gold and petals of pink. And on one side of the pool a huge yellow cat with green eyes is playing with leaves, and on the other side a huge white one with blue eyes is nursing her kittens. And beyond the pool is the parapet, and beyond the parapet, oh, 'way, 'way off, like a monstrous, blue, bell-shaped bubble set in the sky, is the dome of St. Peter's. And below the parapet—many many feet below —lies beautiful, pearly Rome and the Tiber, like molten brass. Would you like to see that garden?"

"Would I?" He laughed, but his laugh was rich with assent.

"I could take you to many other gardens quite as wonderful, most of them bigger though—gardens in Italy, gardens in France, gardens in England, and gardens all over the Orient. I 've made a collection of secret gardens. One of the most beautiful is in San Francisco, a quaint, shaded little spot full of hedges and trees and bushes and lovely old mossy, lichened, vine-grown, weather-stained, broken-nosed statues, and all this running very slowly up hill until suddenly at the top you look out on the great greeny-golden, foam-laced, palpitating Pacific. Would you like to see *that* garden?"

"Would I?" he said again. "You make it sound like things I read and pictures I saw in fairy-tale books when I was a child." He stared at her again. But now his look of perplexity was conscious. "Tell me about the ruins," he said. "You said you did n't know which you liked best, gardens or ruins."

"I love ruins. The ruins of Italy are beautiful, but, oh, they are nothing to the ruins of Egypt. And I 've seen ruins in Ceylon and Japan and Yucatan. Imagine, in Africa, for instance, there rises straight out of the desert, all alone, nothing else about, an amphitheater bigger than the Colosseum at Rome. And everywhere these ruins are all vine-grown and flower-grown—oh, such colors and oh, such shapes! And by moonlight— You see, what makes them wonderful is that not all of them is there—dear, tender, broken things. But they suggest, oh, how they suggest! They give your mind a starting-point, and from that it builds—oh, gorgeous shapes—the walls and towers of dreams. Can you understand that—that it 's the fact that they 're broken and old and overgrown and stained and tragic that they are so much more wonderful?"

"Yes, I understand," he said instantly. He meditated on these strange, new ideas. But "You must have traveled a lot," was the only fruit of his thought.

She was leaning forward now, her long arms partly hidden by her gray veil, like white flower-wreaths,. her long fingers loosely clasped like white lily-petals. All the firelight concentrated in her wide gray eyes and in the reflections which dripped from her topazes.

"Yes, I 've been everywhere so many times that I 've almost lost count. You see, my husband is a tramp by nature, and I 'm a Gipsy. We never stay in one spot long. I 've been uprooted so many times that sometimes I think I have no roots left. I hope I have n't. I never know when my husband is going to start off, but I have learned now that when railroad and steamship folders begin to pour in through the mail he 's planning another long trip. Have you ever read the life of Lady Isabel Burton?"

"No," he said regretfully. "I don't read very much," he added in shamefaced explanation.

"Well, we 're a little like Sir Richard and Lady Isabel, my husband and I. David is a great big giant of a man, red-headed, and with a red beard, strong as a lion, and looking a little like one. What brought us together was, I think, our love of wandering. It 's very amusing the way our life is conducted. Sometimes he 'll be away from me, and he 'll get an order to go off on a long journey. He 'll have to start first. Then he always writes the way Sir Richard did, 'Pay, pack, and follow!' Oh, it 's such fun! I can get ready the quickest of any woman you ever saw even when I have a house on my hands. We 're such a queer pair! When we 're gipsying, he always does the cooking, for instance; he 's a much better cook than I. But if anything goes wrong with his camera, type-writer, or bicycle, I always take it apart and fix it. I have a passion for machinery and an understanding of it. It 's very wonderful our life. You see, our temperaments and abilities are very different, but our tastes are the same. Always each wants to do what the other wants to do. Oh, it 's such fun being together! We 're just like two children; it 's never changed any from the very beginning." There came a flash of silver fire from between her dark lashes, a flash of white fire from between her red lips: those two flashes made her smile.

The puzzled, intent look in her companion's eyes exploded in understanding.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you 're beautiful, are n't you?" And he said this with the naïveté of a child who has made an astonishing discovery in regard to the world. "I did n't realize that. I thought beautiful women had to look like that." He pointed to the posters on his walls.

She smiled with a charming, almost tender understanding.

"I 'm glad if you think me beautiful," she said entirely without coquetry. "I certainly don't look like any of them." She studied the pretty girls with amusement.

"No, you don't," he agreed, "but I guess that 's only because you 're more beautiful. Don't other people tell you that?"

"Not many. Sometimes a painter or a sculptor," she turned it off easily.

"Do you know," he went on, "this is the first time I ever sat in a room with a lady in a dress like that. Of course I 've seen them on the stage and in pictures and in audiences. I think it 's beautiful."

"I looked at your books while you were out," she glided easily away from this personal strain. "You like books with adventure in them, don't you?"

"Sure," he answered. "The more fighting in them the better. I like detective stories, too."

"Do you like poetry?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "I never read any except what was in the reading-books in school."

"Well, let 's find out. How do you like this?" She recited a poem to him.

"I think it 's beautiful," he answered the instant she finished; "but perhaps it 's the way you say it and the way you look when you say it. Who wrote it?"

"An Englishman named Keats. What did you like about it?"

"That part about 'shed no tear.' "

"Shed no tear—oh, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year,"

she quoted. "Well, let 's try another. How about this?" She recited another poem. "What do you think of that? Do you like it?"

"Oh, I do," he answered as directly as before. "I should think it was written about you—that part, 'And loved the sorrows—' I can't remember the rest."

"How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
Still one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face,"

she gave it back to him.

"If I was going to write a poem about you, that 's what I 'd say," he declared. "Was it written about you?"

She laughed with a note of gaiety that she had not hitherto shown. "I wish it was, but it was n't. That was written by an Irishman named Yeats."

He brightened.

"I 'm Irish," he said. "At least, I was born in Boston, but my father and mother came from Ireland."

"That explains you," she said. "Did you know that the Irish are a race of geniuses? They can do everything and anything. Probably you have a genius for something that you don't know anything about. Perhaps it 's writing poetry. If you like that verse of Yeats, let me tell you about a little play he wrote called 'The Land of Heart's Desire.' I 've taken part in it so many times that I know it almost by heart." At her gesture of invitation, he seated himself on the couch beside her. She placed a pillow comfortably at her neck. Then gazing at him straight, as though watching the effect she began to recite:

"Because I bade her go and feed the calves,
She took that old book down out of the thatch."

For a moment after she had finished the silence remained unbroken.

"I never heard anything like that," he said finally. "I did n't know—" He arose and poured some coal upon the fire from the hod, but he moved as though in a dream. He seated himself again. "I 've always thought poetry was foolish. I feel as though I 'd been 'way off somewhere—into some strange place, or I had dreamed. I don't know how I feel."

"It 's just the effect of beauty on your Celtic soul," she explained, smiling.

"What part did you take in it?"

"Maire."

"I would have liked to see you."

"Perhaps you can sometime. I 'll send you a copy of the poem from London, if you 'd like it."

"Oh, I would."

She arose abruptly and started for the window.

"He 's not come yet," he said. "I 've had my eye out the window all the time."

"What time is it now?"

"Four o'clock."

She made a gesture of despair.

"Oh, I am so worried!" she wailed. Then added: "But let 's not talk about that. I feel so dreadfully about keeping you up. You say you are going to have a holiday to-morrow. What are you going to do?"

His face changed; for a moment he did not speak.

"I 'm going to be married," he said finally.

"Married!" she exclaimed, and then again, "Married!" and for the third time, "Married! Why, you *child!* Oh, you 're too young!"

"At twelve o'clock," he answered with a tone of finality. He moved over to the chiffonier, removed from its top a picture in a silver frame. "Here she is," he told her.

She studied the face that stared up at her from the silver circlet, and her own face changed subtly. It was a very young girl, with a superficial prettiness of curly, light hair, tiny roundnesses of feature, tiny smallnesses of figure. But there was a something disappointing about it—a something of meagerness of spirit, of insipidity of line; a something of jaw too narrow, of lips too thin, of nose too pointed; a something that, unseen at first, grew in strength until it vanquished the last suggestion of prettiness. "She 's only a child, too," she commented, handing the picture back. "And just think it 's your wedding-day and hers now! When you tell her about to-night, give her my very best wishes, and tell her that I know she 's marrying a man who will always take the best of care of her."

His face changed a little as though involuntarily.

"Perhaps you won't tell her?" she questioned.

"Oh, yes, I 'll tell her."

"But she won't like it?"

He hesitated, and obviously tried to evade the answering.

"No, she won't like it," he admitted finally as though he could not help it. And then again, as though under compulsion of her silence, "She does n't like me to be with any other girls. I never do if I can help it."

"Oh," she said sorrowfully, "I 'm so sorry to be making trouble for you!"

"It won't make very much trouble, or it won't last very long. And, besides," he added strangely, "I don't care. I shall keep the memory of this. It has been beautiful." He paused, then there came from him in a rush: "She does n't like a lot of things I do. Boxing! She thinks there 's no class to boxing." He stared at her in helpless question. "She does n't want me to go to the gym any more. What you said about marriage—liking everything the other one wants to do, we 're not like that."

She took the necklace of topazes from her neck.

"Give her this," she ordered, "and tell her they are from a friend."

Obedient, he took the necklace and stood a little dazed, looking at it.

Then the telephone rang and he vanished down the stairs. She stood very straight and tense in the position in which he left her.

"It 's your husband," he said. "He was knocked down by an automobile while you were in the store. He 's all right," he added swiftly as her face contorted. "He 's on the way now in a taxi. He 'll be here in a minute; they took him into a house just a few blocks away. He told me to tell you that he was *all right.*"

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Well," he admitted, "I 've been lying to you all the evening, telling you it was earlier than it was; I was so afraid you 'd worry. It 's nearly seven."

He helped her on with her rubbers, her scarf, her long cape. He handed her her hat-pins one at a time as she stood before the glass adjusting her hat.

Finally she turned, held out both hands.

"Good-by, my dear boy!" she said. "For you are only a boy, but a dear, dear boy. Tell me your name."

He told her his name.

Quite simply, but still holding his hands, she raised herself on tiptoe and kissed him.

"You dear!" she said tenderly.

Then the door-bell rang. "Good-by, boy," she said, and ran down the stairs.

ALONE, he took up the picture in the silver frame. He looked at it for a long time, his face expressionless; but he kept shifting it into different lights, turning it at different angles. It was as though he was studying it feverishly from a new point of view. It was as though he was searching it frantically for something he had lost. He did not find it, for finally he dropped it, face downward on the chiffonier, and his features broke in something like panic. He controlled that in an instant; then very slowly he walked through the hall to the bath-room, turned on the water in the tub, took out his razor, began methodically to strop it.

Yüan Shi-kai in military uniform being borne away from the Temple of Heaven in an open sedan-chair carried by eight soldiers

The Terrible Yüan Shi-kai

By FREDERICK MOORE

Author of "The Balkan Trail" and "The Passing of Morocco"

THE conscience of an ordinary man would not leave him sane with a record of murdered men such as marks the trail of Yüan Shi-kai to the dragon throne, and yet the fact is not disputed by disinterested observers that China is better off for having him as absolute autocrat. Not all that he does is with the greatest wisdom or the full measure of generosity that conditions would permit; but there is no other Chinese leader to whom dictatorship could so well be intrusted, and a republic for that stricken country is entirely out of the question.

Can one expect the virtues of republican citizenship in a country where ninety per cent. of its four hundred millions of people live and rear families on precarious incomes of about three dollars a month? I repeat—three dollars, lest it be thought that the words are a misprint. Of course a dollar buys more rice in China than it does in the United States, but not enough to prevent the average being from going through life with the permanent sensation of hunger. Can one expect enlightenment and patriotism in a community as wretched as this? It is wonderful, in the circumstances, that the Chinese possess any ideas of democracy and heroism. Patriotism they do not, as a race, understand.

No one but a man willing to slaughter ruthlessly could govern in a country like China, and Yüan is willing to rule. In official mandates, soon to become imperial edicts, he follows to a certain extent the Chinese custom of humility, speaking constantly of his incapacity and unworthiness; but it is evident that he believes in himself. Like any other great man, he knows his own weaknesses, but similarly he knows his capabilities. One feels these things in his presence. With the average Chinese I find myself talking a false,

stilted language or becoming annoyed at his circumventions, the result of an artificial system of life and training; with Yüan, on the contrary, I have talked as to a man who can take and give common sense.

It has been my business to watch Yüan Shi-kai for the last four years, or since his return to Peking from retirement. Until a few months ago I was located in the Chinese capital as correspondent of "The Associated Press," and in that capacity attended public ceremonies and receptions, and occasionally saw him pri-

One of the nine great gates of Peking

The only public picture of the ex-prince regent and his son, the boy emperor, who still resides in his palace in Peking, but is seven or eight years older than the picture shows him to be

vately, and conversed with him through one of his immediate aids, Admiral Tsai Ting-kan, as interpreter. There was one event of remarkable note at which I was present, and the photographer who accompanied me is the only other foreigner who has ever witnessed the ceremony. This was the worship at the Altar of Heaven on the occasion of the winter solstice.

It is impossible not to suspect that Yüan visits the Temple of Heaven because of the prestige he derives from performing the ceremony, hitherto performed successively for centuries by emperors who styled themselves Son of Heaven. For he also approves and assists other religious bodies at work in China; he helps Buddhists, Christian missionaries, and Confucianists, both those who worship the great sage and those who regard him only as a master teacher. Yüan possesses those comprehensive qualities which have made some European monarchs and some American politicians successful.

He is a man of unusual appearance, being physically one of the broadest men I have ever seen. His hearty appetite and his inactive life—for it is only his mind that is vigorous—have given him a great weight of flesh, on top of which, in winter, he piles padded uniforms or fur-lined robes so thick that his arms hang out. He looks about twice as broad and twice as thick as an ordinary man in our style of dress, and this appearance is accentuated by the fact that he is of short stature, being probably only five foot four.

A friend of mine who saw him only once said he had never seen so cruel a countenance; but that was on one of the public occasions when Yüan's life was attempted, and there was excuse for the vindictiveness that appeared in his face. Yüan's battle against the assassin has been constant for the last four years, and at different periods before that time his life was in serious danger. Faithful adherents of his have passed away in one manner or another, the most notable recent case being that of Chao Ping-chun, at one time Yüan's prime minister. The sudden death of Chao, when governor of Chi-li, the metropolitan province, gave rise to the belief that he was the victim of poison.

Nor is Yüan guiltless of taking other men's lives. It is probably a correct suspicion, as the story told later in this article will show, that he played a part in the death of the Emperor Kwang-su. The record of Li Hung Chang is known, and Yüan came to success under the patronage of that notable statesman. So much for Yüan's earlier career. Since he came to Peking, and incidentally under the writer's observation, heads have been lopped off sometimes by the score a day. No known revolutionary dares appear in the capital; if he does, he will be made pris-

oner and probably shot without the semblance of a trial. If given a trial, it will be with a political object and with a foregone verdict. The execution-grounds are within the walls of the Outer City, and at one time executions of opponents to the Government, Yüan's Government, went on there daily.

The assassination at Shanghai of the man chosen by the Republicans for the post of premier, Sung Chiao-jen, is believed by many, not only Yüan's adversaries, to have been committed with palace approval. On one occasion two men came from Hankow with letters of recommendation from the vice-president to the president approving them for office. Possessing these credentials, they evidently believed themselves safe. Nevertheless, they lived in a hotel within the legation quarter. One night after dinner they were enticed out beyond the protection of the foreign police, were at once seized, and shot in the streets. It was always supposed that when Yüan's own bodyguard mutinied and looted and burned parts of Peking, in February, 1912, they had been let loose with the deliberate object of demonstrating to the Republicans that Yüan's presence in Peking was essential. The Republicans had been insisting, as a condition of laying down their arms, that he appear before the Parliament at Nanking. After the mutiny of Yüan's troops, scores of innocent coolies were decapitated beneath the principal pagodas in Peking,

Yüan Shi-kai in a military uniform of the Chinese army prior to 1900

Yüan Shi-kai in modern military uniform

Permanent gates newly constructed in the business quarter of Peking to prevent crowds of looters, in case of an outbreak, rushing through the streets

their heads hung as warnings to other evil-doers, and their bodies left to impede the passage of pedestrians, camel-trains, other pack-animals, and carts. Such is the way of justice in China.

But I want again to emphasize the fact that government is impossible in that country unless the administrators of the law are willing to put it drastically into execution; and after the long period of utter anarchy that followed the revolution, Yüan himself was, and is still to-day, the only law. I believe that, according to his lights and the insecure power that he holds, he is a patriot. In China it is often the case that men kill themselves for trivial reasons, for life is not the desirable thing, constantly full of hope, that it is with us. On the railways, for example, men frequently kill themselves, their object being to obtain sufficient money for an honorable funeral from the company. It is evident, therefore, that to take men's lives is also a less grave matter there than here. China is still living in an epoch corresponding with our Middle Ages. Only the fringe of the country has been affected through her treaty ports.

Yüan Shi-kai has seemed genial, if never kindly, on the several occasions when I have spoken with him. At times he has a very merry twinkle in his heavy eyes. His head is large, almost massive, like his body; his white hair and drooping mustaches are thin. He has asthma, and often has to take breath between sentences when he speaks. He shows a splendid set of even, substantial teeth, almost as evident, but not so white, as Roosevelt's. His nose is small and not prominent, set back in a flat face, which is, of course, distinctly Chinese. His ears are large, his mother perhaps having encouraged the elongations which Chinese admire; his hands and feet, on the contrary, are comparatively small, as Chinese prefer to have them. His soft, almost flabby hands are no indication of his character, for it is not the fashion in China to grip a hand in shaking it; in fact, to shake hands at all is contrary to Yüan's training, and he does it only because foreigners expect it.

He is not a man who binds himself by rules, customs, or precedents, although he appears always to be careful, like any wise politician, not to run dangerously counter to traditions or prejudices. It was characteristic of him, for example, to cling

The entrance to the Foreign Office in Peking

to his queue as long as the majority about him preferred the fashion, and then to get rid of it. In contrast to Yüan, it is noteworthy that at periods of crisis, when much more serious business should have filled their sessions, the parliament discussed and disputed for days the question whether queues should not be discarded by legal compulsion. The law was actually passed, but Yüan failed, deliberately, to put it into execution.

Yüan has a family on the lines of the old-style Chinese. After Chinese custom, his first wife was engaged by his parents and married to him when a youth. In the choice of subsequent wives and concubines he had more to say. It is commonly reported that he has a considerable house-

The east entrance to the Imperial City, in the heart of which is the Forbidden City. The walls and a pagoda of the latter are seen in the background

President Yüan Shi-kai, surrounded by military officers and officials in ancient sacrificial robes, leaving the Altar of Heaven

hold. The household, including grandchildren and the wives of his sons, is said to number more than threescore. The newspapers in Peking reported one day about a year ago that two sons who were not twins were born to him on the same day. The whole family lives in the Chinese manner in the same compound, the extensive inclosure of the Winter Palace, the residence of the notorious Empress Dowager Tsu-hsi. The Winter Palace is a portion of the Forbidden City, in the main part of which the little Manchu emperor is still permitted to keep a bodyguard and maintain his court.

A summary of the new monarch's career will undoubtedly demonstrate his practical character better than it could be sketched. It is a terrible career. That he himself lived through it is remarkable.

He was born of an obscure family about the year 1857. His father was a minor provincial gentleman without sufficient influence to launch him into national affairs, the goal of every ambitious Chinese. Nor was Yüan able to pass those literary examinations that admitted young men into government office. It was by the back door, so to speak, that he got into politics. He got in through the army, until recently a dishonored profession. The army was all that tradition said of it, a cutthroat rabble employed to butcher, a disgraceful calling in the eyes of the Chinese. At that time, however, soldiers were a very necessary institution, for the retention of Korea as a Chinese dependency was the absorbing question for the Government which Li Hung Chang controlled. Yüan was not a soldier; his grade was somewhat better than that: he had charge as a clerk of a commissary or other administrative office in the transfer of troops to the Hermit Kingdom.

It is amazing to note with what rapidity he rose in authority, once having been recognized by the famous Li; but it is not surprising to one who has observed the vigorous use which Yüan constantly makes of his mind in contrast with the customary Chinese obedience to tradition. The Chinese scholar, saturated with the classics, would seek among his parrot-like learnings for quotations from the sages applicable to a given situation. Not so Yüan; he thought for himself. Korea was the place where men of action were needed, and so few were the vigorous men among the Chinese that before Yüan was thirty years of age he was established as Chinese resident, the highest office of his Government, at Seul, the Korean capital. I am sorry to say that his reputation for ruthless slaughter was already notorious.

In China it is no great crime for an official to get rid of rivals or political opponents. There are no courts of law that give unbiased judgments, especially in political matters, and officials must be willing to kill when necessary or give place to others who will. Even to this day a father holds the power of life or death over his child. I know of the case, occurring within two years, of a policeman in Peking destroying his year-old son by dashing the

Yüan Shi-kai, at the first presidential inauguration, surrounded by a bodyguard of officers, at the head of the steps of the Foreign Office, immediately after taking the oath of office in that building

child's head on a pavement. It did not enter the minds of the authorities to arrest the man. Also within two years a presidential mandate, the only binding law in China to-day, has been issued in the capital city itself providing that, robberies having become so frequent since the lax republican regulations came into force, the old provision of capital punishment should be inflicted on the coolie who hired a rickshaw and did not return it to the owner. Rickshaw-men often fail to get sufficient "fares" in a day to pay the cost of renting their vehicles, and are sometimes driven, after getting deeply in debt, to stealing a rickshaw, the value of which varies from five to thirty dollars.

To go back to Yüan's career. When the Japanese drove the Chinese out of Korea, Yüan came back to China to assume responsibility in court circles in Peking, and soon became a Mandarin of the Yellow Jacket, a guardian of the emperor. But the title did not prevent him from betraying his Majesty Kwang-su. This is the most notorious episode of his career, but one, nevertheless, for which he may have had justification in that the emperor was incapable of achieving the reforms which he proposed. The story is this: the emperor summoned Yüan in private audience, instructed him to proceed quickly to Tientsin and go to the *yamen,* or official residence, of the Viceroy Yung Lu; to slay that officer and take command of his troops; to return to Peking immediately, bringing the soldiers with him; to surround the palace of the empress dowager (not the emperor's mother, but the widow of the former emperor), destroy or capture her bodyguard, and make her his prisoner.

Yüan, with proper kowtows, pretended to accept the command; but, on arrival at the Tientsin *yamen,* informed Yung Lu of the dainty commission intrusted to him. Instead, of course, of Yüan's leading the troops to Peking, the general who supported the empress took them thither; and instead of the Winter Palace being surrounded, the Forbidden City proper was cordoned. The emperor became the prisoner, and went to live in an imperial palace on an island in the lake in the Winter Palace inclosure.

Subsequently, when Yüan held the office of Viceroy of Shan-tung, the metropolitan province, he organized the so-styled model

Old-style soldiers in Peking. They were brought to the capital to balance the power of the modern troops before Yüan was certain of control

army, having learned that a rabble of undisciplined, untrained troops could be mowed down like so many unarmed men by soldiers adequately organized and commanded. He showed his common sense, too, in 1900, when the Boxers had persuaded most other viceroys as well as members of the grand council to let them exterminate the foreigners; for not a foreign life was lost in Shan-tung. Characteristic, too, is the fact that Yüan was one of the few advisers of the Government who warned the empress dowager—guardedly, of course—to come to terms at any price with the foreign nations.

The imprisoned emperor died mysteriously at the same time as the empress dowager, probably slain or poisoned lest he should succeed in resuming the power of office and wreaking vengeance on those Manchu princes and Chinese mandarins who had made and held him prisoner. By the emperor's death Yüan's life was undoubtedly saved, but not his official career. A nephew of the late emperor, a boy a few years old, came to the throne by selection of the Manchus, and the child's father became regent. This regent, Prince Chun, immediately dismissed Yüan, not denouncing him as a traitor, for so direct a statement would not accord with Chinese ideas of politeness; but by declaring that one of Yüan's legs was not strong, the regent gave him indefinite leave of absence to retire into obscurity and cure it. Yüan went to his estate in Honan, there to live the life of a country gentleman for about three years, until this same regent, harassed by the revolution of 1911–12 and having no capable counselor to advise and serve him, humbled himself and requested Yüan to return.

Yüan declined until full power of administration was placed in his hands. He then summoned his adherents, and sent the strongest of them, Chao Ping-chun, to Peking to take charge of the police. Tsai Ting-kan went to Wuchang to interview General Li Yuan-heng, the rebel leader, and appears to have come to terms with him.

As soon as Yüan came to the capital he required the regent to abdicate, leaving the dowager, wife of the late emperor, a weak woman to whom Yüan could dictate, in charge of the throne. The Northern armies were capable and in a position to defeat the rebels, but Yüan undoubtedly restrained them, connived in their desertion to the rebel cause, and finally informed the empress that the struggle was

Old-style Chinese troops on the march outside of Peking. They are used by Yüan to offset any hostilities on the part of modern troops, and, though uniformed in the old style, are armed like the regulars

too great for her forces and that the emperor must hand over the Government to the republic which had been established at Nanking. But Yüan was careful to obtain a mandate for himself in the abdication edict: the little emperor, who probably never saw the document, was made to say that the will of Heaven was evident, that he was incapable of ruling, and that he enjoined Yüan to establish the new form of administration.

Some of the republicans distrusted Yüan from the outset, but they planned, while conceding the presidency and retiring Sun Yat-sen in favor of Yüan, to surround the latter with such legal restrictions that he would become only a figurehead, with republicans in power as a cabinet responsible to a parliament. The parliament, largely self-selected, came to Peking and began work upon lines of its own, rebuffing Yüan and refusing even assistance from him. Some members sounded Professor Frank J. Goodnow, now president of Johns Hopkins University, and found him skeptical of the success of a popular government; whereupon, regarding him as a Yüan man, they proceeded on their work

Old-style Chinese troops on a march through Peking streets

A modern-drilled artillery-battery which Yüan organized for China

without the assistance of this American, who had come to China to act as legal adviser in the drafting of a constitution.

The republicans, headed by Sun Yat-sen, were evidently endeavoring to undermine the loyalty of the army by preventing Yüan from obtaining funds to pay the troops. They held the government offices in most of the provinces, which had ceased to pay tribute to Peking, and they refused consent to foreign loans. But the foreign bankers, whose interests were serious in China, had confidence in Yüan and none in the self-elected parliament; and despite protests from the latter, the so-called quintuple group, composed of British, French, German, Russian, and Japanese bankers, the American group having withdrawn, provided Yüan with a loan of twenty-five million pounds for the purposes of paying the troops and terminating anarchy as well as with the object of effecting the reorganization of the affairs of the country.

In the summer of 1913, Sun Yat-sen, whom Yüan had sought to placate with a monthly salary of fifteen thousand dollars, organized another revolution. By various means, probably more by bribery and intrigue than by appeals to patriotism, Sun and his adherents managed to induce certain regiments along the Yang-tse River to revolt. But this second revolution was squelched within a few months by the same forces that Yüan had failed to use in behalf of the Manchus. It is true, however, that though the troops would have fought had he given the command and continued to pay them, public opinion in the first rebellion was everywhere hostile to the Manchus.

Sun Yat-sen, with other opponents of Yüan, fled to Japan, where he received a certain measure of hospitality, which has strengthened the position of Yüan, because the Chinese are suspicious of it.

The rebel members of parliament, however, remained in Peking and still sought to defeat Yüan. They drafted a constitution making the cabinet responsible to parliament alone, and in other ways also strove to eliminate Yüan's power. Yüan sought to persuade them, but his emissaries were not even admitted into the councils of the committee employed in drafting the constitution. He then issued a mandate dissolving the Republican political party, known as the Kwo Ming Tang, on the grounds that it was the party of the rebels. This could not be disputed. Yüan's soldiers and police hunted out the Kwo Ming Tang members, arrested some, dispersed others, and induced a number to enter the employ of the Government. Some of them have obtained responsible, well-paid positions and have become enthusiastic supporters of Yüan, intrusted within the private offices of the palace, where they could attack and slay him if they wished to do so and were willing to sacrifice their own lives.

When the Kwo Ming Tang was dissolved, a quorum could no longer be mus-

A delegation of Mongols going to pay their respects to President Yüan when inaugurated as president

tered in parliament, and the members of other parties realized that it was both needless and unwise to continue the sessions further. They obtained from Yüan's government ample payments of salary for months to come; some obtained positions and some incomes without employment; and few, if any, failed to get ample allowances for traveling expenses back to their own provinces.

After the dissolution of parliament, Yüan proceeded to reconstruct a government. One by one he obtained control of the capital cities of the provinces. Gradually he shifted troops hither and thither till officers and men loyal to him were in control throughout the country. Hostility remained, of course, wherever there were students who spoke English or Japanese, men who had been educated in other countries and had ideas of progress and parliamentary government; but on the whole the people were undoubtedly content to have a strong administration. They had had three years of lawlessness, with soldiers and brigands overrunning the country. Not a city of importance had escaped looting by the soldiers of one army or the other, Nanking having undergone that experience, I think I am right in saying, five different times. Peking was looted by Yüan's own troops. Chinese soldiers follow their calling, like some American politicians, only for their salaries and occasional opportunities for loot, regardless of the fact that the prey is their own

Yüan in Peking. Yüan is the figure standing on a dais under the central arch

people. That is why the standing army, though five hundred thousand strong, cannot be used against a foreign nation.

The farmers have no time for politics, raking the barest living out of impoverished ground; the merchants want no more troops let loose upon them. These two elements are more than content; they want Yüan to rule because he keeps order. The men with notions of republican government and resentment at Yüan's usurpation are comparatively few, though they are, it is true, of the educated classes. Yüan's minions are keeping them under observation, and whenever one becomes dangerous and refuses to accept a salary for loyalty, he is arrested and summarily disposed of.

Once Yüan had obtained control, he instituted the semblance of a constitutional government. Advisory bodies were partly appointed, partly chosen by the governors of the provinces,—who were presidential appointees,—to come to Peking and assist the Government. In the case of the elections to decide the question of reëstablishing the monarchy, no one dared vote against the issue; it would at least have been unwise. Names of candidates were posted by the governors, and names of citizens qualified for voting were also drawn up in the governors' residences. The result was a foregone conclusion: Yüan Shi-kai was chosen by the Chinese people, who also voted that the form of government should be again imperial! The republic had fallen even in name.

Those who have had the opportunity of personal contact with him are immediately struck by his magnetic personality. His followers and those who immediately surround him are among his greatest admirers, and have implicit confidence in his power to overcome every obstacle. He is very discerning in the selection of his tools. Nevertheless, despite his wonderful capacity for controlling and understanding men, he is not without his limitations. He cannot be called an administrator in the modern sense; but recognizing his own deficiencies in this respect, he is not beyond listening to counsel and advice; and for this purpose he has collected around him talents of all schools, both young and old, and it is upon these councilors that the hopes of future success of the country depend. Whether Yüan will be permitted to carry out the great plans he has in view will depend largely upon the amount of support and confidence he is able to command among his people at home under his new title, and from the various interests and ambitions of the foreign powers, notably Japan.

The pagoda and lake of the Winter Palace inclosure, where Yüan has his residence

"Man with Pigeons"

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Decorations by Earl Schrack

I HEARD him with his trilling whistle call
The iridescent-breasted pigeons, fluttering,
Strutting the gutters, flapping up, to fall
In feathery circlings down.
His hand from out his pocket sifted grain.
His lips were ever muttering
A ritual, it seemed,
To exorcise some stain
That spread before his eyes whene'er he dreamed,
Some Nemesis that stalked him through his mind.
Gentle he was, and kind
To every dove, pearl-gray or banded brown,
That conquered fear and tilted on his fist
Or perched his wrist
For yellow corn that always came.
His shabby suit was always just the same;
His battered derby hat
A thing incongruous 'mid that cloud of wings,
Yet more incongruous things
Have been, to teach us all humility.
No more I trace,
Though day by day I try,
His plain, thought-furrowed, unsuccessful face,
Where sagging lines showed how defeats can harden
The gentlest soul.
The red-eyed doves still peck, and miss his dole,
Near Madison Square Garden.
His trilling whistle is no longer heard
Of any bird;
And corner loafers and pedestrians, passing,
That pause in their harassing
Or leisure moments for a glimpse of wings
And strange New Testament things
Where the doves flutter
And preen between the cornice and the gutter,
They do not know, it seems,
About my dreamer of the hounded dreams!

EARL SCHRACK

For it was rude and crude
When the swift Present burst on his beatitude
Guised as a motor-horn
That honked its scorn,
Whence, in a blinding cloud of opal, green, and gray,
The doves were all away
High in the air,
Where motor-horns have no more power to scare;
While he
Stood with his outstretched wrist distressfully,
Still only half awake,
Watching his bubbles break—
What bubble-dreams I know not, silver-crescent,
And iridescent
As the neck-feathers of those pigeons cooing
So soft to his undoing.

There is a white-sand walk
In heaven, where the tall golden-haired angels sit and talk
On marble benches.
There are no gutters in that place, no streets of noise and stenches,
But hedge on hedge and bed on bed of flowers,
And dreamy and eternal sun-splashed noontide hours.
Watching the splendid interplay of color
That ne'er grows duller
Pulsing along the furled and snowy pinions
Of your kind hosts in those remote dominions,
There, if you sat
And thought to leap your glance
From countenance to glorious countenance,
Skipping each stole and aureole, I 'll wager you
'Mid many golden sandals would glimpse a dingy shoe,
And through that same
Gold wealth of nimbus-flame
Mark down a certain battered derby hat!

"'Oh, the señor said he would know me, and he did!' she exclaimed, with wondering awe in her voice"

Romance

By L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies"

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

IT was very hot in Camagüey that afternoon, and very still. High in the burnished-silver sky a vulture wheeled slowly on motionless wings, the only living creature that Caxton's wandering gaze encountered. A lingering touch of the nervous restlessness that had forced him to seek a long rest in the tropics had driven him forth from his hotel while all Camagüey was hushed in the siesta, and already regretting his abnormal activity, he had stopped for a moment in the shadowed recess of an orange-hued wall. Above the top of the opposite wall of the narrow street he caught the sound of the heaving surge of wind-blown boughs; but there was no coolness in the sound or in the actual pressure of the trade-wind on his flushed face. He gasped in the hot rush of the scented air; for a moment he felt the light-headed and incorporeal sensation of one suddenly awakened from fevered sleep.

The feeling passed, and presently he became aware of a new sensation: he felt that he was not alone. Turning slowly, his gaze met the fixed look of a woman's eyes. A narrow, grated window set in the shadowed wall brought its sill slightly above the level of his head, and above the sill, a little back from the opening, her eyes gazed straight into his.

The black mantilla that dropped to the edge of her clearly marked brows was held in such fashion that only the eyes, with a narrow setting of face, and the slender hand that held the mantilla in place were to be seen. The rimming face and the hand were ivory-hued, the fingers delicate, shapely, and untouched by marks of toil. They disclosed, Caxton was pleased to fancy, the presence of gentle breeding; but the eyes were beautiful and held the potentiality of supreme devotion. He told himself that they could be no other than the eyes of a young girl as yet untouched by love or great joy or sorrow, so starry pure was their gaze, so fearlessly childlike. A certain susceptibility of his nature to romantic influences that had something almost boyish in its disregard of convention was deeply stirred. The familiar story of Cuvier's power to reconstruct a prehistoric animal from a single bone came to him now with none of his old awe of Cuvier's genius. From these eyes alone, he told himself fervidly, he might with reasonable certainty reconstruct their harmonious abode. All at once he awoke to the length of his scrutiny.

"Pardon, Señorita," he said. "I was hardly aware of my rude staring."

Something that he was pleased to translate as amused interest came to her eyes as she said:

"I could have gone away, Señor."

"But you did not," he replied. "Ah, you would know that it was not intentional rudeness. I might have known that you would understand."

"Understand?" she repeated questioningly.

"All that I saw in your eyes," he explained.

Unmistakably her eyes laughed then.

"The señor is perhaps a fortune-teller?" she queried mockingly.

"No; only confident of your past," he answered.

"And that past is, the señor thinks—is—is—" Her eyes searched him questioningly.

"Very beautiful," he promptly responded.

She laughed then; but suddenly she leaned forward impetuously, and said with a little quaver of excitement in her voice:

"Listen, Señor! In all my life nothing so exciting as this has ever before happened to me. So very beautiful like that it has been! The great dullness—that is how I call it. And now I am very much frightened, me. You think that is very funny, Señor, to be frightened because of the speaking to some man?"

"Not funny," he gravely answered. "I should be very sorry to think I had made you unhappy in any way."

"Oh, but not unhappy, Señor!" she hastened to reassure him. "Frightened—only a *little* frightened. Sufficient to make the heart beat with rapidity, you understand, but not to cause some unhappiness. *Au contraire*, Señor."

"Then I am glad that I stopped at your window and stared," he declared.

"Yes, Señor," she said meekly.

"I did not know it was your window—*any one's* window," he continued. "You see, I was very lonely. I have been ill, and to-day I felt restless, and could not stay in my room; but when I had come this far I realized that I was still too weak to be hurrying through your streets at this hour. I felt a little ill, and stopped here in the shade. Then, curiously indeed, I felt you were near, and turned. Perhaps that is why I stared—at first, because I felt a little ill."

"Señor! You been ill, yet walk at this hour in the sun!" she cried. "You want to get dead? Señor!"

"It was very foolish, I know," he confessed.

"It was wicked," she declared, "very wrong."

"Yet I am glad," he said; "for now I have seen you."

"You must walk very slow to your house, and keep very still for the longest time," she told him with tender severity.

"Yes, I suppose I must go now," he replied sadly. His feet, however, appeared to consider the question debatable; they made no move to depart.

"Now, in the yet so great heat!" she exclaimed. "Señor, you crazy? No one shall come here at this hour. You think I am so wicked to desire anybody to walk in the hot sun *now?*"

"You wicked!" he exclaimed. "I have seen only your eyes, but I know you are good and—beautiful. I *know.*" He looked up into her face like one who has burned all his bridges behind him. "Señorita, do you believe in fate?" he asked suddenly.

"Fate?" she repeated. "You mean—" She paused expectantly.

"Yes," he said, "some power, I don't know what, that brings people together, surely, inevitably, and perhaps from the very corners of the earth; and when they at last stand face to face, it is as though nothing else could have possibly happened. Two months ago I had never heard of Camagüey. I had been working too hard and had to rest, and by the merest chance, it seemed, wandered down here—here in Camagüey. Did any one ever before start out for a walk in Camagüey in the hour of the siesta? Well, I did to-day. And, Señorita, have you often looked out of this window at this hour?"

She shook her head.

"I do not remember ever looking," she replied. "To-day I was restless. Something—" she paused.

"But you looked to-day," he said eagerly, "and I stared up into your face. You see? Something has brought it strangely about—fate. It had to be."

"Certainly it seems very strange, Señor," she replied. She seemed impressed, but suddenly she looked up with a little laugh as she went on: "And now you will go away, and when next I look out the window I shall see only the empty street, as before. That fate is very funny, I think—to take so great trouble for so little thing."

"Not little," he protested. "I have seen you. I no longer care to go away."

"It would be very funny for the señor

to stand there always—very inconvenient," she declared, and laughed again.

"But to come back, Señorita?" he asked eagerly. "Would you be angry? Would you again look out?"

"But the señor forgets he has been ill," she reminded him gently. "It is unwise to walk in the sun at such times." She shook her head slowly. "No, Señor, I cannot permit. I shall sleep very sound at this hour always."

"But is there no other way?" he persisted. "I could prove to your father and you that I am—oh, all the things that a father might wish to know. Is there no way? Señorita, I must know you better."

Her eyes dropped for a moment; then slowly she shook her head.

"My father would be very much surprised, I think; yes, very angry," she replied. "Never have I spoken like this to a stranger. My father he is very kind, but he has his own thoughts; he expects them to be ours. My country is different from yours, Señor—much different."

"But *your* thoughts, Señorita!" he said eagerly. "Would you not be willing for me to see you again? It need mean nothing to you. We have met in such a strange way, I—well, it would be pretty hard to have it all end like this."

"But the señor has not even seen me now," she reminded him. "He might be very much disappointed, very sorry, some day."

"Never!" he exclaimed. "So sure of that am I that I don't even ask to see your face now. I 've heard your voice and seen your eyes. That is enough for me."

"The señor is very quick—sudden," she said in a low voice.

"But sure, Señorita," he replied; "I know my own mind. Can't it be managed in some way? Would you not be willing to see me again?"

She looked at him gravely as he spoke, and when he had ended she said with the frankness of a child:

"I never before saw any one like the señor—never."

"Do you mean silly, rude?" he asked dubiously.

"No, Señor; I mean interesting," she answered.

"Well, that is something," he said, with a smile.

But she had not finished.

"Ah,"—she sighed softly,—"I am pleased just to look at the señor. He is very beautiful—like the St. Michael in the stained-glass window above the altar in the church. Since I was a little child I have always looked at that most. Alas! sometimes I forget to listen to the padre from watching the light on his face. You have the same bright hair, Señor, the same proud look. Are you very proud, Señor?"

Were her eyes laughing, or were they tenderly questioning? Certainly her voice was gently grave. Yet surely it sounded like mockery. Was she mocking him? Had she a subtle coquetry beyond that of other women that he had known? He could not be sure. But her eyes—surely they were wells of truth. He brushed his doubts aside.

"I am very proud to know that I am like your St. Michael," he replied.

"Oh, so much, Señor!" she exclaimed. "Go to see him in the church that you, too, may know."

"If you would only be there, too!" he cried. To that she made no reply, and presently he added: "But which church is it, Señorita? There are so many!"

"Did I say?" she answered. She shook her head sadly. "I fear, Señor, you are not thinking of going to see St. Michael or even to pray."

"I 'd pray fast enough if you were there, for thankfulness and joy," he declared with fervor.

"That is very wrong to pray only when you are glad," she said gravely. "Such prayers rise no higher than the lips that speak them. You should pray when you have the great disappointment—for strength to bear it."

"Was that your St. Michael's way?" he asked boldly. "No, he tried to do things—did them. Must I be like him only in looks, Señorita? Will you tell me what church?"

It was only for a moment that she hesi-

tated, and then he saw her eyes take on a new light as she said demurely:

"Would St. Michael ask for help, Señor? I ask, who do not know. He did things, you say." She stepped back quickly, and he saw her no more.

He accepted her last words as a challenge. In the course of the next twelve hours he learned much. That Don Miguel Alvarez y Morny lived in the house under the window of which he had stood; that Don Miguel was rich and proud and high tempered; that he had four sons and five daughters, two of the latter married; that he hated Americans of the North, though he had once admired them greatly, and had educated his sons in Northern schools and his daughters in the Convent of the Ursulines in New Orleans; that his wife was dead, and he ruled his house like a lord of feudal days—all this he learned. That it was nothing to the point so far as it concerned the identity of the girl with whom he had talked he was sadly aware. To which daughter had he spoken? Could he even be sure that it was a daughter at all? But she had spoken of her father in a way that seemed to point to Don Miguel, and her confession of the dullness of her life and her perturbation at speaking to a man had about it a hint of maiden unsophistication. Surely she must be one of the three still unmarried, he decided. His pride in his deduction gave him new courage and hope.

He did not go to the house again at the hour of the siesta, but at other hours, day and night, he haunted it; but though he now and then caught a glimpse of a covered carriage returning to the house with its freight of sedate and mantilla-hooded forms, no eyes ever flashed bright or veiled glances toward him as the carriage passed into the courtyard and the heavy, green gates closed behind it. Don Miguel himself he saw often, a dark little man with a stern face and a high look of pride, who made his way through the city mostly in solitude, and shunned the social diversions that brought the men of Camagüey to the cafés at night with a certain relaxation of their usual formality.

A week passed, and Caxton still lingered on in Camagüey, though no longer under any delusion as to the possibility of meeting the girl with the eyes. No matter what his social standing at home, he was at last aware that in his present position it would not count, that nothing would count. Even his hope of catching a casual glimpse of the girl at church seemed destined to be denied him, for though he in time found the church of the St. Michael and spent hours in it and in the shaded little plaza before it, he saw no one enter it that he could even remotely liken to the girl of his search.

The romantic temperament needs little to feed upon, but with nothing at all, it soon languishes, and at the end of his fruitless week the fascination of the girl began to grow dim in Caxton's mind. As it faded, the charm of Camagüey also began to pass, and one afternoon as he sat alone at a little round table in the patio of his hotel, the heavy scents of the flowering court, the great red water-jars, the fronds of the palmettos, the limpid blue of the tropic sky, seemed like the setting of some fevered dream from which he had suddenly awakened in his right mind. At that moment his longing for the bracing coolness of his Northern spring was overwhelming. He would depart at once, he told himself impatiently, and as Francisco, his elderly waiter, came softly forward with the light repast that he had ordered more for the purpose of bridging the dragging hours that lay between the end of the siesta and the time when he might stroll through the city with the least discomfort rather than for refreshment, he began to question Francisco concerning the earliest hour of a departing train. Francisco made no direct reply.

"Ah, the señor is going?" he said in a tone that had about it an implication of personal loss. "But he will come again? And soon? He has learned to love Camagüey?"

"I have come a long way, you know, Francisco," he replied—"too long to think of coming again, I fear."

"But a road is shorter the second time

" 'There are things that one must forget. And—and *a Dios*, dear Señor!' "

it is traveled," Francisco said hopefully; "and when it is the road to Camagüey—"

Caxton was not listening. He had idly turned at the sound of footsteps, and instantly, at his first languid glance, all his attention had been riveted to the far end of the patio. Two young men were drawing up chairs to a table for their companions, two elderly men. There was something almost ceremonial in their performance of the act, as there was in the studied formality of the older men as they took their places at the table and waited for the young men to be seated. Don Miguel Alvarez y Morny was one of the two older men. Caxton's immediate thought was that for the first time in his impersonal acquaintance with him he saw him smile. The young men also were smiling, and the eyes of all three were deferentially turned toward the fourth member of the little group. His was an unpleasant face, Caxton thought, Spanish without doubt, grim and deeply lined, yet flaccid, too. The half-closed eyes had both a somnolent and a shifty look, as though back of an inert body the spirit remained keenly alive. Fully sixty, from every facial aspect, his stiff, black hair might have been that of a man of twenty. Its youthfulness, crowning features that age had sadly ravaged, increased his measure of repellence.

Francisco, noting his patron's inattention, glanced toward the new-comers.

"Ah!" he softly murmured as he turned back to arrange the table with his deftly intimate touch; then briskly he added, "The usual wine for the señor?"

"Yes," Caxton replied. Then in a casual tone he asked, "Who are those men with Don Miguel?"

"The young men, his sons," Francisco replied; "the other is Don Pedro Matos. Has the señor heard of Don Pedro?"

"No," answered Caxton. "Who is he?"

Francisco chuckled.

"A widower, Señor," he said; "indeed, thrice a widower."

"But something else, too," Caxton said, with a smile.

"*Caramba!* is not that enough, seeing what we see?" asked Francisco, chuckling again. "Yet the señor speaks truly; he is much else. Very rich, very powerful in the country; very wicked, some will tell the señor; yet always *muy simpatico* to young and beautiful ladies. Is it not always possible for such to be wives?" he leaned forward, with a little backward fling of his hand toward the group at the end of the patio as he added: "Doubtless the señor noted the formality, the satisfaction, eh? Behold the beginning of love's new dream! Has not Don Miguel beautiful daughters? Does one need to be told everything? Always two and two make four."

"Oh, it can't be! That tottering old wreck!" said Caxton, hotly. He glanced toward the other table; its occupants were ceremoniously and gravely drinking a health.

"The señor thinks not?" said Francisco. "Doubtless, then, he is right. Who am I to dispute the señor's judgment?"

Yet Caxton had a foreboding that the man was right, and all his old romantic interest in the girl with the eyes flamed up anew. He inwardly stormed at himself for his folly, but the sickening depression of his heart remained. He saw again her wonderful eyes, their truth, their potentiality for devotion, and then his vivid imagination, rejecting every commonplace aspect of the case, saw them wide with unspoken grief.

Don Miguel and his companions were still at their table when, leaving his repast almost untouched, Caxton left the patio and directed his steps toward the scene of his adventure. He stopped in the same shaded angle of the wall, and looked up, and the eyes of the girl met his. That they were changed he saw at once. He could see no more of her face than before, but now the warm ivory tint below her eyes was purple dark with weariness, and her eyes themselves had the stricken, beseeching look of a dog that suffers a mortal hurt. For a long moment they gazed at each other; then the girl stirred slightly.

"The señor should not have come," she said. "He must go at once."

"Something has happened," he said. "What is it?"

"I am a week older," she replied, "and a week may be like a thousand years."

"Your eyes are heavy and sad to-day," he told her—"so different! Tell me why."

"Perhaps it is from staring at the dark," she answered. "Has the señor ever watched the night pass—the slow, still night? It might be that. The watched night goes slow—oh, so slow! It is a great weariness, and it hurts. Yet it does not hurt like the dawn. Señor, the dawn is terrible. I know, who have watched it come. Even the first faint gray is terrible; it means that one must live another day. And the wind blowing in the trees is terrible. I used to love the sound, I remember. And, Señor, let me tell you. Juan, the water-carrier, is the first one of all the city to begin his day's work. It was not yet light when I heard him moving about in his patio, which lies beyond the wall there. And, Señor, I heard him beating his donkey, and I was wickedly glad. Something else was suffering in the wide world where men and women were quietly sleeping. It made me feel less alone. Señor, you said the day you saw me that I was good. Do you remember? Well, that is my goodness!" Her low laugh was more heartbreaking than tears.

"Señorita, what has happened?" he pleaded. "Tell me! Is it really true, then, that you are going—"

"Señor, stop! There are things that one cannot hear. Is it not enough to think them? And nothing can make them different. Listen. I went to the church this morning. It was very early. I thought to ask the Holy Mother for help; but when I knelt there, I could not pray. Would the Holy Mother come down from heaven and lead me back with her? I *knew* she would not; I was not so young and foolish as to believe that, and nothing less would suffice."

"I have watched at the church for you many hours," he told her; "but you never came."

"It was this morning that I went," she replied. "It was very early. And now the señor must go away; he must come no more."

"Has it got to end like this?" he cried. "You *can't* go on, Señorita. There must be some way out. Would it help to know that I love you? I have not even seen your face; but it 's you I love—your beautiful spirit. I ask nothing but the joy of helping you. Is there *no* way?"

"No, there is no way," she said gently. "I have not let you see my face that you may forget me the sooner. Not at first, though. It was from mischief at first, because of what you said—that you could see all in my eyes. That was very strange and amusing, and hardly to be believed. So I was perhaps a little bold, to tempt the señor to ask to see my face; but he did not. I felt then that the señor was speaking the truth. That is how I shall always think of him—as one who could be trusted. They are few. But now you must go."

"I have not been here since that first day," he said, "at least until now. I thought you did not wish it. But—"

"It was good of the señor not to come before, but good of him to come to-day," she said gently, interrupting him; "for now it is good-by."

"Is this, then, to be the end?" he said. "Oh, it is hard!"

"It is the end," she answered. "But listen, Señor. Will it help a little to know that when I went to the church this morning I did not look at the picture of St. Michael? I could not. Always I kept my eyes turned toward the floor, never up. And I shall never look at it again. There are things that one must forget. And—and *a Dios,* dear Señor!" Then slowly she moved backward, and he saw her melt away, as it were, in the darkness of the room.

He knew it was the end. Unhappy as he was, there was a certain relief in the mere acceptance of that fact. All the doubt, the uncertainty, was over, and his mind at once began to adjust itself to the inevitable. He wondered at his own calm as he went leisurely about his preparations for departure in the morning. That night he sat late in the café in the patio, finding

a certain comfort in a mere physical companionship that made no social demands upon him, and when at last he went to his room he fell asleep quickly. But long before day he awoke, and could not again call up sleep. A return of his old restlessness drove him to rise long before the hour at which he was to take his train. He went down to the patio, deserted and still in disorder after the revelry of the night, and leaving orders that his luggage be sent at once to the train, he passed through the stone archway to the street and wandered forth into the city, scarcely aware of any leading as to his direction. But when presently he came in sight of the twin towers of the church of the St. Michael rising dark against the brightening eastern sky, he knew that he had continued to cherish a hope that he had not acknowledged even to himself.

Inside the church, which after a momentary hesitation he had entered, a single candle was burning in the chancel. In the faint suffusion of light from the coming dawn it made more intense the shadowless gloom of the interior, and for a long time he stood at the door peering keenly about before a kneeling figure at the far eastern end of the church gradually took shape as merely a darker blotch on the dark stonework of the wall.

With his heart in his throat, he walked quickly toward it; but as he drew near, it rose and passed out. It was only a man in the dress of a muleteer, and with a quick falling away of all his hope, Caxton, too, went out to the porch. The figure of a woman was coming slowly across the plaza —a woman in the dress of the common people. Over her head and shoulders fell a striped rebozo, which she held close over her mouth with the native's precaution against breathing the night air; but as she drew near to the place where Caxton stood idly watching her approach, she let the rebozo fall to her shoulders. He saw a fair, delicate face, a slender, rounded neck, a small, well-shaped head carried proudly. Her eyes were downcast, and something in the rigidity of her carriage, her set lips, and the nervous tension of her fingers as they clasped a fold of her rebozo struck him at once as signs of extreme emotion. As she slowly mounted the steps of the porch, she turned her eyes up to his face. Instantly he sprang to her side.

"You, Señorita! You!" he exclaimed.

"No inglés," she said in a hoarse little voice.

He shook his head impatiently.

"Is it a time for that now?" he cried. "I know you, Señorita. I would know you at the end of the world. Speak to me!"

"No inglés," she repeated, and moved to pass him; but he caught her hand.

"Señorita," he pleaded, "I am going away in half an hour. Would you let me go without one word?"

At that she cast all pretense aside.

"Oh, the señor said he would know me, and he did!" she exclaimed, with wondering awe in her voice. "It is very wonderful. But now that he has seen my face, perhaps—perhaps—" she hesitated, looked down, and sighed deeply.

"It matches your eyes—the most wonderful eyes in the world," he declared. "Did I not say they would?"

"I came to the church alone, the first time in my life," she said hurriedly. "And like this!" She glanced down at her attire with a look half-shocked, half-mischievous. "Oh, my father is going to be angry if he hears! Perhaps he will send me to a convent. I shall know all soon. Already I am frightened."

"You will never know," he cried, "for now that I have seen you, I will never give you up. You are going with me, Señorita."

"But, Señor, I came to the church—"

He swept aside all speech.

"There are other churches," he said; "we will go to them together. Listen, Señorita. You shall not marry that old man; you shall marry me. From the first we were meant for each other—the strange way we met—everything."

"I myself had thought that; and now I know it is as the señor wishes," she said, and shyly took his hand.

He had not expected so ready a yielding, and for an instant was at a loss as all the difficulties suddenly rose to confront him. Then he laughed, facing them down.

"Then come, dear Señorita," he said, "for we have n't a minute to lose."

They hurried across the plaza, taking the road to the station. Here and there an early riser had begun to appear, and Caxton knew that they were noticeable. She, too, seemed suddenly aware of this, and nervously drew her rebozo more closely about her face as she said in a low voice:

"Señor, I am frightened."

"It will soon be over," he told her. "Once on the train, we shall surely be safe. I shall take you to dear friends of mine in Havana, and they will take you to the States, where we can marry at once; or even in Havana, perhaps, though of that I am not sure. The laws—"

"The señor will know best," she said.

They entered the train almost unnoticed. Francisco, the waiter, was there with Caxton's luggage.

"Francisco," said Caxton, anxiously, "if any one—"

"Señor," the man interrupted, "I have seen nothing. The señor has been good to me. Perhaps I may be able to help. *A Dios,* Señor."

They entered the train, and seated themselves far from the door, on the side away from the station. They did not speak. With her rebozo hiding her face, she gazed steadily out of the window; he studied a map, holding it high to shield her from any curious eyes. So they waited in strained anxiety for the train to take its departure.

It was slow about it. The sun came up hot in a cloudless sky. A volante drove furiously up to the platform, and out of the tail of his eye Caxton saw her form shrink back in the apprehension he also felt. But no one came to disturb them, and presently, with a jarring clank of the couplings, the frail little car began its leisurely journey out into their new world. Their eyes met.

"Señor," she whispered, "you will be good to me? Say that you will be good to me?"

"Always, dear," he promised.

"Then nothing else matters," she said—"nothing."

"Dear Señorita," he said after a long silence, "do you know, I have never even learned your name—your given name."

"Nor I the señor's," she replied. "We have much to learn."

"But it was right," he said; "there was no other way."

She looked up and smiled.

"Last night," she said, "again I could not sleep for unhappiness. It is better to die than to marry where you hate; but, Señor, I am very young and afraid to die. What was there, then, to do? And at last I knew. Do you remember how I said I could not pray in the church because I knew that the Holy Mother would not come down and lead me away with her, and nothing less would help me?"

"I remember," he answered.

"It was wrong not to pray, and wicked to doubt the Holy Mother. She has her own way. I thought that this morning, and so came again to the church, but alone. And all the way I prayed for a sign. And, Señor, you were waiting there, and when you said I should go with you, I was glad, having my answer. The Holy Mother might not come herself,—she has her own way, as I said,—but was it not as if she had sent St. Michael?"

A Belgian postal card

"Chantons, Belges! Chantons!"

By ARTHUR GLEASON

Author of "Young Hilda at the Wars," "Les Travailleurs de la Guerre," etc.

HERE at home I am in a land where the wholesale martyrdom of Belgium is regarded as of doubtful authenticity. We who have witnessed widespread atrocities are subjected to a critical process as cold as if we were advancing a new program of social reform. I begin to wonder if anything took place in Flanders. Is n't the wreck of Termonde, where I thought I spent three days, perhaps a figment of the fancy? Was the bayoneted girl child of Alost a pleasant dream creation? My people are critical and indifferent, generous and neutral, but yonder several races are living at a deeper level. In a time when beliefs are held lightly, with tricky words tearing at old values, they have recovered the ancient faiths of the race. Their lot, with all its pain, is choicer than ours. They at least have felt greatly and thrown themselves into action. It is a stern fight that is on in Europe, and few of our countrymen realize it is our fight that the Allies are making on all those trench-threaded fields of the Old World.

Europe has made an old discovery. The Greek Anthology has it, and the ballads, but our busy little merchants and our clever talkers have never known it. The best discovery a man can make is that there is something inside him bigger than his fear, a belief in something more lasting than his individual life. When he discovers that, he knows he, too, is a man. It is as real for him as the experience of motherhood is for a woman. He comes out of it with self-respect and gladness.

The Belgians were a soft people, pleasure-loving little chaps, social and cheery, fond of comfort and the café brightness. They had no pride of race, because they lacked the intensity of blood of unmixed single strains. They were cosmopolitan, often with a command over three languages and snatches of several dialects. They were easy in their likes. They

"made friends" lightly. They did not have the reserve and arrogance of the English, the spiritual pride of the Germans. Some of them have German blood, some French, some Dutch. Part of the race is gay and volatile, many are heavy and inarticulate; it is a mixed race of which any iron-clad generalization is false. But I have seen many thousands of them under crisis, seen them hungry, dying, men from every class and every region; and the mass impression is that they are affectionate, easy to blend with, open-handed, trusting, immature.

This kindly, haphazard, unformed folk were suddenly lifted to a national self-sacrifice. By one act of defiance Albert made Belgium a nation. It had been a mixed race of many tongues, selling itself little by little, all unconsciously, to the German bondage. I saw the marks of this spiritual invasion on the inner life of the Belgians—marks of a destruction more thorough than the shelling of a city. The ruins of Termonde are only the outward and visible sign of what Germany has attempted on Belgium for perhaps two generations.

Wherever I turned in Belgium, I found traces of this clever, silent German invasion. My Flemish driver, when we were surrounded by Uhlans, suddenly broke into voluble German, expressing his abject friendliness for them. At a hotel in Ghent the proprietor, believing me to be a neutral, told me he was a German with German sympathies. He had been living in Ghent for many years, making his money out of the town, but looking forward to this day of his own people. In Melle an officer pointed out to me the house of their German spy. I talked with the man. At a café in Ghent, while the enemy was still distant, the proprietor entertained the Belgians, and took their money, announcing to all, as he announced to me, that he was a Swiss. Now that the Germans have taken possession, he has bloomed out into a full-blooded German, and with pride daily presides over his café filled with German officers. Nightly back of our Pervyse line some spy signaled to the enemy's artillery when our ammunition began moving up the road. I found a hundred houses in Termonde among the ruins of eleven hundred, and those houses, spared in the house-to-house burning, were chalked in German script with directions not to burn. In that town of thirteen thousand people, certain of those households were friends and spies of the Germans.

Perhaps it was better that people should perish by the villageful in honest physical death through the agony of the bayonet and the flame than that they should go on bartering away their nationality by piecemeal. Who knows but Albert saw in his silent heart that the only thing to weld his people together, honeycombed as they were, was the shedding of blood? Perhaps nothing short of a supreme sacrifice, amounting to a martyrdom, could restore a people so tangled in German intrigue, so

A ruined church at Pervyse

netted into an ever-encroaching system of commerce, carrying with it a habit of thought and a mouthful of guttural phrases. Let no one underestimate that power of language. If the idiom has passed into one, it has brought with it molds of thought, leanings of sympathy. Who that can even stumble through the *"Marchons! Marchons!"* of the "Marseillaise" but is a sharer for a moment in the rush of glory that every now and again has made France the light of the world? So, when the German phrase rings out, "Was wir haben bleibt Deutsch" ("What we are now holding by force of arms shall remain forever German"), there is an answering thrill in the heart of every Antwerp clerk who for years has been leaking Belgian government gossip into German ears in return for a piece of money. Secret sin was eating away Belgium's vitality—the sin of being bought by German money, bought in little ways, for small bits of service, amiable passages destroying nationality. By one act of full sacrifice Albert has cleared his people from a poison that might have sapped them in a few more years without the firing of one gun.

That sacrifice to which they are called is an utter one, of which they have experienced only the prelude. I have seen this

Belgian soldiers of the first army in the early days of the war in temporary shelter

Side of a bedroom taken out by a shell in the heavy Nieuport bombardment

growing sadness of Belgium almost from the beginning. I have seen thirty thousand refugees, the inhabitants of Alost, come shuffling down the road past me. They came by families, the father with a bag of clothes and bread, the mother with a baby in arms, and one, two, or three children trotting along. Aged women were walking, Sisters of Charity, religious brothers. A cartful of stricken old women lay patiently at full length while the wagon bumped on. They were so nearly drowned by suffering that one more wave made little difference. All that was sad and helpless was dragged that morning into the daylight. All that had been decently cared for in quiet rooms was of a sudden tumbled out upon the pavement and jolted along in farm-wagons past sixteen miles of curious eyes. But even with the sick and the very old there was no lamentation. In this procession of the dispossessed that passed us on the country road there was no one crying, no one angry.

When the handful of British were sent to the rescue of Antwerp, we went up the line with them. There was joy on the Antwerp road that day. Little cottages fluttered flags at lintel and window. The sidewalks were thronged with peasants, who believed they were now to be saved. We rode in glory from Ghent to the outer works of Antwerp. Every village on all the line turned out its full population to cheer us ecstatically. A bitter month had passed, and now salvation had come. It is seldom in a lifetime one is present at a perfect piece of irony like that of those shouting Flemish peasants.

As Antwerp was falling, a letter was given to me by a friend. It was written by Aloysius Coen of the artillery, Fort St. Catherine Wavre, Antwerp. He died in the bombardment, thirty-four years old. He wrote:

Dear wife and children:

At the moment I am writing you this the enemy is before us, and the moment has come for us to do our duty for our country. When you will have received this I shall have changed the temporary life for the eternal life. As I loved you all dearly, my last breath will be directed toward you and my darling children, and with a last smile as a farewell from my beloved family am I undertaking the eternal journey.

Lieutenant Robert de Wilde

I hope, whatever may be your later call, you will take good care of my dear children, and always keep them in mind of the straight road, always ask them to pray for their father, who in sadness, though doing his duty for his country, has had to leave them so young.

Say good-by for me to my dear brothers and sisters, from whom I also carry with me a great love.

Farewell, dear wife, children, and family.

Your always remaining husband, father, and brother,

ALOYS.

Then Antwerp fell, and a people that had for the first time in memory found itself an indivisible and self-conscious state broke into sullen flight, and its merry, friendly army came heavy-footed down

Belgian soldiers and their shelter

Photograph by Radclyffe Dugmore

Interior of a church at Termonde

the road to another country. Grieved and embittered, they served under new leaders of another race. Those tired soldiers were like spirited children who had been playing an exciting game which they thought would be applauded. And suddenly the best turned out the worst.

> Sing, Belgians; sing, though our wounds
> are bleeding,

writes the poet of Flanders; but the song is no earthly song. It is the voice of a lost cause that cries out of the trampled dust as it prepares to make its flight beyond the place of betrayal.

For the Belgian soldiers no longer sang, or made merry in the evening. A young Brussels corporal in our party suddenly broke into sobbing when he heard the chorus of "Tipperary" float over the channel from a transport of untried British lads. The Belgians are a race of children whose feelings have been hurt. The pathos of the Belgian army is like the pathos of an orphan-asylum: it is unconscious.

They are very lonely, the loneliest men I have known. Back of the fighting Frenchman, you sense the gardens and fields of France, the strong, victorious national will. In a year, in two years, having made his peace with honor, he will return to a happiness richer than any that France has known in fifty years. And the Englishman carries with him to the stresses of the first line an unbroken calm which he has inherited from a thousand years of his island peace. His little moment of pain and death cannot trouble that consciousness of the eternal process in which his people have been permitted to play a continuing part. For him the present turmoil is only a ripple on the vast sea of his racial history. Back of the Tommy is his Devonshire village, still secure. His mother and his wife are waiting for him, unmolested, as when he left

Our chauffeur, Baron de Maleingren

them. But the Belgian, schooled in horror, faces a fuller horror yet when the guns of his friends are put on his bell-towers and birthplace, held by the invaders.

"My father and mother are inside the enemy lines," said a Belgian officer to me as we were talking of the final victory. That is the ever-present thought of an army of boys whose parents are living in doomed houses back of German trenches. It is louder than the near guns, the noise of the guns to come that will tear at Bruges and level the Tower of St. Nicholas. That is what the future holds for the Belgian. He is only at the beginning of his loss. The victory of his cause is the death of his people. It is a sacrifice almost without a parallel.

And now a famous newspaper correspondent has returned to us from his motor trips to the front and his conversations with officers to tell us that he does not highly regard the fighting qualities of the Belgians. I think that statement is not the full truth, and I do not think it will be the estimate of history on the resistance of the Belgians. If the resistance had been regarded by the Germans as half-hearted, I do not believe their reprisals on villages and towns and on the civilian population would have been so bitter. The burning and the murder that I saw them commit throughout the month of September, 1914, was the answer to a resistance unexpectedly firm and telling. At the skirmish of Melle on September 7, when fifteen hundred Belgians stood off three thousand Germans for several hours, I counted more dead Germans than dead Belgians. The German officer in whose hands we were as captives asked us with great particularity as to how many Belgians he had killed and wounded. While he was talking with us, his stretcher-bearers were moving up and down the road for his own casualties. At Alost the street fighting by Belgian troops behind fish-barrels, with sods of earth for barricade, was so stubborn that the Germans felt it to be necessary to mutilate civilian men, women, and children with the bayonets to express in terms at all adequate their re-

André Simont of the Obusiers Lourds (Heavy Guns), a typical high-class Belgian boy soldier

The present Belgian army is largely composed of boys, as the first army was cut to pieces

sentment. I am of course speaking of what I know.[1] Around Termonde, three

[1] What the writer and a companion witnessed of German atrocities will be found in the Bryce Report, under the heading of Alost.

times in September, the fighting of Belgians was vigorous enough to induce the Germans on entering the town to burn eleven hundred homes, house by house. If the Germans throughout their army had not possessed a high opinion of Belgian bravery and power of retardation, I doubt if they would have released so wide-spread and unique a savagery.

At Termonde, Alost, Balière, and a dozen other points in the Ghent sector, and, later, at Dixmude, Ramscappelle, Pervyse, Caeskerke, and the rest of the line of the Yser, my sight of Belgians has been that of troops as gallant as any. The

A Belgian worker in the "Océan Ambulance" and a British nurse

cowards have been occasional, the brave men many. I still have flashes of them as when I saw them. I saw a Belgian officer ride across a field within rifle range of the enemy to point out to us a market-cart in which lay three wounded. On his horse, he was a high figure, well silhouetted. Another day, I met a Belgian sergeant, with a tousled red head of hair, and with three medals for valor on his left breast.

"With my best feelings, William De Groote"

He kept going out into the middle of the road during the times when Germans were reported approaching, keeping his men under cover. If there was risk to be taken, he wanted first chance. My friend Dr. Van der Ghinst, of Cabour Hospital, captain in the Belgian army, remained three days in Dixmude under steady bombardment, caring unaided for his wounded in the Hospital of St. Jean, just at the Yser, and finally brought out thirty old men and women who had been frightened into helplessness by the flames and noise. Because he was needed in that direction, I saw him continue his walk past the point where fifty feet ahead of him a shell had just exploded. I saw him walk erect where even the renowned fighting men of an allied race were stooping and hiding, because he held his life as nothing when there were wounded to be rescued. For many weeks our group of Red Cross helpers had the privilege of working with Lieutenant Robert de Broqueville, son of the prime minister of Belgium. I saw him go into Dixmude on the afternoon when the town was leveled by German guns. He remained there under one of the heaviest bombardments of the war for three hours, picking up the wounded who lay on curbs and in cellars and under debris. The troops had been

Gaspar, a refugee baby

ordered to evacuate the town, and it was a lonely job that this youngster of twenty-seven years carried on through that day.

Our corps has seen the Belgians every day for several months. We have seen several skirmishes and battles and many days of shell-fire, and the impression of watching perhaps twenty thousand Belgians in action is that of excellent fighting qualities, starred with bits of sheer daring as astonishing as that of any other races. With no country left to fight for, homes either in ruin or soon to be shelled, relatives under an alien rule, the home Government on a foreign soil, still this second army, the first having been killed, fights on in good spirit. Every morning of the summer I have watched those of them that have been resting in La Panne, boys between eighteen and twenty-five, clad in fresh khaki, go riding down the poplar lane from La Panne to the trenches, the first twenty with bright silver bugles, their cheeks puffed and red with the blowing. Twelve months of wounds and wastage, wet trenches and tinned food, and still they go out with hope.

And the helpers of the army have shown good heart. Breaking the silence of Rome, the splendid priesthood of Belgium, from the cardinal to the humblest curé, has played the man. On the front line near Pervyse, where my wife lived for three months, a priest has remained through the daily shell-fire to administer last rites to his dying soldiers and to comfort the fighting men. Just before leaving Flanders, I called on the sisters in the convent school of Furnes. They were still cheery and busy in their care of sick and wounded civilians. Every few days the Germans shell the town from seven miles away, but the sisters will continue there through the coming months as through the last year. The spirit of the best of the race is spoken in what King Albert said recently in an unpublished conversation to the gentlemen of the English mission:

"The English will cease fighting before the Belgians. If there is talk of yielding,

Dr. Van der Ghinst, a Belgian surgeon. He was decorated by the French for bravery in the Dixmude bombardment

it will come from the English, not from us."

That was a playful way of saying that

Watching the aëroplanes

there will be no yielding by any of the Western Allies. The truth is still as true as it was at Liège that the Belgians held up the enemy till France was ready to receive them. And the price Belgium paid for that resistance was the massacre of women and children and the house-to-house burning of homes.

Since rendering that service for all time to France and England, through sixteen months of such a life as exiles know the Belgians have fought on doggedly, recovering from the misery of the Antwerp retreat, and showing a resilience of spirit equaled only by the Fusiliers Marins of France. One afternoon in late June my friend Robert Toms, who came four thousand miles to lend a hand with the wounded, was sitting on the beach at La Panne, watching the soldiers swimming in the channel. Suddenly he called to me, and aimed his camera. There on the sand in the sunlight the Belgian army was changing its clothes. The faithful suits of blue, rained on and trench-worn, were being tossed into great heaps on the beach, and brand-new yellow khaki, clothes and cap, was buckled on. It was a transformation. We had learned to know that army, and their uniform had grown familiar and pleasant to us. The dirt, ground in till it became part of the texture; the worn cloth, shapeless, but yet molded to the man by long association—all was an expression of the stocky little soldier inside. The new khaki hung slack. The caps were too large for Flemish heads. To us, watching the change, it was the loss of the last possession that connected them with their past; with homes and country gone, now the very clothing that had covered them through famous fights was shuffled off. It was as if the Belgian army had been swallowed up in the sea at our feet, like Pharaoh's phalanx, and up from the beach to the barracks scuffled an imitation English corps, spattering their ill-fitting garments with jest, writing and singing a poem in praise. This is the chorus which a Belgian soldier, clad in his fresh yellow, sang to us as we grouped around him on a sand-dune:

"Regardez nos p'tits soldats,
Ils ont l'air d'être un peu là,
Habiller.
D'la tête jusquaux pieds
En khaki, en khaki,
Ils sont contents de servir,
Mais non pas de mourir,
Et cela c'est parce que on leur a mis,
En quelque sorte, la t'nue khaki."

Hagar

By DOROTHY PAUL

AGAIN the Spring shall come across the date-groves of El-Jerid,
With slender feet a-tinkle with her anklet-bells
Of hillside rain,
With lips that laugh beneath a veil of mist, and eyes above it
Deep with pain;
And all the wild, sweet gladness of her coming,
That thrills the brooks of Jordan into flood,
And sends along the twisted olive branches
The old glad pain of sap and leaf and bud,
Is mine. And, lo!
The ecstasy of pomegranates aglow,
The secret the wild-almond boughs have kept,
My heart shall know;
And I shall go across the hills to greet
The woman Spring
Not with veiled eyes, nor forehead bared
To touch her feet,
But heart to heart, as women who have shared
Some wondrous thing,
And lip to lip, as sisters meet.

Again the night shall come across the wilderness of Paran,
The desert night, as purple as a lotus-bud,
And dusky-fair
As an Egyptian dancing-girl, with languorous, wooing arms
And jeweled hair.
And I shall see the firelight leap and redden
Against the dusk before the old black tent
Where Sarai sits among her serving-maidens,
Dumb and bitter-eyed and uncontent,
While I, the bond-maid, know
Why women cannot sing before the glow
Of evening fires, with empty arms, the runes
That women know:
For I have shared with Earth the common pain
That makes me part
Of her great womanhood,—akin to Spring
And to the Sun,—
Upon my lips the songs that women sing,
And on my heart
The kiss of Life; for we are one.

The Lost Phœbe

By THEODORE DREISER

Author of "Jennie Gerhardt," "A Traveler at Forty," etc.

Illustrations by Walter J. Enright

THEY lived together in a part of the country which was not so prosperous as it had once been, about three miles from one of those small towns that, instead of increasing in population, are steadily decreasing. The territory was not very thickly settled; perhaps a house every other mile or so, with large areas of corn- and wheat-land and fallow fields that at odd seasons had been sown to timothy and clover. Their particular house was part log and part frame, the log portion being the old original home of Henry's grandfather. The new portion, of now rain-beaten, time-worn slabs, through which the wind squeaked in the chinks at times and which several overshadowing elms and a butternut-tree made picturesque and reminiscently pathetic, but a little damp, was erected by Henry when he was twenty-one and just married.

That was forty-eight years before. The furniture inside, like the house outside, was old and mildewy and reminiscent of an earlier day. You have seen the whatnot of cherry wood, perhaps, with spiral legs and fluted top. It was there. The old-fashioned heavy-posted bed, with ball-like protuberances and deep curving incisions, was there also, a sadly alienated descendant of an early Jacobean ancestor. The bureau was of cherry also, high and wide and solidly built, but faded-looking, and with a musty odor. The rag carpet that underlay all these sturdy examples of enduring furniture was a weak, faded, lead-and-pink-colored affair woven by Phœbe Ann's own hands when she was fifteen years younger than she was when she died. The creaky wooden loom on which it had been done now stood like a dusty, bony skeleton, along with a broken rocking-chair, a worm-eaten clothes-press,—Heaven knows how old,—a lime-stained bench that had once been used to keep flowers on outside the door, and other decrepit factors of household utility, in an east room that was a lean-to against this so-called main portion. All sorts of broken-down furniture were about this place: an antiquated clothes-horse, cracked in two of its ribs; a broken mirror in an old cherry frame, which had fallen from a nail and cracked itself three days before their youngest son, Jerry, died; an extension hat-rack, which once had had porcelain knobs on the ends of its pegs; and a sewing-machine, long since outdone in its clumsy mechanism by rivals of a newer generation.

The orchard to the east of the house was full of gnarled old apple-trees, worm-eaten as to trunks and branches, and fully ornamented with green and white lichens, so that it had a sad, greenish-white, silvery effect in moonlight. The low outhouses, which had once housed chickens, a horse or two, a cow, and several pigs, were covered with patches of moss as to their roof, and the sides had been free of paint for so long that they were blackish gray as to color, and a little spongy. The picket-fence in front, with its gate squeaky and askew, and the side fences of the stake-and-rider type were in an equally run-down condition. As a matter of fact, they had aged synchronously with the persons who lived here, old Henry Reifsneider and his wife Phœbe Ann.

They had lived here, these two, ever

since their marriage, forty-eight years before, and Henry had lived here before that from his childhood up. His father and mother, well along in years when he was a boy, had invited him to bring his wife here when he had first fallen in love and decided to marry; and he had done so. His father and mother were the companions of him and his wife for ten years after they were married, when both died; and then Henry and Phœbe were left with their five children growing lustily apace. But all sorts of things had happened since then. Of the seven children, all told, that had been born to them, three had died; one girl had gone to Kansas; one boy had gone to Sioux Falls, and never been heard of after; another boy had gone to Washington; and the last girl lived five counties away in the same State, but was so burdened with cares of her own that she rarely gave them a thought. Time and a commonplace home life that had never been attractive had weened them thoroughly, so that, wherever they were, they gave little thought as to how it might be with their father and mother.

Old Henry Reifsneider and his wife Phœbe were a loving couple. You perhaps know how it is with simple natures that fasten themselves like lichens on the stones of circumstance and weather their days to a crumbling conclusion. The great world sounds widely, but it has no call for them. They have no soaring intellect. The orchard, the meadow, the corn-field, the pig-pen, and the chicken-lot measure the range of their human activities. When the wheat is headed it is reaped and threshed; when the corn is browned and frosted it is cut and shocked; when the timothy is in full head it is cut, and the hay-cock erected. After that comes winter, with the hauling of grain to market, the sawing and splitting of wood, the simple chores of fire-building, meal-getting, occasional repairing, and visiting. Beyond these and the changes of weather—the snows, the rains, and the fair days—there are no immediate, significant things. All the rest of life is a far-off, clamorous phantasmagoria, flickering like Northern lights in the night, and sounding as faintly as cow-bells tinkling in the distance.

Old Henry and his wife Phœbe were as fond of each other as it is possible for old people to be who have nothing else in this life to be fond of. He was a thin old man, seventy when she died, a queer, crotchety person with coarse gray-black hair and beard, quite straggly and unkempt. He looked at you out of dull, fishy, watery eyes that had deep-brown crow's-feet at the sides. His clothes, like the clothes of many farmers, were aged and angular and baggy, standing out at the pockets, not fitting about the neck, protuberant and worn at elbow and knee. Phœbe Ann was thin and shapeless, a very umbrella of a woman, clad in shabby black, and with a black bonnet for her best wear. As time had passed, and they had only themselves to look after, their movements had become slower and slower, their activities fewer and fewer. The annual keep of pigs had been reduced from five to one grunting porker, and the single horse which Henry now retained was a sleepy animal, not overnourished and not very clean. The chickens, of which formerly there was a large flock, had almost disappeared, owing to ferrets, foxes, and the lack of proper care, which produces disease. The former healthy garden was now a straggling memory of itself, and the vines and flower-beds that formerly ornamented the windows and dooryard had now become choking thickets. Yet these two lived together in peace and sympathy, only now and then old Henry would become unduly cranky, complaining almost invariably that something had been neglected or mislaid which was of no importance at all.

"Phœbe, where 's my corn-knife? You ain't never minded to let my things alone no more."

"Now you hush, Henry," his wife would caution him in a cracked and squeaky voice. "If you don't, I 'll leave yuh. I 'll git up and walk out of here some day, and then where would y' be? Y' ain't got anybody but me to look after yuh, so yuh just behave yourself."

Old Henry, who knew that his wife

"An amazed husband and wife of sixty heard his strange query, and realized also that he was mad"

would never leave him in any circumstances, used to speculate at times as to what he would do if she were to die. That was the one leaving that he really feared. As he climbed on the chair at night to wind the old, long-pendulumed, double-weighted clock, or went finally to the front and the back door to see that they were safely shut in, it was a comfort to know that Phœbe was properly ensconced on her side of the bed, and that if he stirred restlessly in the night, she would be there to ask what he wanted.

"Now, Henry, do lie still! You 're as restless as a chicken."

"Well, I can't sleep, Phœbe."

"Well, yuh need n't roll so, anyhow. You can let me sleep."

This usually reduced him to a state of somnolent ease. If she wanted a pail of water, it was a grumbling pleasure for him to get it; and if she did rise first to build the fires, he saw that the wood was cut and placed within easy reach. They divided this simple world nicely between them.

As the years had gone on, fewer and fewer people had called. They were well known for a distance of as much as ten square miles as old Mr. and Mrs. Reifsneider, honest, moderately Christian, but too old to be really interesting any longer. Now and then some old friend stopped with a pie or cake or a roasted chicken or duck, or merely to see that they were well; even then kindly minded visits were no longer frequent.

One day in the early spring of her sixty-fourth year Mrs. Reifsneider took sick, and from a low fever passed into some indefinable ailment which, because of her age, was no longer curable. Old Henry drove to Swinnerton, the neighboring town, and procured a doctor. Some friends called, and the immediate care of her was taken off his hands. Then one chill spring night she died, and old Henry, in a fog of sorrow and uncertainty, followed her body to the nearest graveyard, an unattractive space, with a few pines growing in it. It was suggested to him at once by one friend and another that he come to stay with them awhile, or that he seek his daughter in Pemberton County. She had been notified. He was so old, and so fixed in his notions, however, and so accustomed to the exact surroundings he had known all his days, that he could not think of leaving. He wanted to remain near where they had put his Phœbe; and the fact that he would have to live alone did not trouble him in the least.

"I kin make a shift for myself," he continually announced to old Dr. Morrow, who had attended his wife in this case. "I kin cook a little, and, besides, I don't take much more 'n coffee an' bread in the mornin's. I 'll get along now well enough. You just let me be." And after many pleadings and proffers of advice, with supplies of coffee and bacon and baked bread duly offered and accepted, he was left to himself. For a while he sat idly outside his door brooding in the spring sun. He tried to revive his interest in farming, and to keep himself busy and free from thought by looking after the fields, which of late had been much neglected. It was a gloomy thing to come in of an evening or in the afternoon and find no shadow of Phœbe where everything suggested her. By degrees he put a few of her things away. He sat beside his lamp and read in the papers that were left him occasionally or in a Bible that he had neglected for years, but he could get little solace from these things. Mostly he held his hand over his mouth and looked at the floor as he sat and thought of what had become of her, and how soon he himself would die. He made a great business of making his coffee in the morning and frying himself a little bacon at night; but his appetite was gone. This shell in which he had been housed so long seemed vacant, and its shadows were suggestive of immedicable griefs. So he lived quite dolefully for five long weeks, and then a change began.

It was one night after he had looked after the front and the back door, wound the clock, blown out the lamp, and gone through all the selfsame motions that he had indulged in for years that he went to

bed not so much to sleep as to think. It was a moonlight night. The green-lichen-covered orchard was a silvery affair, sweetly spectral. The moon shone through the east windows, throwing the pattern of the panes on the wooden floor, and making the old furniture, to which he was accustomed, stand out dimly in the gloom. As usual he had been thinking of Phœbe and the years when they had been young together, and of the children who had gone, and the poor shift he was making of his present days. The house was coming to be in a very bad state indeed. The bedclothes were in disorder and not clean, for he made a wretched shift of washing. It was a terror to him. He was getting into that brooding state when he would accept anything rather than exert himself. He preferred to pace slowly to and fro or to sit and think.

By twelve o'clock he was asleep, however, and by two o'clock he had waked again. The moon by this time had shifted to a position on the western side of the house, and it now shone in through the windows of the living-room and those of the kitchen beyond. A certain combination of furniture—a chair near a table, with his coat on it, the half-open kitchen door casting a shadow, and the position of a lamp near a paper—gave him an exact representation of Phœbe leaning over the table as he had often seen her do in life. He looked at her fixedly in the feeble half-light, his old hair tingling oddly at the roots, and then he sat up. The figure did not move. He put his thin legs out of the bed and sat looking at her, wondering if this could really be Phœbe. They had talked of ghosts often in their lifetime, of apparitions and omens; but they had never agreed that such things could be. It had never been a part of his wife's creed that she could have a spirit that could return to walk the earth. Her after-world was quite a different affair, a vague heaven, no less, from which the righteous did not trouble to return. Yet here she was now, bending over the table in her black skirt and gray shawl, her pale profile outlined against the moonlight.

"Phœbe," called old Henry, thrilling from head to toe and putting out one bony hand, "have you come back?"

The figure did not stir, and he arose and walked uncertainly to the door, looking at it fixedly the while. As he drew near, however, the apparition resolved itself into its primal content—his old coat over the high-backed chair, the lamp by the paper, the half-open door.

"Well," he said to himself, his mouth open, "I thought shore I saw her." And he ran his hand strangely and vaguely through his hair, the while his nervous tension relaxed.

Another night, because of this first illusion, and because his mind was now constantly on her and he was old, he looked out of the window that was nearest his bed and commanded hen-coop and pig-pen and a part of the wagon-shed, and there, a faint mist exuding from the damp of the ground, he thought he saw her again. It was a little wisp of mist, one of those faint exhalations of the earth that rise in a cool night after a warm day, and flicker like small white cypresses of fog before they disappear. It had been a custom of hers to cross the lot from her kitchen door to the pig-pen to throw in any scrap that was left from her cooking, and here she was again. He sat up and watched it strangely, doubtfully, because of his previous experience, but inclined, because of the nervous titillation that passed over his body, to believe that spirits really were, and that Phœbe, who would be concerned because of his lonely state, must be thinking about him, and hence returning. It would be within the province of her charity so to do, and like her loving interest in him to quiver deeply. He watched it eagerly; but a faint breath of air stirring, it wound away toward the fence and disappeared.

A third night, as he was actually dreaming, some ten days later, she came to his bedside and put her hand on his head.

"Poor Henry!" she said. "It 's too bad."

He roused out of his sleep, actually to see her, he thought, moving from his bed-

room into the one living-room, her figure a shadowy mass of black. The weak straining of his eyes caused little points of light to flicker about the outlines of her form. He arose, greatly astonished, walked the floor in the cool room, convinced that Phœbe was coming back to him. If he only thought sufficiently, if he made it perfectly clear by his feeling that he needed her greatly, she would come back, this kindly wife, and tell him what to do. She would perhaps be with him much of the time, in the night, anyhow; and that would make this lonely state endurable.

In age and with the feeble it is not such a far cry from the subtleties of illusion to actual hallucination, and in due time this transition was made for Henry. Night after night he waited, expecting her return. Once in his weird mood he thought he saw a pale light moving about the room, and another time he thought he saw her walking in the orchard after dark. It was one morning when the details of his lonely state were virtually unendurable that he woke with the thought that she was not dead. How he had arrived at this conclusion it is hard to say. His mind had gone. In its place was a fixed illusion. He and Phœbe had had a senseless quarrel. He had reproached her for not leaving his pipe where he was accustomed to find it, and she had left. It was an aberrated fulfilment of her old jesting threat that if he did not behave himself she would leave him.

"I guess I could find yuh ag'in," he had always said. But her cackling threat had always been:

"Yuh 'll not find me if I ever leave yuh. I guess I kin git some place where yuh can't find me."

This morning when he arose he did not think to build the fire in the customary way or to grind his coffee and cut his bread, as was his wont, but solely to meditate as to where he should search for her and how he should induce her to come back. Recently the one horse had been dispensed with because he found it cumbersome and beyond his needs. He took down his soft crush hat after he had dressed himself, a new glint of interest and determination in his eye, and taking his black crook cane from behind the door, where he had always placed it, started out briskly to look for her among the distant neighbors that he knew. His old shoes clumped briskly in the dust as he walked, and his gray-black locks, now grown rather long, straggled out in a dramatic fringe or halo from under his hat. His short coat stirred busily as he walked, and his hands and face were peaked and pale.

"Why, hello, Henry! Where 're yuh goin' this mornin'?" inquired Farmer Dodge, who, hauling a load of wheat to market, encountered him on the public road. He had not seen the aged farmer in weeks, not since his wife's death, and he wondered now, seeing him looking so spry.

"Yuh ain't seen Phœbe, have yuh?" inquired the old man, looking up quizzically.

"Phœbe who?" inquired Farmer Dodge, not for the moment connecting the name with Henry's dead wife.

"Why, my wife Phœbe, o' course. Who do yuh s'pose I mean?" He stared up with a pathetic sharpness of glance from under his shaggy, gray eyebrows.

"Wall, I 'll swan, Henry, yuh ain't jokin', are yuh?" said the solid Dodge, a pursy man, with a smooth, hard, red face. "It can't be your wife you 're talkin' about. She 's dead."

"Dead! Shucks!" retorted the demented Reifsneider. "She left me early this mornin' while I was sleepin'. She allus got up to build the fire, but she 's gone now. We had a little spat last night, an' I guess that 's the reason. But I guess I kin find her. She 's gone over to Matilda Race's, that 's where she 's gone."

He started briskly up the road, leaving the amazed Dodge to stare in wonder after him.

"Well, I 'll be switched!" he said aloud to himself. "He 's clean out 'n his head. That poor old fellow 's been livin' down there till he 's gone mad. I 'll have to notify the authorities." And he flicked

"'O-o-o Phœbe! O-o-o Phœbe!'"

his whip with great enthusiasm. "Ged-dap!" he said, and was off.

Reifsneider met no one else in this poorly populated region until he reached the whitewashed fence of Matilda Race and her husband three miles away. He had passed one or two other houses far back from the road, but these were not within the range of his illusion. His wife, who had known Matilda well, must be here. He opened the picket-gate which guarded the walk, and stamped briskly up to the door.

"Why, Mr. Reifsneider," exclaimed old Matilda herself, a stout woman, looking out of the door in answer to his knock, "what brings yuh here this mornin'?"

"Is Phœbe here?" he demanded eagerly.

"Phœbe who? What Phœbe?" replied Mrs. Race, curious as to this sudden development of energy on his part.

"Why, my Phœbe, o' course. My wife Phœbe. Who do yuh s'pose? Ain't she here now?"

"Lawsy me!" exclaimed Mrs. Race, opening her mouth. "Yuh pore man! So you 're clean out 'n your mind. Now yuh come right in and sit down. I 'll git yuh a cup o' coffee. O' course your wife ain't here; but yuh come in an' sit down. I 'll find her fer yuh after a while. I know where she is."

The old farmer's eyes softened, and he entered. He was a thin, pantalooned, patriarchal specimen, and he took off his hat and laid it on his knees quite softly and mildly.

"We had a quarrel last night, and she left me," he volunteered.

"Laws! laws!" sighed Mrs. Race, there being no one present with whom to share her astonishment as she went to her kitchen. "The pore man! Now somebody 's got to look after him. He can't be allowed to run around the country this way lookin' for his dead wife. It 's turrible."

She boiled him a pot of coffee and brought in some of her new-baked bread and fresh butter. She set out some of her best jam and put a couple of eggs to boil, lying whole-heartedly the while.

"Now yuh stay right here, Uncle Henry, until Jake comes in, and I 'll send him to look for Phœbe. I think it 's more than likely she 's over to Swinnerton with some o' her friends. Anyhow, we 'll find out. Now yuh just drink this coffee an' eat this bread. Yuh must be tired. Yuh 've had a long walk this mornin'." Her idea was to take counsel with Jake, "her man," and perhaps have him notify the authorities.

She bustled about, meditating on the uncertainties of life, while old Reifsneider thrummed on the rim of his hat with his pale fingers and later ate abstractedly of what she offered. His mind was on his wife, however, and since she was not here, it wandered vaguely away to a family by the name of Murray, miles away in another direction. He decided after a time that he would not wait for Jake Race to hunt his wife. He could not. He must be on, and urge her to come back.

"Well, I 'll be goin'," he said, getting up and looking strangely about him. "I guess she did n't come here. She went over to the Murrays'." And out he marched, while Mrs. Race pleaded with him to stay. He took to the dusty road again in the warm spring sun, his cane striking the earth as he went.

It was two hours later that this pale figure of a man appeared in the Murrays' doorway, dusty, perspiring, eager. He had tramped all of five miles, and it was noon. An amazed husband and wife of sixty heard his strange query, and realized also that he was mad. They begged him to stay to dinner, intending to notify the authorities later and see what could be done; but though he stayed to partake of a little something, he did not stay long, and was off again, another distant farmhouse in mind.

The process by which a character assumes the significance of being in such a community is often involute and pathetic. This day saw Reifsneider at other doors, eagerly asking his unnatural question, and leaving a trail of amazement, sympathy, and pity in his wake. Although the authorities were informed,—the county sheriff, no less,—it was not deemed ad-

visable to take him into custody; for when those who knew old Henry, had known him for so long, reflected on the condition of the county insane asylum, a place, because of the poverty of the district, of staggering aberration and sickening environment, it was decided to let him remain at large; for, strange to relate, it was found on investigation that at night he returned to his lonesome domicile to find whether his wife had returned, and to brood there in loneliness until the morning. Who would lock up a thin, eager old man with long iron-gray hair and an attitude of kindly, innocent inquiry, particularly when he was well known for a past of only kindly servitude and reliability? Those who had known him best rather agreed that he should be allowed to roam at large. He could do no harm. His figure after a time became not so much a commonplace as an accepted curiosity, and the replies, "Why, no, Henry; I ain't seen her," or "No, Henry; she ain't been here to-day," more customary.

He was an odd figure in the sun and rain, on dusty roads and muddy ones, encountered occasionally in strange and unexpected places, pursuing his endless search. Under-nourishment, after a time, although the neighbors and those who knew his history gladly contributed from their store, affected his body; for he walked much and ate little. The longer he roamed the public highway in this manner, the deeper became his strange hallucination; and finding it harder and harder to return from his more and more distant pilgrimages, he finally took a few utensils from his home store and, making a small package of them, carried them with him in order that he might not be compelled to return. In an old tin coffee-pot of large size he placed a small tin cup, a knife, fork, and spoon, some salt and pepper, and to the outside of it, by a string forced through a pierced hole, he fastened a plate, which could be released, and which was his woodland table. It was no trouble for him to secure the little food that he needed, and with a strange, almost religious dignity he had no hesitation in asking for that much. By degrees his hair became longer and longer, his once black hat became an earthen brown, and his clothes were threadbare and dusty.

For all of a year he walked, and none knew how wide were his perambulations, nor how he survived the storms and cold. They could not see him, with homely rural understanding and forethought, sheltering himself in haycocks, or by the sides of cattle, whose warm bodies protected him from the cold and whose dull understandings were not opposed to his harmless presence. Overhanging rocks and trees kept him at times from the rain, and a friendly hay-loft or corn-crib was not above his humble consideration.

The involute progression of hallucination is strange. From asking at doors and being constantly rebuffed or denied, he finally came to the conclusion that although his Phœbe might not be in any of the houses at the doors of which he inquired, she might nevertheless be within the sound of his voice. And so, from patient inquiry, he began to call sad, occasional cries, that ever and anon waked the quiet landscapes and ragged hill regions, and set to echoing his thin "O-o-o Phœbe! O-o-o Phœbe!" It had a pathetic, albeit insane, ring, and many a farmer or plow-boy or country housewife came to know it even from afar and to say, "There goes old Reifsneider."

Another thing that puzzled him greatly after a time and after many hundreds of inquiries was, when he no longer had any particular dooryard in view and no special inquiry to make, which way to go. These cross-roads, which occasionally lead in four or even six directions, came after a time to puzzle him. And to solve this knotty problem, he devised the simple system of standing in the center of the parting of the ways, closing his eyes, turning thrice about, calling "O-o-o Phœbe!" twice, and then throwing his cane straight before him. In whichever direction it fell that way he went, even though, as was not infrequently the case, it took him back along the path he had already come. He was not so far gone in his mind but that

he gave himself ample time to search before calling again, but he had the strange feeling that sometime he would find her. There were hours when his feet were sore and his limbs weary, when he would stop in the heat to wipe his faded brow, or in the cold to beat his arms. Sometimes, after throwing his cane, and finding it indicating the direction from which he had just come, he would shake his head wearily and philosophically, as if contemplating the unbelievable or an untoward fate, and then start briskly off. His strange figure came finally to be known in the farthest reaches of three or four counties. Old Reifsneider was a pathetic character. His fame was wide.

Near a little town called Waltersville, in Green County, perhaps four miles from that minor center of human activity, there was a place or precipice locally known as the Red Cliff, a sheer wall of red sandstone, perhaps a hundred feet high, which raised its sharp wall for half a mile or more above the fruitful corn-fields that lay beneath, and which was surmounted by a thick grove of trees. The slope that slowly led up to it from the opposite side was covered by a rank growth of beech, hickory, and ash, through which threaded a number of wagon-tracks crossing at various angles. In fair weather it had become old Reifsneider's habit, so inured was he by now to the open, to make his bed in some patch of trees of this character, to fry his bacon or boil his eggs at the foot of some tree, before laying himself down for the night. His was a light and inconsequential sleep. More often the moonlight, some sudden wind stirring in the trees, or a reconnoitering animal, would arouse him, and he would sit up and think, or pursue his quest in the moonlight or the dark, a strange, unnatural figure, half-wild, half-savage-looking, but utterly harmless. That particular lull that comes in the systole-diastole of this earthly ball at two o'clock in the morning invariably aroused him, and though he might not go any farther, he would sit up and contemplate the dark or the stars, wondering. Sometimes in the strange processes of his mind he would fancy that he saw moving among the trees the figure of his lost wife, and then he would get up to follow, taking his utensils, always on a string, and his cane.

It was in the second year of these hopeless peregrinations, in the dawn of a similar springtime to that in which his wife had died, that he came at last one night to the vicinity of this little patch of woods that crowned the rise to the Red Cliff. His far-flung cane, used as a divining-rod at the last cross-roads, had brought him thither. He had walked many, many miles. It was after ten o'clock at night, and he was very weary. Long wandering and little eating had left him only a shadow of his former self. It was a question now not so much of physical strength, but of spiritual endurance that kept him up. He had scarcely eaten this day, and, now exhausted, set himself down in the dark to rest and possibly to sleep. Curiously, a strange suggestion of the presence of his wife surrounded him. It would not be long now, he counseled himself, although the long months had brought him nothing. He fell asleep after a time, his head on his knees. At midnight the moon began to rise, and at two in the morning, his wakeful hour, was a large silver disk shining through the trees to the east. He opened his eyes when the radiance became strong, making a silver pattern at his feet, and lighting the woods with strange lusters and silvery, shadowy forms. His old notion that his wife must be near to him occurred to him as it usually did on occasions of this kind, and he looked about him with a strange, speculative, anticipatory eye. What was it that moved in the distant shadows along the path by which he had entered, a pale, flickering will-o'-the-wisp that bobbed gracefully among the trees, and riveted his expectant gaze? Moonlight and shadows combined to give it a strange form and a strange reality, this fluttering of bog-fire or dancing of wandering fire-flies. Was it truly his lost Phœbe? By a circuitous route it passed about him, and in his fevered state he fancied that he could see the very eyes of

"'O Phœbe! Phœbe!' he called. 'Have yuh really come?'"

her, not as she was when he last saw her in the black dress and shawl, but a strangely younger Phœbe now, the one whom he had known years before as a girl. Old Reifsneider got up. He had been expecting and dreaming of this expected hour all these days, and now, as he saw the feeble light dancing, he peered at it questioningly, one thin hand in his gray hair.

There came to him now for the first time in many years the full charm of her girlish figure as he had first known it in boyhood, the pleasing, sympathetic smile, the brown hair, the blue sash she had once worn about her waist, her gay, graceful movements. He walked around the base of the tree, straining with his eyes, forgetting for once his cane and his utensils, and following eagerly after. On she moved before him, a will-o'-the-wisp, a little flame above her head; and it seemed as though among the small saplings of ash and beech and the thick trunks of hickory and elm that she signaled with one pale, gray hand.

"O Phœbe! Phœbe!" he called. "Have yuh really come?" And hurrying faster, he fell once, scrambling lamely to his feet, only to see the light in the distance dancing illusively on. On and on he hurried, faster and faster, until he was fairly running, brushing his ragged arms against the trees, striking his hands and face against impeding twigs. His hat was gone, his lungs were breathless, when coming to the edge of the cliff, he saw her below, among a silvery wonder of apple-trees now blooming in the spring.

"O Phœbe," he called. "Oh, no; don't leave me!" And feeling the lure of a world where love was young and Phœbe was as this vision presented her, he gave a gay cry of "Oh, wait, Phœbe!" and leaped.

Some farmer-boys, reconnoitering this region of bounty and prospect, found first the tin utensils tied together under the tree where he had left them. Months after his body was found his old hat was discovered lying under some low-growing saplings the twigs of which had held it back. At the foot of the cliff they found him, pale, broken, elate, a molded smile of peace and delight upon his lips. No one of all the simple population knew how eagerly and joyously he had found his lost mate.

Identity

By WELLS HASTINGS

DO you remember Perigord,
The grocer on our street?
What, sour old Jean, the crafty-eyed,
With shuffling, slippered feet,
Who weighed his thumb so often,
Whose sugar was so strange,
Whose gold 't was always well to ring
Whenever he made change?
Perhaps; but, friend, I mean that one
Who gave his life to save
A comrade in that last great charge—
Jean Perigord the brave.

"The slow-footed and slow-witted will be eliminated or kept at home"

What Are Gasolene's Intentions?

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "In Our Town," etc.

Illustrations by John Sloan

IN earth and sky and sea are multiplying notices that a new age has come, a new power, a new method of locomotion.

Call this new power gasolene. What its intentions are to us we may justly ask, for a new power is more than an addition to our armament. It does things *for* us, yes, but it does things *to* us, too.

What it will do to us will be as if it had all been planned out beforehand by some sentient being. The drastic changes gasolene will make ought not to take us so completely by surprise as steam's changes did our forefathers. We should be a lot more scientific-minded, abler to prophesy. We can see plainly now what twenty years ago they hardly guessed at, that steam's intentions were to break up the home; at any rate, "the home" as understood by Alexander Hamilton and his modern instance, "the hill-billy"—a place, that is, where industry is carried on, and from which the surplus over the family's needs goes to market.

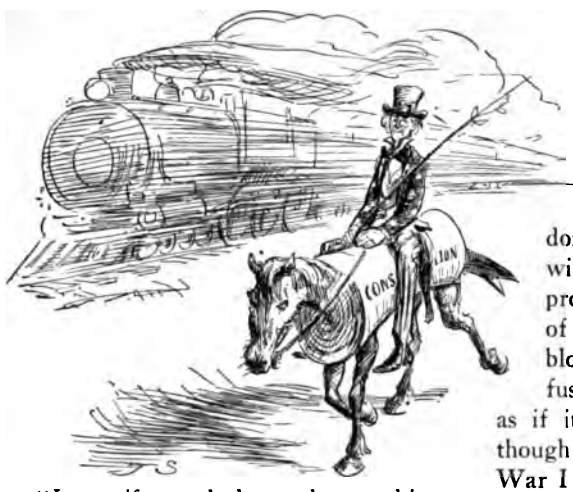
Steam shelled industry out of the home as one shells peas: put it in the factory; the family, father, mother, and the children tagged after, and home survived merely as a place to eat and sleep.

Applied to transportation, though, steam did even more. It dissolved the population which had caked and clotted in one parish for a thousand years, and made it fluid to run uphill about the earth, uphill from low income to a higher. Nobody lives now where he was born if he can get away. We 're here only till something better somewhere else turns up. The attics under the ancestral shingles,

full of horsehide trunks that hold the brocaded satins in which our great-great-grandmothers danced with Lafayette—you just read about them in the story-books; they don't exist.

The only thing that goes clomping right along just as if steam had never happened is the dear old Constitution. For all it has ever heard, the patent on Pickard's new and brilliant invention of the crank-and-fly-wheel whereby the back-and-forth motion of a piston-rod can be transformed into the round-and-round motion of a wheel—for all the Constitution knows, Pickard's patent still has six or seven years to run, and Watt, too grudging to pay royalties, will have to wait till it runs out before he can perfect his engine, run by the vacuum of condensed steam.

Gasolene has probably no serious intentions upon industry. Whatever happens to that further will be along the lines laid out by steam, nothing revolutionary. What little of the home remains may safely be left to the cost of living to break up, which cannot be otherwise than high



"Just as if steam had never happened is the dear old Constitution"

to those who buy by dribs and dabs. It is not afternoon yet to the steam-engine. Do not think it. It is probably close on to twelve o'clock as far as its perfectibility is concerned, although one would think there might be room for improvement in a device which, at its best, cannot utilize more than sixteen heat-units out of a hundred; gasolene gets twenty-four out of a hundred. Still, hooked up with the dynamo, the steam-engine will be chugging away successfully long after you and I have gone to bed in a pine box.

But when you talk of the changes gasolene will work, applied to transportation, you certainly have something to talk about.

The Saul of steam hath slain his thousands, and if David hath not yet slain his tens of thousands, that is because he 's only a stripling. Let 's see, is this next annual automobile show the sixteenth or the seventeenth? In 1898 there were just fifty-eight automobiles in the United States, and now I hear that there are two millions—about. To be strictly accurate, I should have to look up the figures in next year's almanac.

Kill us? Of course gasolene means to kill us. Read your newspaper. Note the curtness of the chronicles of automobile fatalities. Space is too valuable for routine stuff. No doubt the relatives and friends grieve for the victims; it 's only natural that they should, but for the rest of us to brood upon such matters and to say that something ought to be done about it, that 's kind of morbid, don't you think? Kind of looking on the dark side, don't you think? There is no light without a shadow. Every great improvement brings a certain amount of violent death, but ought one to block the wheels of progress by being fussy about human life? It is n't as if it were in any way scarce at all, though how it will be after the European War I do not know.

That 's our attitude. Call it happy-go-lucky if you will, but, I ask you, what three words could be more eloquent of Americanism than "happy" and "go" and "lucky"?

This is a matter that will adjust itself. In the course of time the slow-footed and slow-witted will be eliminated or kept at home. Children will be systematically in-

structed that there are two places where they must not play, the railroad track and the street, since both are the habitat of high-speed heavy bodies. Walking the picket-fence used to be looked upon as risky, but I should think it safer than the sidewalk on a skiddy day.

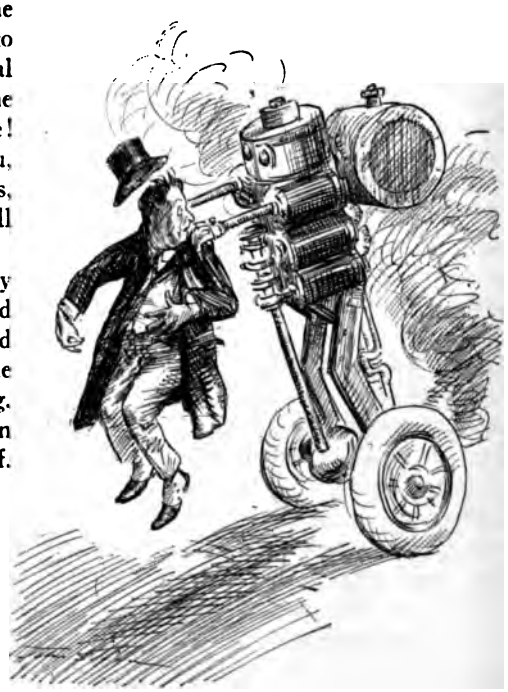
Now that eternal punishment has gone out, a person ought to have something to cling to in the hour of trial. And survival of the fittest is *such* a comfort every time you get across the street all in one piece! It sort of establishes your position for you, don't you see? Despite secret misgivings, you *must* be worthy, for you 're still alive.

I certainly agree with those who say there ought to be a stringent law passed to keep the automobiles down to a speed that any one can dodge, just as I think the sun ought to rise to-morrow morning. Nothing can be more disconcerting than to expect phenomena that don't come off. To those who hold that such legislation does no good, the answer is that it does do good to the law-book printer, and also it gives employment to judges for their seventeen thousand dollars a year, which is certainly good wages for that sort of man.

But if you ask me whether passing speed laws will make automobiles go at a safe rate along our present roads—my dear sir, do be reasonable. England once had an excellent law of that sort. Steam-railroad men pronounced it admirable. It provided that every vehicle propelled by other than animal power upon the public highway should keep within four miles an hour, and always be preceded by a man carrying a red flag by day and a red lantern by night. A pattern for speed legislation!

In England it was repealed by act of Parliament; in America it would be repealed by act of placing the thumb to the nose and waggling the fingers at the constable.

The automobile goes too fast for all that nonsense. There are some who say they do not enjoy the scenery so much in an automobile as they do behind a white horse that walks with its front feet and trots only with its hind ones. But what do they want of scenery, for goodness' sake? To see every leaf? Fortunately, these people are few. Most of us love the thrill that comes from going as though we were shot out of a gun, a thrill comparing favorably with the scariest scootings of the scenic railway.



"What are Gasolene's intentions?"

Some say an automobile can go a hundred miles in less time than it would take to stay at home, but that is doubtless an exaggeration. It is the fastest means of locomotion on earth except the aëroplane, which, strictly speaking, is n't on earth when it is going 135 miles an hour. But, then, the aëroplane is not yet competitive with the auto. It needs to be a wee bit safer, for few of us have the philosophy of the Irishman who was heard to say while passing the tenth floor rapidly, "Well, here goes for a divel iv a boomp, annyways!"

The best that steam can do for us in the way of speed is at the rate of 112½ miles an hour. Ho! if it comes to "at the rate of," gasolene can do a mile in 25.4 sec-

onds, which is— Let me figure. 25.4 into 60, how many times? Multiply that by 60 minutes—at the rate of 141 miles an hour. If you want 100 actual miles traversed, that was done in 58 minutes, 54.2 seconds, at Chicago, August 7, 1915.

By all means pass a law compelling this wild thing to keep down to the old white horse's trot. Amuse yourself.

If not in the home itself, gasolene intends to make great changes in the next thing to the home, the road. At present, as at any time in the last thousand years, it runs right past the Miller place, out of the front gate of which little children come on their way to school or to the grocery at the Corners, with a penny for candy in their fat hands; it runs right past old man Ellert's, who is getting hard of hearing, and whose left leg bothers him since he broke it in two places falling out of the haymow a year ago last spring; right past the cow-pasture gate, from which and to which, nights and mornings, Cherry and Brindle and Jersey Queen take their way, leisurely moving, and solid to bump against when going fast; there are dogs drifting up and down the road, and cats solemnly intent upon their life-work, ridding the country of the song-bird nuisance; poultry there is also. Chickens, once feathered out, can get a gait on, but not so the fluffy little chicks, not so the hen-mother, with her self-important air, "Who but me?" not to be hurried for any sake.

"It gives employment to judges for their seventeen thousand dollars a year"

A pretty pastoral scene. Take a good look at it while you may. It will not be here forever. Not with an engine, swifter than a locomotive now, yearning for a chance to show how swift it is. Upon the public highway there are too many creatures seemingly possessed to get right in the way. When they are run over,—I 'm trying to put it gently,—it tends to cast a gloom over an otherwise perfect day.

A railroad-track in the middle of every country road, with its "Stop, Look, and Listen!" sign would be far more sensible. You 'd know when to expect trains; they 'd be right in the one place, and they would stick to the track, in theory at least. But an automobile may be along any minute of the day or night on any portion of the highway, and, if anything goes wrong with the steering-gear, it may take a notion to come through the fence and part way into the house.

We shall muddle through for a while, letting things drift, but some day we shall begin to grow and plan like adults. Then there will be sidewalks for pedestrians on every road, isles of safety, tunnels under, and bridges over, crossings, and complete exclusion of animal life, so that things *can't* happen that will cast a gloom over an otherwise perfect day.

I used to think the Federal Government might better spend its money for macadam turnpikes to avert the sure annual loss that comes from mud roads, as tough as taffy, than on battle-ships to avert the mere chance of loss by invading Japanese. A certain person, when he was President, set me right, I 'm glad to say. Mentioning this foolish thought to him in private conversation, he pounded on his desk and rasped out, "The man that thinks that is a greater traitor to his country than ever Jeff Davis was." After that, I could n't very well keep the thought.

And look how right he was! For if the battle-ships they built then are the merest junk, what is macadam by this time?

The horse propels himself by thrusts, just as the early locomotive did when, though they felt pretty sure that wheels would roll, they did n't feel at all sure that driving-wheels would get along, though they might turn round. Every time a horse digs an iron-bound toe into the road he loosens up the surface. Along comes an automobile. Its weight buckles up a hump of rubber on the tire as it approaches contact with the ground; as it passes the contact with the ground, the rubber snaps back into shape, creates a vacuum, sucks up the loosened road material, and scatters it. The hole grows with every passing car. The more frequent the travel, the more frequent the patching. County commissioners and township trustees are seeking earnestly a road material that will be as solid for automobiles as it is elastic for the horse; dustless and mudless; neither sticky in hot weather nor "slick" in cold; smooth, yet giving a toe-hold; continuous in surface, yet patchable in small sections; durable, but inexpensive. As well be on the lookout for a razor that will do to cut corn-fodder, too.

"The mother hen, . . . not to be hurried for any sake"

It is the horse that complicates the problem; without him it were simple. Build the roads of concrete. Laid honestly, and not too "rich wit' sand," they would last a thousand years, which is plenty long enough for anything to last, be it good or bad. It would cost a lot, but would it cost any more, spread out over twenty years, than the everlasting patching and the new roads built in that time? And you 'd have something for your money.

But the horse, limping on roads of solid stone, mutely exclaiming "Ouch!" at every step—where does the horse come in?

Is that the real question, though? Is n't it, When does the horse go out?

I am aware that this has been said before. When the steam-locomotive threatened the stage-coach and the wagon-train, it was thought to threaten the horse, too. It seems it did n't. If he lost one job, he found another. The plow, which for fifty centuries had been a crooked stick, iron-pointed, was turned into a steel tool with scientifically plotted curves. McCormick invented the reaper; there was a multitude of inventions of horse-drawn implements for the farm.

But gasolene boldly invades the horse's own peculiar province, meaning to put him out of business altogether. The automobile carries passengers in small lots from front door to front door; the locomotive carries them by the battalion from station to station, leaving a gap between the station and the front door. Incidentally, the automobile has revived the roadside inn, which the horse could not keep alive.

But there is now no farm-work for the locked-out carriage-horse to do. In that line, too, the gasolene-engine beats him to death for cheapness and efficiency. It drags the traction-plow and the reaper, it works not only the hay-tedder, the thresher, the silage-cutter, the cream-separator, but after a day's work that would leave the horse too tired to move, it cheer-

fully pumps water, and turns the dynamo for the evening lamp not only in the house, but in the barn. Idle, it does not eat its head off, and when needed urgently, you do not have to coax it up to you, only to have it dash off playfully to the other end of the lot just as you 're going to put the halter on. The main problem with the gas-impelled farm-implement is to make it small enough to fit the acreage of the horse-operated farm. But with the aid of the rapid increase of price of agricultural lands, doubling in ten years, the problem will be solved rather by enlarging the farm than by decreasing the size of the engine, for increased industrial power increases the size of the industrial unit. Take a good look at the forty-acre farm while you may.

Seemingly the horse is doomed. He was first of all a beef-critter; he may be that last of all. They say he is not bad to eat. Or he may linger as the dog does, a beloved bother, not a bit of use, but nice to have around.

We shall miss the horse terribly, and the flies and the typhoid. It won't be the same at all. But the disappearance of the peasant farmer, almost totally impervious to the instruction of the Department of Agriculture, will be a more important change that gasolene intends.

And it not only means to do things to the public highways; it has its eye on those quasi-public highways, the railroads.

The attitude of street-railroad companies to a complaining public in the past has been so snippy and up-stage that it is one of the easiest things in the world to keep one's heart from bleeding at the shrieks of agony emitted because the jitney is picking on them so. That the jitney is financially irresponsible in case of accident, and nothing like as prompt and generous as the traction companies; that the jitney cannot possibly earn dividends, and is good only to bring in cash to keep starvation from the door of the workman who has a ramshackle car, but not a real job; that the jitney institutes a wicked and reckless competition which destroys the property values of stable enterprises and robs the widow and the orphan whose little all has been invested in traction stock —these may be all true, but tell it to Sweeney, not to us.

If Sweeney is alderman and, as such, passes on jitney applications for a franchise, he will be glad to hear such arguments: they will come in handy in explaining why he votes "No." But the rest of us have not only a resentful memory of the street railroad's past performances; we have also a romantic nature.

To have an earnest, brave young fellow with nothing but his indomitable courage and a cheap car go to a grapple with a purse-proud corporation, and in a little while have it squalling: "Quit now! You just leave me be!" why, that is the sort of story-book we have been reading ever since we could read. The earnest, brave young fellow should marry the traction magnate's daughter, certainly; but that comes in the last chapter, and we have only started on the book.

Doubtless the jitney's destructive competition with the street-cars will not last long,—keep your eye on Sweeney,—but while it lasts we shall gladly pile in, ten or twelve of us in one runabout, just to get even with the traction company. It 's a matter of principle with us.

And we do not exactly let our love for the steam-railroad run away with us, either. If gasolene intends a hard rap for the steam-railroad, few flags will be half-masted, few bells tolled. But even with concrete highways, screened from leg-travel, I just don't see transcontinental freight moved by the gas-engine. One locomotive can pull a mighty long string of cars, you know. Oh, well, let steam have the long hauls, and gasolene take the short hauls. There should be nice pickings where the rates for local freight are just enough to keep horse-hauling out.

The long string of freight-cars on the steam-railroad is up-to-date enough. It is at each end of the string, where it frays out into component fibers, where the carloads are gathered and dispersed, that it is old-fogy; right there appears the motor-truck.

Improved transportation widens the circle of the market. From the circumference to the center come garden-truck, butter, and eggs, and all such hitherto paying heavy tribute to the railroad or shut out; from the center to the circumference come bread and beer and butchers' meat, groceries, dry-goods, candy, tobacco, ice-cream —all kinds of wares in increasing number and variety. Traveling-salesmen, making their rounds of country stores, buy gasolene, not mileage-books. Even the summer people's furniture comes and goes now by automobile vans in one day instead of ten.

Five-ton motor-trucks go far and fast and carry much. With steel-tired trailers, they have already put the locomotive out of business on many of the "feeder" lines. Some of these keep their tracks from rusting by running combination-cars — combinations not only of freight and passenger traffic, but of motors. For the gas-engine is efficient only at a certain speed. It does not lend itself to gradual *accelerando* and *ritardando;* its change of tempo should be made by change of gear. But your railroad car should gradually gather speed, and as gradually part with it, and so, on these supplanters of the locomotive, the gas-engine drives a dynamo which yields the "juice" to drive the electric motor, facile to accelerate and retard.

There is so much to say! I have to leave out such a lot! But just consider for a moment what gasolene has done to change the aspect of the mining industry. Out in the desert there is mineral beyond the dreams of avarice, but the prospector's burro cannot carry enough water for himself, let alone for the man. To-day even Death Valley holds no terrors for the high-powered car.

Not so patent as the changes in our outward life that gasolene intends is the change in our inward life. We are to have a different sort of mind. Every new kind of locomotion has done that, but not purposively, so to speak. When we ceased to fling ourselves from springing bough to bough, using all four hands, and began to get about only on our hinder pair, leaving the front pair free to take hold of objects, to examine them, to utilize them if we could, we changed our mind from brute to human. Also, the mouth, no longer needed as a vise or as a pocket, grew more closed up, and so able to make consonantal sounds, to form words. And language changes the mind, though sometimes you might not think so.

"Seemingly the horse is doomed"

When it was discovered that the ox and the horse were not only good to eat, but to get about with, and that two wheels could carry more than two lodge-poles dragged along; when it was discovered that a hollowed log, outfitted with a paddle and later with a sail, was much superior to swimming, especially in cool weather, these changes in the mode of locomotion directly and indirectly made all the difference between the listless mind of the savage and the alert mind of the classic period.

But with them alone humanity could get only so far, and there it stuck as in a bog until the steam-engine, a new kind

of power, came along and pulled it out. It introduced into the world a new kind of mind, just the kind that progress has to have. If the world we live in is unsatisfactory, you may say it is the will of God that it should be so; that gets you nowhere. You may say it is the law of nature it should be so; that gets you nowhere, either. But when by accurate measurement of lengths and weights and temperatures and modes of motion you understand that everything is what it is because of process, then it comes to you that what process has made process can make over. Then if you like not the fashion of this world, you can alter it. It may well be that the possession of a small, round grain of faith enables one to say unto this mountain, "Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea," but if you want it done, you lay down tracks, put locomotives and gondola cars on them, install steam-diggers at one end and barges at the other, and make Goethals superintendent of the job. It is a totally different world not only outwardly, but inwardly from what it was before steam came.

I am afraid you did not get the full force of what I said earlier in the article about Pickard's patenting the crank-and-fly-wheel, whereby the back-and-forth motion of the piston-rod is transformed into the round-and-round motion of the wheel. You would think it could n't take them till 1781 to invent that. You would think the crank would be invented not later than the Wednesday following the invention of the wheel. But there was a famine of the kind of mind that can measure accurately and work to measurement, fertile in mechanical expedients. There was luxuriant profusion of the theological mind able to identify the will of God with the will of pastors and masters and all who are set in authority over us, there was a plenty of the juridical mind which clearly sees that the universe is governed by law and derives sustenance from the inference that legislation is much the same as law; but how non-existent was the mechanistic mind that thinks only in terms of process is shown by the fact that Watt could not get a cylinder eighteen inches in diameter bored more nearly to the round than three eighths of an inch wider one way than another! He had to pack his far-from-steam-tight piston "with paper, putty, cork, and old hat."

Such has been the development of that mind that to-day you may take a dozen automobiles of a given pattern, dismantle them to the last bolt, toss the pieces into a heap, and, without picking and choosing and trying on, re-assemble them all and ride them away.

Henry Ford's machine-shop has no file! This, to my mind, merits more the laurel crown than the fact that he is the champion of transportation against ostentation or even that he applies to industry the daring novelty that a well-fed horse works better than a rack-o'-bones. Watt could put up with three eighths of an inch out of the way, but an error of 1-1000 of an inch (less in the cylinder) will send the part to the scrap-heap, not to the bench.

The mechanistic mind is wonderfully more frequent since the steam-engine, but gasolene intends it to be general. And here is also where Henry Ford deserves well of the future. It was he who broke down the Selden patent and let down the bars to everybody to invent. So great was the multitude that rushed in to solve the problems of the self-propelling wagon that we hardly realize how many and how great they were, all but two of them uncovered by a patent.

In the questions department of a newspaper there are three that oftenest repeat: "Does a man born in this country of alien parentage have to take out naturalization-papers in order to vote?" "Is there an Edison star?" and "In going around a curve, does the outer or the inner wheel tend to rise?" We may know that being born into a country is one of the most naturalizing things there are; we may feel pretty certain that Mr. Edison never made a star, lighted it, and sent it up into the sky to shine among the others: but as to wheels going around a corner—well, what 's your opinion? Is it the outer or the inner wheel that tends to rise?

It was needful to know, in solving the problems of the self-propelling wagon, just what the process of turning a corner is. In the horse-drawn vehicle, the true George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Chief-Justice Marshall, Union-and-Constitution-forever way is to have the front axle turn on a pivot, the fifth wheel. Whichever way it turns, it is always at right angles to the plane in which each wheel revolves.

But an automobile engine is too heavy to be trusted on a pivot. How are you going to turn a corner, then? Get out and heave her head around?

A device whereby the front wheels revolve on spindles, elbow-jointed to the unmoving front axle, swerved this way and that by the steering-gear, and never at right angles to the front axle except when going straight ahead, and not quite parallel to each other at any time—it is a device that works admirably. It can turn shorter than the fifth wheel, but I 'm sure it is n't constitutional.

You may not know for certain which wheel tends to rise going around a corner, but you can see that the outer wheel must run considerably faster than the inner. But the rear axle is the driving-axle. If you had never seen a differential, how would you go about it to devise a way so that either driving-wheel will automatically go faster or slower according as it is the outer or the inner wheel going around a corner?

"You 've got to find out what is wrong"

You might not have been able to *invent* it in the first place, but you can *understand* it now. You may not have known when you started out which was the way to turn a nut to loosen it, but, willy-nilly, gasolene forces you to get a mechanistic mind. When you break down nine miles from anywhere, you 've got to find out what is wrong, what this thing is for, and that thing, how it works, what is the process.

With two million automobiles in the country now and more being bought every day, is it not fair to suppose that gasolene intends that the mechanistic mind shall become general?

And then what? The world at present is very far short of applying the machine process to all it has to do. The machine process is not exclusively an affair of greasy cogs. "Wherever manual dexterity, the rule of thumb, and the fortuitous conjuncture of the seasons," says Professor Veblen, "have been replaced by a reasoned procedure based on a systematic knowledge of the forces employed, there is the machine process, though there be no mechanical contrivances." Applied to agriculture, to education, to the political and social structure, what may we not expect from the machine process when we learn more of its possibilities?

Even now upon the screen of time is flashed the legend, "One minute, please." The operator of the moving-picture show is engaged in changing the reel that has run so long.

A New Portrait of Edgar Allan Poe

By LILIAN McG. SHEPHERD

TIME has recently revealed a picture of Poe and two of his friends that has been carefully hidden away for more than half a century. Few people outside the Allan family ever knew of its existence.

This portrait of Poe, which represents him as standing while his two companions are sitting, is most interesting. It has never been certainly ascertained who Poe's companions are, but it is supposed that they were his chosen friends at the University of Virginia—Miles George of Richmond and Thomas Goode Tucker of Virginia.

The daguerreotype from which this group is copied was in the possession of Poe's foster-father, Mr. John Allan, and at his death passed into the hands of his second wife, who died about 1880. From the time of Mrs. Allan's death the picture had been carefully preserved, with Mr. Allan's personal letters, family relics, books, and private papers, until April, 1914, when Mrs. William Price Pryor, granddaughter of Mr. John Allan, unpacked the carefully stored mementos, and showed the picture to a few friends in my presence. It is now in the possession of Mr. Orrin Chalfonte Painter of Baltimore, a patron and lover of art and literature whose devotion to Poe's fame and memory led him to give thousands of dollars to the new monument now being executed by Sir Moses Ezekiel, and also lovingly and faithfully to guard Poe's monument in Westminster churchyard, making it beautiful with flowers in winter as well as in summer. I am permitted to use this picture through the courtesy of Mr. Painter.

The handsome old home in Richmond, corner of Fifth and Main streets, where Mr. Allan died, has long since passed away. Poe occupied the second-story back room. Mrs. Pryor tells me: "My old mammy said that my grandfather had three mirrors put in this room, which was Poe's [it was octagon-shaped] 'because Old Marster knew that Marster Edgar loved to see hisself, so he had them built that a-way.' That octagon-room was afterward mine. It had a high-posted bed, with a very handsome canopy over it, and the bust of Pallas stood in an alcove 'just above the chamber door.'"

The country house was on the plantation known as Poplar Hill. This was Mr. Allan's summer home, fifty miles above Richmond, on the James River. Here Mr. Allan raised tobacco, and much of his wealth came from this source.

Poplar Hill plantation was closely associated with Poe's holidays when a student at the University of Virginia.

The old mammy who cared for Mrs. Pryor when as a child she resided with her grandmother, the second Mrs. Allan, remembered Poe distinctly, and described him as "the handsomest young gentleman ever seen." She used to tell how "Marster Edgar" would come over from the university, about twenty miles distant through the country, with a party of young college friends, and indulge in his favorite pastime, which was to gather together at night all the horses, mules, and cows on the place, tie tin pans to their tails, and drive them for miles up the road.

Much has been said, in various biographies, of the kindness of the first Mrs. Allan to Poe, and it has been insinuated, if not actually stated, that the second wife was in part the cause of the rupture between Poe and his foster-father. This statement, however, is denied by the Allan family. Mrs. Pryor has frequently told me that the second Mrs. Allan had never seen Poe but twice, and then only for a moment. "My grandmother earnestly declared to me that Poe was beloved by my grandfather, so much more than his own children," she said, "that even if she had had the disposition to separate them, she would have found it an impossible undertaking."

An unpublished daguerreotype of Edgar Allan Poe. Poe is standing

Children of Hope[1]

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

CHAPTER XVI

A HEART INHABITED BY PURE MEMORIES IS NOT IN DANGER

WHEN one who was much loved has passed away, there often follows for the bereaved some periods of incredulity, as if the tragic fact might presently be proved a dream. Thus it was with Frossie after the funeral of Camillo Olivuzzi.

He had been so rich in vital energy, so serenely confident of happiness, that at times it was hard to think of him as vanquished. Surely such strength and courage and tenderness had not been banished from the earth? Sometimes, as the hours came round when he had been accustomed to appear, she found herself growing tense with an irrational expectancy. Perhaps in another moment she would see him approaching with his quick, lithe step, smiling as on that afternoon in the Cascine when he had told her, "It is folly to doubt for an instant." Ah, how passionately she would then throw herself into his arms, cling to his dear body, and cry, "I have had a dreadful hallucination; yet I felt all the while that it could not be true; the future owes us too much."

But those trysting-hours passed. Once more night let down upon the world its mourning-veils. To all her father's timid suggestions of a change of air Frossie responded:

"His grave is here."

And whenever she went out, Camillo's grave was her objective.

But invariably her cab stopped first at the flower-stalls in the Mercato Nuovo. The flower-women, who had somehow learned her story, stared after her as she drove on, rigid in her black gown, the fine bouquet of white roses laid across her knees. Alas! it was too late for violets in June, the month that was to have provided her wedding-day.

Sister Aggie wrote from England a letter full of genuine distress, perhaps the sincerest and kindest lines that she had ever penned. John Holland, who had read of the tragedy in a newspaper, sent a note from Alexandria; he was as far away as that! And one day Domenico, the little door-porter, brought Frossie another card from Baron di Campoformio. She remarked, in her new, colorless voice:

"I 'm not at home, Domenico. And you can say so, without coming to me, any time that gentleman calls."

But there were visitors to whom she could be kinder.

After a decent interval Fava and Azeglio had resumed their visits. Once more Federico solemnly set the tea-table beneath the palmetto; cigarette-smoke adulterated the perfume of the flowers; Giannina, the maid, looking from a window above the gallery, muttered to herself:

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"Like June a year ago except for a black dress and an empty chair!"

For always, when the company were assembled, there seemed to be one chair too many, which nobody had the courage to remove.

Nor could they refrain for long from speaking of the absent one. In this fragrant place, vivid with many blossoms, swimming in the sunshine of an afternoon which had been intended for delight, their voices unconsciously were hushed, as if they felt near them an invisible presence, or at least that influence which is said to impregnate spots where the dead attained their highest earthly raptures. Certainly, if his shade were capable of haunting Florence, it would come straightway here, where he had been happiest, where those who had loved him were assembled now.

Then they were silent till Toto Fava rose with a sigh. Frossie gave him a warm hand-clasp.

"You are good to come here and talk of him," she faltered.

"Eh, Signorina, I shall come as long as I am permitted, and as often," answered Fava. And he sent at Thallie, from his squint-eye, one more entreating look.

But Thallie, knowing just what look was coming, had averted her head.

Nowadays she was sorry for Fava; she wished for his sake that he would get over his desire to marry her. For though many another girl, in pique or weariness or cynical self-immolation, might have accepted him long since, Thallie felt that if he proposed to her a thousand times her thousandth answer would be "No." It was not that she still regarded him as ugly: these months of familiarity had somehow lessened the extravagance of Toto's features. Nor was it that she found him uncongenial now: one could not help thinking kindly of him since Camillo's death. But even if she could have brought herself to marry a man with whom she was not in love, that step would have been prevented by another scruple. In her morbid introspection Thallie always perceived an indelible stain on her heart.

Of a nature extremely sensitive and unsophisticated, imbued with an acute appreciation of morality, she suffered the most exquisite torments when contemplating, in her bed at night, the consequences of her fault. Out of the artless past her innumerable dreams of love rose up to mock the future: the wedding-scene that she had so often pictured even in her childhood was engulfed by a cloud the color of lead, from the midst of which a great hand, adorned for some reason with a graved carnelian, emerged to point accusingly at her breast. The march from "Lohengrin" was drowned out by a terrific thunder-clap; the wedding-guests fled through the gloom with gestures of aversion, and in the ensuing silence a clear peal of laughter sounded, the laugh of the black-haired woman of the Cherbourg tender.

At least it would disarm them all if she entered a religious order. She saw herself in a medieval cloister that was bathed in an eternal peace, wearing the chaste robes of a penitent sister, meekly painting altarpieces.

But the churches, those famous sanctuaries of conservatism, had as yet no use for altarpieces in the Post-Impressionist style!

And even Mr. Goodchild found it hard in these sad days to make progress with his tragic poem.

Here it was mid-June, and the legacy had not arrived. Aurelius, in fact, was becoming anxious on that score. As for Aggie, one saw from her letters that the delay was getting on her nerves.

But, then, everything was getting on Aggie's nerves just now. She believed that England was an unlucky place for her. Cyril, to be sure, was as much the worshiping lover as during the honeymoon, while the Bellegrams, perhaps because of the young couple's present expectations, were now quite amiable. But Aggie was losing the poise and shrewdness with which she had formerly been well equipped; and this mental disability, keeping pace with her physical distress, proved especially annoying at the moment. Just

now, if ever, she needed all her wits about her.

The fact is, Cyril's relative in the foreign office sometimes ran down to Devonshire for a week-end at Twelve Chimneys. On his second visit at least Aggie ought, in ordinary circumstances, to have used her wiles to good effect in suggesting to him that a court-dress was really necessary to complete her fragile charm.

But he was a lean and icy gentleman, scant of hair, with teeth of doubtful authenticity, who had been well inoculated against folly in his youth. Ever since, as befitted a clever person on the way to statesmanship, he had obtained his best recreation watching others play the gull. Indeed, so well was he versed in the tactics even of feminine diplomacy that at the first move he seemed to anticipate the whole elaborate play.

Here, at last, was an antagonist worthy of Aglaia's highest art, and she not feeling well enough to accept the challenge!

At any rate, she was able to write to her sisters that Cyril was about to be appointed "a consul to Japan." And, as consuls still seem to many persons no less splendid than ambassadors, this announcement created a profound sensation in the Pension Schwandorf.

Mr. Goodchild lost no time in forwarding this news to Zenasville. His letter was crossed by one from Selina Inchkin. She wrote:

You will be rejoiced to know that the "Thespian Art" in Zenasville is nobly keeping pace with the pulse of the U. S. A. Last week our Dramatic Society gave a magnificent stadium performance of "The Trojan Women" by Euripides, at the base-ball grounds! The "diamond," as I believe it is entitled by the so-called "fans," provided the stage; yours truly appeared in the rôle of *Hecuba*. But, alack! the acoustics were miserable; in fact, were wholly absent! All the while that I was delivering my lines with the body of *Astyanax* on my knees,—he was Mrs. Gookin's child, and surprisingly heavy for his age,—some of the rabble in the "bleachers," as they are facetiously dubbed, kept shouting, "Louder!" Many of these creatures—I can call them nothing else—actually got up and left: good riddance to bad rubbidge, say I! But, as the "Zenasville Recorder" said next day, "It was an occasion worthy of the best traditions of our wide-awake and bustling city, and Mrs. Selina Inchkin, whose mimetic art grows ever riper, acted with more than her customary brio, adding still another jewel to her long chain of marvelous impersonations, and at times reaching heights of afflatus that a Bernhardt might have envied!" So, you see, it was a success. My only regret is that you were not in our midst to play *Poseidon*. Tell me, are you never coming back? Ira is always saying. . . .

And so forth.

In a postscript she added:

Poor old Dr. Numble passed from this life the day after our Stadium Play. It seems that he took it badly because he was not consulted on the costumes and the *"mise en scène,"* being, as you may remember, convinced that he was a metempsychosis of Alcibiades, or Perseus, or some other "Trojan" warrior. Though the afternoon of the presentation was quite warm, he insisted on walking to the ball-grounds; and all through the tragedy, even while I was acting, kept fretting and fuming at what he called the inaccuracy of the "production." Naturally he was mistaken, for everything was designed by Miss Viola Stallwiggon, the principal in the Zenasville Art Academy on Birch Street! Nevertheless, he was much excited, and went home and smashed his cane against the mantelpiece, and had a stroke. Heigh-ho, such is life! None of us can exceed our allotted "span," and the poor Doctor was certainly very close to the "century-mark," as they say.

So Dr. Numble was gone!

Aurelius, dropping the letter, let his silvery beard descend upon his breast. Never again would he hear the tapping of that cane, the asthmatic wheezing of that voice, or see, emerging into the zone

of lamplight, that ancient visage, half-wild, cadaverous, full of a senile greediness for the warmth and laughter and refreshment of the studio.

"Yes," sighed Aurelius, "art is long, and life is short indeed! Even a hundred years are not enough for all the tasks suggested to the creative brain. But surely the universe only appears to defeat those aspirations of mankind? Surely the labors which seem so cruelly cut short are merely interrupted? In the mysterious future we shall begin again where we left off? That would account for the precocity of genius."

Princess Tchernitza, when next he called on her, assured him that those suppositions were correct.

"You are quicker than most to grasp the principles," she told him. "It is possible that even in this life you may perceive the dharma, the eternal law."

And she admitted that it was safe for him to read the Bhagavadgita and the Upanishads.

She received him in a cubbyhole crowded with exotic gimcracks, the air heavy with attar of rose, exhaled from her voluminous green robes. Aurelius sat attentive on a Turkish cushion: the Bulgarian towered above him on a divan covered with swastika-signs and triangles. Her mountainous bosom heaved as she exhaled a cloud of cigarette-smoke. Her thickly powdered countenance, with its wealth of chins and sprouting moles, imitated the drowsy benignity of Buddha. Her deep voice rumbled like an oracle in a cavern as she instructed the disciple.

"But you, Princess, have attained a consciousness of your past lives?"

"Of many."

"And you were?"

"Well, once I was the Roman Emperor Vitellius. To-day his gluttony still tempts me a little; but, thank God! in this incarnation I have yet to spend a million lire on a banquet!"

"You Vitellius! It makes my head whirl."

"Ooy! I could show you, in this room, some things which would make your eyeballs roll on the floor. You have read how Madame Blavatsky called flowers through the wall, received letters instantly from the ends of the earth, or, in a trance, communing with two Tibetan mahatmas on the astral plane, uttered aloud the messages of those we call the dead? Rest assured that the secret did not die with her!"

Aurelius grew still paler at the thought: "To speak with the beloved dead! To know for sure that all is well with them!" But Princess Tchernitza, even as his lips were forming the impassioned plea, solemnly raised a hand as fat as a pincushion and glittering with many rings.

"Not yet!"

And, to change the subject, she began to rhapsodize about Bulgaria.

She had been born near Vrshetz, not far from the Serbian border, on the Stara Planina, the "Old Mountain," which foreigners call the Balkan Range. Her ancestral home, the castle of a long line of princes, had stood on a peak so high that few of the pine-trees had found courage to climb up to it. Far below, through a void where eagles floated, one saw the valley hamlets nestled amid plum-orchards, the roads where creeping specks were buffalo and oxen, the village green, no bigger than a postage-stamp, where on Sundays the peasants danced, pin-points of blue and crimson, to the music of the *gaïda* and the *gûsla*.

But the Tchernitzas had lost their aery to a rapacious creditor; they had forgotten, she said, to "keep white money in reserve against black days." And now she was an exile here in Florence! But sometime she would find the wherewithal to buy her castle back.

With a sensation of melancholy, derived from that recital, Aurelius strode back toward the center of the city. The declining sunlight shone in his eyes; a ruddy mist flooded the Borgo degli Albizzi; the cornices of the six old palaces seemed dissolved in flames. In Via del Corso the cook-shops, open to the street, were already seething with activity: fires blazed behind the turning-spits; the big pewter

dish-covers on the counters reflected the sunset like vessels of fine gold.

The Piazza Vittorio Emanuele shone as though fresh from the hands of a myriad gold-beaters. The Café Hirsch rose from behind a hedge of metal tables that nearly filled the footpath.

"I 'm late! My favorite place will be gone!" But no: the nook inside, close to the plate-glass window, was being held for him by Constantine Farazounis.

Aurelius apologized for being tardy. The Greek's flat, vermilion lips displayed a servile smile as he replied:

"But I cannot expect for you to think of me, my sir, when so many more interesting peoples are begging of your notice. Only, remember, all coins of friendship is not good at the bank."

"I don't understand."

"Ah, do you remember, long ago, when I first met you on the train, how I sayed to you, 'Beware of tricks in Florence'? Well, they are still here, those tricks! See to it as you don't fall into them, my gentleman!"

"Even now—"

"These things are none of my business, as much as you please, excepting, out of my fond heart for you, I would not like to see you in some trouble. It is not my fault if I am passing in Via de' Leoni when you are stepping in the Hôtel des Grands Ducs."

"One moment," said Aurelius, with sudden stateliness. "The Hôtel des Grands Ducs, as it happens, houses a lady in regard to whom your point is badly taken."

"A vaudeville actress, perhaps," exclaimed Constantine Farazounis, with a despairing gesture.

"Well, sir, and what then? Must I take up the cudgels even with you, my old friend, on behalf of that persecuted Muse, Terpsichore?"

The other rolled his thickly fringed eyes in a disagreeable manner.

"I have warned you," he said, and drained his coffee-cup to conceal a bitter look. "Remember, I have done my all!"

Aurelius, softening at these words, inclosed the Greek's sticky fingers in a generous grip.

"And I thank you sincerely for your good intention. But if you knew the recipient of those calls of mine, you 'd see the unworthiness of your suspicions, and, moreover, gain from acquaintance, instead of idle hearsay, a nobler impression of the stage."

"No doubt," Constantine assented in a smothered tone. And it was some time before he broached the subject of the buried treasure.

It appeared that an agent of his in Egypt, a faithful blackamoor whose life he had saved long ago, had sent word to him that some German archæologists were nosing round the pyramid. This certainly meant that the treasure was in danger of discovery. In another month those wretched Teutons might pounce upon that untold wealth themselves.

"But this is most distressing," gasped Mr. Goodchild. "We—I mean you—would be left completely in the cold!"

"Yes," Farazounis assented gloomily. "We—I mean I—have waited almost too long."

"Unless—"

The Greek, flashing at Aurelius a sidelong look, began to figure on the marble table-top. A drone escaped him:

"Fares, camels, bakshish, tent, foods, Turkish pounds, English pounds, dollars."

Their heads were close together. Out in the street a man in a shabby coat, moving aimlessly among the tables, stopped to stare at them with a peculiar expression. It was M. Alphonse Zolande, the painting-teacher. He had let his white imperial grow again.

Unaware of this surveillance, Constantine Farazounis whispered:

"My sir, it is a veree, veree great adventure. I do not dare to tell you how much in dollars it must needs."

"Come, let 's have it, anyway!"

"Not less than fifteen thousand."

"Merciful Heavens!"

"On the other side, the profits! Millions upon millions!"

"'Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, I beseech you, don't turn away from me!'"

Trembling, Mr. Goodchild stammered:

"But fifteen thousand dollars! Besides, the legacy is still held up. And, after all, the money is n't mine to use."

"All right, my gentleman," said Constantine, presently, with the shrug of a fatalist. "We kiss good-by, you and me, the idea of being millionaires."

And he rubbed from the marble every pencil-mark, as if effacing the aspirations of a lifetime.

After that, for several days, in the Café Hirsch Aurelius had only Otto to keep him company.

Nowadays the little Swiss waiter hovered round Mr. Goodchild like a bee about a sugar-pot. In his rubicund face despondency had been replaced by feverish eagerness. At the slightest chance he resumed his account of the enormous profits to be derived from "chic hotels." He even knew of a property for sale on mortgage, a hostelry between Nice and Monte Carlo, just where the most fashionable traffic in all Europe passed along the Corniche Road. A coat of paint, a fresh sign-post,—inscribed "Hotel High-Life," perhaps,—a genius in the kitchen, and the place could be turned into a Golconda!

But here was the same dilemma: the legacy, even when it arrived, would not be Mr. Goodchild's to invest.

He tried to escape those tempting thoughts in recreation.

Respect for the memory of Camillo, which forbade attendance at the Alhambra Music Hall, did not prevent Mr. Goodchild from calling at the Hôtel des Grands Ducs. In the Tesore's seedy sitting-room, beneath the fresco of the stout lady pestered by a swarm of Cupids, Aurelius began to feel at home.

She warned him that she was no longer going to treat him as company.

Curled up in a ragged arm-chair, she kicked off her slippers in order to examine the heels of her diaphanous silk stockings. She confessed that when a pair showed holes, she threw them out of the window. Her excuse was that at present she could *not* afford a maid.

Possibly that was why everything about her was in such confusion.

Petticoats, the wash just delivered, soiled plates, scent-bottles without stoppers, now frequently intruded into the sitting-room. Here and there, on a piece of furniture, one found a half-eaten bonbon which had not suited her taste. The music-scores were soon stained with coffee in a fine Bohemian manner. Then, between two visits, there appeared on the wall a broad red splash, as if from a glass of wine, the height of a man's head.

How in the world had that happened?

But the International Star herself, no matter what condition her apartment might be in, always exhaled a sort of luxuriant daintiness, the significance of which was lost on Mr. Goodchild.

One afternoon when he had been ushered up-stairs before he was expected he saw in the corner a cane with a golden sphinx's head.

"What! You know my good friend Farazounis? He is here?"

She explained that the cane belonged to the hotel proprietor, who had just called to raise her rent. The poor man was lame; she could not imagine how he had forgotten it.

"Remarkable! It is exactly like the one I gave to Mr. F—— last Christmas!"

"Zat is nozzing. My fazzer, blessed soul, 'ad one almost ze same, only it was a full-lenk lady in a leetle baizing-suit, like at ze Lido."

A door in the bedroom, giving on the hall, slammed shut. The breeze, no doubt? Silence fell; to Aurelius the warm air seemed unaccountably freighted with suspense. Nella Tesore was standing motionless before him, her undulous form outlined, beneath the folds of her pale-yellow negligée, in a pose of almost classic symmetry. Her near-set eyes, dilated till they seemed immense, turned slowly humid.

She whispered:

"An' you 'ave not been jealous when you see zat cane?"

Aurelius felt his hands turn cold, perhaps his feet as well. For a moment it was

as if the brains had been scooped out of his head. In a voice which he hardly recognized he managed to reply:

"I—really—I assure you—"

To this denial she responded in accents the pathos of which she had never equaled on the stage of the Alhambra:

"*Ohimè*, zat I zould wiss you were a leetle bit!"

But there came to Aurelius, like the wind from an illimitable sea, a memory that swept him from the present safe into the past. Once more old vows and old resolves formed above him that high arch of rainbow hues which cut the heavens straight from his youth to the hereafter.

And presently he was able to say:

"My dear, I—you see, when my poor wife passed away, I decided not to marry again. But I should deem it the greatest honor in the world to—yes, to be a father to you."

CHAPTER XVII

THALLIE MAKES A DISCOVERY THAT TAKES HER BREATH AWAY

FOR a week Aurelius was distressed by the thought that Nella Tesore had fallen in love with him. His conscience, always tender, tormented him; he wondered if unwittingly he had said or done anything to inflame her heart. After recalling in detail his every visit to her, he decided that he ought not to hold himself responsible. It was one of those catastrophes that are not to be foreseen; in short, it was fate! Her karma, no doubt, had made it necessary for her to suffer from an unrequited passion.

For the Tesore's affections seemed destined to remain unsatisfied. After that one moment of frailty, Mr. Goodchild had not wavered. This is not to say that he fled into a desert and played the anchorite. On the contrary, a pitying interest, a vague feeling that he had incurred some serious obligation, now drew him more often than ever to the Hôtel des Grands Ducs.

Maybe in time he could undo this mischief? He would try to show her that love, as the majority of human beings understood it, was really a will-o'-the-wisp; that pure friendship, just as Plato and the Primitive Christian Church declared, was much more gratifying.

Nella received him with a touching timidity, her laughter gone, her eyes downcast, her voice unsteady. Her indoor attire was less sophisticated now; her countenance was gradually cleared of make-up. The lobes of her ears denuded of their imitation pearls, she sat in the dilapidated arm-chair darning stockings! She seemed a different woman.

She complained that "for some reason" her gay little songs all stuck in her throat. Then she expressed disgust at the triviality of her impersonations: it no longer pleased her to appear behind the footlights in spangled skirts and a bersagliere hat, to chant the adventures of pretty shepherdesses. She felt in her breast nowadays a capacity for tragedy; she might still, if the opportunity appeared, become a Grammatica, a Duse. But that could never happen in Italy; her public, accustomed to this present style, would not take her seriously as a tragedienne. Yet there were other countries; for instance, Argentina. And she conjured up a scene, possibly in Buenos Aires, wherein a new star might rise to the dramatic firmament amid the plaudits of a great Italian colony.

Mr. Goodchild found nothing incongruous in this picture.

"But zat alzo takes money," she sighed. "Ah, yes, more money zan you zink! For zere is one—what do you say?—one sad *segreto* in my life."

"Let me share it!" Aurelius pleaded.

"Ah, zat is somezing I must suffer in myself."

One afternoon, however, when the slovenly page-boy had sent him straight up-stairs, Mr. Goodchild paused with his hand raised to knock at the Tesore's door. Behind the thin panels her voice rang out fiercely in Italian:

"And I say that if you do, I will take a walk to the police about another matter, maybe a little matter of forged paintings!"

A man's voice, smothered by rage, but somehow familiar, retorted:

"You threaten me, you? And this although I had him first!"

"What of that, imbecile? Is n't there plenty for both of us?"

While Aurelius was not well enough acquainted with Italian to understand the words, it was impossible to miss the fact that a quarrel was in progress. Frightened by those violent tones, amazed that some man was on such intimate terms with the Tesore, he stood trembling, uncertain whether to rush in and protect her or to withdraw. In the end he crept down-stairs, abashed by the thought of having listened even for a moment at her door. Perhaps this was the mystery in her life?

When he returned, to apologize for his involuntary eavesdropping, she admitted that he had discovered her sad secret.

It seemed that she had been born at Posilipo, near Naples, of poor, but honest, parents, who had left her an orphan at an early age. One saw her, in the dark hours that followed, thrown upon the world with only three assets, her voice, her beauty, and her virtue. She had become, by force of circumstances, one of a troupe of street-singers; the young man who played the mandolin was soon infatuated with her. Too late she discovered that he was a member of the Camorra, and that the marriage ceremony had been performed by a pickpocket gotten up for the occasion in the cassock of a renegade priest.

Yet despite his duplicity the scoundrel had loved her in his way. Three years he had held her in subjection, had driven her with mingled blows and kisses to sing to his tune, though the notes that she uttered rose from a breaking heart. Her pathetic airs were soon famous in that emotional city,—she became a sort of Neapolitan Esmeralda,—but it was the Camorra, instead of the populace, who, figuratively speaking, gibbeted her. For by dint of bloodcurdling threats they used her to forward their nefarious schemes: it was she, in the dark alleyways behind Santa Lucia, who mewed like a cat while the victim was approaching. One morning when the mandolin-playing rogue was found riddled by stilettos she thought that at last her day of liberty had come. But no: the Camorra did not permit such easy resignations from their ranks. They compromised thus far: she was allowed to retire from the active list to the reserve, in which she must remain through life, subject to any call from the Supreme *Camorrista,* unless she bought her freedom by a contribution of twenty thousand lire to the protective fund.

So this was the shadow that hung over her, the knowledge that at any moment she might be forced again to do the bidding of those villains! Indeed, that fatal hour was already imminent. A great coup was being planned in Naples; she had been picked as the decoy. The man with whom Aurelius had heard her quarreling was an emissary from the *Capo Camorrista,* demanding of her that nauseating service.

Was it any wonder that she, who wanted only to be good, should reproach her parents for having brought her into the world?

This neat tale stupefied Mr. Goodchild. But suddenly, in a noble frenzy, he leaped to his feet.

"Never! Never! Divine Providence will not permit such diabolical things! Give me the names of those wretches, yes, and their soubriquets! I 'll inform the carbineers! No, I 'll wire a friend of mine, who has just returned to Naples from Alexandria, a Mr. Holland. He 'll know how to set the law on them."

The Tesore, shaking her head, reached out to press his hand.

"Not zat, my poor frien'. You mus' not even w'isper it. Some would escape; an' ze nex' day, even here in Firenze, I zould be dead."

"But this is frightful—a pure heart shackled to iniquity! By Heaven! something shall be done!"

"Twenty zousand lire does not grow like olives," moaned the International Star.

He clutched his brow between his hands. What a dilemma! Certainly, his first duty was to his children. But surely they, too, would agree that four thousand dollars was a small amount to sacrifice in order to drag a woman from a whirlpool of depravity? Suppose he explained to them the calamity which had befallen Nella? But wait, he had promised the Tesore not to breathe a syllable; he had even given his word to Toto Fava not to mention the Tesore! Ah, these promises in which he had been gradually enmeshed! What a snarl everything was in! Why had he ever left the peace of Zenasville, Ohio?

He went home. He could eat no dinner. When Frossie and Thallie grew alarmed, he explained, with a tragic gesture, "Those executors!" He rolled into bed well assured of a sleepless night.

Twelve o'clock had long since struck; the last roistering young blades had passed beneath the balcony, bellowing their ribald ditties. Aurelius noticed a beam of lamplight under his daughters' door. He scrambled up, donned his bath-gown and blue carpet slippers, knocked softly on the panel. One bed stood empty. At the writing-desk, in kimono and horn-spectacles, sat Frossie, fountain-pen in hand.

"Not working!"

"I must do something," she muttered. "If I go on doing nothing, I shall soon be crazy."

"But at this time of night!"

"This is the time of night when I need to occupy my mind."

And after Mr. Goodchild, mournfully wagging his beard, had shuffled back to bed, she bent her plain, strong face once more toward the sheet of foolscap, on which she had written:

All was silent, so far as mortal ears could hear. Through the darkness towered the cypresses, vital, intelligent perhaps, like souls ordained to live out their lives in one spot, without the desire for wandering, or the knowledge of what wandering might bring them. And Dora, gazing from them to the broken column that shone amidst the laurels, asked of the starry sky, "Why was I not as firmly rooted in my birthplace as these happy trees, instead of being gifted with the mobility that has brought me here, half-way around the globe, to scatter my tears upon a tomb?"

It was the conclusion of the first chapter of still another novel, which, in tracing the life of a young woman widowed on her marriage-day, was designed to make the whole world, or at least the English-speaking part of it, weep sympathetic tears. And why not, if there was truth in the theory that all such work was pervaded by a dynamic force, that the reader felt precisely as much emotion as the author had experienced while writing? For Frossie, as she penned those pages, could not forbear to weep herself.

She still made her daily pilgrimage to Camillo's grave. Kneeling down beside the mound, she removed from the turf every twig that had been wafted there. Then for a long while she sat back on her heels, contemplating the butterflies which hovered round the tombstones. Thallie, who often accompanied her, at last persuaded her to come away.

Once, as their cab was leaving the cemetery, there appeared a limousine all too familiar to both of them. The motor-car stopped; the door swung open; Baron di Campoformio sprang out, bareheaded, into the road. But Frossie called sharply to the coachman, "Drive faster!" At full speed the cab flashed past Campoformio, who, choking in the dust, raised his eyes beseechingly to Frossie's averted face.

And Thallie was no less agitated than her sister; for once more she had met the coldly calculating stare of the chauffeur Antonio.

There was now no doubt that he had identified the masked and hooded fugitive from the carnival ball.

So there descended upon Thallie a new dread, scarcely less sickening than that which she had endured after Reginald's flight, while wandering through the misty streets at twilight, and peering with an awful speculation at the river. "Murder

will out." The old saying throbbed in her ears as her heart-beats were quickened by reviving terror. Now Thallie knew the sensations of the criminal who cannot be at peace; now she understood the phrase, "And every bush an officer." And every motor-car that neared the Pension Schwandorf was a limousine upholstered in plum-colored cloth, as cozy as a little boudoir. And every hand that set the pension bell to jangling was the hand of the chauffeur Antonio, who had become her Nemesis.

Sometimes, slipping out alone, Thallie took cab for the suburbs. To delude herself into the thought that she was leaving Florence and her fears behind forever, she penetrated the country-side as far as Grassina or Galluzzo. In the rural loneliness, where olive-trees twisted their blanched limbs beside a brook, she bade the driver stop, alighted from the cab, entered the silvery groves. Here, at last, silence enfolded her; a simple fragrance rose out of the fertile earth, and from the clear heavens was spread a benign refulgence, a divine invitation to serenity. Laying her hands upon her breast, Thallie raised her pure young face, and with her sky-blue eyes wide open, her lovely lips parted, she whispered:

"O God, Thou knowest that I 've never meant any wrong. Please, this once, forgive me my trespasses, as I forgive those who trespassed against me! Don't punish me any more! I promise to be a good girl all the rest of my life."

She returned home determined that thereafter every act and thought should plead for her release from chastisement.

But a lingering uneasiness, added to the heat of the Italian summer, once more absorbed the roses from her cheeks. All her energy evaporated; she could no longer paint pictures even in the Post-Impressionist manner. She wondered how she had ever hoped to be a famous artist. One afternoon, putting away her easel and her paint-box, with swimming eyes she descended to the garden. In the leafy arbor, close to the gate-posts still decorated with their crumbling urns, she sat down beside Frossie, to whom Domenico had just brought a note of condolence from Mme. Bertha Linkow.

The prima donna, her season at the Metropolitan long since finished, was now at St.-Moritz. John Holland, writing from Naples, had informed her of Frossie's tragedy. It was evident that her warm heart had suffered at this news. "For you should know," she had scribbled, in her quaint, Germanic-looking script, "I feel myself a kind of old sister to my dear little Frossie, notwithstanding I am so seldom-times blessed to give her a good hug in my proper person. And to my dear little Thallie it is understood! Yes, and to Aggie also! But for you, poor lamb, so big as are my arms in one direction, I could to-day wish them still bigger already in another; yes, big enough to reach from Schweiz to Florenz! Never mind; maybe that, too, will happen yet."

"That last sentence looks almost like a joke," was Frossie's comment. "But I 'm sure she did n't intend it so. Do you think she means that she may come to Florence presently?"

Her sister made no reply.

"Thallie, you 're crying!"

"It 's nothing. Only I think I 've just said good-by to art. Now I know how Aggie felt when she found out that she was never going to be a singer."

"But, Babykins, if you 'd only go back to your old style!"

"It 's no use. This afternoon I seemed to see it all in its true light. I simply have n't got it in me. And I 'd rather stop now than struggle on just to be a flivver. But, O Frossie, it 's so hard to give up the idea of being somebody!"

And once more, behind the screen of leaves and blossoms, the sisters mingled their tears. How many tears were shed, how many sighs were uttered, that summer in Mme. von Schwandorf's genteel pension! Even the uniforms of the Magenta Cavalry now struck a depressing note at tea-time.

At last Aurelius received the long-awaited documents from the executors. His daughters fortunately were out.

In obedience to the will of Jabez Outwall, deceased, they had forwarded in care of the Bank of Italy, Branch of Florence, for the benefit of Aurelius Goodchild, Esq., on his proper identification and signature of the customary papers of release in the presence of the American consul, a draft for the sum of fifty thousand and nineteen dollars—

"What!"

For the sum of fifty thousand and nineteen dollars and eleven cents, this being, after deduction of the claim of five thousand three hundred dollars, cash advance and interest at six per centum, made by the Bank of Zenasville, Ohio, the pro-rata share due to Aurelius Goodchild, Esq., according to the schedule of distributions annexed to and forming part of the adjudication filed in the above estate.

Fifty thousand dollars! A half of what he had expected! Fifty thousand and nineteen dollars and—hideous mockery! —eleven cents! His first coherent thought was: "My poor girls! My babies! And I must tell them this!"

Cramming the fatal documents into his coat-tail pocket, he rushed out, in the heat of the day, to the American consulate, as if, should he delay another instant, even this pro-rata share of the estate might somehow be wrested from him.

The consul accompanied him to the Bank of Italy; the release was signed and attested; the money was placed on deposit, subject to Mr. Goodchild's call. When the consul had departed, Aurelius still stood in the street before the bank, staring fearsomely at that substantial façade, half expecting any moment to see frenzied depositors forming, pass-books in hand, in a long line. He became aware of a bitter taste in his mouth; he discovered that he was mumbling a black cigar which somebody must have pressed upon him in the course of the negotiations. He tore this weed from his polluted lips and hurled it to the pavement. A boyish ragamuffin swooped down upon it with a chirrup of delight.

"Perhaps the signore also has a match?"

Aurelius, after mechanically feeling in all his pockets, staggered away toward the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele.

On the far side of that square, the very stones of which seemed boiling in the heat-vibrations, the Café Hirsch danced up and down before his eyes. He remembered Constantine Farazounis and the buried treasure.

A straw to grasp at! More than that —a chance to recoup, to swell the legacy far beyond its formerly imagined bulk, to divide among his daughters, instead of this miserable sum, the "untold riches of an ancient dynasty"! He no longer felt the scruples which had forbidden him that golden project. On the contrary, the Egyptian adventure now floated through his panic like a sublime inspiration, a veritable godsend.

But those German archæologists who had been snooping round the pyramid! Oblivious to the fact that the Greek had ceased to appear at the café, Mr. Goodchild set out, between walking and running, across the hot piazza.

Half-way, a new thought stopped him in his tracks. He leaped at a passing cab and cried:

"Hôtel des Grands Ducs!"

And five minutes later, his face streaming, the veins on his forehead congested into knots, his patriarchal beard in extraordinary disorder, he burst into the Tesore's sitting-room.

She rose to her feet in amazement. Her face was whitewashed; her lips were covered with carmine; her black bang was glossy with pomade. The pale-yellow negligée, the costume which any one but Aurelius would have compared to the habiliments of Venusberg, enhanced once more, with its peculiar artfulness, the opulent contours of the International Star. But, then, this was not Mr. Goodchild's usual calling-hour.

His heart was pounding so that he could hardly croak:

"When is it for, this Neapolitan outrage?"

Her near-set eyes gave forth an irrepressible flash.

"Day after to-morrow!"

"Then I am in time to save you!"

"Madonna!"

"Yes, yes; I am justified now, because I shall make it up many times. My daughters will never miss it when I pour into their laps the profits of a certain wonderful investment. They will still be rich, and you, to whom I owe an obligation so delicate that it is not to be expressed in words, will be free of the tyranny which has darkened all your life. And there, in a new world, before a different public, no doubt in Buenos Aires, you will have your heart's desire at last!"

"Argentina," she faltered, clutching the chair-back, pallid beneath her whitewash. "But Argentina is zo far from you, an' zo eggspenzive!"

"One moment!"

Galloping down-stairs, he sprang into the waiting cab.

"Banca d'Italia!"

When he rushed back to her, he had with him in Italian money the equivalent of five thousand dollars.

"The rest," he panted, "is for traveling."

After staring dumfounded at this fortune in her hands, she jumped at Aurelius and twined her arms about him.

"Ah-h-h-h-h! now I know zat you do loaf me!"

And because joy gave her an unusual strength, while he, for his part, was almost foundering from his exertions, the benefactor could not prevent that momentary treason to the dead. But the next instant, eluding the International Star, he gained the door on bending legs. Even for Mr. Goodchild, conversant as he was with the ideas of Plato and the early Christian Church, so lately re-fortified in the high resolves of half a lifetime, this last emotional climax was one to be escaped without delay!

"To-morrow!" he gasped.

"To-morrow!"

The door came shut behind him. The shoulders of the famous black broadcloth coat were well smeared with liquid powder, but Aurelius was safe. If he had but known that so far as this cajolery went, he was now safe forever!

He dashed off to the Café Hirsch.

The place was empty at this torrid hour; only Otto was there, seated at the table by the plate-glass window, oblivious to the flies that buzzed around his rosy jowls, nodding over a copy of "Die Woche." But when Aurelius rushed in, the little Swiss waiter stood up with a look of consternation.

"*Himmel!* it is Mr. Gootschild, stroken by the heat!"

"Monseer Farazounis?"

"Not here, as you can see."

"His address!"

"*Ach,* Mr. Gootschild, the address of that gentleman he has not been giving it avay on hand-bills. But do sit down for a moment, yust to please Otto. *Da!* Now a leedle something cooling, a syrup of limes and seltzer? I could even make cold a towel for your head?"

"I tell you I must find him instantly!"

"So? Then supposing I should send a boy to the police, vhere is recorded all the domiciles?"

"That 's it! Only be quick!"

But the period of waiting that ensued seemed endless to Aurelius. He was sure that the Greek had left Florence in a huff, that this gorgeous opportunity was to be denied him. His fright returned; perhaps he had been a bit hasty in giving the Tesore that five thousand dollars. Again he jerked out his watch. An hour, and no news of Constantine! This certainly meant ruin. His rolling gaze encountered the Swiss waiter, standing at a distance, watching, in his old attitude of dejection.

The hotel on the Corniche Road, between Nice and Monte Carlo!

Almost without his bidding the words tumbled out of Mr. Goodchild's mouth:

"Otto, if you can set up in that business on a capital of twenty-five thousand francs, I 'll back you."

The waiter's countenance turned ashen. Tearing off his apron, the badge of hateful slavery, he staggered forward to kneel at Mr. Goodchild's feet. The tears fairly squirted from his eyes as he kissed the

hand of this wild-eyed liberator, this disheveled demigod, who had made his dream come true.

"Mein Gott! Das neue leben!"

Constantine Farazounis entered the café.

His swarthy visage, too, was pale; even his flat lips, beneath the crinkly mustaches, had lost most of their vermilion hue; his coffee-colored eyeballs, however, were uncommonly bloodshot. Furthermore, all his features expressed the excitement of a man to whose conscience a sudden call suggests a dozen possibilities, ranging in attractiveness from ready money to a cell. But when he had shot a glance as swift as lightning round the bare café, he came forward with a more assured mien, folded his arms, bestowed on Aurelius a look in which reproach and suffering were admirably blended.

"Well, here I am, my gentleman."

"Thank Heaven! I thought I had lost you!"

The Greek, still motionless, like an effigy of injured friendship, contented himself with raising his eyebrows sadly.

"And?"

"Oh, Farazounis, believe me, if I have in any way offended you, it was not through lack of confidence or gratitude. But now the qualms that restrained me have been swept away; it is not only a pleasure, but a duty, to accept your generous proposal. I conjure you, tell me that your offer still stands open!"

The Greek responded:

"My sir, I have not a hard heart. I bear no malices. I remember other days when we gave each to each those tokens of affection. So even now I am willing to say yes. Is it come, the money? Then I shall start to-night for Egypt."

And while Aurelius, arm in arm with Constantine Farazounis, was making one more journey to the Bank of Italy, there occurred in another part of town a meeting which, if it had come about a few days earlier, would have saved the Goodchild family considerable worry.

Thallie, too restless to await the evening breeze at home, had ventured out for a walk. Chance brought her finally to Santa Croce. She entered the cool church, unaware that for half an hour a man had been following her.

She found herself almost alone in that historic edifice, the many haphazard embellishments of which gave it a motley appearance. As she wandered up the nave, between massive columns of *serena* all adorned with antique coats of arms, the heels of her little buckskin shoes clicked loudly on the pavement studded with the lids of tombs. From each of the western windows, set with fourteenth-century stained-glass, a shaft of polychromatic light descended, to enfold for a moment the white-clad, lissome figure that floated toward the transept. The man who was hesitating on the threshold gave vent to a long sigh.

Pausing, casting round her an uncertain look, Thallie recalled some traditions of this sanctuary. Here many of Italy's illustrious dead were laid at rest. Beyond that doorway the Inquisition had forced Galileo to recant. And once upon a time, when Fra Francesco da Montepulciano held the pulpit, this nave had resounded with the wails of thousands swooning from remorse—a vast cry had rolled against the rafters, *"Misericordia, misericordia, misericordia!"* Hark! Like an echo from the past a smothered groan drifted through the silence.

Or was it the response of her own heart, still condemned to suffer for the folly of a moment?

"But all my life so far," she thought, "has been made up of foolish dreams and sad awakenings."

A moss-rose, given her by a former model whom she had just met in the Mercato Nuovo, was pinned to her belt; she wanted to place this flower on the tomb of Michelangelo, whose genius she had recently derided. She turned to enter the right-hand aisle, where that great Florentine lay buried. An unhappy man was standing in her path. It was M. Alphonse Zolande, the painting-teacher.

How old he looked, with his wrinkled, leathery face, his snow-white pompadour

and mustaches and imperial! He was shabby again: the velveteen coat was fine no longer; the pointed boots, bereft of lacquer, were split across the toes. To-day his faded, flowing tie exhaled not the slightest scent of chypre. The perfume-bottle was empty.

His chin jumped up and down half a dozen times before he could articulate:

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, I beseech you, don't turn away from me!"

She stood looking at him in pity.

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, I must entreat you first to pardon me. I have suffered so much, thinking that to you I must always be a hateful creature. But how can I hope for you to understand my weakness—you, who are like that rose!"

Her delicate skin began to flush as she responded in unsteady tones:

"I understand, and I forgive you."

"Ah, how angelic you are! But who should know that better than I? How many times have I not cursed my ignoble faculties, which refused to acknowledge that you were different from others, like a saint enshrined behind candles of pure wax!"

At this she bowed her head.

The painting-teacher whisked out a tattered handkerchief in order to blow his nose.

"But I shall not bother you with words which are of no interest to you. This is the last time, Mademoiselle, that you will have to bear the sight of me. I am going back to Paris. In departing I want to do you the only service in my power. Mademoiselle, there is in Florence a certain Greek who calls himself Constantine Farazounis. You know the name? At least Monsieur Goodchild does, for every day they are together in the Café Hirsch, Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. But this Farazounis is a rascal, a cheat, a thief. He will end by ruining your father."

Much disturbed, she said:

"It 's kind of you to tell me this."

"Mademoiselle, it is you who are kind to listen. And now, because this meeting can hardly be a pleasure to you, adieu, and good luck forever."

M. Zolande did not presume to offer his hand; but Thallie extended hers. His collar was broken at the folds. She ventured gently:

"It seems to me there was still a week or two of my tuition due you—"

He started back, his leathery face disorganized by shame.

"No, Mademoiselle!"

On a sudden impulse she unpinned the moss-rose from her belt.

"At least you 'll accept this in memory of those mornings when I used to make your coffee?"

Gingerly he took the rose between his fingers. His knees sagging, he watched her pass through the polychromatic shafts of light from the stained-glass windows, like an immaculate young soul progressing from one glory to another over a pavement of old tombs. She went quickly, for her throat, too, was swelling. Both were thinking of the happy hours, four flights up-stairs in Via de' Bardi, when age had groped backward in the hope of love, when youth had reached forward in the desire for fame. Both knew that the longings which had beautified those days were never to be fulfilled.

She had gained the Lungarno before she recalled Constantine Farazounis.

Reaching home, she flew to Frossie with this news. When Mr. Goodchild appeared, the two girls confronted him. Aurelius had no choice but to tell them everything.

In the midst of her dismay there came to Thallie, as naturally as a faith in a superior being whose protective powers were infallible, the thought of John Holland. And for some reason it seemed neither strange nor presumptuous to send to him in Naples this telegram:

We are in trouble. Could you come to us?

That same night the answer was delivered at the pension: John Holland would arrive in Florence next day.

Thallie went to the railroad station to meet him.

Although too uneasy to have felt, while

dressing, the slightest interest in her appearance, she had never looked more charming than on that fiery forenoon of July. Her linen frock, touched here and there with Florentine embroidery, short enough to afford a glimpse of silken ankles, increased her habitual suggestion of a virginal freshness. Her wide hat, of white straw trimmed with snowy poppies, enhanced the fine auburn of her curls. And the shadow from the hat-brim, though emphasizing the delicacy of her face, did not abate the luster of her throat, ringed round with the two-fold rimple.

In the smoky station resonant with the noise of locomotives, amid the sweltering crowd assembled at the ticket-taker's barrier, Thallie stood waiting. A stream of passengers and porters began to flow out through the gate. Behind the barrier she caught sight of a tall, thick-set figure, a calm, strong face, and, extended toward the ticket-taker, a large hand ornamented with a graved carnelian.

Wrapped in a somber reverie he came toward her, followed by a man-servant and a porter laden with valises. His illegible eyes were attracted by her white dress. He almost stopped short; but the next moment she felt the firm pressure of his hand.

"You came all alone, on this broiling day, to meet me!"

She was astonished at the unnatural stiffness of his smile. Despite the heat, his fingers, wrapped round hers, seemed cold to Thallie. And suddenly, not from his look or tone of voice, but just by the flash of intuition which pierced her developing heart, she realized at last that the celebrated John Holland was in love with her.

CHAPTER XVIII

FAREWELL, GOLDEN CITY, RICH WITH SO MANY GRIEFS AND JOYS!

WITHIN an hour of his return to Florence, John Holland proved that even an historian of dead races may be a man of action.

He drove straightway to police headquarters. There he got the addresses of the Swiss waiter and the Greek adventurer. Since he did not hope to find Farazounis still in Florence, he went next, accompanied by a young detective as handsome and romantic-looking as a *Romeo,* to the Hôtel des Grands Ducs. The rakish door-porter with white, woolly hair informed him that the lady, despite her obligations to the Alhambra Music Hall, had departed for the north the previous evening.

"For the north?"

"Yes, Signore. By the Genoa express."

John Holland reflected that a woman of ordinary cunning would say north when she was really going south. On the other hand, one slightly more adroit, anticipating that a possible pursuer would disbelieve her, might divulge the true direction. There was also to be considered the question of ships outbound for South America, though John Holland suspected that for the present Switzerland or France would seem safer to the International Star. Of course it would be possible to question the baggage-handlers at the railroad station. But since the Tesore's haul was three times less important than the Greek's, John decided to leave the tracking of the vaudeville actress temporarily to the police.

He took time, however, to drop in at the Café Hirsch.

Otto Bürglen, "age forty-seven, Swiss citizen, waiter by profession, short, stout, blue eyes, hair blond, but scarce, face round, no distinguishing marks," had the day before thrown up his job in a spectacular manner. In fact, according to the café-keeper, he had suddenly gone mad. He had been violent before the patrons, had raved of boundless wealth, and, after grossly insulting the whole personnel, had rushed away announcing that he was the proprietor of a "chic hotel at Monte Carlo."

At Otto's lodgings a shriveled crone declared that the Swiss had departed for the Riviera.

Possibly this fellow, at least, was more of a fool than a knave. John Holland suggested to the detective that, as a first

"...Well, it was good to have known it even for this little while?"

resort in Otto's case, the police send a telegram to the Franco-Italian border.

But there remained the question of Constantine Farazounis.

His attic room in Via Santa Reparata revealed the peculiar disorder which a fleeing criminal produces. Ragged odds and ends of clothing were strewn about; an old trunk yawned empty beneath a garish lithograph of "the Incomparable Nella Tesore"; a heap of charred paper lay cold in a greasy saucepan. The young detective, examining a towel, vouchsafed:

"He took no baggage, and he has done away with his mustaches. Still, that need n't disturb us. These Orientals always make off, by instinct, toward the south."

"I agree with you. As a matter of precaution, you might tell the Brindisi police to watch all ships clearing for the East. I fancy, though, that I shall run into him in Naples, somewhere between Via Roma and the Corso Garibaldi."

"You go after him, Signore?"

"By all means," John Holland replied, with a smile which gave his rugged features a new look. "We ought to have lots to talk of, he and I: we 're both so fond of archæology."

An hour later he was speeding back to Naples.

The only notice that the Goodchilds had of this departure was a scribbled line delivered by the cabman. John Holland bade them not worry if they failed to hear from him for several days. And, indeed, they were destined to endure a fortnight of silence and suspense.

What was he doing?

Thallie could scarcely share in full the anxiety of the others; she was too much preoccupied by her discovery. At one moment, remembering his celebrity and age, she called herself a goose; but soon, reviewing that moment of clairvoyance in the railroad station, she felt that if there was a goose in this galley, it certainly must be a gander. One moment: she did n't quite mean that! John Holland, even if he were tempted to fall in love with twenty years, could never appear ridiculous. Like everything that he did or said or wore, this state of mind would have to seem, somehow, correct and sensible. After all, there must be many men of forty who married girls hardly more than half their age? In some cases such a union might even be excusable: for instance, when the man of forty was "exceptionally well preserved, a strong character, a sympathetic nature?" Yes, one could imagine how a young woman in very special circumstances might be sufficiently attracted by that type.

"But, goodness! for me it would be out of the question!"

And looking askance, her cheeks burning, she found herself picturing, with an unpleasant agitation, this new conjecture, so different from the speculations that had once enthralled her.

Yet one result of her discovery was an accentuated dread of Baron di Campoformio's chauffeur. This emotion, as it turned out, was not unreasonable.

On a sultry afternoon—there seemed to be a thunder-storm brewing somewhere—Mr. Goodchild sat huddled beneath the palmetto in a blue funk. His grand hopes denied, his confidence in his fellow-man extensively disturbed, his optimism crushed, he shrank into his chair afraid to raise his eyes toward the shuttered windows of the annex, where his daughters were.

Domenico, the little door-porter of the pension, came softly to him with the words:

"Somebody is asking for you in the vestibule. I think it 's Baron di Campoformio's chauffeur."

It was, indeed, Antonio, in whip-cord livery, fumbling his cap, with eyes obsequiously cast down, but for all that showing on his broad, ignoble countenance a look of sullen resolution. As Mr. Goodchild came forward through the hall, the chauffeur measured that tall, frail figure with an avid gaze. A species of smile drew back his lips; after bowing, he squared his shoulders with a better confidence.

"Well, Antonio! You have a message from the baron?"

"No, Signore. I have come on a trifling business of my own. Is there some place where we can speak in private?"

Aurelius, oblivious to Domenico's distress, courteously ushered the chauffeur into the parlor, cool, shadowy, full of cuckoo-clocks and painted tambourines and old brocades that gave forth an odor reminiscent of the little yellowish house in Zenasville. Antonio had the good grace to decline a chair.

In tones which were meant to be confiding and pathetic, he informed Mr. Goodchild of his longing to emigrate to the United States. He was weary of driving motor-cars for a pittance; he wanted to be rich. He had a friend in New York; perhaps Mr. Goodchild knew him: the name was Mike Innocenti. This Mike, though only a taxicab chauffeur, sometimes made on wet days as much as fifty lire profit. For a struggling man of family like Antonio—since there was an ailing wife, not to mention the seven poor little ones on view to date—a daily income of fifty lire, well, body of Bacchus! one could understand its charm! The only obstacle was the cost of getting there.

"I 'm dreadfully sorry," Aurelius faltered, "but at present I really could n't assist you."

For a moment Antonio looked at him with eyes half shut.

"Nothing?"

"Unhappily, it 's quite impossible."

"Not even in return for something that you don't want known?"

Mr. Goodchild's comprehension of Italian was still so slight that he had to ask Antonio to paraphrase this speech. An expression of bewilderment overspread his face.

"What secret do you mean?"

Antonio, coming close, assuming a flushed and dogged look, as who should say, "Here goes," began to whisper in Mr. Goodchild's ear.

The afternoon quiet of the Pension Schwandorf was shattered by the roar:

"Reptile!"

Domenico came flying. Mme. von Schwandorf, bounding out of her boudoir-office, found herself possessed of the agility of forty years ago. Both rushed into the dim parlor. What a sight met their eyes! Aurelius Goodchild, disciple of Epictetus, was throttling Baron di Campoformio's chauffeur!

Antonio was a sturdy rascal, plumped out by much farinaceous food and wine, inured to muscular labors; yet Aurelius shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. A fearful strength equipped the father's spindling arms; his whole lean frame was suscitated by a supernatural energy; his visage, paper-white above the bristling, gray-and-sandy beard, resembled the face of an infuriated god—say Jupiter, in the act of blasting the impious with thunderbolts. And in fact, so frantic was his rage, so complete was the transformation of his nature, that if he had been let alone a moment longer, Baron di Campoformio would have needed a new chauffeur.

But Mme. von Schwandorf and Domenico were there. In the end they pried Mr. Goodchild's fingers from Antonio's throat. That wretch, already groveling, fell to the floor; Aurelius, staggering back, collapsed upon a divan. His breathing was so stertorous that Mme. von Schwandorf took it to be an apoplexy.

Aurelius had to be carried to his bed; he who had lately been so prodigious was now as weak as water. It was the reaction from a frenzy such as he had never known before.

"What have I done?" he lamented. "I 've laid my hands in violence on another; I even meant to kill him. Heaven forgive me, if the provocation was n't ample!" And to Thallie, in a broken voice, he quavered, "Imagine, he tried to tell me—" But turning his head on the pillow, he concluded, "No, Babykins, in your presence I could n't so much as hint at what he said."

As for Antonio, he left the neighborhood of the Pension Schwandorf at full speed. But he had not run far when shame and rage made him feel as if he were going to explode. Discovering that his throat was still capable of emitting oaths, he cursed all the way from Santa

Maria Novella to the duomo. Thereabouts a great thirst for revenge pervaded him. He slunk into a wine-shop, tossed off some glasses of punch, rearranged his torn collar, and set out for the cavalry-barracks.

He inquired of the sentry if Lieutenant Fava was within.

Lieutenant Fava was at that moment about to set forth for a visit to the Pension Schwandorf. Spick and span, his boots glossy, his rat-tail mustaches wonderfully waxed, fresh chamois-skin gloves tucked into his sword-hilt, he descended from his quarters to the whitewashed barrack-entry. The troopers of the guard, arising from their bench, saluted. Toto Fava, glancing not unkindly toward the full-length mirror just inside the gates, began to wet a Toscana cigar all over, preparatory to igniting it.

Antonio timidly approached. With the gestures which an Italian peasant uses to convince superiors of his devotion, he whispered. Toto Fava, his unfortunate visage perfectly expressionless, at last succeeded in lighting his Toscana. When he had it drawing well, he spoke not to whispering Antonio, but to the troopers of the guard. He said:

"Kick this fellow into the street."

The order was obeyed with true military despatch. Between the boots of the troopers and the cobblestones before the cavalry-barracks there seemed to be small choice in respect of hardness. Antonio the chauffeur, while limping rapidly away, concluded that this tale of his was an unlucky one.

But Toto Fava never paid another visit to the Pension Schwandorf. To his comrades he did not seem different, except that for a while at hurdles and while riding down precipices he was possibly more reckless than before. He resumed his saunterings with dark-eyed ladies in the Circonvallazione; and if his sallies lacked their former snap, one laid it to the heat. Sometimes, in the café which served the lieutenants of the regiment as a mess-room, he smiled sardonically when love was made the topic, and filled his glass too often. But even his bosom-friend Azeglio had to guess. There was good blood in the homely, impecunious Sicilian.

In the pension garden, no longer embellished by the uniforms of the Magenta Cavalry, tea-time was a forlorn hour nowadays. Amid the courageous roses, still holding out against the August heat, Aurelius and his two daughters sat nibbling biscuits in a painful silence.

One day when they were sitting under the palmetto a rustle close at hand, a scent of rose-geranium, made all three look up together. There before them stood Mme. Bertha Linkow!

Her blue Teutonic eyes were dancing; her wholesome pink-and-white face seemed surrounded by an aureole of delight; her figure, incased in pongee silk, slightly more corpulent than when they had last seen it, was shaking with merriment at their surprise. Then her solid arms embraced both girls at once; two smacking kisses resounded, and the sisters felt a warm, exuberant affection flowing straight from the prima donna's broad bosom into their hearts.

"Ah, the dear children! Still the same delicious red curls, the same so-starlike eyes! Still here beneath the palm-tree! And this precious father of theirs, this saint out of a holy picture, that I thought I was not again to see until in heaven! Look out now! While I am kissing your daughters I might make a little mistake!"

"To think, you here in Florence!" Frossie cried.

"No, in Viareggio. Viareggio for the swimming, and the swimming for the figure. Imagine, in my last week at the Metropolitan, Mr. Gatti says to me, 'My dear, your *Venus* is perhaps becoming too Rubensesque even for the Rubenses: remember *Tannhäuser* was not conceivably a Turk!' So this summer, God willing, I swim away some portions of my waistline! Every day at Viareggio I am the first to plunge into the sea. As for those who come after, the villains, they make out to walk timidly along the shore and ask me if I have left them any room!"

"Then," said Thallie, her face falling,

"you 're only here for another afternoon call!"

"I am only—*Ach,* little beautiful, you are more than ever like a flower! Yet there is something new already in the face. I know: you are growing up in this hothouse of a Florence! And Frossie, poor chick, how I made my eyes red for your sake! Come, that will happen again, right off, unless we talk of other things. *Herrlich!* once more I am in time for tea! And for these sweet little sugar-cakes, which I do not dare to eat in Viareggio, where all those rascals would write of it immediately to Mr. Gatti! No, my dears, I am resolved to sneak off here to you as often as you can bear it."

Indeed, that was the first of several visits to the Pension Schwandorf.

She came laden with yellow roses that matched her hair, as if the garden was not already smothered with them. She brought chocolates from Giacinta's tea-room in a satin box no pinker than her cheeks. They told her all their troubles —or nearly all. Her intense vitality invigorated them and gave them courage; her jokes brought a smile now and then even to Frossie's lips. It was as though a bracing wind was sweeping through the stale, familiar pension from Alpine heights where edelweiss bloomed amid the snow.

She scouted their fears that John Holland would not succeed in his mission.

"If you knew him as I do!"

It appeared that Bertha and John were friends of long standing: they had met in Paris while she was studying singing. What outings they had taken together in those carefree days with a crowd of students as gay and sympathetic as so many characters from "Trilby"! Ah, if one thought him serious by nature or lacking in waggishness, she could tell a story or two! She wagered that there were some solemn gentlemen in Paris—yes, bewhiskered members of the ministry—who would grin like boys at the mention of John Holland's name!

Thallie, while listening to these rhapsodies, began to wonder, "What was between them in those times?" Had the prima donna and the historian loved each other? Was Mme. Linkow's enthusiasm due to a lingering sentiment? It occurred to Thallie that she had never seen those two together. She hoped that their next meeting might take place before her eyes.

Her wish was granted. One afternoon, just as the opera-singer was rising to depart, John Holland walked into the pension garden.

In a suit of light homespun, his soft collar pinned under a purplish cravat of knitted silk, he did not look like a man who had just stepped off a train. His dark, rugged face, which could not have been handsome even in those Paris days, seemed in some way refreshed, perhaps as a result of his long quest. His calm, gray eyes, which Thallie expected to see turned first to her, were arrested by the sight of Mme. Linkow.

"What! Not really Bertha!"

And without the slightest confusion he sustained the prima donna's rush, her vigorous embrace, and the amazing, the disillusioning, the shocking tribute of a kiss on each cheek. Worse still, one large hand, ornamented with a graved carnelian, encouraged the infatuated woman with a pat between the shoulders!

"He 's a philanderer," thought Thallie in the bitterness of outraged pride.

But one could hardly say that John Holland had been philandering in Naples.

His first act, when they were all seated round the tea-table, was to draw from his wallet a bundle of Italian bank-notes. It was the fifteen thousand dollars that Aurelius had given Farazounis.

"You found him!"

"Yes, we had quite a conversation."

The knuckles of the celebrated historian were covered with court-plaster.

"And he is now in jail, I hope," exclaimed Bertha Linkow.

"By this time he is probably in Greece. I trust," said John Holland, turning to Mr. Goodchild, "that I did n't go against your wishes in avoiding the inconvenience and publicity of a trial?"

"No, a thousand times," cried Aure-

lius, beside himself with relief and charity. "I should not be able to sleep for thinking that while I had the money back, that unfortunate creature was languishing in some Bastille!"

"Very well. Now we come to Nella Tesore. Prepare yourselves for bad news."

The International Star had been traced to Genoa, to Milan, and to Venice; there she had vanished. The police believed that she had slipped into Austria; John Holland suspected her of having embarked from Triest for the New World. But even if she was caught, there might be some difficulty in proving that the five thousand dollars was not a gift.

"And so it was," Aurelius stammered.

"If I told you her real history, would you insist on thinking so?"

"Alas! how could I deny that such was my intention at the time?"

"Well, that 's a question we can put aside until we find her—if we ever do, and if the money is n't spent. There remains the case of Otto Bürglen. At Monte Carlo I learned—"

"You 've not been to Monte Carlo, too!"

"Certainly, and got this report from the police."

Whereupon he translated the following:

"On July 29 ultimo, there was registered at the Hôtel des Commerçants, Avenue de la Gare, Monaco, one Otto Bürglen, age forty-seven, short, stout, blond, bald, Swiss citizen, by profession a hotel-proprietor. To the owner of the Hôtel des Commerçants said Otto Bürglen communicated that he, acting in partnership with an American millionaire, was about to purchase and open the 'Petit Trianon de la Mer,' a small hostelry on the Petite-Corniche between Eze-sur-Mer and Eze, formerly operated by one Jules Borghées, but lately closed. On the morning of July 30 said Otto Bürglen set out for the 'Petit Trianon de la Mer,' but returned at noon in a state of excessive perturbation, to announce that the price of said hostelry had been raised, and to accuse the owner of the Hôtel des Commerçants of having telephoned to said Jules Borghées in abuse of said Otto Bürglen's confidence. Being ejected from the Hôtel des Commerçants, said Bürglen was subsequently seen by many residents of Monaco wandering at random about the principality and talking aloud in a disorderly and alarming manner. On the morning of July 31—"

John Holland paused with the remark:

"The police of the Prince of Monaco have omitted something here. If they had been less discreet, they 'd have recorded at this point that our Otto, distracted by disappointment, went to the casino, played roulette in order to gain the balance of the sum demanded by Jules Borghées, and in less than three hours lost the equivalent of five thousand dollars. The police report concludes:

"On the morning of July 31 the body of Otto Bürglen was found at the bottom of the port, near the foot of Rue Caroline. The pockets of the deceased contained one franc, twenty centimes. Buried, August 1, at the expense of the principality."

They were silent, touched one and all by this end of a sorry and confused ambition. At last Aurelius, in a choking voice, vouchsafed:

"He at least was honest!"

And that was Otto's epitaph.

Jabez Outwall's bequest had yielded something over fifty-five thousand dollars. The cash advance from the Bank of Zenasville had reduced this sum to fifty thousand. Ten thousand more had been lost with Otto and the International Star. With what remained of the letter of credit, the Goodchild family now possessed a little more than forty-two thousand dollars. Decidedly, Aurelius was no longer rich!

He murmured:

"Three goes into forty-two fourteen times. My girls will have only fourteen thousand dollars apiece. Ah, what a come-down!"

"As if we 'd let you do that!" cried Thallie, with flashing eyes.

"As if we ever meant to!" amended Frossie, so firmly, so indignantly, that no further argument was possible at the moment.

John Holland sat motionless, watching them with his gray eyes, which would have shown them, had they thought to look at him just then, more than his usual sympathetic comprehension of mankind. Aurelius would have seen that this celebrity was fond of him even in his guilt; Frossie would have perceived in the depths of that calm gaze the affectionate pity of an elder brother; but what Thallie would have learned anew was left to Bertha Linkow to discern. Yet the prima donna was less taken aback than one might have expected. She turned her head away, stared for a while at the roses climbing the old yellow wall, and finally closed her eyes in order to squeeze back two tears. What had caused that moisture, compassion, a poignant feminine response to the adjacency of love, or love itself?

The droning of bees diminished in the trellises about them. The hot sunshine, having liberated the very essence of the roses, shone at its mellowest before declining. All the opulent foliage and every brilliant petal seemed to await in breathless expectancy the issue of these mortals' thoughts. A fairy spell, a sad, sweet influence of great subtlety, seemed cast over this fragrant, immobile demesne, this enchanted garden which embalmed so many joys and griefs. But the hush was broken by the voice of Mr. Goodchild:

"It means that our days in Italy are finished."

"Yes," his daughters assented softly, "it means that our days in Italy are finished."

For one this realization evoked the picture of a grave where fading flowers would no longer be replaced, on which falling leaves would gather to produce an impression of neglect. For another there was the memory of a season bright with varied hopes that had one by one evaporated, yet had left clinging round all objects here a sort of tenuous mist, an impalpable veil through which Florence would glimmer exquisitely for evermore. But to Aurelius, depressed as he was by the thought of leaving all this warm, elaborate beauty, there came, as a breeze at the twilight that closes an hour excessively fulgurous and splendid, these verses of James Whitcomb Riley:

> There bide the true friends—
> The first and the best;
> There clings the green grass
> Close where they rest:
> Would they were here? No;—
> Would we were *there!* . . .
> The old days—the lost days—
> How lovely they were!

He raised toward the fronds of the palmetto his aquiline face, pale, sensitive, and sanguine, already illumined anew by an incorrigible eagerness and trust. He quoted from the sage:

" 'Require not things to happen as you wish, but wish them to happen as they do happen, and you will go on well.' "

And indeed it seemed that there was nothing to do but accept the prospect of Zenasville, Ohio.

This idea made John Holland thoughtful. He had a plan whereby that return might be postponed. He asked the Goodchilds to come away for a month or two to some quiet, pleasant region as his guests.

He himself had been thinking of going up to the Italian lakes; he would probably take a house beside the water; he even knew of a villa on Lake Como which could be rented for as long or short a time as he desired. It would be a pity to go back to Zenasville without having seen those parts.

"We saw them on our way down from Geneva," said Thallie, with something between trepidation and resentment quivering in her voice.

"A flash of Lake Maggiore from the window of a train!"

"Really, Thallie, I don't think you 're very grateful," Frossie exclaimed.

"I did n't mean to be ungrateful," her

sister answered faintly, shrinking lower in her chair.

In the end, John Holland's invitation was accepted.

The Goodchilds, making the last rounds of Florence, filled their eyes once more with that richness to which they felt they were never to return.

They viewed again the Tribune in the Uffizi, where were gathered the most precious of all the city's treasures, where, as Byron said, the air around was filled with beauty. Here, perched on a stool, a young girl in a gingham apron was trying to reproduce the flesh-tints of the so-called "Fornarina" with just such eager energy as Thallie had once shown.

Traversing the gallery that spanned the river, they found themselves in the Pitti Palace, before Giorgione's "Concert of Music," and Raphael's "Madonna del Granluca," and Titian's "Maddalena," whose ringlets were the very shade of Thallie's. They passed back to the Bargello, to contemplate the radiant child's head fashioned by Donatello. They even revisited the Accademia delle Belle Arti, to look at Botticelli's "Reign of Venus," because, alongside of the goddess, the three Graces were depicted. Leaving the Accademia, they found themselves presently in Via Cavour. To the north lay the military hospital. They hastily turned south.

The older streets, narrow, tortuous, decked out with chiseled niches, naïve medallions, and crenelated cornices, next attracted them. Once more they appreciated these vistas softened by age, refined by the quaint elegance of other centuries. The departing often regain the fresh vision of the newly arrived. To-day all Florence seemed to show them its first charm, like a beloved, but familiar, woman who for a moment, by a miracle, becomes a bride again.

But there were still more shrines to be visited on this pilgrimage—the Piazza del Duomo, where the Campanile exalted its magnificence, and the Piazza della Signoria, where the brown arches of the loggia roofed illustrious bronze and marble, and the high Piazzale Michelangelo, where, from his pedestal, young "David" looked down upon the roofs and domes and towers, that panorama so little changed since his creator was inspired by the thought of him. There it lay below them, the golden city surrounded by its golden hills, the diminished river trickling beneath its bridges, the Lungarno ending, to the west, in the green blur of the Cascine. So it would go on shining through the years in its imperishable beauty. Well, it was good to have known it even for this little while.

They descended from the Piazzale. Lingering thoughts of Michelangelo reminded them that they had omitted a last visit to the Medici Chapel. On their way back to luncheon they passed the American Church, where Aggie had been married.

Toward evening, when nearly everything was packed, Aurelius, stealing out alone, made for the Café Hirsch. At the marble-topped table behind the plate-glass window some strangers were sitting. Otto would never have allowed them to do that! But a new waiter, a gross Italian with bristling mustaches, wore Otto's number on his coat-lapel.

Sliding into another corner, Mr. Goodchild uttered huskily:

"Black coffee, please."

"Black coffee!" roared the new waiter, and stamped away to the buffet.

The artists, the journalists, all the familiar patrons of the Café Hirsch, were there disputing in strange tongues, laughing, eating pastry with a relish, as if nothing had happened. "How soon a place is filled; how quickly we are forgotten!" When his coffee came, Aurelius could not drink it. He rose. With shoulders bowed, with one long look around him, he shambled out into the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele.

"It will soon be dinner-time. I 'll rest awhile in the garden."

In the garden he found neither Thallie nor Frossie.

Frossie was at the cemetery. She had carried there, and laid gently on the grassy mound, the last bunch of white

roses from the Mercato Nuovo. As she stood with lowered head beside the grave, a laborer drew near. She addressed him:

"I 'm going away to America. Will you promise me always to keep this spot as it is now?"

"Eh, Signorina, with God's help, I will do so," the man assured her. When she had given him some money, he added, "There is a certain gentleman who would make me step lively, anyway."

"Who?"

"The Signor Barone di Campoformio."

Thereafter Frossie wondered if she had not thought too harshly of the baron.

Across the city, on the Lungarno, Thallie was walking homeward in the dusk. Near the last bridge she paused to gaze down at the river rustling between broad banks of pebbles. The current, on this August evening, seemed scarcely deep enough to drown in if one were tempted to the trial by apprehension and despair. But how long ago that period of anguish seemed! Was it really she who had suffered so much when Reginald ran away? To-night she could visualize his face without a pang. She could even wonder how she had ever loved him.

Bertha Linkow had been right: the Thallie on the point of leaving Florence was not she who had entered that glowing crucible fourteen months before.

Next morning they were all afoot betimes, snatching mouthfuls of coffee, locking trunks and bags, peeping into cupboards. The baggage went down the stairs; the rooms, their beds stripped, the chintz covers of the chairs askew, looked suddenly uninhabitable. Men came for the piano that Aurelius had given to Aggie when all believed she was going to be a famous singer.

The Goodchilds, leaning from the windows, kissed their hands to the garden.

In the hall, full of knickknacks, watercolors, and sprays of pampas-grass, were gathered the domestics who had served them. There was Federico, the saturnine, but kindly, waiter, and his wife Giannina, and Domenico the little door-porter, and the chef, who had once prepared a fine wedding-breakfast, in his white cap. They received their tips, voiced their thanks, and wished one and all godspeed. But Domenico, who knew that Mr. Goodchild was no longer rich, looked as if he would have been happier with a less generous fee.

As for Mme. von Schwandorf, drawing Aurelius into the boudoir-office redolent of bergamot, she whispered:

"Look here! This last week's board at least! Just for all the pleasure I have taken in your long, long visit, let us call that much my treat!"

"Impossible! But thank you all the same."

"The cab!"

They crowded the vestibule. Mme. von Schwandorf embraced the sisters like a mother. She thrust into their hands some silver souvenirs tied up in ribbons of red, white, and green.

"So that you will not forget to come back soon!" she cried, her old eyes winking rapidly beneath the yellow frizzes.

The cab bowled through streets where people were sauntering with a strange indifference. At the railroad station John Holland met them. This time their compartment in the train was marked "First Class."

The wheels were turning.

They felt that they had left something of themselves behind in Florence.

(To be concluded)

From the painting by Gilbert Stuart, owned by the Boston Athenæum

George Washington

The Amazing War of 1812

Our Nation in the Building

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

Part IV

JAMES MADISON, who succeeded Jefferson as President, was a warm personal friend of the latter, and had been for eight years his secretary of state. He was Jefferson's logical successor, too, according to the custom that had grown up of bestowing the office upon a man of great prominence and long service. His mind was of the same quality as Hamilton's, if less brilliant, and Jefferson used to declare that he was the one man in the Republican ranks who could answer that colossus of Federalism. Although now of Jefferson's party, he had begun his political life as a Federalist, and his admirers called him the Father of the Constitution

because he was the author of the resolution that brought about the Convention of 1787, with its train of momentous consequences. Despite his ability and this grandiloquent title, he was personally insignificant and uninspiring.

"What Presidents we might have had, sir!" a Washington barber lamented soon after Jefferson went out of office. "Just look at Daggett of Connecticut or Stockton of New Jersey! What queues they have got, sir! As big as your wrist, and powdered every day like real gentlemen, as they are. But this little Jim Madison, with a queue no bigger than a pipe-stem, sir! It is enough to make a man forswear his country."

Jefferson's face beamed as the two rode side by side on inauguration day from the White House to the Capitol, where Madison read his address in the newly finished Hall of Representatives. "I do believe father never loved son more than he loves Mr. Madison," wrote a spectator; "and I believe, too, that every demonstration of respect to Mr. Madison gave Mr. Jefferson more pleasure than if paid to himself."

Short and wrinkled, with a cast in his eye, and a voice scarcely audible in public speaking, the new President did not make a good impression as he began his inaugural address. He was pale and "trembled excessively," and the swaying motion of his body, and all the peculiarities of his poor delivery, including his air of having risen casually with no intention of making a speech and desiring above all things to escape, were as annoying as usual. But he gained poise as he proceeded, and Jefferson was convinced that his friend would develop equal assurance in dealing with the problems of his administration.

That night at Long's Hotel in Georgetown, where guests thronged to the first inaugural ball in the country's history, the ex-President was in evidence again, joyous and smiling, a contrast to the dismal little figure in black standing beside Mrs. Madison, regal in her yellow velvet, pearls, and turban. Some thought her the abler, as she was the better favored, of the two. "As to Jemmy Madison," wrote Washington Irving, who had come with a host of others to seek office—"ah, poor Jemmy! He is but a withered little apple-john."

To an intimate this withered little man could talk delightfully, but in the presence of a crowd he retreated into bored and almost repulsive silence. He had had the misfortune to be born with the sober characteristics of an old man. Even in college he had been painfully correct and industrious, doing double work, and shunning the slightest appearance of frivolity. His president made the damaging assertion that during his whole stay at Princeton Madison never did an indiscreet thing. It was fortunate that his lively wife was at hand to supplement his lack of magnetism.

Madison certainly did a very brilliant thing for his own career when he persuaded the young and attractive Widow Todd to marry him. Blessed with energy and social tact, and that genuine love of her kind without which social tact is Dead Sea fruit, she had emerged from her Quaker chrysalis, donned the brocades of fashion, and entered heart and soul into his ambitions. She dressed his shrunken little queue with her own hands, saw that his black clothes were tidy and smart, and in every possible way, from such wifely service to the more subtle and intimate infusion of her own spirit into his apparent timidity and indifference, strove to make others recognize the qualities of greatness that she saw in her short and wizen husband.

She brought eight years of experience to her new position, for she had often acted as hostess at the White House during Jefferson's term of office; and his democratic experiments in the rule of "pele mele" had pitted her more than once against angry diplomats and their womenkind. In such encounters her infectious good humor usually triumphed, just as it enabled her to keep her old friends, even those who dressed in gray, while making worldly new ones. A story is told of her entertaining a staid and worthy Quaker

at dinner after her transformation into a woman of fashion. "Here 's to thy broad beaver, Friend ——!" she said merrily, raising her glass. To which he replied, letting his glance just sweep her bare bosom, to rest quizzically upon the paradise feather in her turban, "And here 's to thy absent kerchief, Friend Dorothy!" But the strictest could not make serious objection to her frank and open pleasure in pretty things, and all were forced to admire the social generalship with which she helped on her husband's projects. She did not invade the realm of politics. That was her husband's business. Hers ended in the drawing-room.

James Madison

Madison's ability proved to be intellectual rather than executive. His long experience had been with public measures, not in directing men; and while Jefferson concluded the eight years of his Presidency with virtually the same cabinet he chose at the outset, Madison's counselors changed with the frequency of April weather, and, like April weather, not always for the better. One secretary of state, two secretaries of war, and one each of the navy and the treasury retired in haste, either voluntarily or by request, and there were other changes of a less painful character. As the years went on, the war department became the post of greatest difficulty; and after Monroe entered the cabinet as Madison's secretary of state, circumstances compelled him to act also as secretary of war at three or four separate periods.

Since the National Bank, which had been established by Hamilton for a period of twenty years, was to end by law in 1811, questions of finance would naturally have loomed large in this administration; but in retrospect Madison's term of office is occupied, to the virtual exclusion of other matters, with the preliminaries, the fighting, and the aftermath of the War of 1812. The greater part of his first term slipped away in seasons of alternate hope and gloom. War had seemed almost inevitable when Jefferson retired from office; then for a time the cloud seemed to be lifting. The Embargo had given way to the less stringent Non-Intercourse Act, which forbade American ships to trade with England or France, but permitted trade elsewhere. The British minister at Washington, over-sanguine, promised that if this act were not enforced, his country would stop its tactics of capture and search and allow our ships to go where they would, unmolested. Madison, believing he had authority to make this promise, agreed to the terms, and American vessels to the number of a thousand or more joyfully shook out their white sails and put to sea, only to find that the agreement was disavowed and that the English captured our vessels and impressed our seamen more vigorously than before.

Such acts had already exasperated the country to the limit of endurance. At this renewal of them the war party clamored louder than ever. Henry Clay, who was now leader of the Young Republicans in Congress, made speeches bristling with ag-

gression, to which Congress responded by voting to increase the regular army and authorizing the President to accept fifty thousand volunteers.

Clay also urged the building of ten new frigates, the policy of the last administration having in effect reduced the navy to a fleet of gunboats for coast defense, with a tendency to capsize in anything but a mirror-smooth sea. But the feeling that a navy was dangerous to a republic still persisted despite national satisfaction over the outcome of our war with Tripoli. Clay therefore dwelt artfully on the need for ships to protect the mouth of the Mississippi.

Monroe in the cabinet was as ardently in favor of war as Clay in Congress; but Madison held off. Perhaps he was constitutionally averse to the great step; perhaps he felt that the country was ill prepared, whatever the justice of her cause. His delay was not for lack of thought upon the subject, for three years before he became President he made a study of the British position as to neutral trade, and summed up its results in a pamphlet which he caused to be laid on the desk of every senator and member of Congress, a study that John Quincy Adams thought "not inferior to the works of any writer upon those subjects since the days of Grotius."

The Young Republicans lost patience and declared that he "could not be kicked into a war," and, as his first term was nearing its end, cast about for somebody to nominate in his stead. They approached Jefferson; but Jefferson had managed to keep up at least a fiction of peace while President, and showed no desire either to supplant his friend or to resume office at this critical moment. It has been asserted and denied that the war party finally forced Madison to action by this threat to nominate some one else. At any rate, war was declared; whereupon both sides fell to abusing him, the Young Republicans for having delayed so long, the Federals for daring to make war at all. They called it "Mr. Madison's war," and waxed sarcastic over the effrontery of one who "glimmered in harmless debate in times of peace" presuming to interfere in world politics.

Some of them voiced the opinion of Europe that he was only the tool of Napoleon, who was using the United States as he would use Bavaria or Saxony, and had ordered Madison to stab England in the back "while her hands were tied." This European idea, absurd as it seemed in America, is scarcely surprising in view of the neat chain of circumstantial evidence. Napoleon's plans had materially aided our purchase of Louisiana, and the money paid for Louisiana had all gone to finance campaigns against England. The nations gathering to deal the French emperor a crushing blow could scarcely fail to see in this inopportune declaration of war another proof of secret understanding, and to frown upon a measure that distracted England from their common purpose and cut off food-supplies that otherwise might go to feed their own armies.

The chances of the struggle, as seen from the far side of the Atlantic, appeared from the first more favorable to the United States than when viewed nearer home. The poor harvests, the wretched financial condition of England, even the bad weather from which she suffered, helped by aggravating local distress. And the first news of actual fighting to reach Europe was Captain Isaac Hull's dramatic capture of the British ship *Guerrière,* which more than counterbalanced his uncle William Hull's surrender of Detroit without a blow, word of which was received at almost the same moment. British sea prestige was very dear to Englishmen and very real to other nations. In conjunction with the disquieting events on the Continent,—Wellington's troubles in Spain and Napoleon's entry into Moscow,—the loss of the *Guerrière* assumed magnified importance, and Europe began to look upon this new war with growing respect.

But it would have been a very bold prophet who could have predicted its course and final outcome, since the War of 1812 was one of those freaks of history

wherein facts and figures and conclusions tumble over one another to bring about results at variance with expectation and common sense.

In the first place, the wrongs and injuries that led to it were not directed primarily against the United States. England and France were striking at each other's commerce. Ours, being in the way, suffered the fate of the innocent bystander. For a time it appeared uncertain which of these countries was to be our enemy; yet the two had been at swords'-points for years, and it would seem that the foe of one must necessarily become the friend of the other.

Henry Clay

After war was declared, it was found that New England, the part of our country that had suffered most from British depredations, was most bitterly opposed to it. In Rhode Island bells were tolled as for a funeral. In Massachusetts the governor proclaimed a fast. In Connecticut representatives of all the disaffected regions met in the Hartford Convention and proposed to break up the Union as a lesser evil.

The United States was virtually without a navy, yet by some miracle our ships accomplished incredible things on every ocean of the globe; while on land, where we had an entire population to oppose to an enemy that came by ship-loads a distance of three thousand miles, we seemed unable to fire an effective shot.

Fighting ended by common consent, not because of our success in battle. Our one brilliant land victory did not take place until the signatures upon the treaty of peace had been drying eleven days. That treaty failed even to mention the chief cause of the war, and the outcome of the whole topsyturvy struggle was to gain for us an amount of consideration quite out of keeping with the numbers involved or the intensity of the contest.

Of course such inconsistencies are only apparent. As Admiral de la Gravière remarked, "Fortune was not fickle, merely logical." Injuries had made the innocent bystander an active participant, and protests and retaliation having failed, the alternatives were war or complete withdrawal from the seas.

England and France had treated our commerce in the same way, but England was the stronger. It had passed into a saying that when France launched a warship she was only adding it to the British navy, and in the long run England captured nine hundred of our vessels as against five hundred and fifty seized by the French. England, moreover, added to injury of our trade the insult of habitually taking from our vessels such sailors as she chose to impress into her own navy.

Although we had a whole population to draw upon, it was poorly trained for fighting, if, indeed, it could be said to be trained at all. The regular army was a mere handful, and its higher officers were most of them incapacitated by age or infirmity. The militia lacked everything a militia should have except individual courage. Hence it is not strange that what little fighting took place on land did not redound greatly to our credit. The young and enthusiastic war party had declared that there was no need for a navy; this was to be a land war. But the fighting refused to stay on land; even the long Canadian border, by a Hibernicism worthy of the other eccentricities of the conflict, resolved itself into a land frontier composed mainly of water, lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, and Champlain, with the Detroit and Niagara rivers, being strate-

gically of more importance than the unbroken wooded solitudes of northern Maine or New Hampshire.

Our tiny navy, on the other hand, was well trained and waiting. Within an hour of receiving official notice of hostilities Commodore Rodgers put to sea with his five ships. Even the way in which victories seemed to roll out from this nucleus toward every quarter of the globe is not so mysterious, after all, for as in the case of the children of Israel at the Red Sea, the forces of nature took sides, and "a strong wind" helped the weaker party.

One glance at the map that shows ocean currents makes this clear. Our frontier was very long. Beginning in the Gulf of Mexico near the mouth of the Mississippi, skipping Florida, which still belonged to Spain, it began again at the southern limit of Georgia, extending from there to the Bay of Fundy, and then westward as far as population existed or hostilities might reach.

The British owned two points from which to attack us: Bermuda and the islands of the Greater and Lesser Antilles gave them a base from which to menace New Orleans and the Southern coast; while Halifax, their main base in the Western Hemisphere, furnished them the point from which to attack our Northern harbors, strike at the fisheries of New England, and provision Quebec, England's principal depot for the Canadian waterways. But all British war-vessels ordered to America, no matter whether their destination was Halifax or the South, were obliged to sail directly toward our shores.

John Quincy Adams

Our navy's tasks were three: to keep British ships and supplies from reaching Halifax or entering the St. Lawrence; to intercept those bound to the West Indies; and lastly, to harass British commerce wherever found. The declaration of war put an end to the small remnant of trade that had managed to survive the Embargo, but it released American merchant ships and their well-trained crews for other work, and they speedily entered the navy or took out letters as privateers and began to prey upon British trade. The English reached our shores in numbers large enough to threaten and burn as far inland as guns could carry, but they were never rich enough in secrets of inlet and harbor to prevent dozens of such vessels slipping out to sea, manned by a class of sailors that Great Britain had already paid the unwelcome compliment of gathering into her own navy to the number of six thousand or more.

So the "fir-built things with a bit of striped bunting at their masthead," as the English press derisively called our ships at the outset, grew under the stimulus of British guns into a very efficient navy that was heard and felt not only on our own Atlantic seaboard, but off the coasts of England, Ireland, and Portugal, the West Indies, the shores of British Guiana, at the easternmost point of Brazil, the Canary Islands, Chile, the Galapagos Islands, even in the Marquesas group in far-off Polynesia—a confusion of hemispheres and continents unaccountable until it is seen how all were bound together not only by patriotism, but by ocean currents and the winds of heaven.

As was the case in our war with the Barbary pirates, these encounters might have taken place in the Middle Ages. Steam had indeed been harnessed to move upon the waters, but it had not been adopted for the battles of life. The one steamer on Lake Champlain was speedily remodeled with schooner rigging because its machinery gave endless trouble. The *Fulton*, prototype of modern ironclads, with its ram and its few heavy guns, was launched only toward the end of the conflict, too late to influence the character of the fighting; and torpedoes, tried and

The *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*. War of 1812

found wanting during the Revolution, were frowned upon not only because they failed in their purpose, but because they were a new and "dishonorable" mode of warfare.

Sails were still the motive power, and seamanship was a matter of superlative skill nowhere shown to better advantage than in the three-days' chase that Captain Hull led five British commanders, using every artifice and expedient, venturing into perilously shallow water, kedging and towing when the wind failed him, and escaping at last in a heaven-sent squall of wind and rain. A month later he sought out one of the five and closed with him in the fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*. The battles were for the most part duels of the old sea-rover type, echoes of which reach us across the century in words fast becoming obsolete and actions already consigned to melodrama. The fighting was no child's play. The clash of cutlasses and grappling-irons, the falling of masts and entangling rigging, fierce courage, and a fiercer regard for the gallantry of war, as when the British Captain Dacre sent his ten Americans below so that they need not fight against their countrymen—all these things went into it. A heart-warming amount of courage went into it, and a heartrending amount of carnage, too. When the Americans from the *Wasp* boarded the *Frolic* after forty minutes of fighting in tremendous seas, they found only four men alive, one seaman still at the wheel, and three officers, all wounded. War was indeed hell then as now, but it was a more showy and picturesque hell than the cold-blooded, machine-made, mathematically calculated inferno of twentieth-century battle.

With the same long ancestry of sea-rovers behind them, British and Americans acquitted themselves, man for man, equally well. The difference lay in their training. As a rule the Yankee sailors had practised their calling in varied forms since childhood, and could turn from setting sails to firing guns, from ship's carpentry to hand-to-hand fighting, as occasion demanded. The British, trained to only one kind of sea duty, were less versatile. The greatest difference lay in marksmanship; and in this English gunners were scarcely to blame, since a conservative and economical Government limited the number of shot that could be "wasted" in mere practice, making it so small that it amounted to none at all; while the Americans, with reckless extravagance, were continually aiming and firing their

guns and practising at close range with small arms and single-stick. In the few cases where the preponderance of training and discipline was on the other side, as it was in the fight between our *Chesapeake* and the British *Shannon,* whose commander loyally disregarded hampering orders of Government, victory remained with the best gunners.

The Americans fought and captured, and fought again until in turn they were captured. Porter on the *Essex,* losing his consorts hundreds of miles from a friendly harbor, pushed on rather than turn back, doubled the Horn, broke up the British whaling industry in the Pacific, and lived for a year and a half upon the enemy, capturing all his supplies, even the money with which to pay his officers, before the hour came when the *Essex* had to strike her flag. In the first six months of such warfare America captured from England as many ships as the latter had lost to the whole world in the previous twenty years.

On the Canadian frontier the contest grew into one of ship-building as well as of ship-fighting. The problem there was to get complete control of the inland waterways, and this could be done either by capturing the enemy's vessels or by forcing them into port and keeping them blockaded. When one side launched a ship, the other tried to outclass her by a larger and better one. The falls of Niagara made it necessary to maintain separate fleets on Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, thus doubling the labor. On Lake Ontario, where this preliminary warfare of planes and saws was carried to the greatest length, Kingston and Sackett's Harbor were the respective headquarters of the British and the Americans. On Lake Erie the Americans were at Erie and the British at Detroit, which had been surrendered by General Hull at the beginning of the war.

All supplies except timber for such contests had to be brought from a great distance. For the British they came from England; for the Americans they were hauled by wagon from towns on the Atlantic coast by way of the Mohawk valley, over roads so bad that in effect the source of supply was farther removed than England itself. Crews also had to be provided on both sides, since trees never grew that could be fashioned into sailors. British tars could indeed be moved from place to place, but Americans could not be ordered to the lakes against their will, since at that time men enlisted in our navy only for duty on particular ships. Population on our side of the Canadian border was sparse, and the service was one of hardship and small pay. Americans who took part in the battles in which these ship-building contests ended were therefore a strangely mixed company, coming from a distance, often at great personal sacrifice. It is said that of the 430 men under Perry in the Battle of Lake Erie over one fourth were negroes, and many more belonged to state militia. On his side Barclay had Indian sharp-shooters and British regulars as well as the lake sailors and frontiersmen who made up a large proportion of both fleets.

That these fresh-water sailors fought with as much gallantry as their brothers on the high seas the story of the lake contests fully testifies. Perry, erect in his little cockle-shell of a boat, with his flag floating over him and shot plowing the water on all sides, is a picture that has stirred the blood of American school-boys for the last hundred years; and there were other lake battles as creditable and picturesque, if not so dear to school historians.

On salt water and fresh the sailors acquitted themselves well, and won the stakes for which they played; but rarely has there been greater discrepancy between prophecy and fulfilment than in the land operations of this War of 1812. The Young Republicans boasted that they would carry hostilities into Canada, capture it without an army, and dictate peace at Halifax. They counted upon the sympathy of Tories who had departed from among us during the Revolution and also on help from French-Canadians—vain hopes both. The French-Canadians showed that they felt themselves of an alien race, and loyal subjects of King

George had seen nothing to change their minds since the battle of Bunker Hill.

The American army proved as fruitful in disappointments as the navy was prodigal of glorious surprises. Here, also, fortune was merely logical. Musters and training-days had degenerated into seasons of carousal or at best into political rallies. Each independent American prided himself on knowing how to shoot and was confident that he had courage to defend his home; but he strongly objected to having any other man, particularly a neighbor whom he knew in the damaging light of horse-trades and prayer-meetings, order him to do either. The militia, therefore, while made up of the best fighting units in the world, was yet woefully deficient.

William Henry Harrison

The small regular army was a mere skeleton, with many necessary parts missing. These were supplied by Congress with all possible speed. One of President Madison's letters mentions "a very large batch of nominations for the army, of twenty-five thousand, which must be followed by others." As invariably happens when so many are called, few are divinely chosen to lead in battle. As Jefferson once said, "The Creator has not thought proper to mark those on the forehead who are of stuff to make good generals." Instead of gaining victories, most of them lost reputations. The few older officers who had served in the Revolution fared rather worse than the untried men. General Hull opened the ball by surrendering Detroit and the whole of Michigan Territory without firing a shot, was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot for cowardice, but pardoned because of his fine record in the earlier war. A second attempt at invading Canada a few months later, while not so disastrous, was equally barren of victory. General Wilkinson, squandering in ill-considered and fruitless movements the little honor he managed to bring out of his entanglement with Burr, was also court-martialed, and though acquitted, was never again trusted with a command. Things were going very badly. Madison proposed to make Clay a general, since his ringing speeches for "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights" had power to rouse patriotism and inspire hope.

"But what shall we do without Clay in Congress?" was asked in remonstrance, and the question was justified. Clay was needed in Congress and had a wider field of usefulness outside the army than within it. In time the war developed officers of true metal, like Jacob Brown, who was a born general although a Quaker farmer; young Winfield Scott, equally predestined to military glory; and William Henry Harrison and Andrew Jackson, whose exploits in this war carried them far on their road to the White House. But temporarily the outlook was not cheerful.

Stonington, Connecticut, and Lewiston on Delaware Bay were bombarded. Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was burned. Cape Cod saved its salt-works only by paying a ransom. In the Northwest the situation was seriously complicated by Indian troubles, Tecumseh, the powerful Shawnee chief, having made an alliance with the British in the hope of ending once for all American encroachments upon Indian lands. It was against these party-colored allies that Harrison won his victory and his military reputation at the battle of the Thames. In the South also, in that wild region into which Burr had fled after his arrest, there were Indian uprisings. The Creeks lived wedged in between growing American settlements and the semi-hostile Spanish frontier, while to the south of the border were the troublesome Seminoles. These likewise seized the opportunity to regain, if possible, lost ground. Andrew Jackson and his Tennessee militia were sent to cope with them. Jackson had almost as much difficulty with his troops as with the savages, but, show-

ing himself as fiercely impetuous in dealing with mutiny and famine as in striking the foe, gained a notable victory at Horseshoe Bend, and established once for all his character as a general to be obeyed.

After all, only the very edge of the country suffered from the English. We were holding our own, though apparently doing nothing more. In truth, however, experience and careful drill were improving the army. The best men at this imperative, if monotonous, duty was the handsome General Scott, the most showy product of the war. A lawyer by profession, not one of his rather spectacular early experiences was more spectacular than the way he turned soldier, as heroines of ghost-stories turn gray, in a single night. It happened, according to his own account, at Richmond, whither the budding lawyer had gone to attend the Burr trial, looking on it as a fine professional study, and by no means oblivious to the dramatic interest of the crowded court-room. The proclamation issued by President Jefferson after the *Leopard's* bold attack upon the *Chesapeake* reached Richmond late one night and threw the town into a state of excitement. It forbade British war-ships entering American rivers or harbors for water or provisions, and called for volunteers. Scott belonged to no military organization, but the next morning found him in the ranks of the Petersburg troop of cavalry, fully equipped, "having traveled twenty-five miles in the night, obtained the uniform of a tall, absent trooper, and bought the extra fine charger" upon which he rode. The uncertain course of the Government made him hesitate for some years between law and arms, but there was never any doubt of his real vocation, and the War of 1812 gave him experiences in active service ranging all the way from that of prisoner to successful general, not omitting an excursion into regimental medicine. In this he dealt with a threatened outbreak of cholera, supplanting the efforts of a scared and drunken surgeon by his own heroic, if irregular, methods and literally forced his men to keep well "by command." But the greatest service he rendered was through persistence in drill and discipline. The Government trusted such matters entirely to Providence, furnishing no textbook or manual to its officers. Scott improvised one from a French work on infantry tactics, formed his officers of all grades into squads, and drilled them mercilessly ten hours a day, weather permitting, and gave attention at the same time to sanitation and other details of camp life, of which his soldiers were as innocent as babes. The value of his work was appreciated, and his became the recognized system of the Government, remaining in use until the Civil War, when new inventions in guns and ammunition made changes necessary.

Matters dragged along with no decisive result until the summer of 1814, when a lull in the fighting on the continent of Europe enabled England to send to this country a larger force than she had hitherto been able to spare. In August the British Admiral Cockburn arrived off the coast of Virginia with twenty-one vessels, bringing with him General Ross and three or four thousand veterans of the Napoleonic wars. Unable to prevent a landing of this force, Commodore Barney of the American squadron disembarked, to make what feeble resistance he could, with the aid of militia, at Bladensburg, a few miles from Washington. He was taken prisoner, and the invading force marched on toward the capital. Such of its inhabitants as could get away fled, taking their most precious and portable valuables with them. The archives of the state department were hastily bundled into linen bags and carted off to Leesburg, thirty-five miles distant; and President Madison and his cabinet disappeared into the Virginia woods. The spectacle was not inspiring, yet it would have done the country no good had these high officials waited patiently at their desks to be taken into custody.

Of the subsequent burning of Washington, the less said the better for American pride or British glory. Ross of Bladensburg, to use the title conferred on the

British commander by the regent, lost his life at Baltimore within the week. The invaders themselves were never very proud of the exploit, which was vehemently denounced in the House of Commons. A story easy to believe is told to the effect that English officers sailing up the Potomac on this ungrateful errand uncovered as they passed the burial-place of Washington, and remained with bared heads until Mount Vernon faded from sight. But respect for his ashes did not prevent their reducing to ashes a large part of the city that bore his name.

Andrew Jackson

Mrs. Madison, cheerfully assuring her husband that she had "the necessary firmness and courage to remain in the President's house" when he rode away to find what was left of the army, makes quite the most heroic figure in the picture silhouetted against the burning Capitol and the bursting shells of the navy-yard. "My friends and acquaintances are all gone—even Colonel C. with his hundred who were stationed as a guard to this enclosure," she wrote her sister. "French John [a faithful servant] with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate and lay a train of powder which will blow up the British should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken."

She waited until the enemy was virtually at the gate, delaying even then until Stuart's large portrait of Washington could be wrenched from its frame and added to her carriage-load of government property. "Our private property," she wrote, "must be sacrificed." Then she, too, drove away, and French John, forbidden to carry out his bloodthirsty desires, carefully locked the White House door, deposited the key with the Russian minister, left his mistress's pet macaw at the house of a friend, and retired to Philadelphia to await the outcome.

A storm that broke in tropic fury the day after the British entered Washington, unroofing houses that their torch had spared and burying some of the invading soldiers in its ruins, did more to hasten their departure than they would care to admit. Warned that the enemy had discovered his whereabouts, Madison spent the last hours of this storm in a miserable hut in the woods, where his wife joined him; and after all manner of danger was over the bedraggled administration returned to take up its labors in such quarters as were still habitable.

At the end of a campaign of a week or more in the neighborhood of Baltimore, productive on the American side of Francis Scott Key's patriotic song "The Star-Spangled Banner," and on the British side of little that endured save the death of Ross, the English departed to join Sir Edward Packenham, relative and able lieutenant of Wellington, who had been sent to take New Orleans.

The military situation at the mouth of the Mississippi was not reassuring, and the administration could do little to better it; but it did the one thing needful when it put in command that same angular Andrew Jackson who had already made several brief, but effective, appearances in American history. He arrived on the second of December, and instantly set every local resource to work, dominating factions, and coercing all to united action in throwing up earthworks, mounting guns, and searching out every available ounce of ammunition.

The campaign lasted from the eighth of December, when the foremost of the British vessels anchored off the Chandeleur Islands, to the eighth of January, when the decisive battle of New Orleans was fought, eleven days after the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent.

Peace negotiations had indeed been going on almost as long as the war itself.

The Czar of Russia offered his services as mediator, through John Quincy Adams, our minister to Russia, in September, 1812, virtually as soon as he heard of it. The delays of winter mails brought his friendly offer to Washington in March, 1813. It was instantly accepted, and James A. Bayard and Albert Gallatin were sent to help Adams in the negotiations. They reached St. Petersburg late in July, and there learned that England had declined the czar's offer. Hoping that the refusal was not final, they waited. In November England proposed to reopen negotiations, this time directly with the United States. British diplomatic dignity and the slow course of communication again delayed matters, so that it was early August, 1814, before the English and American commissioners began their joint sessions in Ghent. Two more Americans, Henry Clay, leader of the war party in Congress, and Jonathan Russell, minister to Sweden, had been sent to join Adams, Bayard, and Gallatin.

The mutual relations of these five men were not free from friction. Adams and Clay were especially uncongenial. Adams, son of the former President, middle-aged, learned, and precise, "one of the kind of men that keep diaries," was dominated by Puritan austerity. Clay, ten years his junior, hot-tempered, and brilliant, though only superficially educated, according to Adams's standard, was emphatically no Puritan, and outraged Adams's sense of fitness a dozen times a day. Russell, a man of only ordinary attainments, was under the influence of Clay. Bayard showed a disposition to stick to his own opinion when it differed from that of the rest. To the genial and patient Albert Gallatin fell the difficult lot of peacemaker not only in acrid private disputes among themselves, but at the tedious formal dinners through which etiquette compelled the Americans to sit with their British antagonists and jest over the impossibility of ever agreeing. Thus weeks and months dragged on as they fought their way point by point to final settlement.

The treaty as signed on the twenty-eighth of December was variously regarded. Clay thought it "a damned bad treaty," and did not hesitate to say so. In certain high quarters in England, on the other hand, it was looked upon as a great opportunity thrown away. "An able minister would have continued the war," Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Napier declared, "until the Northern States withdrew from the Union, making a separate treaty with England; after which England could have raised the negroes of the South, marched to Washington at the head of an immense force of armed and disciplined black regiments, and dictated peace, making Delaware an independent black State in alliance with England." So much depends upon the point of view!

The treaty was certainly a great gain over Great Britain's original demand that the United States set apart all the territory now occupied by Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin, with large portions of Ohio and Indiana, to be a buffer between Canada and the Union, and for perpetual use of the Indians; that the United States, moreover, give Canada a piece of Maine through which to make a road from Halifax to Quebec; that it renounce the right to keep armed vessels on the Great Lakes, and assure to British subjects the right to free navigation of the Mississippi.

As finally agreed upon, it left the question of territory exactly where it had been at the beginning of the war, and it failed to mention impressment or the rights of neutrals, for which the United States had taken up arms. But it carried our point in fact if not in words. A speaker in the House of Lords declared that the Americans had "shown a most astonishing superiority over the British during the whole of the conference," and in Canada it was predicted that such a disgraceful peace could not last. "Torrents of blood must flow" on both sides, the Montreal "Herald" declared, before a real peace could be obtained.

Despite the chagrin of those Americans who had talked so grandly about invading

Canada and dictating terms at Halifax, the treaty was welcomed at home with suitable and, for the most part, hearty rejoicings. One sarcastic newspaper asserted that more citizens of Massachusetts were hurt in celebrating peace than had been wounded in the whole course of the war. The manner in which news of the treaty became public shows the speed—or lack of it—with which important tidings traveled one hundred years ago.

Winfield Scott

The British sloop of war *Favorite* brought Mr. Henry Carroll, one of the American secretaries at Ghent, to New York with copies of the treaty on Saturday, February 11, forty-four days after the signatures were affixed. He departed next day for Washington, which he reached shortly after dark on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 14. Meantime New York had been flooded with hand-bills and illuminated with candles, and the stock-market had responded to the joy sounding through the streets. Merchants, anxious to get advance word to their correspondents in the South, sent off an express ahead of Mr. Carroll, and on Monday morning, more than twenty-four hours before he and the treaty reached Washington, a Connecticut congressman asked the city postmaster to oblige him by delaying the departure of Southern mails for half an hour or so, an easy-going practice not uncommon, and always granted when asked for by a man of sufficient prominence. The postmaster, inconveniently inquisitive, insisted on knowing why. He was sworn to secrecy and told. Then he refused to shoulder the responsibility, and the matter was carried to the postmaster-general. That official declined to act without authority of the President. Mr. Madison declared that he would make the news public at once; but all felt hampered by the pledge of secrecy that had been given.

So Mr. Cole, the President's private secretary, was sent to the war office with orders to repeat the news as a rumor, vouching for nothing, but leaving each person to draw his own conclusions. An army officer, hearing Mr. Cole, volunteered to mount at once and spread the story broadcast as far as his horse could carry him. Meanwhile the congressman, balked of his mails, sent off a private messenger, and these two, army officer and messenger, galloped in an exciting fifty-mile race to Fredericksburg, from which point an obliging innkeeper forwarded the officer's message. But it was all energy thrown away, for the British squadron off Amelia Island had notified Savannah on the very day that Mr. Carroll landed, and the South had the news even before he left New York.

By noon of Monday the rumor, released by the President's order, was flying about Washington. Men flocked into the streets asking if it was true. At dusk the editor of the "National Intelligencer," the one paper published in the city, waited upon the President to ask the same question. He found Mr. Madison sitting alone in the twilight, apparently unconcerned. He showed an affable interest in the rumor and hoped it would prove true, but professed to know as little as his questioner and had no advice to give except to suspend judgment and await events.

Confirmation thundered down Pennsylvania Avenue the next evening in the coach and four that carried Mr. Carroll toward the office of the secretary of state. Again the streets filled with people cheering and gesticulating as the carriage clattered over the wooden bridge that spanned the Tiber.

That night the doors of the Tayloe house, temporary home of the President since the British burned the Executive Mansion, stood wide open, and all Wash-

ington, resident and official, crowded around Mrs. Madison, who did the honors while her husband and the cabinet, in another room, sat in judgment on the treaty. All were in gala attire, ladies in their choicest finery, judges in their robes, major-generals and aides and foreign ministers in their uniforms. Quarrels were forgotten and political animosities buried in hearty and general rejoicing.

In his character of newspaper editor, Mr. Gales was summoned from this happy assembly to the room where the President conferred with his cabinet.

Subdued joy sat upon the faces of every one of them. The President, after kindly stating the result of their deliberations, addressed himself to the secretary of the treasury in a sportive tone, saying to him:

"Come, Mr. Dallas, you with your knowledge of the contents of the treaty derived from the careful perusal of it, and who can write with so much ease, take the pen and indite for this gentleman a paragraph for the paper of to-morrow to announce the reception and probable acceptance of the treaty."

This Mr. Dallas did in terms as stilted as those in which the command was given, for in such dignified and leisurely fashion was American journalism conducted in the year of grace 1815.

(To be continued)

After a Quarrel

By ALICE DUER MILLER

WE have quarreled; ugly things have been said,
Bitter things, in a tone controlled, well bred,
Temperate; we weighed our words, lest the lust
Of cruelty lose the edge of being just.
We have quarreled over a trifle, one of those trifles
That strike their roots to the very heart of each,
To the cold and earthy places where even love stifles,
And kindness and friendly habit cannot reach;
Those unexplored vaults of the spirit, black, unknown,
Where each is a king, but a king ashamed, alone,
Afraid of the world, afraid of friend and foe.
Oh, human creatures must quarrel, my dear, I know;
But if we must, let 's quarrel for something great,
For something final and dangerous—mastery, hate,
Freedom, or jealousy, virtue, death, or life:
For then two loves leap up on the wings of strife
Into the sun and air of their own souls' sight,
Locked together, joined, putting forth all their might
That love may survive or fail, or perish or win,
But perish not for a trifle. That is sin.

The Greek King and the Present Crisis

By STANTON LEEDS

THE Balkans, where Constantine I, king of the Greeks, has taken position as the latest significant figure in the near-Eastern political procession, may properly be likened to a bottle. Their dark interior processes remain mysterious. This, too, is true: in the peninsula blood ferments as wine does. Events there have been as frequent as unexpected, but during the last year, to pursue the simile further, from that narrow neck only two figures, like genii, have loomed up with any tangible proportions, those of Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria and that imposing Cretan, Eleutherios Venizelos, lately Prime Minister of Greece. As a personage that it is possible to appraise definitely the Greek king is just emerging.

It is the purpose of this article not only to establish Constantine's relation, but his exact relation, to the present crisis, and to do so in a manner uncolored by sympathy for one side or the other in the European unpleasantness. Nor will this writing attempt either to justify or excuse the king of the Greeks; it merely seeks, with some claim to honest precision, to mirror Constantine's point of view. Anything more is for the reader's own judgment to supply.

To do even this it is first necessary to clear away the rubbish of opinion sedulously spread broadcast by certain portions of the American press. Let it be said at once, then, that the king is not pro-Teuton. He is primarily for himself and his people, the Greeks, and his attitude, based upon a common sense both manly and patriotic, has been bulwarked by events.

The belief that Constantine has German leanings has been premised on two facts: his wife, Sophia, is the German emperor's sister; at his brother-in-law's war college in Berlin the future conqueror of Janina received his later military training. The value of this training he acknowledged handsomely when, in September, 1913, he was invested by the kaiser's hand with the dignity and baton of a field-marshal in the Prussian army, and declared in a speech of thanks that Greek victories could be ascribed first to the courage of the troops and then to the training "given me and my officers here at the staff college in Berlin." Later that month, at President Poincaré's luncheon in Paris, King Constantine lessened French indignation slightly by his tribute to the utility of the reorganization his army underwent by virtue of the visit paid to Athens in 1910 by General Eydoux and other French officers, a tribute which in no way lessened the forceful completeness of the king's previous statement.

Constantine's admiration for the German war-machine is admitted. He knows that machine, recognizes its efficacy, and feels that what the French gain by élan they lose by inferior organization; but to extend this admitted admiration into a declaration that the king is fully German in sympathy as far as the present struggle is concerned is misleading and, if you will, unjust.

"But," your traditional Missourian remarks, "the queen?" Precisely, the queen. Your diplomat, who has lived in Athens through troublous days, receives the query with that patient and deprecatory smile that disposes of all things uninformed. To those who know Constantine and his consort the question has its risible aspect, for of late years the king and queen's existence together has been little lightened by any term of affectionate agreement.

They have quarreled continually. For Sophia to recommend anything would be for Constantine to oppose it; a queen pro-Teuton would mean a king inclined toward the Allies.

This state of affairs gave rise naturally, perhaps, to the rumor that Constantine's illness last spring—a diplomatic illness is a good explanation of it—was the result of a disagreement between him and the queen. The first whisper bruited abroad—a whisper that accused Sophia of entering her husband's study, of provoking an altercation that ended in her seizing a paper-knife and stabbing the king—grew to such proportions that finally the Greek embassies gave it a public denial.

It was always ridiculous, this story, to those in a position to form an accurate mental contrast, to balance the king's physique—he may be described as almost burly—against the diminutive queen, pale from continual weeping; for during the troubles in Greece, when every circumstance threatened, Sophia rarely went to bed without first crying her eyes out. Only ignorant guesswork can picture her as really able to wound the king. For one thing, he usually wears a uniform, and uniforms are padded; and, too, their relations for a year or two have been so ordered as to preclude the possibility of her meeting him in other than formal dress.

Did Venizelos procure an attack on the king? This, too, seems a titbit of scandal certain portions of the American press have gulped down without the least regard to providing their readers with proper information. To those who without prejudice have returned the gaze of what an American diplomat recently described to the writer as "the mildest blue eyes ever a man looked into" this appears incredible. "Venizelos is incapable of meditating a personal plot," said this same gentleman. Placid, soft-spoken, the Cretan's manner is almost deprecatory, and it is on these very qualities that King Constantine depends completely in the present crisis. In overriding the constitution, the king is counting on the forbearance of Venizelos.

If he were a vengeful man, Venizelos would have crushed his enemies long ago. He has had the power, never the will, to do so. Of simple habits and the most meager income, Venizelos has lived quietly in the five years that have marked his premiership, by way of hospitality never so much as dispensing a cup of coffee or even a cigarette; he does not smoke. Always regarded askance by the royal family,—for several years the queen's method of reference to him was as "one of the little lawyers" Athens abounds in,—he has nevertheless established that family securely on Greece's throne, and has made Constantine a king in more than name only.

To understand the present situation in Greece it is necessary to remember continually that while Venizelos's point of view is civilian, the point of view of the statesman, the king is always a soldier. This broad generality in description extends to the king's appearance. Born of what is reputed to be the cleanest-lived, best-looking, best-educated, and best-behaved royalty in Europe, he has been made sturdy by military training. Huge, bulky, muscular, over six feet tall, and tending to baldness, as his father did and his brothers do, Constantine is peculiarly impulsive and generous. Patriotic, almost brusk in manner, he rarely takes the mild view of anything; but to arrive at the truth of him, we must tunnel deeper yet, and recognize the king as a wire through which the current of Greek opinion has passed.

What, then, has been the reshaping process, what the result which has given the Constantine who is now the puzzle of Europe?

His first taste of a disagreeable phase of the existence of modern royalty came at the close of the Turkish War of 1897. The crown prince, as he was then, a young man in his thirtieth year, executed a "strategic retirement" from Larissa that did anything but edify the Greeks. They name names, the Greeks do. The curtain fell on the Turko-Hellenic disagreement, leaving these descendants of Homeric

forebears with a crown prince whom they regarded as a coward. On the very threshold of potential importance Constantine found himself loaded with this handicap.

He did not check, on the contrary, he hastened his subjects' diminishing good opinion of him by his court and military policy. A prince rarely hears the truth. In the presence of royalty men put their best foot forward. Consequently, kings and heirs to thrones are flattered, deceived, cajoled to a point where they may well pray for magic glasses wherewith to recognize the truth. Constantine fell heir to an old disease.

He promoted favorites, and this policy, coupled with the native politicians' pursuit of their own venal self-interest, in 1909 brought on the smash of civil government. On August 23 of that year the Military League, an organization of patriotic, but arbitrary, officers, seized a hill outside Athens, trained guns on the capital, and demanded certain reforms, among them the removal of the princes from all authority in the army. Facing these conditions, Rhallis, then premier, resigned his place, and Mavromichalis headed a government which undertook to carry out the league's commands.

Crown Prince Constantine, the very iron of defeat nailed to his soul, asked to be retired as commander-in-chief. In the end he was granted a leave of absence, and went to Berlin to study. The other princes—they are so only by courtesy, for there are no titles in Greece save that of the king and his heir—were eliminated, and the following March the Military League, having summoned Venizelos to Greece, disbanded. The threat to the monarchy remained in abeyance, and in December we find the tall, angular Cretan announcing from the balcony of his hotel to an expectant crowd his hope that thereafter the crown would take a more active and determined part in affairs; in other words, his hope that in future the king would constitute himself the public's defender against the designs of irresponsible politicians.

Nor is that all. When Venizelos came to discuss the character of the Assembly that was about to meet, three times the crowd cried out "Constituent," and three times he answered "Revisionary," standing as firmly against the mob's encroachment as he would stand, and has, against any attempt by royalty to overstep the line. To such a deliverer there was presently returned a chastened crown prince, who in Berlin had learned military science till he could recite its maxims backward. Much of the understanding Constantine was able to come to with the new premier he owes, Greeks say, to the kindly offices of the American minister of that time, George H. Moses, in his sphere one of the most completely capable chiefs of mission known to our modern American diplomatic service.

Venizelos's belief—it is his chief point of agreement with the royal family—that the Greeks are not yet prepared for complete democracy was probably the main force that worked to permit the return of the crown prince. This belief renders ridiculous the largely discredited Rhallis's charge that Venizelos is aiming at a republic. If more proof is needed, witness the Cretan's acquiescence in the circumstances at present controlling Greek policy.

At that time, however, Venizelos was not Greece, and popular opinion, sullen, exacting, explosively pugnacious, still edged away from any tendency to accord a completely renewed confidence to Constantine. Not till General Sapounjakis dealt Venizelos a royal flush by his costly attacks on the hill of Bizani outside Janina in the First Balkan War did the premier's chance come to reëstablish the throne in popularity. As his high card the Cretan played the crown prince.

Taking command of the Greek army about Janina, Constantine immediately moved his main attack from Bizani toward the west, where the forts were less formidable. Making few mistakes, treasuring every effective's life, the new commander pushed his forces carefully forward and upward. Finally Fort St. Nicholas fell before a spirited attack, and Con-

stantine spent the night having his big guns hauled to the eminence it occupied, in the morning opening fire on Bizani. Surprised and demoralized, the Ottoman forces withdrew into the city; on March 6, Essad Pasha surrendered with 33,000 Turks, and Athens went mad over victory —and the victor. Twelve days later the king was assassinated at Saloniki, and the crown prince succeeded as Constantine I.

As a soldier the new king was considered a precisian, a well-trained strategist, a commander lacking only in the supreme gift for leadership—the ability to sense and inspire the state of mind of his troops. To that last magic the docile Greek common soldier soon was to vote him heir.

There had already been conflicts at Nigrita, near Saloniki, between Greek and Bulgar. They began the day of Janina's fall. Many minor difficulties finally culminated in the action precipitated by the Bulgarian staff's orders of June 28. As the result of the Third Bulgarian Division's attack on both Greeks and Serbs, the Second Balkan War began the night of June 30.

Constantine took command, cleared the Bulgars out of Saloniki, advanced from Doiran to Kukush, and by July 3 found himself facing 115,000 Bulgars with 80,000 Greeks. There began then one of the swiftest and most merciless campaigns in the history of war. It was over in a month.

Everywhere massacre, pillage, arson, and rape characterized the Bulgar withdrawal. British observers found wounded Greek officers on the field with tongues slashed out and eyes gouged from their sockets. On July 13, Constantine protested to the powers. "Declare before the civilized world," he wrote to Venizelos, "that I shall be compelled to take vengeance in order to inspire terror in these monsters." During that terrible month a race antipathy, already as passionate as any of ancient days, acquired a new fury in Greek hearts.

At Kilkis, meanwhile, so rapid became the Greek advance that the Bulgars could hardly alter their artillery range quickly enough to deplete it with raining lead. Finding the bridges over the Struma blown up, the Greeks halted, but only temporarily. Rolled through the twenty-mile Kresna Pass, the Bulgar rear-guard finally held. Over mountains seven thousand feet high the Greek infantry and artillery struggled, to descend on the Bulgars at Semitki, and, when ammunition gave out, to fight them with stones. Behind the line the Greek king made strategical rearrangements that won this last battle and the war.

During the month the Greeks had marched two hundred miles, taken 12,000 prisoners and 200 guns, and lost 27,000 in killed and wounded, a loss that brought their total casualties for both wars to 68,000 men. Greece gained 2,000,000 inhabitants and 56,000 square kilometers of territory by the peace of Bukharest, and was able to regard with complacence Bulgaria's casualty-list, numbering 156,000 men, and Bulgaria's gain of only 500,000 inhabitants.

In Athens that August the Greeks gave their king a medal inscribed "To The Bulgar-Killer." Recently, in Washington, a Greek waiter, serving two diplomats at luncheon, answered a question regarding the existing situation.

"Our king is a great soldier," the man said. "Unless we can win, he will not let us fight."

Right there you have King Constantine himself. There you have before you a man whose character, under the pressure of an unpopularity occasioned by early military inefficiency, was resolved into elementals as open to impression as a child's; a man whose character was reshaped by victory and the hard work that led to it; a man congealed in the mold of the people's favor; a soldier who believes that his future, his fortune, his throne is dependent on popular delight in his generalship; lastly, a prince whose outlook is focused by his subjects' faith, which rests implicitly in the conviction that between the Greek and the dreaded Bulgar stands a puissant protector, an invincible warrior, the king.

His whole experience teaches Constantine that to risk his military reputation would be to endanger his popularity and to court disaster and the loss of his throne; but this is merely the negative side of the picture.

It has frequently been asked why Constantine no longer seems to fear the Bulgar. It is precisely because he does fear the Bulgar that he has acted as he has. It is no longer Servia *and* Greece against the Bulgar, but Greece alone against that ancient enemy, and the king believes that the decisive struggle with Czar Ferdinand's people is yet to come. Then let the Bulgars waste themselves in the present struggle, while the Greeks conserve their powers; for with Ferdinand trapped into spending his troops against Servia and the Allies, so much the larger looms the chance of Greek success when the inevitable collision of Greek with Bulgar shall at last come. This is the positive side of the picture.

The king's first disagreement with Venizelos rested upon his own and his staff's opinion that not 15,000 or even 40,000 Greek soldiers would be effective at Gallipoli. The Greek staff told the Allies how best to take Constantinople. It should also be remembered that old Greek policy always aimed at an understanding with Turkey till the Ottoman Empire should be ripe to fall into Greek hands as part of a new Byzantine Empire. This policy Venizelos reversed. So, too, the relentless tramp of events has left behind the Gallipoli incident, a milestone marking what might have been.

The circumstances surrounding Venizelos's second resignation, in last October, are of more immediate interest. What the ex-premier has looked east to gain, through taking sides in the war, is not all to which Greece aspires. Epirus remains; there Italy blocks the way.

To discuss the arrangement with Italy, whereby that power has so far neither declared nor made war on Germany, would be pointless here; of interest is the unquestioned fact that Prince von Bülow, German ambassador at the court of Victor Emmanuel, returned to Berlin from Rome last May bearing a summary of the sea powers' agreement with the Italian Government as to the division of the spoils of war.

In late August a gentleman, described variously as a grand duke high in the councils of the Government or merely as a special envoy, but certainly a messenger from the German emperor himself, arrived in Athens. This man saw Constantine and made the privileged communication that only one sovereign makes to another, a communication the king would be in honor bound not to divulge. It has been urged that this gentleman saw not the king, but the queen, and that she told her consort of the communication. That seems beside the point. Unquestionably the full scope of the Italian agreement with the sea powers was declared to the king of the Greeks, with special emphasis on such particulars of it as menaced Greek aspirations. Whether Venizelos has now guessed the nature and content of the privileged communication made to his king in August is a matter for conjecture. Certainly, he has acquiesced in events, seen in the landing in Albania of an Italian expeditionary force not a menace to the German drive to the Bosporus, but a warning to Greece to keep off.

His training has taught Constantine that the German army is the greatest the world has ever seen. When the sea powers asked him to fling his loved Greek soldiers against this invincible machine, when he reflected that the reward Greece had a right to expect for such service had already been promised to Italy, when he looked past the Bulgarian border into the heart of Rumania and saw that eager race mark time and hesitate, when he reflected on the inadequate force the Allies were sending to Serb assistance,—the privileged communication also set forth the Teutonic near-Eastern military dispositions at that time being planned,—is it any wonder that all his impulsiveness exploded in "No!" There is a sibilant quality to Constantine's speech that has led those who converse with him in English to say that

he lisps; certainly his great minister detected no lisp in his utterance that October afternoon.

If he, the king, has had to promise the kaiser to return Kavala to Bulgaria, what of it? Kavala is a port it will cost millions to develop to a point on a par with Saloniki; but while the Bulgars sink gold in the former, how will the Greeks not improve and strengthen the last-named port, already a city of 150,000 inhabitants, 75,000 of whom are sharp trading Jews? Meanwhile let the Allies defend it against Bulgar-Teutonic attack.

If the Allies succeed in doing this, if, in future, they land there a force sufficient for real aggressive action—action informed with the possibility of success—then Constantine may be able to imagine a real use for the Greek army. That time has not yet come. It may come next year, unless by then Germany has opened a through route to Asia, Egypt, and India, and so nullified English control of the seas.

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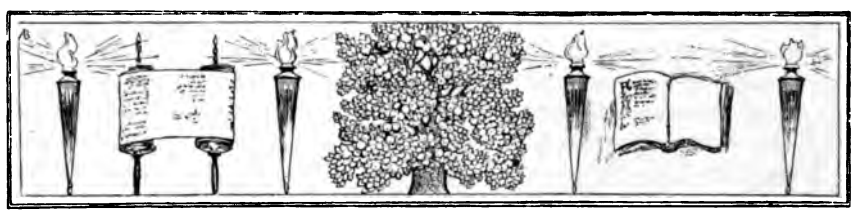

The Threatened Bankruptcy of Europe

By F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE

IF wisdom does not come to the councils of Europe, we are going straight to European bankruptcy in a comparatively short time.—The Earl of Loreburn, formerly Lord Chancellor, in the British House of Lords.

WHEN the war began, certain people prophesied that it could not last more than a few weeks. "The financial structure of Europe will topple over in less than a month," they said, "and the march of armies will be brought to a standstill."

Nothing of the sort happened. At the very outbreak of war, it is true, some financial crises occurred, but the governments surmounted them by prompt action, and as months have gone by they have met every new financial embarrassment with various successful expedients. Thus fortified by the failure of the prophecy of a short war, some military critics are confidently predicting a war lasting for several years. The question therefore arises, "Is there any limit to the length of the war fixed by economic and financial considerations, and if there is one, and the war goes on till this limit is nearly reached, what will be the state of Europe afterward?"

The first year of the war cost the governments of Europe about seventeen billion dollars.[1] It is costing them now at the rate of about thirty billion dollars a year, and when it is all over it will cost them about four or five billions more to demobilize. These figures include only government expenditure, and do not take into account the indirect losses suffered by citizens of the warring countries, the dislocation of private industry, or the losses suffered by overrun countries such as Bel-

[1] Billion is used throughout in the sense of a thousand million.

gium and Poland. How long can Europe bear this drain on its resources without becoming bankrupt?

At the outset there is a certain confusion in people's minds which needs to be cleared up. War costs money, they are told, to the extent of billions of dollars a year, yet at the end of a year of war the amount of money in Europe has certainly not been reduced by these billions; on the contrary, there is as much gold and silver and paper money in the banks and in circulation as there was at the beginning. What has happened? Has the money merely changed hands, and is the cost of the war really only the transference of money from one person to another? Not at all. The war has really cost—has actually destroyed—*things* to the value of all these billions of dollars; but the things destroyed are not gold and silver coins, but horses and motor-cars, cannon and rifles, shells and powder, clothes and food and numberless other products of men's labor.

There are three ways in which war might be brought to an end by financial or economic considerations. In the first place, the whole system of exchange—gold and silver coins, paper money, checks, bills of exchange, and other instruments of credit—might be so disorganized by the change from peace to war that the financial system would speedily break down. That is what the prophets of a short war thought would happen; they were wrong.

The second possibility is that the nations at war might be unable to divert enough of the ordinary activity of their countries into war channels to keep the war going. That was the supreme problem of the first year of the war. It was the problem of making enough munitions, enough uniforms for the soldiers, and enough of everything else required at once and month by month. At the time of writing this problem has only been partly solved, but as the countries get further and further away from their normal peace conditions and a larger and larger share of capital and labor is converted into war channels, the solution is more and more nearly reached.

The third possibility is that with the destruction and waste of war the time may come when in some countries, if not in all, the sustenance of the civil population will no longer be compatible with the continued prosecution of the struggle. The form in which this would show itself would be in the increase of the prices of necessaries to a level out of reach of large portions of the people. This is the catastrophe to which the nations of Europe are daily drawing nearer, and which, unless other causes intervene to stop the war, must ultimately overtake some or all of them. Such a crisis would involve the immediate withdrawal of the nations affected from the arena of the conflict, and if these nations were essential to the continued resistance of their side, would bring an end to the war.

In order to appreciate the magnitude of the figures with which we are dealing it is desirable to compare the thirty billions of dollars, the annual cost to the governments of the war, with a rough estimate of the income and capital wealth of the belligerent countries. It is impossible to be anything like accurate on these matters because reliable statistics have never been obtained, but we shall be within reasonable limits of error if we place the total incomes of all the people, rich and poor, in all the belligerent countries at forty billions of dollars, and the total capital wealth at two hundred[1] billions.

These figures show that the annual cost of the war is considerably more than half the total income of the countries engaged and about one seventh of their total capital wealth. But any conclusions based on these figures as to the length of time the war might conceivably last are open to grave error. Looking rather to the rapidly increasing level of prices in Europe, it is difficult to see how the war could possibly go on for much more than two or, at the most, three years from the beginning without Europe becoming bankrupt, and

[1] This figure may seem low, but the most recent statistical investigation (see the Royal Statistical Journal for July, 1915) places the total capital wealth of the United Kingdom at about fifty billions of dollars, and none of the other belligerent countries has so great a capital.

it is inconceivable that the war will go on till this final catastrophe is actually reached.

To appreciate what is meant by the bankruptcy of Europe is not very easy, partly because the terms in use as regards men have to be strained considerably out of their ordinary meaning in order to apply them to a continent and partly because it is in the highest degree unlikely that the whole of Europe will, like Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous one-horse shay, all go to pieces at the same moment. It is better, therefore, to select certain countries and see what will be their condition after the war, provided it is brought to an end at some fixed date, as, two years from its beginning. From this may be obtained an idea of the ruin which will overtake Europe if the war is still further prolonged.

It is obviously impossible to prognosticate the form which the end of the war will actually take, therefore in what follows this factor has been frankly left out of account. It may be objected that this omission entirely vitiates the conclusions arrived at; but this is not really the case. It is true that the vanquished may suffer greater economic disaster than the analysis indicates; but neither victor nor vanquished can suffer less unless, indeed, the victorious countries may be able to recoup themselves by some colossal indemnity, though this is now regarded by most thinking people as unlikely, if not impossible.

The two countries singled out for special analysis are Great Britain and Germany, for both of which sufficiently full particulars are obtainable as to their financial position. They illustrate two widely different economic methods of conducting the war; but they cannot be regarded as typical countries because they are undoubtedly richer than most of the other belligerent nations, and are therefore capable of holding out longer against bankruptcy.

How will Great Britain stand if the war comes to an end in July, 1916? After bringing her soldiers home and disbanding all those she does not permanently require, the Government[1] will have expended a sum of at least fourteen billions of dollars. Little or none of this has been found during the progress of the war, so that the country will be saddled with an annual charge in the shape of interest of some 650 millions. But this is by no means all. A huge sum will have to be found to provide pensions for disabled soldiers and for the widows and orphans of the killed. Further, it is an accepted maxim of British finance that a sinking-fund must be formed to wipe out the debt as years go by. The effect of these additions will be to bring up the total annual charge on account of the war to at least 850 millions of dollars. Previous to the war, national expenditure and taxation revenue balanced each other at just about 850 millions, so that the effect of the war will be to double the required taxation revenue of the country.

This bald statement hardly conveys the full gravity of the situation unless it is amplified in various ways. The first point to realize is that apart from the existence of the new national debt, the people of Great Britain will be essentially poorer owing to the war—how much poorer it is worth devoting a little space to discuss. It is true that the policy of the British nation has been to pay the full money-value of the things it has taken for the war. The employers who have converted their plant in order to make war munitions have been handsomely paid for their expenditure; their employees have received standard rates of wages and, working overtime, have made more money than usual. The coal-owners, ship-owners, and others whose industries are specially important in war-time have not only not suffered, but have made extra profits. Even the soldiers who have gone out to fight, though no money reward can recompense them for their heroic sacrifice, have been paid, on the average, wages fully equivalent to those they would have earned at home in peace.

[1] Throughout the discussion the part played by the oversea dominions of Great Britain has been left out of account; the finances of Great Britain in Europe have alone been taken into consideration.

But there is another side to the picture. An enormous number of businesses have been partly or utterly ruined. Trade has been so dislocated by the change from peace to war, and will be so much more dislocated by the further change from war to peace, that it will take years to recover. The rise of prices has impoverished great numbers of people. For a time peace will cause appalling unemployment. The overstrain of war work must be followed by a period of slackness and inefficiency. Finally, many taxpayers will have been disabled for life, and many have been killed. Striking a balance between these two conflicting factors, there is little doubt that when peace comes and the nation is faced with the problem of meeting the huge war debt, it will find that the people as a whole are poorer than they were before the war began. From this it follows that the same taxes will not bring in so large a return as they did in 1913.

The second point to be remembered is that an increase in a tax does not generally bring in a proportionate increase in the revenue from that tax. If, for instance, the excise duty in Great Britain levied on the production of beer and spirits, which in 1913 brought in two hundred million dollars of revenue, should be doubled, it would certainly not bring in four hundred millions. It might, indeed, scarcely bring in more than the original two hundred. The main result would be that less beer and spirits would be drunk, which, however satisfactory to the temperance reformer, would not be a solution of the financial problem. Customs duties which brought in 180 million dollars to the British exchequer in 1913 are in somewhat the same position. On the other hand, income tax and super-tax are not very much affected by this consideration; and partly owing to this and partly owing to the fact that these taxes are the principal means in Great Britain of attaching the funds of the well to do, there is little doubt that much of the required new taxation will be of this shape.

Before the war the British income tax and super-tax formed between them a joint system of taxation of incomes graduated from a tax of about 4 cents on the dollar on moderate incomes up to about 12½ cents on the dollar on really large incomes. These taxes were doubled in November, 1914, and were again increased in October, 1915, so as to run from 11 cents to 35 cents. If the war lasts till July, 1916, further increases will be necessary; and it is not unlikely that for many years to come the tax will run from some 15 cents on the dollar up to as much as 40 or even 45 cents, so that the very rich will be called on to pay away nearly half their income every year to provide the charges involved by the war. This gives an idea of the approach to the bankruptcy with which Great Britain will be faced if the war lasts for two whole years from its beginning.

Turning to Germany, it will be found that the cost of the war to the German Imperial Government is approximately the same as the cost to the British Government. To those who have not followed the national financial statements the fact that Germany, with its much larger number of men engaged, is not spending at a much greater rate may come as a surprise. It is due partly to the fact that Germany is fighting at smaller distances from its base, partly to really greater economy, but largely because of its entirely different method of paying for the war. The German Imperial Government does not pay for what it takes. It demands sacrifices on the part of its citizens. It does not pay its soldiers in the field wages, but only the minute pocket money of five cents (American money) a day. Unless I am mistaken, it does not itself pay full allowances to wives and dependents of soldiers, but leaves these charges to be supplemented, where necessary, by the finances of the separate German kingdoms or by the municipalities. Similarly it makes a demand on other men not in the field for their services in mines and munitions at rates of wages less than they could command in open competition. Also, it has to a greater extent than the British Government prevented employers in certain cases from

making large profits, while a larger number of other businesses have been ruined. For all these reasons the impoverishment of the German people owing to the war is far greater than that of the people in Great Britain, and this despite the greater personal economy which the Germans have practised during its continuance.

At the same time, the war debt of the German Imperial Government for a two-years war will be nearly as great as in Great Britain, namely, twelve billions of dollars. This gives an annual charge for interest of six hundred millions; to this must be added a further fifty millions a year, the average amount by which the German imperial revenue fell short of expenditure in the years preceding the war. So that even if there is to be no sinking-fund and no pension-money, the additional revenue to be found by taxation will not be less than 650 millions and may easily be more. As in Great Britain, this means doubling the required taxation revenue of the country.

The chancellor who attempts to budget for Germany after the war will be faced, therefore, with the same problems already noticed in the case of Great Britain, except that his problem will be harder because the wealth of Germany was less before the war than that of her rival, and in addition the impoverishment caused by the war will be greater. As in the case of Great Britain, a large part of the imposts will have to fall upon the wealthy class either in the form of income tax or of a tax on capital, an experimental form of which was adopted shortly before the war. If the main taxation takes the form of income tax, it can hardly be less than thirty or forty or even fifty cents on the dollar.

Before proceeding to a final conclusion one exceedingly important reservation has to be noticed. In the analysis of the financial position of Great Britain and Germany after the conclusion of a war lasting two years it has been assumed that the expenditure of these countries other than that of paying the war charges will remain the same after as before the war. That is, of course, a very big assumption, but it has been made in order to have some basis from which to start. If this expenditure be materially increased or diminished, then to the extent of the alteration a corresponding additional burden or relief will be given to taxation. It is difficult to suppose that there can be any considerable alteration in the civil expenditure of the countries; but the military and naval expenditure before the war was enormous (in Great Britain about 400 million dollars a year, and in Germany about 350 millions), and it may well be that the political events at the close of the war may be such as to reduce materially these items. On the other hand, there are some people who believe that expenditure on armaments will be actually increased.

Further discussion of this question is outside the scope of this article, but the fact remains that the financial condition of Great Britain and Germany at the end of a two-years war, whether there be reductions in armament expenditure or not, will be exceedingly grave. Moreover, these two powers are among the richest of the belligerent nations, and up to the time of writing neither of them has suffered seriously from the destructive effects of invasion. The other countries, which are worse off in this respect, cannot fail to feel the situation still more acutely.

Such will be the effects of a two-years war. If the struggle is prolonged beyond that period, then for every additional month that it is continued Europe will draw nearer and nearer to that state of actual bankruptcy which the British ex-chancellor predicted.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Light Breakfast

By LAWTON MACKALL

"HENRY dear," said Mrs. Blodger, gently, without raising her pretty head from the pillow, "it 's nearly half-past eight."

"What!" exclaimed her husband, sitting up vehemently and staring at the clock. "Where 's Maria? She 's supposed to be here by seven, is n't she?"

"Perhaps she did n't come to-day."

"That good-for-nothing darky! I 'll go and investigate." Plunging energetically into his bath-robe and slippers, he sallied forth on a tour of the apartment.

No Maria sweeping in the hall; no Maria straightening up the living-room or library; no Maria dusting in the dining-room; no Maria preparing breakfast in the kitchen.

"How provoking!" sighed Mrs. Blodger.

"Provoking? I call it outrageous."

"Yes; I 'm sorry, dear, that this will make you late to your office."

"Oh, I 'm not bothered about *that*, for I 've just put through some new efficiency systems which enable me to accomplish a tremendous amount of work in a very short time. What I can't stand is having that darky *impose* on us."

"But, dearest, maybe she 's sick."

"Then she could have sent us word by telephone. No; she 's taking advantage of the fact that you are young and inexperienced. But she 'll be sorry for it. I 'll discharge her myself."

"Now, please don't get excited, dear. If you discharged her, it might be days and days before we could get another," she said.

"That would n't make any difference. We 'd simply take our meals out. Except breakfast, of course. *I 'd* get that."

"You?"

"Yes. We 'll start this morning. If you 'll attend to the dusting,—later in the day, I mean,—I 'll bring you your coffee before you get up, just as you 're used to having it."

"But, Henry—"

"It won't be any trouble at all. Nothing is, no matter how unfamiliar it may be to you, if you go at it intelligently, scientifically." When Mr. Blodger was obsessed with an idea, it was useless to oppose him. The best policy was to let it take its course. "As I have often told you," he continued, "housekeeping could be greatly simplified if you women would only—"

Seeing that he was about to launch into a homily on efficiency, such as she had heard him deliver at least twenty times in the three months she had been married to him, she said:

"If you 're going to get breakfast, had n't you better hurry and take your bath?"

"That 's so," he admitted. Shuffling briskly to the bath-room, he was soon foaming at the mouth with tooth-paste.

There was a loud buzzing sound from the direction of the kitchen.

"Henry!" called Mrs. Blodger, "there goes the dumb-waiter. Shall I answer it?"

"No; I 'll ho," he replied pastily out of

the corner of his mouth. Still busily agitating his tooth-brush, so as not to waste any time, he paddled to the dumb-waiter and called: "He'o! Whash you wa'?"

"Garbage!" replied a gruff voice. A rattling of ropes announced that the car was on its way.

Mr. Blodger opened the "sanitary garbage closet," and, screwing up his face and tooth-brush, seized something that was mighty unlike a rose. He held the pail out at arm's-length as he carried it to the dumb-waiter.

Buzz, buzz, buzz, went the buzzer.

"Huh?" gurgled Mr. Blodger, nervously swallowing a generous amount of tooth-paste.

"Garbage!" repeated the voice.

Mr. Blodger looked helplessly at the can on the dumb-waiter and then at his incapacitated hands.

"Put your garbage on!" roared the voice.

Mr. Blodger sputtered; then, extracting the tooth-brush with the fourth and fifth knuckles of his left hand, he shouted back indignantly:

"I 'id!"

"Then why did n't you *say* so?" And down went the dumb-waiter with a jerk.

Mr. Blodger returned to the bath-room. As he was in the midst of shaving, the buzzer sounded again. This time he was on the alert and ready for any argument. Leaving his razor, but not his lather, he hurried back to the kitchen in a combative mood.

"What do you want?" he yelled defiantly as he opened the door of the dumb-waiter. There was no answer; but facing him on the shelf of the car stood his empty pail, silent, stolid, indifferent to his bravado. He snatched it off and returned to his ablutions.

On account of the extreme lateness of the hour, he decided to finish off with a quick shower-bath, first hot and then cold. Just as he had removed his last garment, the buzzer sounded again.

"Aw, go ahead and buzz!" he said between his teeth.

As he stepped into the hot downpour, the door-bell rang.

"Whoever that is can wait."

But apparently the person in question had no desire to do so, for the bell sounded again and again. To complete the symphony, the telephone chimed in with its merry tune.

"Gwendolyn!" called Mr. Blodger, distractedly amid the roar of waters.

But she, having fallen into a pleasant doze while waiting for her breakfast, did not hear him. The bells and buzzer had by this time settled into a sustained chord like that of the whistles at New-year's.

Bounding out of the tub to the mat, Mr. Blodger wrapped his form, which still glistened with pearly drops, in his bath-robe, and clattered frigidly down the hall.

"Hello!" he cried, snatching off the telephone-receiver. "No, this is *not* Schmittberger the butcher!" Then he darted to the front door. Opening it, he found the postman waiting with a letter.

"Two cents due, please."

The buzzer continued its heavy droning, and the telephone started up again.

"Two cents, two cents," repeated Mr. Blodger in befuddlement.

The postman stared.

"Two cents; yes, two cents," reiterated Mr. Blodger, groping immodestly for pockets where there were none.

"You said that before."

"Oh, excuse me! I 'll get it right off. Now, where did I put that purse? Let me think." But thinking in the neighborhood of that telephone was an impossibility. He would have to quiet the thing. So, clapping the receiver to his ear, he protested, "Hello! hello!"

"Will you *kindly* give me Schmittberger's butcher shop?"

"Good grief!" he exclaimed, letting the receiver fall. It swung by its tail, pendulum-wise, barking infuriated clicks.

Mr. Blodger staggered to the bedroom. With reeling brain, he ransacked all his chiffonier drawers for the purse which was lying in plain view on top. By the time he had discovered it and started back to

the door, the buzzer in the kitchen was having delirium tremens. Floundering to the spot, he gasped:

"What do you want?"

"Ice!" was the husky reply.

"All right, I 'll send it down. No, I mean, you send it up."

As the dumb-waiter rose, the temperature fell, and Mr. Blodger soon found himself in the presence of a beautiful blue berg. With chattering teeth, he reached forward and drew it to him. The door of the dumb-waiter closed automatically, and he was left alone in the kitchen with the iceberg in his arms.

How to open the ice-box was a problem. After attempting unsuccessfully to cajole the catch by fondling it with the corner of the berg, he tried nudging it with his elbow. It would not take the hint. Indeed, it refused utterly to move until he got down on his knees before it and rubbed it with his shoulder.

Finally, however, the door opened, disclosing a rival berg, attended by a throng of bottles, siphons, and butter-crocks. A cold, inhospitable crowd they were, resenting any intrusion.

Thus rebuffed, Mr. Blodger, who felt as though he were being frozen and cauterized at the same time, deposited the berg upon the cover of the wash-tubs. It coasted forward, threatening an avalanche. Clutching it at the brink, he paused, and wondered what he would do next.

The door-bell saved him the trouble of deciding. He had entirely forgotten the postman! Setting the berg upon a chair, he scurried out, and offered him a dollar bill, chattering apologies for the delay.

"Have n't you anything smaller?" asked the postman, impatiently.

"N-no, I d-don't think so."

"Then why did you keep me here all this time? I 'll have to come back later."

He started off.

"Stop! Wait a moment! I 'd rather make you a present of the ninety-eight cents. Oh, glory! that 'll have to be gone through with all over again!"

Discouraged and shivering, he leaned against the side of the doorway. In so doing, his eye fell upon a collection of objects that had been deposited in front of the sill—the morning newspaper, a bottle of milk, one of cream, and a bag containing a long loaf of bread. He stooped over and gathered them up carefully one by one. Just as he had stowed away the newspaper under one arm and gripped the bag with his left hand and the two bottles with his right, the chilliness in him culminated in a sneeze, and everything fell.

Both bottles smashed. Landing just on the sill, they distributed their contents impartially outside and inside.

Finding that the proportion of the flood that the bread and the newspaper were able to sop up was small, though they did what they could, Mr. Blodger hastily procured a bucket and rag from the kitchen, where the ice was indulging in a flood of its own, and set to work mopping. As he sprawled out into the hallway, gingerly squeezing out ragfuls of cream and broken glass, the door opposite was opened and a handsome woman appeared, attired in fashionable street dress. She looked him straight in the eye.

Mr. Blodger clasped his bath-robe to him, made a frenzied recoil, slammed the door, and collapsed into the pool of milk.

"Henry dear, is breakfast nearly ready?" called his loving wife.

Enraged and dripping, he leaped up with sudden strength, and started for the bedroom, spluttering incoherent expostulations as he went.

At that moment there was heard the sound of a latch-key, and a grinning black face appeared.

"Good mawnin', sah. Somefin' seems to be spilt heah."

Fetching a large cloth, she set to work with easy dexterity.

Mr. Blodger, fascinated, watched the lake disappear.

"You bes' get dress', sah. Ah 'll have yo' breakfas' ready in a couple o' minutes."

"Thank Heaven you 're here, Maria!" he said fervently. "I was almost afraid you were n't coming."

The Ballet of the Roof-tops

By CANDACE THURBER STEVENSON

DANCE, beggars, dance to the tune I am
piping!
Master and man of the ballet am I,
Monsieur the March Wind. Now up
with the left foot!
Back with the right foot! Now
flutter! Now fly!

All of the clothes that are hanging on
clothes-lines
Over the roofs of the city I drill.
Dance, beggars, dance to the tune I am
piping!
Up with the smoke-wreaths, and dance
with a will!

Little white camisole, give us a *pas seul!*
Float like a wraith, just as I do it—so!
Sheets in the background, pray steady
your flapping!
Ready, you others! now, *pouf!* off you
go!

Beggars, dance on to the tune I am
piping!
The sky 's your drop-curtain of
quivering blue.
And look! From the maze of the myriad
chimneys
Swirling and whirling the smoke
dances, too.

Beggars, dance on mid the maze of the
chimneys!
Soon the play 's over; the maid comes;
you 're furled.
Little white camisole loved by a lady,
Here 's your last chance; make your
bow to the world!

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